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*By Jonas Lie*

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## THE CHAOS OF MODERN MARRIAGE

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**A**MONG the many subjects agitating the minds of the people of the United States to-day none compares in its insistence and acuteness with the question of the future of the institution of marriage in America. A complete change in attitude, often in the form of a violent revolt against the former ideals and customs affecting the marriage relation, is in full swing and the general uncertainty and instability in the relation is probably more marked than in any other country. People all over the land are aroused by the disturbed conditions and they are arguing, writing, and preaching about it from all angles, in an effort to stem the tide of disaffection and disruption which is making such inroads upon this ancient institution.

It is too late. The will of youth, together with the force of social and economic changes, are in full possession of the situation, and only a seer would attempt to predict what the outcome will be or when the final stage of disintegration will be reached. Nevertheless, there may be discerned definite tenden-

cies which suggest possibilities of the future direction and render a study of the actual conditions of considerable importance in guiding, if not in stemming, the rapid movement.

The chaotic state of marriage is not confined to the United States; the same warnings are heard in England, where similar conditions are discussed and an anxiety is manifested which approximates our own. One questions whether the general disruption is peculiarly involving the Anglo-Saxon nation and, if so, whether it is due to the failure of the romantic ideal on which their marriages have been based.

There are differences in the American situation, however, which it is necessary to understand in order to account for the earlier beginnings of the laxity and the more exaggerated conditions manifested at present.

The most striking characteristic among the younger generation is the utter absence of any sense of responsibility or regard for anything except what affects their personal feelings. Obligations to society or custom, even duty to chil-



dren, when they conflict with the individual's own wishes, scarcely exist. With none of the old restraining influences, marriage is entered into lightly and carelessly, even trial marriages and trial separations are frequent, divorce and remarriage follow each other in quick succession, and children are passed back and forth between the parents, whose only communication with each other is through their lawyers. The disrespect and careless attitude of children toward their parents is not a recent matter; but the disregard and neglect of parents, who pursue their own pleasures with little consideration of their duties to their children, is a phenomenon of recent development. These conditions are found not only among the latest generation, the older group as well is swept along. Further, there is evident all over the United States a growing disinclination toward marriage, and this cannot be considered to bear any relation to the differences in proportionate numbers between the sexes, such as exists in England; for here the numbers of men and women are about equal. Of much more influence is the frequency of divorce, the dislike of responsibility on the part of men, and the economic independence and greater demands in marriage on the part of women. In the thought of modern youth marriage is not the most important event in life.

## II

In order to gain some insight into the forces operating to produce the extreme position occupied by the United States in this matter to-day, it is necessary to review briefly the unusual conditions that have characterized our national and social life and to remember not only the youth of the nation but the effect of a primitive environment upon the spirit of a people. In the one-hundred-and-fifty years of our national existence we have passed from a struggle with the wilderness and the most primitive life to a period of the most intense industrialism.

Experiences and achievements which normally occupy many centuries have followed one another with startling rapidity. Intolerance of restraint, haste, impatience with delay are all characteristics fostered by our environmental conditions and are now playing their part in the marriage situation.

American laws and the social attitude and customs were modeled originally on the English code; and the same romantic ideal of love and happiness for the individual—so beautiful in theory and so difficult of attainment—ruled the marriage choice.

The severe legal restrictions surrounding women according to English marriage laws were rigidly adhered to by the early Puritan settlers. In addition, their conception of duty and responsibility was entirely opposed to the ideal of happiness for the individual after marriage; and the stern moral and religious attitude looked upon a divorced woman, or one separated from her husband, regardless of the cause, as standing forever in the shadow of disgrace. This was the beginning, and for a long time divorce was as difficult to obtain in America as it is still in England.

The most powerful force controlling conduct is public opinion crystallized into tradition; but in America these customs and this attitude were planted in virgin soil having no native substance of traditional life. Because they were taken over from without, instead of growing up from within, there were no roots to nourish them, and for the coming generations they were bound to weaken and perish. Moreover, their disintegration was hastened by the very condition which at the time contributed to make Puritan marriages more enduring and in some ways more satisfactory than marriages of modern times. This condition was the sharpness of the struggle for existence in a primitive environment which made equal demands upon the women and the men.

The Puritan wife was noted for her devotion and unceasing labor beside her



husband during the long pioneer period. Women were recognized as equally important with men in the general life. The small opportunity for social life, coupled with the mutually directed interests of husband and wife toward the same end—that of carving out a home and fortune for themselves in the new country—inevitably produced a closer bond in the marriage relation than exists when the major interests of one are separate from the other. Such a situation, unconsciously and regardless of laws, tends eventually to loosen the pressure of discriminating and restrictive measures surrounding marriage in its relation to women. A condition in which men are dependent upon women for their assistance and care inclines always to produce in them a special attitude of respect and regard, which operates to lessen the frequently wide cultural distinction between the sexes and to bring about a more equal relation. This, in turn, affects the women, who become conscious of their own value and gain the capacity for that consciousness of self which has been the distinctive quality of masculine psychology and is necessary to command respect.

Thus, informally, great modifications were made in the old standards regulating marriage brought over from England. Moreover, because of the autonomous character of the states into which this country is divided, a curious situation of considerable psychological significance has arisen. Each state, as it entered the Union, brought its own laws, and these were either preserved or modified according to the predominant type and original nationality of its citizens. Thus it happens that there are scarcely two states that agree in their laws regulating marriage, and divorces and remarriages which are legal in one are null and void in another. The restrictions range from no divorce at all to the greatest latitude.

This lack of uniformity has tended to produce an effect similar to that produced by too many laws: it has caused

individuals to disregard law and the formal aspect and to take matters into their own hands, becoming a law unto themselves and conducting their relationships according to the dictates of their own immediate desires. As a consequence, we have groups for whom marriage possesses the same binding power as of old existing next door to persons who are practically espousing a trial marriage.

All of these conditions are the special objective influences that have contributed to produce the particular state of chaos and disturbance which afflicts marriage in America to-day.

### III

The great change in the labor conditions of women inaugurated by the Industrial Revolution began when the country was still very young. The effect upon American women was not general or profound, however, for a long time, for our grandmothers in large numbers were still pioneers in some parts of this vast country. One by one, however, the factory took over the domestic occupations of women, while the men became more and more preoccupied with the pursuit of material values and the lure of the opportunities for exploitation offered by the new country. This left the women and children largely to themselves, for the men, after their intensive labor, had little time or energy for the family or the love life or for the development of those cultural and spiritual values which underlie a true companionship. As a substitute for this—as soon as the men were able—they lavished money and material possessions upon their wives, looking to them to symbolize the success and prosperity which they themselves were too busy to enjoy.

As individual wealth increased, this condition spread and its influence permeated all classes. Practically all American husbands will say, when asked why they work so hard and intensively, that



they do it for their families. This is the fiction which they repeat with monotonous uniformity, regardless of the fact that these same wives and families frequently implore their men to give them less of material things and more of themselves, that they may share interests together. The fact is the men are caught in a mechanism of their own creating, which now has become independent of the individual will and which drives them on regardless of necessity or wish.

Nor is the problem less acute in the thousands of homes where wealth does not exist. The same industrial moloch, which with one machine has supplanted hundreds of brawny men, is responsible for the curtailment of that other great labor of women—the bearing and rearing of many children, for which there is now no social demand. The few children and small routine household tasks left to women have permitted an enormous amount of unused human energy to accumulate without an adequate object for its employment. For ages women have been the steady laborers of the world, responsible for all that concerns the welfare of the family and the home. The reduction of this labor and responsibility by the machine and factory has fostered idleness and irresponsibility in many women.

Thus there is presented a social condition in which the most violent contrast exists between the sexes. The husband, even in wealthy circles, is so intensely occupied with his business interests that he has no energy left for more cultural fields or for the family, while the wife, because she has so much idle time on her hands, and no necessity to force her to independent constructive activity, becomes unhappy and neurotic—a waste product without meaning or purpose. This idle time lying heavily on the hands of such large numbers of women, who have been encouraged by their male relatives to seek out pleasure and personal gratification with which to fill the empty hours, created havoc not only

with the marriage relation but also with the moral character of many women and contributed largely to the beginning of the present chaotic condition. American husbands have been notorious for their indulgence to their wives, but it has been similar to the indulgence of the fond father towards the child. Wives have been supplied freely with money, comparatively few demands or exactions have been made upon them; and they are able to travel, or to go on vacations, usually without the husbands, who are too busy to leave or who prefer to take their pleasure unhampered by the responsibility of wife or children.

The men have been pathetic in their bewilderment at the turn of affairs. How many times I have heard husbands and fathers say, "What is the matter with my wife (or my daughter)? She has nothing to do but enjoy herself. I give her all the money she needs. Why can't she be happy? Why is she so restless?" It seems impossible for the masculine mind to realize that idleness and the pursuit of pleasure are as destructive to women as to men, and are accountable for much of the disorder and uncertainty so rampant among the present generation of young women.

However, this idle condition could not continue with the energetic American woman possessing in her veins the blood of hardy pioneer life so recently behind her. There began a period of great restlessness and dissatisfaction. It is the dissatisfaction with, and unwillingness to accept, the role of parasitic woman, coupled with the complaisance of the American man, and the lack of hard and fast tradition, that has resulted in the nearly free opportunity (unequalled elsewhere in the world) for women to engage in all forms of labor—professional, educational, and industrial—that are open to men. It is the refusal of the women to become a parasitic class, in spite of wealth and every facility to do so, that is the best insurance against the ultimate disintegration of marriage and the decay of American civilization. For



the women in all healthy nations and culture periods have been the foundation and upholders of the national life, and the final sickness and decay came when wealth and leisure produced a parasitic class of women, unable or unwilling to enter into the new and untried forms of labor which the masculine world offered.

The American woman is typically an active type with a fund of available energy; therefore, in order to find a substitute for the old domestic labor, large numbers have pushed eagerly into occupations formerly monopolized by men.

The enormous expansion of industry, the constant development of new fields of labor, together with the pressure of the women for opportunities for remunerative work, created a steadily increasing demand for their services. It is safe to say that neither the men nor the women had any conception in advance of what effect the change in the status of women, brought about through working outside the home and the winning of economic independence, would produce in the marriage relation. For it is not possible to separate the changed attitude towards marriage from the changed status of women. One is dependent upon the other. It is women who have revolted and for whom the conflict over marriage has arisen.

The suppression of the woman's individuality and her personal needs and wishes for the sake of her husband, the submersion of herself in his life and interests, and in those of her children, has become no longer acceptable, since the whole social condition which demanded this has changed. And this applies not only to the present generation. Older women who have devotedly followed this ancient path have repeatedly told me that it had been a mistake, that it did not bring to either husband or wife the happiness and contentment which was expected from it, and that they would not submerge themselves in this way if they had the experience to live over again.

An interesting commentary on the submerging effect of marriage on women is afforded by the numerous instances in which wives separated by death or otherwise from their husbands have blossomed suddenly into happy, capable, useful individuals. Even among what have appeared to be successful marriages, there has come about after the final adjustment had been made to the separation, the transformation of the wife from submergence, semi-invalidism or a dependent inconsequential existence to a healthy, socially valuable personality. This tells more eloquently than words of the damaging repression of the capacities of the women through marriage wherever social and industrial conditions place her in a situation limiting or inhibiting the full exercise of her active powers.

It is obvious why in the past marriage has been considered of far more importance to women than to men for, owing to the limitation formerly placed upon women's occupations, it was only within marriage, as child-bearer and responsible creator and manager of the home, that she could find opportunities for the free exercise of her capacities.

It is the dislodgment of marriage from the supreme place in the interest and life of women that has produced the situation which a recent writer characterizes as the greatest revolution that has taken place in regard to marriage in all history.

#### IV

To those who think in terms of the past and are unable to see any possible value arising out of the destruction of the old, the present chaotic condition of the marriage relation is a tragedy and means only the ultimate disintegration of our civilization. They forget that, if marriage as it has existed had been the satisfactory relationship which it was supposed to be, it is certain that women would not be in the revolt they are to-day; for even if it has ceased to be her sole occupation, every woman knows

that marriage is still the most important function for her. But it is the disintegration of the outer shell that is producing the modern disturbance; the substance has long needed reorganization.

My own investigations have convinced me that there is little more unhappiness or mismating among modern marriages than there was in the days of our mothers and grandmothers. The great difference lies in the changed social attitude toward the married state itself. When practically the only occupation or position for women was marriage, and they were frowned upon or ostracized if they attempted anything different, both economic necessity (especially if there were little children to consider) and fear of condemnation kept them from expressing their dissatisfaction and deterred them from taking any steps toward a reconstruction of the relationship. Consequently, we heard little of their difficulties and unhappiness. Hard pioneering work still existed for the mass of women, and they were as inarticulate and submissive as of old to the demands made upon them. Only when the intense demand upon them was lessened, and the weight of necessity removed, did they begin to become conscious of their dissatisfaction.

The movement of women out from the home to the business and professional world has profoundly affected their psychology. They are fast awakening from their long sleep—a sleep in which they were unconscious of themselves as individuals and conscious only of the object—the man and the child for whom they lived. As Weiniger expresses it, the woman had no ego, no self, but patterned herself after the style or type desired by the man and the environment which he created. Woman's struggle to-day is the mighty birth throes of a new self.

The cult of the ego which dominates this age has produced its effect upon her, and she is becoming articulate and thinking. Her contact with the business and the professional worlds is creating a new

consciousness within her, and she is demanding recognition for herself as an individual separate and distinct from man. Many of the forms which this unfamiliar attitude assumes are far from beautiful or attractive, and it is inevitable that this should be, for the pendulum has swung from one extreme to its opposite. It reminds one of the license and extravagance, indulgently known as the "sowing of wild oats," which occurs when a young man first escapes from the restrictions of stern parental authority. Women have escaped from the authority and restrictions imposed upon them as the result of the unalterable convictions of man that his wife was his property, and that she must live her life as he wished it. The twain are no longer one flesh—the man being "the one"—but instead they are two distinct personalities, forced to find a new basis of adaptation to each other and a new form of relationship.

## V

It can hardly be said as yet that the revolution of woman has reached beyond the stage of destructiveness. It is still closely connected with the divorce court and with extra-marital activities. In a recent series of interviews with hundreds of judges on the bench presiding over divorce trials in every part of the country it was brought out that divorces had increased seventy-five per cent in ten years, and that eighty per cent of all divorce actions were brought by women. The attitude of the judges, who had listened to testimony given at thousands of trials, was unanimously sympathetic with the women; there was no condemnation but instead a recognition that it is not divorce that needs legal restriction but marriage that is diseased and in need of a complete reorganization. Meantime, women will not accept the marital conditions of the past, and the divorce court is the evidence of their discontent. The overwhelming part played by the economic factor in holding



women to the marriage bond when marriage was their sole occupation has become tragically clear. Necessity held them for "better or worse," and "good" women remained married regardless of the conditions "when divorce barred them from heaven and human society." Now, when women, from those in the highest social positions to the mothers in factory and mill towns, can walk out with their children clinging to them and by their own labor provide for their care, there is no further necessity to accept the wretched relations. The entire attitude is summed up in the words of a young woman, "Why should I wait until I have six children? I will leave now while I have only three, for there is no future here for them or me."

Few men have any real comprehension of the situation. Only those who, like the judges, have had wide opportunity for unbiased observation of actual marriage conditions, are able to understand the psychology of the women. The others are aware that an unpleasant change has taken place, one which renders marriage conditions much more difficult for them, and they are in full retreat. The disinclination of men toward marriage is not a recent development, it is true, but their former attitude was more of an egotistic unwillingness to give up the pleasures of bachelor freedom or to assume the responsibility and obligations of a family. The present attitude is frankly one of fear and uncertainty regarding women.

The girls understand this change on the part of men little better than others understand their own attitude. One college-trained young woman gave the explanation that men are attracted only to morons; that the resourceful, serious, companionable girls are looked at askance; and only the irresponsible, incapable, physically attractive ones are sought in marriage. This may be a statement of fact but it is not an explanation. The capable, intellectually developed girl demands much more development from the man than formerly

and will not accept weaknesses and inferiorities that prevent her respect. This puts a strain on men and interferes with the operation of the pleasure principle. In addition, because of her mental qualities, this sort of girl is less appealing sexually than the purely emotional, sensuous type, and thus the relation is forced upon a new basis in which the intellectual aspect of the personality plays its part as well as the emotional. The girl enters the marriage state to-day with a full sense of herself as an equal partner in a relation which means a mutual give and take. She feels she has something to sacrifice for the new relation as well as the man. There is little consideration of the claims of society or of its opinions. Marriage is regarded as a purely personal affair, and the major interest lies in the individual emotional problems and their solution. Even the children receive much less consideration than formerly.

One has only to talk with the young women just graduating from school—and this means not only college but also the finishing schools, which cater largely to the daughters of wealthy parents—to realize the attitude of modern girls. Marriage no longer holds the first and only position in their thought: they are busily concerned with the problem of what occupation they shall espouse and what training they shall take to fit themselves for it. It is this demand, so universal at present, that has influenced our colleges to establish courses in all sorts of practical subjects, for the whole tendency is to raise the status of woman's work, so that even in various household branches the college training puts the young woman in an equal class with the young man. I do not mean to imply that marriage is disregarded or out of the thought of these young women, for this is not so. On the contrary, owing to the timidity and fear on the part of men, they are more openly in pursuit of husbands than ever before but with this difference—they want to make their own terms. Instead of conforming or



fitting themselves to the ideal of the man, they are revealing themselves as they really feel. Marriage is no longer considered as the substitute for an occupation, nor does it take exclusive place in their thoughts. It is "my work" and marriage that they discuss.

Perhaps one of the factors influencing this attitude toward marriage is the freedom of thought and action on sexual matters that has replaced the former prudishness and coyness. Instead of regarding marriage as the open door to all knowledge and life, their attitude is more like that of their brothers, and they think of it as something of a restriction and responsibility, even though a desirable and important state. The careless superficial ones regard it as somewhat of a lark—a pleasant change in their lives, from which, if it becomes difficult, they can easily escape.

The conception of finality in relation to marriage has largely disappeared. The tendency in action is toward the trial marriage idea, although this is far from receiving social sanction, and the legal ceremonies still imply permanency and a contract for life.

Scores of young women are struggling with the problem of how to carry on the responsibilities entailed in marriage, the care of the children and home and, in addition, the occupation of their leisure time in some gainful and interesting way. For many it is necessary to add to the family income, since one of the results of the new economic freedom is a recently revived tendency toward earlier marriage. This is one of the contradictory phases of the present disordered condition. It is from the youthful impulses and willingness to take the chance and follow the fresh emotional urge toward mating that the marriages are arising, instead of from those who have delayed the step until later when they could afford it or had experience behind them. Instead of waiting until the man has an income sufficient to maintain the wife and family in idleness, as has been the custom of the period just passing,

the young couple, both of whom are working, decide to pool their interests. The wife's earnings often contribute materially to the income and, in a way, serve the same purpose as the *dot* in Europe—a custom which has never been known in America.

On the other hand, many women in industrial life are earning more money than the men whom they could marry. Their positions are of the type that demand all of their time and cannot be continued in connection with other responsibilities. They desire to marry for the sake of the home and children, and their outside work is necessarily limited. They are thus confronted with the question of sacrificing for the sake of marriage the good position with an independent income often larger than that of the proposed husband, which must then suffice for two.

All these and numerous problems brought about by our industrial age are the external factors largely responsible for the chaotic condition of marriage to-day.

## VI

There is, however, another aspect and significance to all this disturbance which is less obvious, and before which the problem of the individual woman or of any one class of women fades away. This concerns its psychological significance and its effect upon the race.

For ages woman as an individual creature has been considered by the masculine mind to be inferior: only as mother did she possess a position and win recognition for herself. Therefore, the mother-woman was the ideal towards which all women strove. But this was not woman as individual and differentiated; in this aspect she remained as far from attainment and recognition as ever. But the present age is strongly individualistic, and it is impossible for women to remain untouched by this tendency. Consequently they cannot continue in their ancient path. Moreover, the need for a new direction and an awakening of their

latent potentialities is very great, for if the women remain static and unchanged in their eternal maternal strength, as they are so often told they must, it is certain that the race will remain psychologically unchanged and bound fast to them. For a maternal woman is the weakness and the despair of man, the one to whom he at last inevitably succumbs. The race can move no higher than the women who bear it.

To-day women are in a mighty struggle towards differentiation and an individual direction. They have cast aside the maternal ideal as their goal and are demanding recognition as individuals first, and as wives and mothers second. They are claiming the right to dispose of themselves according to their own needs and capacities and are often blindly reaching forth for that which proves to have no value. But this is an unavoidable part of all learning, and even foolishness has a value when learning is sought.

It is in this struggle that the women of America form the vanguard of a vast army. Through natural conditions and comparative freedom from the hoary bondage of tradition, they have had the opportunity to gain an independence of feeling and action which is unknown in the old world. In the bloodless revolution that is in progress the institution of marriage, which for ages has symbolized for woman both her bondage and her power, is inevitably the greatest sufferer. Even motherhood is no longer held sacred and apart, as an end in itself, but is being subjected to the same disintegrating process. It is becoming clear that while all normal women can produce children, not all are mothers in the real sense of the term; and women are gaining the courage and honesty to declare this openly.

The relation between the sexes is perhaps in a more healthy and normal state than at any time of which we have historical knowledge. Sexual hypocrisy and pretence is largely a thing of the past. Men and women are meeting

much more simply and directly as human beings and companions who have differences of opinion and attitudes needing understanding and adjustment, but who are unconcerned with keeping up a fiction which shall conform to an image each may hold of the other.

A complete reorganization of our ideas of the distinctions and relations between the sexes is being forced upon us, and if the man still fails to understand woman and see her as she really is—simply a human being full of faults and weaknesses, desires, and longings not so different from his own—it will not be the fault of the woman. It will simply be the man's inability to understand human psychology or else his unwillingness to surrender his subjective image of woman and his use of it as a symbol.

## VII

It is true that much that was beautiful and desirable in the past is being destroyed along with the ugly and outworn, and that the present condition of chaos is in no way satisfactory; but that is true of all revolutions. There is, also inevitably, much suffering and hardship, particularly accompanying the dissolution of individual marriages; but even here there is a complete change of attitude.

A particularly marked example of this change is found in a case which embodies both the old condition of marriage, with its insincerity and silences, and the modern shifting and instability, with its many inevitable unfortunate effects. The family, consisting of the parents and four children, is one of the best type, both husband and wife having a good family background, education, and cultivated tastes. Their marriage, entered into on a purely love basis when both were very young, had lasted for fourteen years, when quite suddenly the husband told his wife he did not love her any longer and wanted a divorce. The wife is the mother type, content with her home-making and her devoted care of



the children and quite unaware of what was going on around her. Her husband's announcement was like the sudden dropping of a bomb into her Garden of Eden. With the blindness and unconsciousness typical of so many old-fashioned women she had not the slightest notion that all was not well with those closest to her. "How could I know," she moaned, "that my husband did not love me any longer or was unhappy and dissatisfied when he never complained or told me anything about it? He was a good husband and loving father to the children and did not complain about anything. I realized our relation was dull at times and there was little emotional stimulation, but I thought all married people became like that." On the husband's side, the subsidence for his love for his wife had been going on for years. Feeling that she was completely absorbed in her children, and that he was quite outside her circle, he had sought and found other companionship, and for two years, ostensibly to avoid having any more children, had had no marital relation with her. He had no other complaint except to tell her he felt he was merely wanted as breadwinner; and, with no effort to arrive at a new mutual understanding, he announced that he wanted to break with her and establish a new home.

The shock and pain of discovery brought to the wife the awakening she had needed. Instead of weakly succumbing, she inaugurated the discussions and efforts at understanding which should have taken place years before and would have been successful had there been no other woman involved. There was more of a relation between these persons during the painful months of the wife's efforts to hold her husband and keep their home together than there had been for years previously; and, although the husband did not recede from his position, the wife told me that she felt the experience had brought her an increased consciousness and a new understanding of life. After the first months of bewilderment and distraction

the adjustment began, and she looked for and eventually found a new interest for herself outside of home and motherhood.

There was no ugliness between these people, for each desired simply to face the situation and, when finally the wife had accepted the idea that separation was inevitable, to make the change with the least possible injury to all concerned. It is to be observed that the children were not considered at all until the father's initial aim had been achieved. Then all possible effort was made to protect them from any unfortunate consequences that might arise from the separation of their parents. But the pursuit of personal happiness, which has so largely supplanted the conception of duty and responsibility to others as the dominant force in the marriage relation, is here revealed in its baldest form. Yet these are not careless, superficial people, but persons of high standards and ideals.

This case, which with slight variations is endlessly repeated, shows also the effect upon the man of the changed attitude towards marriage. He no longer wants the mother-woman but seeks a real companionship in which children are not the dominant factors. He has not yet reached the further attainment of being able to bring about the desired relation within the marriage circle.

It is safe to say that very few of the great numbers of disrupted marriages have any basis that could not be remedied if, with an awakened consciousness, husband and wife made a joint effort to develop a true relationship. What is needed is a deeper awareness of both self and the other person coupled with a mutual desire to create a relationship, and a willingness on the part of each person to meet the difficulties directly and without evasion. The marriage must seem of importance and worth saving; then there will be a willing effort and sacrifice to make of it something of value to each.



The eager espousal by women of opportunities for labor in the various fields which have been occupied by men is bringing them into relation with collective life. It is giving them a clearer understanding of men and of their lives through their contact with an aspect of man's personality that is never seen under domestic and social conditions. The rending of the illusion and glamour surrounding man in the eyes of women, which the freedom of his life and the age-long tradition of superiority have lent him, is producing an objectivity of thought and feeling that will inevitably bring about that larger, more impersonal, attitude in which women have been so lacking. It is also making for honesty in facing the facts of life and of themselves about which women have been quite blind.

### VIII

It cannot be hidden from anyone that there is a quickened consciousness in the world to-day, a sense of something inadequate and unsatisfactory in the ideals and conceptions we have held, and a groping after new values. Women are in the forefront of this awakening and this groping, even though the hasty actions, the avoidance of responsibility, the pleasure-seeking and noisy chatter frequently obscure the deeper-lying significance of what is occurring. These phenomena are but the bubbles on the surface of the swift-flowing waters—the most obvious and glaring accompaniments of this first stage of so-called freedom or equality for women. They are the inevitable products of collective psychology, and must needs be before any clear emergence of the new values can occur.

It is even probable that comparatively few women are aware of the new great social issues to which they are contributing any more than the common soldier is aware of what he is fighting for in war. They are consciously concerned only with their individual problems and welfare. Nevertheless, the new ideal in

relation to marriage is rising. The old ideal of duty and responsibility to society, to religion, and even to family, which kept marriage intact, is gone never to return; but a new duty and responsibility more solemn, more binding, and more imperative than the old is here. Just as to all men of honor their unsupported word seriously given engages their feeling of integrity and responsibility, binding them far more securely than all the legal and business restrictions could do, so the new ideal of personal freedom in marriage places a responsibility upon the individual far heavier than that of the past.

Marriage is a duty of the individual to himself, for only within such a close relation volitionally entered into can there be found those opportunities for the development of an individual integrity, of an adaptation to reality, and of those higher human attributes without which there is no such thing as a real happiness for the individual or for the world. A failure in making the strongest efforts to work out a satisfactory relation is a failure of the individual within himself. Therefore, instead of acting from impulse and personal gratification in regard to marriage, the necessity exists for an honesty towards oneself, for serious reflection and thoughtful action—intellect co-operating with feeling—in order to insure the basis for the development of a true relationship.

Furthermore, this ideal involves a far greater and more impersonal aspect than that of the individual or of the family; it reaches out to embrace the whole problem of general human relationships. For whether the individual considers it or not, the welfare of society depends upon marriage and the family more than on anything else. Therefore, a new ideal and a new reality attained by individuals in marriage is the first step towards the attainment of new world relations. To carry this ideal through and to create thereby a new life of relationships is the great social task of women.

I am just in receipt of a letter from a

gifted young woman who is in the midst of this struggle, first to attain and preserve her individual separateness and express herself through her gifts, and second to preserve and create something adequate out of a very difficult marriage situation. It illustrates the new condition very well, and I shall quote from her words:

I see that I have been living a dream with Harvey. Now my eyes are opened, and I see the situation as it really is. I have not faced it before, but have tried to pretend that it was all right and that things were as I wanted them to be. This has meant, of course, that I have been emotionally bound, and thus unable to come through to any real human relationship. Harvey has been so jealous of me in every way—he can't bear that I should be successful or have anything of my own and he constantly criticizes everything about me and everything that I do. Our whole marriage relation is dependent upon his moods. But I've got to work it through. I know I mustn't run away, although sometimes I think I can't bear it any longer. I think there must be some new relation between husbands and wives than can be attained. But to gain that there must be a real morality between them, for the new evolution of love and reality.

These words illustrate very clearly the deepened consciousness of the young woman, and the new attitude to the situation.

When the personalities are emotionally immature, caught in the autoerotic phase of development, incapable of object love, but demanding that their emptiness shall be filled by the other person, there is little possibility of a satisfactory marriage unless a definite effort at recognition and overcoming of the personal inadequacy is made.

We have heard much of sex antagonism and the fundamental enmity between the sexes, but from a long experience I can say that there is no sex antagonism between persons who have freed themselves from their infantile desires and mechanisms and are emotionally mature. The struggle in the soul of man between love and power is the basis of

sex antagonism and is at the same time the condition which operates to destroy the whole fabric of human relations.

The marriage ceremony marks the beginning of the great opportunity for the development of an emotional maturity in which the sense of justice, of consideration, of understanding, and of forbearance towards others shall be born. These attributes represent the greatest need of each individual to-day, not only to produce a satisfactory marriage, but also to bring about happier human relationships in general than those at present existing. The importance of an inward harmony of personalities in marriage is recognized as never before, and this vision and ideal toward which both men and women equally shall strive is the new demand of women in the marriage relation. This is the first fruits of woman's new-found individualism.

One of the happiest marriages I have ever known is conducted on a strictly modern basis externally, and internally the living of the new ideals has produced a reality not met in the finest marriages of the past. There are four children, one of whom is adopted. There is a beautiful home exceptionally well organized and managed; the domestic machinery runs without friction. But the peace is not that of a sheltered life. Besides fulfilling so capably her duties to her husband and children, the wife is actively interested in politics and in civic and educational reform. During political campaigns she makes most successful state-wide speaking tours. In all this she has her husband's sympathy, and often his counsel. Nor is she less interested in his activities. They are two distinct individualities with separate and mutual interests which they share in a rare companionship. A visitor feels the warm vitality of this home as soon as he enters it and, needless to say, there is no marriage problem there. The wife's surplus energies are fully occupied in a socially valuable way. She is her husband's companion as well as his wife and



home-maker. And this is by no means an isolated case. Scores of such marriages are already existing, and many women are making honest and intelligent efforts to increase the number. Homes like this are the islands that provide the soil from which the higher human society of the future shall develop.

Through her maternal impulses of love and service woman possesses the instinctive basis for the evolution of the new humanity in which the principles of understanding, of love, and of altruism shall supersede the principles of power and greed. She is the sex which gives birth to the new generation in the physical realm. The responsibility is upon her to bring forth the new human-

ity in the spiritual realm. But this is not an instinctive act, like the first one, but a task that requires the greatest self-consciousness, and a volitional effort of the highest order.

The great movement which is now sweeping over the land, affecting the women of all classes, carries with it something immeasurable, for it is the destroyer of the old mold which for ages has held women bound to instinct. The new humanity which is crying to be born needs a new womb and a new mother with unfettered capacities to bring it to birth, and to nourish it.

This is the significance of the struggling woman, and of the new marriage which she is demanding.

## ISOLATION

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

**Y***OU are gone so far from me.  
Was it yesterday we stood, immediate,  
Indissoluble?  
To-day you are gone into a perilous country  
Where I may not follow.  
The stones are sharp to my feet,  
The sun beats fiercely,  
No voice cries in this wilderness.  
I face you, and behold a door  
Immitigably closed.  
To-day I am but the mute interrogation  
In the page of your life  
Which you cannot erase.*

*What am I to hang as a stone upon you?  
What are you, that I should derive from you?  
Have I no heights to climb, no stars to grasp,  
No torch save of your kindling?  
No fire save of your burning?*

*I am broken, quenched, put out . . .  
You are gone so far from me.*



# THE POLITICAL DECLINE OF AMERICA

BY FRANK R. KENT

**N**O OPEN-MINDED man with an inquiring disposition who travels much about this country can very well help feeling pessimistic about it politically.

Speaking not at all from the party but wholly from the public angle, it is in a sorry, soggy, sloppy state.

It isn't pleasant to play the role of Cassandra, and it is quite true that since the founding of the nation various persons, at irregular intervals, have felt it was headed downhill and could not be stopped. Somehow or other, it has managed to pull through, bumpily avoiding collapse, even growing bigger and more indecently rich. Probably it will continue to wobble along its unwieldy way in spite of its present deep-seated and disgracefully diseased condition. However, these are not reasons why those who see the significant symptoms of the present should refrain from pointing them out. For one thing, it may help a little in the cure. For another, some time or other one of these prophets of disaster is going to be more or less right.

The truth is that as things are to-day there are only two classes pleased with the country politically. One of these is composed of those who, directly or indirectly, profit one way or another from politics. The other embraces those who either do not know the facts or cannot understand them. It must be conceded that this is a very large class indeed. In it are included some of our leading writers of Pollyanna editorials, who tell us what a wonderful country we have, how happy everybody should be in it, and

what a dreadful thing it is to pick flaws when we have such a great strong man as Mr. Coolidge to guard us from harm. In it, too, are the numerous business men who can see nothing wrong in a country where you can make plenty of money.

To be candid, that last is a fairly unanswerable argument. It forces you to admit that as things are now they are all right, and that they will probably be all right for some time to come. But you have a right to look beyond and when you do the menacing clouds are very visible. The fact is that not in many years has the outlook been more dampening to the spirit of those who consider the intellectual and moral progress of the nation along with its material prosperity.

Regardless of party, the men with keenest vision and the deepest penetration, in every section of the country, are talking and thinking along the same lines. It is hard to tell which discourages them the more: the issues that do interest the people or the issues that do not interest them. Over either or both there is not the least doubt that there is basis for discouragement.

Take first the issues to which they do respond—you can go across the country from coast to coast, stopping in each state to talk and learn, as I recently did, and you will strike fire only when you touch one subject—Prohibition. On that they respond but, until a few weeks ago, on no other. It is all very well for political leaders in dry territory to tell you that it is "finished business" in their states and that their people no longer



think of the subject, but that isn't true. To-day, just as much as it has been for five years past, Prohibition is not only in politics in every section, but it obscures all other political issues. No man not openly professing to be a dry can be elected to any conspicuous office in dry territory, and none not howling wet can successfully aspire in the wet centers. The most degraded dry can still beat the best wet in some sections, and the most asinine wet can still overwhelm the most deserving dry in the others.

The merits of the men, their character and intelligence, their records and views on every other issue are subordinated to this one. That was true five years ago. It is still true—and every man in politics knows it.

The only way in which man can be measured against man is to have them both openly marked with the same brand on this question. And that is what we have come to in nearly every state. Wet runs against wet and dry against dry. That is the test in most of the states to-day. Nothing else much matters. It is the one thing which really stirs public sentiment.

That is, it was the one thing until a short while ago. Now we have another—not fundamentally different, dividing men and women along the same lines, and capable of even more deeply stirring them—to wit, the Bible issue. Perhaps it would have come into politics without the Dayton trial. It was on its way, but the Bryan-Darrow battle, the enormous publicity from evolutionist and anti-evolutionist with which the world was drenched while the case lasted, the fight between the scientists and the fundamentalists which is continuing in nearly every community, has thrust this issue deep into our politics.

Few political observers doubt that we are at the start of another such fight as we had over Prohibition, that here is another issue which reaches the hearts of the people and on which politicians will straddle, seekers for office trim and pose—another issue that will promote hy-

pocrisy and deceit and encourage the fools, the frauds, and the fakers. It is easy to imagine its progress not, perhaps, to the point of a constitutional amendment like Prohibition—that is unthinkable—but to the point where in many states sentiment will be so strong that it will be necessary to nominate fundamentalist against fundamentalist and, in others, evolutionist against evolutionist, in order to avoid the blind wrath of the voters who feel but do not think on such questions.

It is hard to see how it can be other than disheartening to thoughtful persons to grasp the fact that these two issues, neither one of which has the slightest business in politics, are the only ones capable of striking a spark from nine-tenths of the people of the country to-day. It is impossible to doubt this. Any politician in any state will tell you that on the World Court, the tariff, the League of Nations, the railroads, water power, agriculture, or any other item of foreign or domestic policy, there is among the masses of the people not only no real interest but a complete and profound indifference. They don't know about them and they don't care. About the other two—Prohibition and the Bible—they don't know either—but they do care. If that is not a disheartening situation to those who look ahead politically, what would be?

Now then, when you add to those two things, which do ring the bell of the public interest, the astounding inertness, indifference, and ignorance concerning the government generally, coupled with the apparently unshakable determination of half of the qualified voters not to participate in its selection, a combination is presented that rather justifies feeling anxious over the outlook.

Just a few weeks ago, figures compiled by Simon Michelet of Washington, a recognized authority on the subject, show the United States, in the matter of voting efficiency, practically at the very tail of the long list of civilized nations. In other words, the proportion of our

population which goes to the polls and votes is less than that of nearly every other, with the exception of China. England, France, Germany, Belgium, all the Scandinavian countries, and Switzerland beat us all hollow. In Great Britain the percentage in the last election was 82. Most of the others are above 70. Ours was just a fraction over 50 per cent in 1924; just a fraction under 50 per cent in 1920. In 1924 there were three Presidential candidates instead of two, and an enormous "get the vote out" drive was made by various non-political organizations. In the light of these circumstances the showing was worse, not better, than four years before. Forty years ago 80 per cent of the American voters went regularly to the polls and we were in the first column in point of voting efficiency. Now we are last. Even Mexico and the Latin-American countries, Mr. Michelet shows, equal us in voting efficiency—some of them exceed.

Here are the facts:

In the 1924 election for House of Commons in England, 76 per cent of the total electorate voted—in the preceding election 82 per cent went to the polls. In Germany at the first election of the Reichstag under the constitution of the German Republic 75 per cent of all Germans over 20 years of age voted. In the 1924 election the vote increased by four millions and exceeded 80 per cent; in April of this year—the Hindenburg presidential election—the German percentage reached 82. A 20-year average for the Australian and New Zealand States shows approximately 75 per cent voting in Australia and 80 per cent in New Zealand. In the 1924 election New Zealand and Queenstown show close to 84 per cent, which establishes them as the most efficient voting people in the world, with Great Britain and Germany close rivals.

Belgium, Holland, and Denmark are not far behind. They range from 60 to 90 per cent, with an average over 20 years of 75 per cent. In Norway and

Sweden approximately 76 per cent of the men and 60 per cent of the women consistently vote.

On an average, the French vote is slightly above 70 per cent and in many districts much higher. In the recent parliamentary election in Italy, 64 per cent of the total adult population, men and women, voted. In Switzerland the record for years shows better than 75 per cent, and in Canada the average is 70 per cent, as compared to our 50 per cent.

Latin America, where they have to cope with an Indian and hybrid race illiteracy ranging from 40 to 80 per cent, and the United States are fairly even in this matter of voting. In the last Cuban election and in the recent Mexican election as close to 50 per cent of the qualified voting population was polled as in the United States in 1920. Cuba made twice as good a showing at the polls as did Florida, just across the Gulf Stream, and Mexico in the last presidential election delivered at the polls more than twice as high a percentage of its total adult population as the average for our Gulf States. In the South the alibi is a colored population 15 to 20 per cent illiterate. Mexico has to wrestle with a 70 per cent illiteracy. Down in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and Uruguay the vote averages slightly better than 65 per cent of the whole adult population.

Now, the above figures and facts, as compiled by Mr. Michelet, are new, important, and authoritative. There is no guesswork about them, no easy way of explaining them. Very definitely, they place us, with our average of 50 per cent voting efficiency, at the very bottom of the heap, with even Mexico and Cuba threatening to outdistance us in a few more years. It is not a pleasant thing upon which to meditate—that we, who started out to show the world what a Democracy really ought to be and how beautifully a great people could govern themselves and how sound an experiment ours was—should fall back so far that fully half of our population is so little concerned about its government, and so slightly



interested in its political system that it does not go to the polls at all—that in political intelligence, information, and activity we grade with Mexico and the Latin-Americans—far below every nation in our class. The plain truth is that we have slipped. If, from 1880 down to 1896 an average of 80 per cent of American voters voted, why, since 1896, have we been steadily decreasing the proportion until to-day we can barely claim 50 per cent?

When all allowances are made for the various elements, which for one reason or another are disfranchised, it is still clear that the great bulk of the 50 per cent of non-voters are persons who fail to vote, not because they cannot vote, but because they will not vote. It isn't only that they do not vote in the general election, but, what is worse—in very much greater numbers they do not vote in the primaries, which, under our political system are infinitely more vital. The primary in this country is really the key to all politics. It is the gate through which 99 per cent of all candidates must pass in order to get on the ticket.

Control of the primaries is control of politics—it really is control of the country. Those who thus control are in a position to limit the choice of the general election voter to their choice in the primaries. Completely missing the great significance of the primary, the proportion of voters who regularly participate in them is absurdly small—rarely more than a tenth, frequently less than a twentieth, often a thirtieth of those who could. Of course, there are exceptions. Occasionally in a city or state there will be a really hot primary fight over a real issue, and a real vote will be polled. But these are rare occasions. For the most part, primaries everywhere are a farce—a mere ratification of a machine's choice, made by an absurdly small number of machine men. Thus are our delegates to the national conventions that nominate our Presidents chosen. Thus are our senators, governors, mayors and judges nominated. Thus is the country

run—not by the people but by the politicians.

Thus are our rulers chosen in the last analysis, not by a majority, not even by a majority of a majority, but actually by a majority of an exceedingly small minority.

There is not space here to go into the reasons for the political inertia, indifference, and ignorance of the American people toward politics. The fact is that no one is certain about the reasons. It can be blamed on the movies, on the newspapers, on the politicians, on the propagandists, on the absorption in business, on the general prosperity, on sports, on any number of things.

The favorite place to unload responsibility is on the daily press, and certainly a strong indictment can be made of the American newspapers. However, when you admit every charge against them—their cheapness, coarseness, and sordidness—that does not adequately explain the low political estate to which we have fallen. There is, for instance, an idea in uninformed quarters that the British press is superior in tone and standards to ours. It is true, there are a few first-class, high-grade English newspapers, but so are there a few such in America; but take them as a whole and they grade no higher. As a matter of fact, the papers with the largest circulation in England are just as sensational and as bad as any we have here. The worst of theirs are slightly more rotten than the worst of ours. That will be an unpalatable statement to certain British critics who have formed the habit of regarding American newspapers as unspeakably bad largely because their methods differ from those of the English papers. It also conflicts with the convictions of some of our leading American correspondents in London, who come over here occasionally and contrast unfavorably the press of their own country with the press on the other side.

No, it isn't because they have a better press than we that Great Britain is so

far above the United States in the average political interest, intelligence, and activity of her citizens. There may be various contributing causes but the basic fact is that there is in the English people a political consciousness conspicuously lacking in the United States. The average Englishman considers politics more seriously. There is inherent in him a deeper respect for law and a stronger desire to have some part in the selection of his government, some say as to who shall run things and how. And not only the Englishman has this to a greater degree than we, but the Frenchman, the German, the Belgian, the Canadian. We, too, had a real political consciousness once. Up to about 1890 the average American's conception of political duty and his interest in his government, city, state, and nation, left relatively little room for criticism. Exactly what has happened to cause us to slide down the scale to the very bottom while the nations with whom we formerly stood on a par maintain their standard in the face of the same sort of modern development, is hard to say.

Nobody can be certain about the reasons. It is enough to know that the facts are true. There is, however, one basic fact of which we can be sure—that the evils of politics in every community are exactly equal to the indifference of the voters to the primaries. That is a provable proposition and it is about all you can prove regarding the situation except that it exists.

Actually, when the vital nature of politics to every individual is considered, when it is reflected that it touches the lives of us all directly and indirectly in scores of ways, and that there is no possible escape from its influence and effect, the steady lessening of political clarity, political interest, and activity among the masses of the people, and the unfavorable light in which the Michelet figures show us in comparison with other nations, are a distinct reflection upon our intelligence as a people. There isn't any doubt about that.

It raises a number of interesting questions:

Is the country too big to govern itself well?

Is there a point in the development of a democracy where it becomes too unwieldy to work as such?

Is the United States approaching that point and are we entering a transition period?

Has not the theory of a government by the people bogged down?

Through the force and solidity of governmental machinery that has been seasoned by centuries we can keep going under existing conditions—even if they become more extreme—for an indefinite time. Of course, there is going to be no collapse and, of course, no one need feel unduly alarmed about the country's future. It will wobble out of these depressing conditions as it has wobbled out of many others.

However, it does make a joke out of the good old doctrine that "the people rule" with which we have for so long fooled ourselves. Also, it renders rather ridiculous, in the face of the facts, the idea that this is the most enlightened and intelligent nation of them all. It isn't a fatal disease—this political inertia complicated by religious blindness and bigotry with which the people are afflicted—but it ought not to make any thoughtful man happy to think about it.

It is easy enough to be satisfied with the fact that, in spite of the failure of our people to vote and their deadly indifference to and ignorance of political matters, we are certainly as well off politically, and far better off materially, than any or all of those who exceed us in these things. It is also easy to say, "What's the use of complaining when things are going well? If the American people took a greater interest in politics and voted in greater numbers we might be as badly off as some of those other countries where the people take their political duties more seriously."

But is that an answer? And, if it is, isn't it a lovely answer for a democracy?



# THE HEAD

A STORY

BY CYRIL HUME

THE worst school, I thought, that parental credulity and indifference ever permitted to exist. The boys were a shambling, scuffling crew. They used to congregate in a shed known as "the gymnasium" to smoke and plot insubordination. Or they would troop off to a negro tuck-shop in the neighborhood and ruin their digestions with fried food. Sometimes in the dingy school corridor one of the masters would scuttle by me with a pile of copy books under his arm and an apologetic smile on his little face. O'Rourke, the athletic coach, was different—a big, vulgar, asthmatic man who once lured me up to his coop of a room and made me drink bad gin while he cursed the boys and the faculty and—with startling obscenity—his employer, the headmaster.

This gentleman I had not met so far. I knew only that he was officially known as "The Head" (a characteristic bit of affectation), but that everyone, boys and masters alike, always called him "Old Pure-heart." The reason for this I discovered in the conversational catch-phrases of the place. I used to overhear mocking references to "the tone of the school, youth, ideals, and knightlike lives," and I would imagine weekly addresses in the school assembly-room. . . . Old Pure-heart. . . .

Naturally I expected him to be the most objectionable type of hypocrite, but when I met him I was forced to admit that he was sincere and honest. His virtues, however, roused in me only a faint repugnance, tempered with

amusement and pity. He was one of those unfortunate beings whose sincerity elicits no respect, and whose honesty has all the detestable attributes of hypocrisy. He was an earnest, righteous man, but he had the oleaginous personality of a tipling parson, and I should have found it easier to like him if he had been a rogue who knew how to act the gentleman.

He was a bulky, poorly set-up man with a flat face and a tremendous domed forehead over which he brushed slips of brown hair in an attempt to disguise the pallid baldness above. His chin was broad and square, cleft with a deep dimple. His lips were thin and colorless, his mouth very wide, but somehow weak. Brown eyes blinked with tremendous fatuity behind magnifying spectacles with gun-metal rims, and his nose, placed meticulously in the center of his face, was tiny and finely formed, as were his pale, close-set ears. The man's usual manner was one of half-courtly, half-servile geniality, and he used to dress in such sporting tweeds as I fancy fitted in with his conception of a British country gentleman. Customarily he beamed with his swimming distorted eyes. He was like an old family servant or an incredibly benevolent archbishop. But there were occasions when he became serious and spoke of his splendid boys, the ideals of the school, or that contemptible and degraded creature who had, for a while (until detected) pretended to teach English Literature at the Institution. Then Old Pure Heart's face

became very grave and lost its gigantically infantile simper. Little hairlike wrinkles appeared all over it, and Old Pure Heart was truly old in spite of his brown hair. The beard under his transparent skin was so blue as to be violet.

When I met him first he was most affable and kind and he continued to be so after our acquaintance had ripened. . . . The boy whom I used to visit as a matter of duty while his family was in the West was away that afternoon at the tuck-shop. I was glad, for I was not fond of the boy, while he for his part distrusted me. I think he imagined I was there to spy on him—God knows for what. So I was strolling around the unkempt school grounds with my pipe, waiting until it should be time for my train back to the city, bored and unhappy as a cat in a spring cleaning. . . . A fussy urchin came and told me that The Head would like to see me in his rooms. There was nothing better to do, so I knocked my pipe out and went at once.

The Head's rooms were on the second floor to the south. I rapped, and a thin baritone voice beyond the door called, "*Come in!*"

I found myself in a largish room, furnished with shabby victorian comfortableness. The Head was waiting for me with his back to a sunny bow window. His big silhouette was like one of those Rodinesque cartoons of laborers, so dear to the practitioners of modern art. The light was strong in my eyes and I could see only that the figure's hands were clasped behind its back and that a light-reflection was glimmering on the scalp under the thin hair.

"Ah! How do you *do*, sir!" he called, coming toward me with slack briskness and holding out his hand. When we were close enough for my eyes to peer through the dazzle of the window, I saw that he was smiling at me and blinking his magnified brown eyes.

I said, "How do you do, Doctor," and we shook hands and assured each other

that we were glad to become acquainted. He guided me to a morris chair and put me into it with a great deal of jovial fuss. He gave me the impression that he was trying to be hearty and hospitable but did not quite know how. The attempt was undignified and embarrassing. "Make yourself comfortable! Make yourself comfortable, sir! Light up, as they say. Ah, yes! I've seen you from my window puffing around the grounds. Go right on, sir. Have your pipe. I won't object, I assure you. I'm not the kind to object to a pipe, if I *am* a schoolmaster. I have a cigar myself now and then." I could see he imagined himself a man of the world, a man among men, brusque, sporting. He sat down opposite me, flung one stockinged leg over the other with a grunt, and continued to beam at me.

I set about loading and lighting my pipe, rather at a loss for something to say; but the Head gravely went on making conversation. He assumed a friendly, demi-humorous, mezzo-grave judicial manner—his professional manner I concluded, and began to discuss the character of my young friend, the pillar of the tuck-shop. "He's a fine boy, sir. A fine, clean boy. Good blood there. Perhaps now and then he's a *little* self-willed and a *little* self-indulgent; but what healthy young fellow isn't? If there were no defects to be overcome in the young fellows, what would be the use of old fellows like me teaching them?" The Head laughed with roguish heartiness. "But I think I can promise," he continued more soberly, "that by the time we have graduated him, those defects will be well in hand. The hills shall be leveled and—ah—the rough ways straightened. The boy has good stuff in him. A fine, eager, sensitive, responsive young man. Good satisfactory material to work in. It does one's heart good to see that type of boy grow and blossom out and develop under one's hands. True, clean, manly stuff, sir. In a year or two he'll be a credit to his school and, I think, to his country too,



thank God!" The good man's eyes swam enormously behind his spectacles. His chin was very blue with earnestness. I made no comment on his observations.

When The Head had made some further remarks in the same vein, conversation waned, and I began glancing around the room for some topic with which to renew it. The furnishings were, for the most part, heavy and shabby and comfortable and unimaginative. Presently, however, I noticed a picture hanging over the desk near the bow window, a small pen and ink of a boy's face which I took at first to be a copy from Romney's King of Rome. But when I rose and went closer I saw the resemblance was superficial. The pose was different, the expression less dreamy. Then I saw that the picture was an original, rather beautifully done in spite of an amateurish technic.

"How fine!" I said. "What a nice little boy."

I glanced at my host. He had become very grave. He rose and came toward me. "That is my son," he said. "He was five years old then. His mother was the artist."

I was surprised, for there was no resemblance between the delicate face in the picture and the heavy-visaged man beside me. However, I only remarked, "What a fine kid! How old is he now? At school here, I suppose." As I spoke I was conscious of a hope that this might not be so, that a child who appeared so intelligent and beautiful might be spared this place. . . . But the Head was staring at his fingers, muttering. Presently he cleared his throat. "The—ah—the boy is dead. He would be in college now. . . ."

How many before and since myself have made similar blunders! There is nothing more painful, no social slip more difficult to bear, because it cannot be passed off with a joke. I was speechless and miserable. I finally managed to gasp out, "Oh! I'm awfully sorry, Doctor!"

He patted my shoulder very kindly.

"Don't mind. Don't mind," he said in a gentle voice. Then he turned and stared out of the bow window in a reverie while I fumbled in my pocket for my pipe and cursed myself for an ass.

But The Head discovered my confusion and came to my assistance with more delicacy than I had imagined he possessed. He faced about from the window, smiling. "My dear young man, don't mind. Tut, tut! Don't mind. You couldn't know, could you?" At the moment I had a strong impression that he liked me better for having hurt him with this memory. . . . When he spoke again his words amazed me. "You are not, I hope, a teetotaler?"

I gawked and said that I was not.

The Head opened a closet door and took down a tin box of sweet biscuits, two glasses, and a dark bottle. These he placed carefully on his desk blotter. "Well, I am not one either," he laughed, pouring two decent drinks. "I consider teetotalism among grown men sheer mollycoddism." He swaggered ever so little and became portentous. "Of course," he went on, his chin was bluish with earnestness for perhaps the sixth time that afternoon, "I believe in moderation. Alcohol, like all God's gifts, is to be used, not abused, as I often tell the boys. For myself, I make no secret about keeping a small stock of refreshment for my guests."

It was good port, very good port as far as I could tell, though I am no judge of such cultured liquor. But I told him it was excellent, whereupon he beamed upon his glass which he had been alternately sipping and holding to the light. He smacked his wide lips. "Yes, it is good, isn't it? Mr. Sutfink—one of the school's kindest patrons, sir—sends me a dozen every year or so. You must meet him, sir. A very kind, high-minded gentleman, who has the interests of education at heart."

I captured my young ogre before I left that afternoon, hailing him unwilling from a collation of grease.

"Who," I said, "and what, is Sut-fink?"

"Oh, he's an old bird that hangs around the school a lot," the charming youth answered vaguely. "Has a lot of money for this burg!"

"Oh, he lives in town then?"

"Yes. He's a sort of lawyer. Got a political job."

This was all the information the boy could give me on that score. He was eager to get back to his refection, but when I told him that I had drunk port with the Head, he opened his eyes in something like admiration. "Say! You've been getting away big! He don't hand that out usually except to parents with cars."

From that day I never missed visiting the Head in his rooms whenever I came to the school. We became almost intimate. For some reason or other, perhaps because he had spoken to me of his dead son, he came to like me. For myself, when I had drunk a glass or two of the man's port I was able to overlook his softness and servility and oppressive goody-goodyness, and his poor, thin affectation of manliness, as palpable as his coiffure. I was able almost to like him in return.

Often as we sat opposite each other in the ugly, comfortable morris chairs, conversing and sipping our port, the Head would let bits of his history slip out, half inadvertently, half in confidence. Finally I had almost the whole story. (I can tell it now, for he is dead, poor man.) And when I had met Mr. Sutfink, a lean, coldly handsome gentleman whose coloring consisted solely of shades of steel gray, hair, flesh, eyes, I was able—at least to the satisfaction of my own imagination—to set it down in its entirety . . . the whole story. Some from Sutfink (not that he ever told me a word of it), some from my own intuition, but most of all from the Head himself. It did not come as I have set it down here, in a continuous narrative, but in little haphazard bits

that I have been forced to reorganize and join together with words of my own. . . . I remember the Head's narrow lips moving in speech between economical sips at the port, his huge face beaming, or blue-chinned with solemnity, his thin baritone voice rambling almost eloquently. . . .

"I have always lived in this town. Except for the years I spent at college, I have never been out of it. All my interests and possessions are here. Nearly all my friends. As a boy I went to this very school and when I had graduated from college I came back here and taught under old Doctor Howard. Howard was an honest, well-meaning man, but he was not capable of ever really understanding boys. They used to call him Howler among themselves. When I think of this and of some of the things that went on undetected under his nose, I have to smile at poor Doctor Howard's simplicity. I have nothing very interesting to tell you about myself at that time. I am afraid I was always rather an unexciting, humdrum young man. I was very studious and quiet, for I had neither the time nor the money to take part in the foolish and sometimes vicious adventures usual among boys of my age. The others went in for athletics and mild dissipation. I had very little interest in either. Besides, when I had finished my college course, I had my position at the school to consider. A book, or a quiet talk with one of the other masters after study hall was all my pleasure. I worked hard during those days and I think I did my work well for a young master. . . . Conscientious young masters are rare creatures, sir. If they are steady, they are dull. If they are brilliant, they dissipate or go into business.

"There was one youthful frailty, however, which I was not able to avoid, for I was a normal young man, in spite of my academic habits. I fell in love. I had fallen in love even before I went to college, and I never fell out again . . . not to this day." The Head smiled with



touching self-consciousness. His eyes floated vaguely behind his spectacles.

"She was a beautiful young creature, several years younger than I. As tall as myself and slender, with heavy honey-colored hair as smooth and orderly as flowing water. Her mouth was rather large for a girl, but beautifully shaped and very red in her luminous pale face. I think the most remarkable thing about her, physically, I mean, were her eyes which held the soft unchanging brilliance of light and shadow that one sees in set sapphires. Another remarkable thing—her eyes were absolutely symmetrical. One was the exact reverse of the other, a rare thing if you come to think of it. And except when she laughed, this symmetry made her face seem like a pale beautiful mask. . . . She was a happy, impetuous person, was Rose. I have never seen any young creature more on fire with life, more shaken with vivacious energy than she. Even when she was a little girl she was mad for pleasure and excitement and admiration. And as she grew older this side of her nature only increased in strength. Frankly, she was vain and headstrong at the time, and her actions were often indiscreet. They were always harmless, of course, utterly happy and innocent, but that did not keep small-town scandal-mongers from speaking calumny of her. People took her gaiety for wildness and her innocent frankness for freedom. So, in spite of the fact that she belonged to one of the best families in town, she got an unsavory reputation among the gossips. I knew the truth about her and naturally was wild with indignation. But how could an obscure school teacher convince or combat an entire town?

"My position at the school was new to me then and I was working very hard teaching Latin to the upper forms. Still I managed to get away one night a week to call on her at her father's big house on Bellevue Avenue. I would sit on the porch with her for an hour or two when it was warm, or in the library during the winter. Talking . . . I could not

have been very entertaining during those visits. I was too much in love with her and far too much awed by her to be amusing. She used to joke me very kindly about my stiffness, saying that I was too virtuous to be a man and that I bored her to death. She seemed bored with everything. She would fret and sigh and say that she was going to leave the pokey little town and go to some place where there were amusements and entertaining people. . . . But I was not to be discouraged, and persisted in asking her to marry me. Such a solemn young man I must have been! Then she would laugh more than ever and say, 'Oh, Frederick! We'd make each other so miserable! You'd bore me to death, and I'd break your poor heart. For you'd soon find out I'm not all the lovely silly things you think I am, and you couldn't bear to find out, poor Frederick. It would kill you. No, I'm not good enough for you. Of course, you don't believe that, but I'm not. I'm not the angelic person you think I am. Inside I'm quite a horrid person, Frederick.' And I remember telling her that no matter what she was, nothing could make me so happy as to lead her to the altar. Of course, I knew what a fine creature she really was. I suppose she imagined herself very wicked because the people who misunderstood her thought her so. But I knew the truth though I pretended to admit the possibility of her being quite a wicked young woman. You see . . ." the Head looked demurely at me, "you see, even the best women love flattery. But Rose was obdurate, no matter what I said. 'No, Frederick. Even if I wanted to marry you it wouldn't be fair to you. Besides I shall never marry anyone in this nasty little town. Ever.' And I said, 'Rose, promise me you'll let me know before you *do* marry anyone here.' She laughed a great deal and said, 'I promise, Frederick.'

"I went away happy when she had said that. At least she would not be married before I had a chance to speak

for myself again. . . . I had been worried on that score because I had sometimes thought that Rose inclined toward Mr. Sutfink. Young Jimmy Sutfink, then. Suttly. He was a much more colorful person at that time (if less admirable) than he is now. A dashing young fellow with a reputation for brilliance and wildness. He knew how to be very agreeable to young women. Besides, he was already making a name for himself in the biggest law office in town and quite outshone me as a match. Sutfink and I were not such friends then as we are now. As rivals we were naturally antipathetic. I suppose he looked down on me as a slow, prosy fellow and, to be quite honest, I envied him his dash and good looks. I am afraid even I sometimes envied him his bad name.

"I recall one evening we both met at Rose's house and glowered at each other for an hour while she made fun of us both, calling me Saint Anthony and Sutfink a disappointed Don Juan. We two young men came away together and saw each other along our road home. He stopped me on a street corner just before we parted and spoke to me. 'Look here, Fred,' he said sulkily, 'take my advice and drop out of this race.' I asked him why. 'Because *I'm* in it,' he answered with a savage expression. 'Because I'm mad for that girl. Crazy. Insane. Frantic. Do you understand? Because I'm going to have her if I break all ten commandments in as many minutes. Do you understand?' His face was white and twitching. His eyes—have you noticed how bright and close-set they are?—were feverish as they looked at me. Presently he laughed. 'No,' he said, 'you don't understand. You're not my sort of person. But understand this, you pedagogical fish'—I remember his words perfectly—'you stay clear of Rose's house until I've had my fling there!'

"Now I don't often use profanity." The Head's chin was almost azure with gravity. "But my blood was up. 'You go to hell, Suttly!' I said. 'I'll call on

Rose just as often as she'll let me. I know I'm not fit to go there, but that's for her to say, not you. I repeat, you may go to hell.' He stared at me for a moment, puzzled. Then he turned and suddenly left me and went off alone down the street, laughing and laughing to himself under the dark trees.

"I was not much disturbed by his laughter for I had Rose's promise. Besides, she herself went away soon after that to an art school in Massachusetts. She did not return for two years. . . . That was a long two years. All I had to recall her by was a little snapshot of her in a summer frock that had been taken when she was sixteen years old. She was twenty then and I was twenty-six.

"I worked very hard during that time and got Old—forgive me—Old Howler to increase my salary considerably. Even at that time he had as good as promised to make me head-master when he retired. I often stood in front of the little snapshot of Rose, telling myself that I could honestly ask her to marry me now that I was able to afford it. But she was away for two years.

"I was not the only busy person during those years. Young Sutfink had been increasing his legal reputation. And at the end of that time—I suppose Rose had refused him too—he became engaged to Mary Toumy, the daughter of Judge Toumy, his employer. This was considered a brilliant match in the village. The judge was rich and a political power in the district. So Sutfink was thought to have found a well-lined nest for himself. He was ambitious, you know, legal and political aspirations. The engagement seemed to steady him considerably.

"Then Rose came home again. Even now I do not know exactly why she came home. She never liked talking about this part of her life. I suppose she had found her art studies uncongenial. . . . When I learned of her return I was tremendously agitated, as you may imagine. I called on her at once, not with-



out some hope that this time she would have me. But she refused me again, laughing as she had always laughed. Rose had changed very little in her two years away from home. Perhaps she was a little more bored and a little more irresponsible. Certainly she was more beautiful. I think too she was more unhappy. The poor girl had not yet found herself.

"When I called next I found Sutfink there before me. I was silent that evening, perhaps with amazement that he should be there when the whole village knew of his engagement to Mary Toumy. But he was brilliant and handsome and—and ardent, and Rose was only too obviously interested in him. Of course, I took the first opportunity after that to inform her of Sutfink's engagement, thinking that she could not know of it. She looked at me languidly and rather scornfully as I told her. 'Oh, I know that, Frederick,' she said. 'You didn't have to bear tales.' I thought this unjust and answered with some heat that I had only done what I believed right under the circumstances. But she laughed at me without humor and said, 'Oh, Frederick! You are incorrigible! Right and wrong! Right and wrong! What *is* right and what *is* wrong?' . . . Judge what an upset condition she was in, poor child. She had not yet found herself.

"After that I often made a third when Sutfink called upon her and, though I tried not to see the situation, I was finally forced to realize they were in love with each other. . . . I wonder if you know how agonizing a thing it can be to see the woman you love laughing and intimate with a rival. To see the woman you adore burning for another man.

"I suffered considerably, so that it was almost a relief when Rose, keeping her promise, told me she was going to marry Sutfink. I made no protest. I saw it would be useless. It was very painful. For as she spoke to me she was too excited and happy to disguise her feelings. I remember her eyes that

night. They shone as I never saw them afterward.

"I made up my mind to being unhappy after that, and as a matter of fact I was really quite miserable. It is all very well to say that young people forget those griefs and disappointed longings they suffer and cause each other to suffer, but a lonely fellow such as I was, with nothing to distract him except routine work, does not forget very quickly. In order to forget, it is not only necessary to lose the memory of a painful event. The empty place must be filled with some new preoccupation or the old pain comes back. Now a young schoolmaster, a half-recluse, has not so many niches of memory that a vacant one may be overlooked or easily filled. Of course, he has plenty of mental activity to distract him, but his actual memories of past emotions and adventures are easily enumerated. Take one of those memories away or spoil it, and you have done a tremendous thing to a person of that sort. . . . Yes. I was quite intolerably miserable. I was deprived even of the relief that I might have got out of confiding my mishap to some other person, for Rose had extracted a promise of secrecy from me. Her fiancé needed time to release himself from his former engagement without damaging his prospects. He was very much concerned about his prospects which were then in the hands of Judge Toumy, and Judge Toumy was not a man to stand for any trifling with his daughter's affections. So I had to suffer in silence like a Red Indian who may not even ease his pain with a groan or a quiver. . . . I worked hard and prepared my classes most conscientiously while I waited for the news of the engagement to become known in the town. But that announcement was still postponed, doubtless out of tenderness for Sutfink's prospects. And the town began to whisper behind its hand that the young people were being seen far too often in each other's company.

I saw them myself once or twice. I had walked up Bellevue Avenue after dark for a sentimental glance at the light in Rose's window, and I saw them coming back from a nocturnal stroll of their own. They seemed very much absorbed in each other, and they clung close as they walked. But there continued to be no announcement, and Sutfink was still known as Mary Toumy's fiancé. For my part I waited for the hateful news with a strange desperate eagerness, and prayed for it as a tortured man might pray for a *coup de grace* to end his misery. But the blow was withheld and I was half mad waiting for it in my little room in the smaller house. I was racked more cruelly every day as the interval drew out and stretched my endurance closer and closer to the breaking point. After a month of it, I was unable to distract myself at all. The feeling of tense dreadful expectancy was with me always. Waking or sleeping I could not rid my memory of Rose. As I said, I was not mentally myself.

"Then one night, six weeks or so after Rose had told me of her promise to Sutfink—study hall was over and the boys in bed, my light alone burning over to-morrow's Cicero—the great adventure, the crucial circumstance of my life came to pass. I heard no sound but smelled a vague familiar perfume. Rose was standing near my table. She was wrapped in a dark cape, and the light of my gas flame was gleaming on her smooth hair. I had no idea how she had found my room or how she had come there undiscovered. It was an apparition rather than an arrival, and to me there was something unearthly in the pale repose of her face, now more than ever like a waxen mask. We stared at each other for a moment, I in amazement and rapture, she expressionless even to her eyes. 'Frederick,' she said, 'do you still love me?' I could only go down on my knees. . . . I recall distinctly that I first removed my green-celluloid eye-shade and closed the Cicero.

I had been preparing a passage in which there were some coarse references to the habits of Catiline and I would not offend her delicacy by leaving the book open . . . it never occurred to me that she might not be proficient in Latin. As I say, I went down on my knees, quite unable to speak. In the silence, my eye-shade tumbled down from the table where I had tossed it. It struck the floor with a crackle like egg shells and the white gas flame whistled and hissed. . . . Presently Rose spoke again. 'Do you, Frederick? Because if you still do, I am ready to marry you.' I could not understand, I could not believe. Imagine my agitation! I remember only that I passed from amazement and adoration to a condition of wild joy. I think I cried and kissed her hands. But very little definite remains to me of that memory of confused emotions and half-articulated phrases.

"I recollect repeating, 'But Sutfink?—but Sutfink?' over and over. Then I would interrupt myself to tell her that she must not be found in my room. And 'How did you get in to me, Rose?' And then, 'But Sutfink?—but Sutfink?' again. . . . She told me very quietly that Sutfink could not marry her after all. He dared not marry her. Judge Toumy had got wind of the affair somehow and had gone into a raving passion. 'He told me,' said Rose, 'that his prospects would be gone. He said that if he married me his prospects would be ruined—ruined!' She threw back her head and laughed wildly at the words. 'Ruined, Frederick!' she said, 'ruined! Ruined!'

"It was such a confused forty minutes. I cannot recall parts of it at all and the rest but disconnectedly. I cannot remember the chronology of what we said. Only I was mad with happiness through it all. At one point I must have spoken of marrying in the spring after the school term was over. She grew very grave then. Almost scornful. Almost angry. 'You must take me now if you want me at all, Frederick,' she said; and we arranged to be married



secretly within two days. . . . Later on—I suppose I had been speaking wildly and worshipfully to her—she covered her face with her hands and wept a little. ‘Frederick! Poor Frederick!’ she said, ‘don’t speak like that. Don’t speak to me as though I were a good person. Please don’t, because I’m not, Frederick. I’m wicked and I’m unhappy. But you told me you wanted me no matter what I was, didn’t you? I’m only taking you at your word, aren’t I? And I promise you, I promise you before God I’ll be a good wife to you when we’re married!’ . . . A most confusing forty minutes, and when she had left me, I found myself still upon my knees.”

The Head blinked fatuously at me and chafed his palms together. “You, a young man,” he said, “are not a sentimentalist, I suppose. No more am I. But . . .” The Head’s mouth was wide and grave again—“I cannot refrain from asking you to imagine how great a happiness it must have been to a hitherto lonely young man to find himself joined in marriage to the only woman he ever cared for. To—his first love. It was more than happiness. It was a sort of sacred exultation. And in spite of the intimacy which marriage implies, I could never quite forget the feeling that I was less a husband than a worshipper. A marvelously privileged worshipper. To think that I, for no comprehensible reason, should be found worthy, beyond my wildest hope, to be joined to a creature so perfect as Rose. That sort of happiness is as heartbreaking as sorrow. It was almost too much to bear. While we were together I never ceased to wonder at it. To this day I have never ceased to do so.

“Of course we could not keep our marriage long a secret. Within a week or two it had become public property, and for a while I was lifted out of my obscurity and became a figure of romance. To be quite frank, this prominence pleased me, for I was unused to it. I was pleased besides by the kindness of Rose’s parents who had previ-

ously shown me no particular favor. My great happiness was only increased by these things. . . . To my surprise, Sutfink seemed happy enough too. He married Mary Toumy shortly afterwards and, as far as I can see, the pair have got on very well together since.

“Rose was the only person in the affair who never showed the least sign of discontent. Not that her manner toward me was anything but what I might have prayed for, but I thought sometimes she seemed resigned rather than positively happy. She was never what might be called very much—oh, in love with me. But I loved her too much to be importunate or to resent her slight coldness. In fact, I never had any cause for resentment during all the years we were together. She gave me nothing but the most generous kindness and consideration and affection. The discontent which I mentioned appeared only during the first months of our married life. Then occasionally she was irritable or petulant. Sometimes she cried. And all this, I think, was because she was shortly to have a child. When the child was born Rose became and continued to be the most admirable and perfect wife and mother.

“Our little boy was born prematurely when we had been married only a fraction over seven months, but he was entirely normal and fully developed in every way, which the doctor said was a very remarkable thing. . . . He was a beautiful child. I may say so without vanity, for he resembled me only in certain occasional shades of expression. He was blond and had gray eyes which were always full of intelligence. You may judge for yourself from that little picture you admired how beautiful he was shortly before he died. . . . Rose and I were happy with our little son. Ours was a deep happiness if a quiet one. It was a wonderful and admirable thing to see the girl who had been so wild and reckless subdue herself and suit herself to her new life and new duties. She cared for the child personally and with

great efficiency, as she conducted our small apartments in the school. She was a conscientious and industrious woman, but through it all she had the dignity and appearance of a very calm madonna. And (I hope I am not irreverent in thinking so) the child with his fine intelligent face, calm as his mother's though keener of eyes, was like the young Christ. I was, I suppose, a very humble Joseph watching and adoring them.

"A schoolmaster's life is a busy one morning and night, and I could not see much of my wife and child during the term times, especially after Doctor Howard died and left his position to me. So naturally I loved the long, sleepy vacation of summer best of all. Then I could be with my family and have them to myself. . . . Strange, but the memory that remains to me of my married life after the years have passed seems to be a long unbroken interval of summer. The rest of what happened in those years merges and is forgotten with the humdrum affairs of my bachelor days and widowhood. We rarely went away in the summer; we rarely went out in the town even to call on Rose's family, for Rose preferred the quiet seclusion and spaciousness of the empty school. Here she passed hours in meditation that left her face still, as a statue's face. Other hours she would spend with the boy, playing with him, talking to him, performing her unhurried duties. I watched and I was happy because she seemed content. . . . I remember unending summer afternoons. . . . We would take out a rug and spread it under a tree. Sometimes we had an early supper there. The child would run from one to the other of us as the sun grew more golden and the shadows lengthened, weaving us into the happy monotonous games that childhood invents. When he was tired he would come to me and frighten himself by saying I was a bear. Then his mother would smile or fall into another reverie. Just before sunset two or three rabbits would hop

out upon the far edge of the lawn and play with each other in and out of the striped shadow. The child would call them softly and wave his hands to them until the sun set and the shadows lay all about us. Then Rose would start and say, 'Heavens! It's long after bedtime!' She would come smiling and kiss us both and carry the boy away. They would move off, their two sweet faces together, looking back at me, more than ever a madonna with the child. And I would sit alone as the dark deepened, until I heard Rose singing the child's last song in the house. . . .

"They died, both of them in a week, when the boy was five years old and reading *Robin Hood*. I was quite alone—but not unhappy. When the first grief was quieted a little, not unhappy. A man that, like myself, has known perfect happiness cannot ever really lose that happiness. I had had my love. I had lived with and been loved by a woman so dear, so marvelously perfect, that in five years I had had more happiness than I could justly have hoped for in twenty lifetimes. Only a short separation too. Only a short time. I shall see them again and be joined to them again in happiness. . . . You see, I bore my grief easily. Besides, Mr. Sutfink was very kind to me during that time. We had been estranged while Rose lived. But Sutfink came to both funerals and has since been most kind to me and helpful in my work."

This was the last June afternoon of our many afternoons together. I thought the Head had finished, but as I searched my mind for a suitable comment, I saw that more was to come of the pause which had fallen. His blunt fingers played with the stem of the wine glass upon his knee. His face was grave with a fleeting dignity when he spoke again. "I think she had a premonition that she was to die. One summer evening she spoke such strange consoling words as I shall never forget. She had taken up the boy to carry him off to bed, and now



she paused before walking to the house. . . . Only two months before she died. . . . 'Frederick,' she said, 'have I made you happy? I've been a good wife as I promised to be, haven't I?' I tried to tell her everything she had been to me. I spoke only of my gratitude, for I loved her too deeply at that moment even to mention love. As I spoke she seemed half abstracted by another of her reveries. The calmness of her face was changed to sorrow. 'I've tried, Frederick, I've really tried. But . . . perhaps I've acted wrongly after all.'

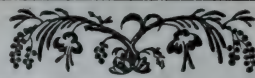
"Do you not find something awful and pathetic in those words?" asked the Head. His monstrously magnified eyes swam quite noticeably now. "That all but perfect woman, that—saint, sir, reproaching herself with some imagined fault, some coldness to me! Even upon the pinnacle of her perfection, her pure humility made her question her own virtue. *Perhaps I have acted wrongly after all* . . . what a lesson! What an inspiration! I have embodied those splendid words of hers in the school seal, changing Doctor Howard's conception,

a clenched hand with the motto *Firmiter atque fortiter*, to a balance with the inscription, *Forsan peccavi, perhaps after all I have acted wrongly*. So nothing is lost, sir. That pure soul's words continue to inspire my boys. No, not mine. My boy is beyond need of any inspiration. But the boys in my charge, teaching them to be humble even when they have attained perfection."

The Head's chin was blue as a lump of lapis-lazuli. I had a mad impulse to suggest my own interpretation of the splendid motto. What would he do? But it occurred to me that one does not stab one's host with a rusty knife or throw burning coals in his face. Besides, my cynicism was abashed by something ridiculously noble in the man. . . . I eased myself by being savage with my youthful ogre when I looked into the tuck-shop to say good-by. . . .

The Head is dead now. For some obscure reason he left me the little picture of his son as a legacy. A fine young face marvelously like Romney's King of Rome.





# PADEREWSKI: THE PARADOX OF EUROPE

BY EDWARD M. HOUSE

WHEN the Great War broke upon the world and continued so long and with such fury, it was difficult properly to assess either men or events. The loss of life was so appalling that our sensibilities became blunted and we could no longer think of such things as we thought in normal times. Some men we exalted beyond their merits and others we appraised at less than their worth. How many of those who led in the council chambers and in the field history will acclaim great is yet uncertain. There are some, however, whose ultimate claim to fame is beyond doubt, and one of these is Ignace Jan Paderewski.

Paderewski is one of the best-known, one of the most written about, and one of the least understood of those who stand foremost among men. His genius as a musician has obscured his achievements as a statesman, as an orator, a linguist, and patriot. Let us go back to the day he was born in the Province of Podolia, Russian Poland, November 6, 1860, and trace his life in broad lines until now. Let us get at the environment of the child, and find what influences were responsible for his subsequent colorful career.

The Province of Podolia was torn from Poland at the time of its third partition, in 1793, and when Paderewski was born there seemed no future for it save as a part of the great Empire of the White Czar. No prophet or seer could then predict the crumbling of kingdoms or the self-determination of peoples long clutched in the mighty hands of Germany, Russia, and Austria. And yet it is certain that with his mother's milk

Paderewski imbibed the unquenchable hope of a united Poland. The woes of his people touched every chord of his life, and even his music throbbed with the pathos of songs and stories which he learned at his father's knee. Had he not chosen music as a profession he would have been great in some other field of human endeavor, for he is a many-sided man and not a warped son of genius.

Fate, looking into the future, must have smiled upon so versatile a youth and given direction to his decision to become a composer and musician, for in no other way could he have served his country so well. When the world realized that he was the master of his art, he was called for in many lands, and wherever he went he met the most influential people of every country. Not only did he meet them, but his charming personality made them his friends, and to be a friend of Paderewski means almost surely to be a friend of Poland. And in this way did he go to the far corners of the earth, giving pleasure to those whose privilege it was to hear him and creating a personal influence which later he brought to bear with powerful effect when the resurrection of his beloved Poland lay in the balance.

Paderewski realized that if Poland was again to become an autonomous state, the Allies must win the war. He realized further that the United States and Great Britain would be the dominating factors in bringing this about. He therefore gave up his music and devoted his entire time and energies to work for the Allies and for Poland. It was at this period of his career that I came in in-



timate and constant touch with him. We pored over maps—his maps and mine—of Central and Eastern Europe, and together we traced what we thought should be a homogeneous Poland. Neither of us then knew that, at the eventual peace conference, he would be representing Poland as Prime Minister or that I should be there as one of the representatives of the United States. But the Poland we outlined during those fervid war days proved to be practically the Poland created by the Versailles Conference, for we were both in positions to help make our earlier dreams come true.

## II

During the Inter-Allied Conference at Paris in the late Autumn of 1917 I tried to get a declaration of Allied war aims. Had I been successful I should have endeavored to include a declaration favorable to an independent Poland. Failing to secure action at Paris, I suggested to President Wilson that he formulate the war aims of the United States which, by inference, would be the war aims of all the Allies. Then came the Fourteen Points and among them the demand for a revived Poland.

It was not until then that the German Poles, the Russian Poles, and the Austrian Poles felt the urge for united action, since President Wilson's call for justice for this ancient people sent a thrill through every Polish heart. Until then Poles in the Central Empires had been fighting their kinsmen in Russia. In all three Empires sons of this proud and valiant nation were bound to the war machines of each and were giving their lives to forge new links in a chain which had galled them for centuries.

Before Paderewski came to the United States to devote himself to the Polish cause, the American Poles were divided by misunderstandings and suspicions and lacked a concrete and definite program. One section was pro-German, one pro-Austrian, under the delusion that the Central Empires would finally win. In

this way it was thought that the condition of their countrymen in those Empires would be much improved. The majority, however, were friendly to the Allies, upon the theory that, should the Allies win, Russia would be forced to keep the faith and grant autonomy, at least, to Polish Russia. Nevertheless, the minority were better organized and supplied with money and, in consequence, were potent beyond their actual numerical strength. The leaders of the majority, on the other hand, sought the influence of the American Government and urged, through the Allied Embassies in Washington, formal assurance of the promised independence. Certain leaders of importance undertook to obtain military forces through Polish volunteers in return for such an assurance.

When Paderewski reached America, the entire situation under his direction, was immediately changed. He gave to the American Poles a single purpose, checking all scattered and futile desires, and putting an end to individual activities of patriotic, though misguided, persons whose ambitions it was to lead as well as to serve. Having foreseen before others the part the United States was to play in the great tragedy, even though she was not then in the war, and even though President Wilson refused to be goaded into the war before the right hour had struck, Paderewski never lost faith in the ultimate outcome or his belief in the justice of the American President and the American people. In what measure the efforts and sagacity of Paderewski were crowned by success may be gauged by the fact that toward the close of 1916 his countrymen in America, without dissent, chose him as their plenipotentiary, conferring upon him power of attorney to act for them and decide all political matters in their name and on their behalf. This important document, unique of its kind, bore signatures and seals representing the authority of all the leading Polish societies and organizations in the United States. It was the voice of Poland in America,

the voice of more than three and a half millions of people testifying to their confidence in, and affection for Poland's most illustrious son—Ignace Jan Paderewski.

All suggestions of sending a Polish army abroad were rejected as purposeless until the United States' entry into the war. When that day drew near, Paderewski encouraged Polish youth to enter officers' training schools, and presently he brought about the foundation of a Polish organization for the training of officers. Finally, when the United States entered the war, he sounded an eloquent call to arms at a great gathering of "*sokals*" (Falcons) at Pittsburgh.

### III

Those associated with Paderewski during the stirring days from the time of our entrance into the war until the Peace Conference had finished its labors, saw a new and unfamiliar Paderewski. The artist, the composer, the poetic dreamer had left no trace of himself. The old personality had been submerged in the new, and we saw the orator, the executive, and man of action. For five crowded years he never once touched the instrument that had made him famous. During those days he was firm in the conviction that he would never again turn to music as a profession. But this decision proved not to be final, and his dramatic and sensational return to the concert stage was one of the remarkable incidents in his remarkable career. But that is another story, to be told in its proper sequence.

Meanwhile, his activities were ceaselessly bent on winning the war. Not only did he feel that the Central Powers were in the wrong, and that their success would make an impossibly rigid and machinelike world, but he was conscious that Poland's providential hour had come, the hour of which he had dreamed, but which, until then, had seemed so distant and so improbable. As the war grew apace and it became evident that,

even with the strength of the United States added to that of the war-wearied Allies, every ounce of effort was necessary to give the knockout blow to the Central Powers, Paderewski was tireless in his efforts to make the Polish help as effective as possible.

There had now come about fairly complete organization not alone in the United States but among the Poles scattered throughout Europe, other than those in Germany and Austria. And even in those countries the Poles were reached and brought into the general scheme of things as far as possible. When the Armistice came and the Central Empires conceded defeat, Paderewski did some of his most effective work for Poland. He sought the influence of his friends in every land, and none of these was more potent than Arthur James Balfour, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Great Britain. Balfour was not only sympathetic but he was practical in his suggestions of help. He advised Paderewski to organize a concrete Polish government so that such a government might send representatives to the forthcoming peace conference and have a voice in the determination of questions relating to Poland. He also, at Paderewski's insistence, arranged for him to proceed to Poland *via* Danzig. To venture into Poland at that time was a perilous undertaking for one who had played so important a role in the humiliation of the governments of which the new Poland had so recently been a part, and to make the venture through Danzig was particularly perilous. But fear for himself has never been a part of Paderewski's character. Then, as on other occasions before and since, he has risked his life gladly in pursuit of duty and on behalf of his country. Upon his arrival he was everywhere acclaimed, for he came as the embodiment of the rebirth of Poland. Elections were held, the Diet was convened, and Paderewski was chosen Prime Minister with authority to proceed to Paris to act as spokesman for his government.



The Peace Conference was well under way when the necessary preliminaries had been arranged for him to come as a fully accredited representative. I well remember his advent upon the world stage as it was then set at Paris. The great and the influential of the earth were there playing their several parts. Woodrow Wilson, spokesman for the greater part of mankind, was, because of his great office and his winged words for peace and reason, the most conspicuous of them all. The grim, blunt-spoken, courageous old Tiger, Clemenceau, vied for second place with David Lloyd George, the little Welshman whose versatile genius had made him practically dictator of the British Empire. Eleutherios Venizelos, the bold and sagacious Greek, Vittorio Orlando, the warm-hearted, learned Sicilian, and his cool, diplomatic associate, Sidney Sonnino, Louis Botha, the noble lion of South Africa, and his brilliant colleague, Jan Smuts, were scarcely less in evidence. Balfour, clear-minded philosopher and aristocrat, widely versed in statecraft, was always a conspicuous figure. So also, indeed, were Viscount Chinda and Baron Makino, able and stoical representatives of Japan, who had for their antagonist Wellington Koo, cultured son of the Celestial Kingdom.

While the accredited statesmen occupied the center of the stage, influential men and women in every walk of life were there in some capacity. Statesmen, soldiers, students of the many questions which were to arise, men of affairs, writers, and artists. Seldom, if ever, was there such a gathering. They came from the four corners of the earth and represented many diversified interests. Never before in the history of the world were there such a variety of questions of so complex and disturbing character to be solved—questions affecting the hopes, the fears, the ambitions of so great a part of mankind. Plans looking to the helping of this interest and that, plans for the betterment of the world, came in countless numbers, and were

pressed upon the Conference by their eager proposers. Few of these measures saw the light, and fewer still had any influence or bearing on the Peace as made.

In every land were those anxious to get to the Conference, certain that, once there, they might influence its action. Many there were who came, some of them stars of the first, some of the second, and some of the third magnitude, but those who added to their reputations may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Most of those who came had better have remained away, for they lost in the end both in influence and prestige. The Conference became as a fiery furnace, and few survived its cruel and relentless flames.

#### IV

Of those few I should place Paderewski first. He came to Paris in the minds of many as an incongruous figure, whose place was on the concert stage, and not as one to be reckoned with in the settlement of a torn and distracted world. He left Paris, in the minds of his colleagues, a statesman, an incomparable orator, a linguist, and one who had the history of his Europe better in hand than any of his brilliant associates. Had he been representing a power of the first class he easily would have become one of the foremost of those whose decisions were finally to be written into the Peace. As it was, he played a great part nobly, and gave to the world an example of patriotism and courage, of which it is always in need.

Paderewski was one of the few at Paris who had an outlook wider than his own country. While he was for Poland and her needs if she was to become an important state, yet he was for Europe as a whole—a Europe that could live in peace within itself. Many and constant were his proposals looking to the safeguarding of the rights of minorities in the old and in the newly created states. Unlike other representatives at

Paris, he never asked for Poland more than he thought was just or more than he thought she could digest. His recommendations to those having the deciding voice, if accepted, would have brought a fuller measure of peace, not alone to Poland, but to Continental Europe as well. He saw clearly and with vision, and had the courage to combat public opinion both at home and abroad. This—always a difficult task—was especially difficult in the conditions following the World War.

People were unreasoning and unreasonable. If a year before the Peace was made Poland had been assured of half what was given her at Paris, her citizens would have been wild with joy. In a memorable speech before the Diet at Warsaw Paderewski had the courage to tell them this and more. This was one of his great moments. He risked his popularity in one throw, and won. This victory speaks well for the good sense and moderation of his countrymen, and is a lesson which more timid statesmen might take to heart. Time and again he met opposition and overcame it, but each time his majority in the Diet grew less. He finally resigned of his own volition, for he no longer saw eye to eye with those who with himself constituted the Polish Government. He retired without pique or resentment, contented that he had played his part. No country ever needed the services of one of her sons more than Poland needed those of Paderewski then, but he was never of those who feel themselves indispensable. Had he been more ambitious and less patriotic and unselfish, he might have continued in power and become an autocrat.\* But that is not Paderewski's way. He loves Poland better than he does himself, and no personal consideration ever sways his actions.

## V

And then followed some years of uncertainty. His ample fortune had been dissipated by the war and the demands

made upon it by the needs of his country and countrymen. His estates were heavily mortgaged and he had come to the end of his financial resources. Something had to be done. But what? He is perhaps the greatest living orator, and can speak in four or five tongues as well as in his own. It therefore was suggested that he take the lecture platform. He received a flattering offer to do this, and had it under consideration when a fabulous sum was proposed if he again would go on a concert tour.

For five years he had not practiced, and musicians said that his fingers had grown stiff and that it would be impossible for him to play again. But few things are impossible to Paderewski, as his subsequent success shows. He not only returned to the concert stage, but he played as never before. He had been through the fiery furnace and had come out of the crucible refined gold. Never in the history of music has there been such success financially and in increased reputation as came to him. In fifty concerts the receipts totaled nearly half a million dollars. When he came upon the stage his audiences, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, arose to their feet, and gave him the deference paid alone to a president or king. For King indeed he was and is—king in his profession, king in mien.

And this is Paderewski as the world now knows him. But there is another side that only those whose privilege it is to call him friend know—the modest, kindly gentleman. On the banks of Lac Lemán there nestles the little village of Morges. On the outskirts of this village, in a wooded park on a hillside, lies the Rond Bosson Villa. It is there that the Paderewskis make their home, and it is there that the great and near great make their pilgrimages. The villa is filled from cellar to attic, with priceless gifts from potentates, kings, and peoples, in token of appreciation and affection. Popes and kings and men of high degree all give evidence of their great regard for this unusual man. States, municipi-



palities, and organizations throughout the world have registered on parchment, marble, and bronze their appreciation of his genius. And the marvel of it all is that the man remains unspoiled. He is as modest as a child, as unassuming as the humblest in the land. I have seen many men grow in power and influence, but rarely have I seen one whom it did not change in a noticeable way. It is one of the tests of real greatness. It is what appeals to us in Lincoln—his humility, his lack of high self-esteem. No living man has had more adulation than Paderewski and no man has been less affected by it. It is something to record since it is so rare, and it is something to encourage for it makes for better relations among men.

Not a great while before Joseph Conrad died I brought him and Paderewski together at luncheon. These two famous Poles had never met and, knowing each, I was sure they would like each other. Conrad was not certain that Paderewski knew of him and, should he chance to remember him, he felt uncertain of a welcome. It seemed that when the World War began Paderewski cabled Conrad asking him to serve on some Polish committee. Conrad, not conversant with politics, did not reply, not quite knowing what was wanted of him. Paderewski's reception of him was even more cordial and enthusiastic than my assurances that it would be, and they parted friends and admirers.

If you would fathom the man and look into the windows of a great soul, you must needs talk with him in the quiet of his home. Here one may get the measure of his rare personality. He carries one through the gamut of human emotion and lifts one's thoughts to lofty heights. He is always generous in his praise of others, and never more so than when he speaks of those who have achieved fame in his profession. An instance of this may be found in his estimation of Chopin, and what he says of him applies more nearly to himself than it does to his compatriot:

"Chopin beautified, ennobled all he touched. . . . He it was who first conferred nobility upon our peasantry, the exquisite nobility of beauty. He led that simple figure forth into a wider, greater world, into castle halls, glittering with light, and set him close beside the proud Lord Palatine: he set the village herdsman beside the Knight Commander, the disowned orphan beside the lady of high birth; poet, magician, monarch by right of genius, he equalized all ranks; not here on the plains, on the flats and levels of everyday life, but high up on the loftiest summits of human emotion. The Pole listening to Chopin listens to the voice of his whole race."

Speaking of music, he says:

"Music is the only Art that actually lives. Her elements, vibration, palpitation are the elements of Life itself. Wherever Life is she is also, stealthy, inaudible, unrecognized, yet mighty. She is mingled with the flow of rushing waters, with the breath of the winds, with the murmur of the forests; she lives in the earth's seismic heavings, in the mighty motion of the planets, in the hidden conflict of inflexible atoms; she is in all the lights, in all the colors that dazzle or soothe our eyes; she is in the blood of our arteries, in every pain, passion or ecstasy that shakes our hearts. She is everywhere, soaring beyond and above the range of human speech unto unearthly spheres of divine emotion.

"The energy of the Universe knows no respite, it resounds unceasingly through Time and Space: its manifestation, rhythm, by the law of God keeps order in all worlds, maintains the cosmic harmony. God's melodies flow on unbroken across starry spaces, along Milky Ways, amid worlds beyond worlds, through spheres human and superhuman, creating that wondrous and eternal unity, the Harmony of Universal Being. Peoples and nations arise, worlds, stars, suns, that they may give forth tone and sound; when silence falls upon them, then Life ceases also. Everything utters music, sings, speaks, yet always in its

own voice, using its own gesture, according to its own particular hunger."

And yet again he says:

"No man, however great, can be above his nation, or beyond his nation. He is seed of her seed, a portion of her, blossom of her bearing, fruit of her ripening; and the greater, the finer, and the stronger he is, the closer he lies to her heart."

## VI

I have been asked many times whether Paderewski would again be called to Poland to serve as Prime Minister or President. I do not know. Such events lie on the knees of the gods. Clemenceau was called to save France when he was nearing eighty. It is unlikely that any national disaster will arise in Poland to make it necessary to call Paderewski back. The tendency of Europe is to become more tranquil year by year, and Poland will doubtless share this tranquillity. It would be an anticlimax for him to assume office unless an emergency arises. He wants no office for the sake of it. He is content with his books, his friends, and his Art. His guardian angel is the lovely woman who has been his wife during his stormy and tranquil

years. With a subtle and unerring instinct for his fame and for his future, her influence will be against a return to the political arena. In this, as in the essential things of life, her judgment and his run parallel.

No one may say-with certitude what turn the road of destiny will take, but the chances are that it will now stretch smoothly ahead for the Paderewskis. They will not force Fate. They are far too wise for that. They are of the few who know when to allow the record to stand as it is. Unquenchable ambition might stir a lesser man to continuous action until he had lost all that he had gained. It is pleasant to think of him, who has served his day and generation so worthily, living in peace and contentment amid such lovely surroundings. For in all the world there is no view more beautiful than that from the windows of his home. Across the Lake the great Mont Blanc lifts his hoary head toward the stars, and lesser peaks make a broken and entrancing line athwart the azure of the sky. Sunshine, color—all are there to give inspiration to him who by the magic of his hands can touch those golden chords that stir the human heart to rapture and to tears.





# THE SAPPHIRE

A STORY

BY GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

**M**ONSIEUR GEORGES, as he was called by his dilapidated and disreputable disciples, sat at his favorite table in a corner of the back room of a bar that stood almost within the shadow of the Sacré-Coeur, high up on the Montmartre. An evil-smelling lamp, suspended by chains from the ceiling, added its stench to that of sour wine and stale beer, and cast an unsteady light on Monsieur Georges—on his innocent, cherubic face, on his smooth yellow hair, on his white silk shirt with the regulation red handkerchief of the Apache at his neck, and on his nervous hands of an artist. In truth, Monsieur Georges was, in his way, an artist, for, as he had often explained to his friend the Rabbit, "An artist is a man of imagination who possesses the technic necessary to put his ideas beautifully into visible, audible, or tangible form." Monsieur Georges, for three years, had been an extremely successful thief. What he had been before that nobody in the district knew; but there were many who suspected him of having been a gentleman, and it was rumored that he had been so wild a gentleman that his father had summoned the police on a certain occasion when he had discovered that Monsieur Georges had forged a check in order to pay his gambling debts. But that was only rumor, and Monsieur Georges neither affirmed nor denied it, his answer being merely a smile exquisitely compounded of contempt and of boredom.

He sat, then, at his favorite table and

lazily studied the nails of his well-kept hands. At his left was the not uncomely Kiki, with whom he dwelt in almost constant disaccord; for Monsieur Georges was a man of moods and Kiki had been begotten by a Spaniard. Her hair and her low straight eyebrows were blacker than the black soot on the lamp chimney, and her mouth was wide and red and sulky. She was a trifle slovenly but not yet fat.

Across the table, opposite Monsieur Georges, sat a man who, although a stranger to the Bar des Costauds, was well known to the police of several cities in the United States—a plump, bald little man, with a head like a ball of putty and colorless eyes, furtive behind gold-rimmed pince-nez. He was called Garry, but he doubtless had other names. He and Monsieur Georges were conversing in English, or rather, Monsieur Georges was speaking in English. Garry spoke only American. Kiki, bored and petulant, listened to their gibberish and yawned and sipped her brandy and, from time to time, added red to her red lips.

"And you believe, then," said Monsieur Georges, "that these famous notes of yours will pass everything but the most expert inspection?"

"Sure as hell," replied Garry calmly. "Your French bank notes are nothing at all to fake. That's why I took a shot at them instead of our own. And what's more, your government's turned them out by the bushel, so's they don't know themselves how many they've let loose. See what I mean?"

Monsieur Georges nodded meditatively.

"The government has been very remiss," he agreed. "It has refused to face the financial crisis fairly and has adopted instead a policy that serves merely to tide over the evil day. But, alas, what can one expect of a Radical-Socialist majority? I am, of course, of the Opposition—the Conservative Party you call it, do you not? It goes without saying that only those who have long been accustomed to the handling of wealth and property should be entrusted with the handling of the wealth and property of the nation. I should desire a return to power of the *Ancien régime*, a government of the aristocracy rather than of the rabble, a recognition of the Church by the State, a lengthening of the working day, and—oh, my friend, who knows?—eventually, perhaps, the restoration of the monarchy!"

"Whew!" whistled Garry. "You don't want anything at all, do you?"

Monsieur Georges waved his cigarette in the air and dismissed the subject.

"Let me see a specimen of your engraving," he said.

Garry took from his fat knees a black leather brief-case and deposited it carefully on the stained table. He opened it with a key, fumbled in it for a space, and then drew forth one of those thin, fragile, blue-and-pink oblongs of paper that the French call a thousand-franc note. This he handed across to Monsieur Georges, saying, "I have three hundred like it."

Monsieur Georges nodded, took the note, regarded it carefully first on one side and then on the other and then, rising from his chair, moved over to stand directly under the hanging lamp. Garry followed his movements with eyes eager and anxious behind his pince-nez. Even Kiki, at sight of a symbol of wealth, roused herself a little from her petulant lethargy.

Monsieur Georges adjusted a round jeweler's glass to his eye and proceeded with his examination, deliberately, mi-

nutely, comprehensively. There was an unwonted silence for a space in the Bar des Costauds.

"Well," queried Garry at length, unable to bear the suspense.

Monsieur Georges did not answer at once, but continued his study of the bank note. Then, finally, he returned the glass to his pocket, went back to his chair, and said quietly, "It is an excellent piece of workmanship. Even I, who have seen many good forgeries, can find no flaw except that possibly the paper is a trifle too stiff. That we can remedy by crumpling them a little before we circulate them. As I understand it, my friend, it is I alone who am to have charge of that end of the *coup*? And for my services I am to have exactly half of the value of what I can obtain for the notes? That, is it not, is the agreement?"

Garry hesitated before he replied and when he did reply his manner was uneasy.

"You'll have entire charge of passing them," he said, "except that there's one little job that I'm going to do on my own. Oh, it's only a little job—one I'd already planned and got all laid out, and yesterday when I couldn't locate you I looked the ground over myself. Didn't actually start anything, mind you—only gave a look at the layout."

He paused, uncomfortable under the suddenly suspicious eyes of Monsieur Georges. Then, with all the dignity of a dishonest man whose honesty has been doubted, he added, "I guess you're not going to haggle about a little thing like that, especially since I've done all the preliminary work on it myself. I guess you're fair enough to see that I deserve one little haul of my own."

Monsieur Georges sighed and stretched out his corduroy-trousered legs under the table. "For such a clever engraver," he observed, "you are a remarkably stupid man. You come all the way from the United States to find me; you arrive with the highest recommendations from various friends I possess in that Paradise of our profession, New York; you are aware



that I am indispensable to you and that you are by no means indispensable to me, and yet on the very day of our meeting you have the audacity to attempt to deprive me of my fair share in the profits of our undertaking. No, my friend, I am not desirous of doing business with such as you under those conditions."

Garry held out a plump, pleading hand.

"Wait a minute," he begged, "wait a minute. You don't get me at all. Let me tell you what that little job was I was speaking about."

Monsieur Georges shrugged his shoulders, impatient and annoyed.

"Whatever it is you will bungle it," he remarked. "You know that as well as I. You are an expert engraver, but you are not an expert distributor of your engravings. If you were, you would not be calling upon me for assistance."

"Listen," urged Garry—"just listen and don't get excited."

"Very well. I listen."

"It's this way. Before I left home I was tipped off by a friend that an old French family had gone broke and wanted to sell their junk—jewelry, bric-a-brac, and stuff. But they want to do it on the quiet. Understand? They don't want the neighbors to know they're so poor. Proud, I guess. So, anyway, they wrote to a firm in America about it, and that's how I happened to be put wise. Now do you begin to get me? They won't sell to a Frenchman but they will sell to an American. They won't sell to you, for instance, but they will sell to me and no questions asked. And if I pay them in these nice bank notes, why, my boy, you can bet that they aren't going to put them under any microscope. No, sirree! They'll scamper off and pay the butcher and the grocer and the back installments on the piano and buy a new ice-box most likely and lay new linoleum in the kitchen. That's what they'll do, you can mark my words. Well, I figured on buying about thirty thousand francs only of

their jewelry—simple little things that can't be traced even if anybody gets suspicious—unset stones, I thought'd be best. Well, now, you see, there's a job that's a cinch, and just the same it's one that it needs an American to do. I went to call yesterday and I talked to the old man. Told him I was sort of connected with the firm he'd written to in America. He was an innocent old fellow with a white goatee and—"

"One moment, please," interrupted Monsieur Georges. "What was the old gentleman's name?"

"Here," said Garry, "I've got his card somewhere—Comte de Chenavard, it was—big, shabby old house on the Rue Pierre Charron—place all going to seed. Say, what's the matter with *you*?"

"It is nothing," answered Monsieur Georges, but his usually ruddy cheeks had gone white as his white shirt, and he reached hastily for his brandy glass with a hand that was not certain.

Garry eyed him with anxiety. "You'd better take care of yourself," he said. "Looks to me like a bad heart or maybe a touch of kidneys. I've seen people go out cold with their kidneys."

"It is nothing," Monsieur Georges repeated. "It has already passed, as you see. Continue, I beg of you."

"Well, as I say then, the Count seemed a good old sort and pleased as Punch to show me the goods he had to sell. Only he kept telling me that any transaction must be strictly private and confidential, as he didn't want everyone in Paris saying that the poor old boy was on his uppers. Well, that's only natural, I guess. I've seen even Americans with no title at all except maybe King of the Porkpackers or Prince of Tulsa that went almost broke and acted the same."

"Yes, yes, never mind all that. Tell me what jewelry he showed you. Describe it to me."

"Well, there was a nice pearl necklace—nothing extraordinary, but nice."

"Ah!" uttered Monsieur Georges, and it was as if he had drawn in a sharp,

painful breath. "Yes, I know. What else?"

"There were about four rings, diamonds and sapphires mostly, but the settings I could see were all old-fashioned junk."

"Old-fashioned junk!" exclaimed Monsieur Georges and banged the table with his fist and laughed so harshly that he awakened the slumbering Kiki.

"What is the joke?" she murmured.

"The joke," said Monsieur Georges, "is a splendid one, but I fear you would not understand it."

"Ah," said she, "something obscene from America."

"Precisely," he agreed—"obscene and irreverent. So go to sleep. Proceed, Garry, my friend, proceed."

"Well, he showed me what he called some Limoges enamels and a fair-sized cup with jewels in the handle, but I passed over all that stuff, because what I wanted was unset stones. And sure enough, he got out a fine-looking sapphire. Now, that was something I could tell when I saw it!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Monsieur Georges. "So you are a connoisseur of sapphires? In that case, my friend, I do not have to tell you that that sapphire is exactly the one thing in the collection you must buy. It is perfect."

Garry opened surprised eyes behind his gold-edged glasses. "You mean to say you've seen it?" he asked.

"Yes, in truth, I have seen it. I have handled it. I know it intimately."

"What'd you say it was worth about?"

Monsieur Georges considered his answer for a moment, his eyes shut, his head thrown back.

"With the franc at its present de-based value," he said, "the stone is worth fifty thousand. If you can obtain it for thirty thousand you will be getting it at a bargain, the more so since your thirty thousand will be paid in counterfeit money."

Garry leaned forward eagerly.

"Well, that's just what I thought," he said. "And now that I've explained

things, you'll agree, won't you, after all the trouble and everything I've been put to—you'll agree, won't you, to let me have this one deal to myself? You see, now, how reasonable I was, don't you?"

Monsieur Georges nodded slowly and smiled slowly. "I agree," he said, "on one condition."

"Well?"

"On the condition that you buy nothing but the sapphire. If you buy anything else you will doubtless get both of us into jail. I should not, in that case, be at all sorry for you, but I should grieve for myself. I have never in my life permitted myself a visit to a jail."

"All right," said Garry, "I agree to that condition—nothing but the sapphire. And, by the way, how do you happen to know that sapphire so well?"

Monsieur Georges laughed lightly and this time there was ample mirth in his laughter.

"My friend," he said mysteriously, "I seldom answer a question of that sort, but I will tell you this: I know the sapphire because I, myself, was the first person in Paris to own it."

With that he called for more brandy and pulled gently at Kiki's ear to wake her up.

"Come, Kiki, my fallen angel," he said, "let us drink to our new partner, the estimable Monsieur Garry."

They drank and then Monsieur Georges said, "I think it is time to go, but first, Monsieur Garry, I suggest that you intrust to me that black leather case of yours. It will be safer in my rooms than in your hotel, for in my neighborhood all the thieves know that I am a thief, whereas in yours there might be some to doubt you."

The American looked at him with reluctant admiration. "Say," he said, "you put things pretty plain, don't you?"

But when he had extracted thirty thousand francs from the brief-case he handed it over, with not too much hesitation, to Monsieur Georges. "That



leaves two hundred and seventy thousand in it," he said.

"I believe you," said Monsieur Georges, and did not trouble to count them.

Then they parted for the night.

Monsieur Georges, with the somnolent Kiki bearing on his arm, proceeded to the rooms which he occupied in a neighboring street. He seemed very cheerful. He sang Rabelaisian songs in a low voice. He chuckled to himself. Kiki being too sleepy to listen to him, he spoke to the moon, which swung languidly about behind veering clouds.

"Ha!" he cried, "what amusement have you in life, my poor beautiful one, you whose orbit is fixed, you who have no freedom! Round you go, month after month, in the same old path, like a wooden horse on a carrousel. Whereas I, on the contrary, am forever encountering new problems, undergoing new experiences, partaking of new adventures. To-night, for example, did you not envy the practical joke to which I lighted the fuse and which will explode to-morrow with a gorgeous, side-splitting roar? Ah, how I shall laugh to-morrow! And, even now, how I laugh! You see, beautiful but bored one, that is because—unlike you—I have escaped from my orbit."

At this Kiki awoke and said, as if to no one in particular, "He is in one of his crazy fits again. That means, I suppose, that he's planning a grand coup."

"It does," he assured her and, arriving at his door, he opened it with his own key, for he was not the sort of person who cared to advertise his comings and goings to a concierge.

They climbed the dark, dank stairs to his apartment. The halls and the staircase had an evil look and an evil smell, and Monsieur Georges' flashlight revealed sweating, peeling walls and drunken floors. But, presently, when they had passed through Monsieur Georges' own doorway, the smell and the darkness and the dampness ceased to exist.

There were two large rooms and a

kitchen, and ever since Monsieur Georges had taken them, three years ago, not more than three people had ever set foot in them. Monsieur Georges transacted all his business at the Bar des Costauds. That was his office and, indeed, when not more actively and imperatively engaged, it was there that he kept regular office hours. But these rooms were his home and his impregnable castle.

The living room, which they entered from the hall, was startlingly beautiful, but there was very little that was French about it. Kiki would have preferred more gilt, to be sure, but Kiki's taste was that of the Magasins de Clichy, and she had little use for rare carved oak and warm old mahogany, nor for the subtle blues and yellows of the Chinese rug, nor for the chastity of the etchings, nor, in short, for anything that did not smite you blind with its color. Some of the porcelains above the bookcases did just that, and these she was able to admire.

Monsieur Georges sent Kiki to bed and, once alone, went directly to that side of the room that adjoined the kitchen; here the wall had been shirred out to an unusual thickness and behind a thin panel stood his safe. He operated the combination of this deftly and opened the door. It was not a large safe but its contents were of great value, for Monsieur Georges, during three years, had been a thief who had worked always on the grand scale.

His hand, going unerringly to what he sought, drew out a rather small, square jeweler's case. This he took to the lamp that stood on his desk.

"I wonder if you have changed since I saw you last," he said, and snapped the box open.

Triumphant against white plush, dark and yet filled with light, dancing under the lamp as if alive and yet cold to the touch as if dead, was a large unset sapphire.

Monsieur Georges bent his head lower to revel in it.

"You beauty!" he murmured; and having rejoiced his eyes with it for a

space, he closed the box gently and returned it to the safe.

The following afternoon he awaited, at the Bar des Costauds, the arrival of Garry with what was for him unwonted trepidation. Kiki was not with him on this occasion. He had forbidden her presence at an interview which, as he told her, might well lead to words unfit for the ears of a *jeune fille* like her. Kiki had not protested, for she had had enough of listening to them talk in "that dirty American tongue."

And so Monsieur Georges sat alone and fidgeted and wondered if anything had gone wrong. That fellow Garry was so stupid and, withal, so conceited that he was capable of bungling the simplest transaction.

But in the end his fears proved to have been groundless, for Garry arrived not more than fifteen minutes late, and on his face was the glow of the conqueror. He was, indeed, so well pleased that he called for brandies and even offered to pay for them.

"Very good," agreed Monsieur Georges, "but with genuine money, if you please. The barman here is my friend."

"You don't suppose, do you," retorted Garry cockily, "that I go round paying for two brandies with thousand-franc notes, whether they're genuine or not? I'm not the fool you take me for, friend Georges."

"My name is Monsieur Georges," the other corrected him quietly. "And now be amiable enough to tell me how you fared this morning. I trust that everything was satisfactory. The Conte de Chenavard received you well? He proved hospitable and—and amenable? In short, have you the sapphire?"

The eagerness in Monsieur Georges' voice was so patent that even Garry did not fail to detect it and was inwardly pleased. But it was Garry's triumph and he had no intention of having it cut short or skimmed in any way. He desired all of the glory of a Cæsar return-

ing to Rome—the garlands, the chariots, the slaves, the elephants, the tigers, and the triumphal arches. He had conquered and he didn't propose to be casual about it. So he did not answer directly.

"Say," he remarked, "I guess we could get that string of pearls the old boy showed me for a song."

"Listen well to me, my friend," said Monsieur Georges sternly; "we are not buying that string of pearls. Did or did you not get the sapphire?"

"You seem anxious. Why should you care when you know it's my own private little transaction?"

"If you do not answer me it will be you who will be anxious and it will be my own private little transaction to make you so. I repeat, did you or did you not get the sapphire?"

Garry sighed. The man was a nuisance with his persistent questioning. He saw he must, however, reply, and so he dug his plump fingers into the inside pocket of his coat, drew out a rather small square jeweler's case, and tossed it, with a grand but careless gesture, on the table.

"There's your damn sapphire," he said—"or, rather, there's *my* damn sapphire."

Monsieur Georges reached out quickly, grasped the box and snapped open the lid. Triumphant against white plush, dark and yet filled with light, dancing under the lamp as if alive and yet cold to the touch as if dead, was a large unset sapphire.

Monsieur Georges adjusted his round magnifying glass and, taking the stone from the box, bent low to examine it. He examined it for so long a time that Garry grew uneasy, wondering if there was anything wrong. Finally a slow smile widened Monsieur Georges' small, boyish mouth, he returned the sapphire to its plush bed, he removed his glass from his eye and he said cheerily, "Yes, that is it without the shadow of a doubt. That is precisely the stone I intended you should buy."



"It's a fine stone," said Garry complacently.

Monsieur Georges permitted a shrug of his shoulders. "Of its kind," he said, "it is a fine stone; but what do you think of this one." And then he, too, dug into his pocket and drew out a jeweler's case, opened the lid, and displayed the sapphire that he had feasted upon in his room the night before. He placed the two stones side by side on the table and invited the astounded Garry to compare them.

"Why, damn it all," the American cried, his eyes wide with wonder—"why, damn it all, man, they're as like as two peas! They're twins!"

Monsieur Georges chuckled with pleasure.

"Yes," he agreed, "they do certainly look alike. It always amazes me how closely art can duplicate nature."

"And just what do you mean by that, I'd like to know?" demanded Garry.

"I mean simply that those sparkling bits of blue, lying there before us, each in its white plush setting, resemble each other as—well, to use your own apt comparison—as closely as twins. And yet, sadly enough, my friend, yours is counterfeit and almost valueless, whereas mine is genuine and worth a very stylish sum."

"Listen here," cried Garry savagely, "do you mean to tell me that that old boy double-crossed me? Do you? Because if he did I'll go back and cut his heart out!"

"Gently, gently, my friend. The Comte de Chenavard is incapable of deliberately practising a deceit. I happen to know that he was thoroughly convinced that the stone he sold you was genuine."

"You happen to know, do you? Well, how do you happen to know? You seem to know a hell of a lot that I don't."

"Indeed I do," said Monsieur Georges, smiling; "but at that I cannot preen myself overmuch, for you are a remarkably stupid person. You are very ignorant indeed. You pretend to be a connois-

seur and yet you are deceived the first time you attempt a purchase. I warned you to do nothing without me, you will remember—or perhaps you do not choose to remember."

Garry called for two more brandies. He was tremendously upset. When he had drained his glass his brain cleared a trifle and his anger turned to suspicion. He became—or thought he became—crafty.

"Where did you get your sapphire, Monsieur Georges?" he asked.

The answer was unexpected.

"I stole it."

"You stole it!"

"Yes—oh, four years ago, in my youth."

"But—but where did you steal it from?"

Monsieur smiled comfortably into the rather ridiculous face opposite him.

"I stole it from the Comte de Chenavard," he said.

Garry passed a dazed hand across his eyes. He tried very hard to think, to reason this thing out. Presently a great light must have come to him, for he said, "Then this old Chenavard must have had two twin sapphires, one real and one fake."

Monsieur Georges, still smiling, shook his head. "No," he said, "he had never more than one at a time."

Garry pounded the table. "I see it now!" he cried. "Now I see it all clear as daylight. You stole the old fellow's real sapphire and he bought a second one just like it in its place, only they tricked him on the second one and sold him a fake."

"Not at all," said Monsieur Georges smoothly, "it was I who had the counterfeit one made, and at no little expense, to substitute for the one I was about to steal. You are very dull."

Garry got slowly and malevolently to his feet, and his voice broke into a sort of squeal as he shook his fat fist in the Frenchman's face. "So it was you that double-crossed me, was it! You knew

all the time that stone was a fake, did you! Well, I'm going to settle with you for that right now, do you hear, right now!"

He drew back his arm as if to start a blow, but Monsieur Georges gave a contemptuous shove that sent him comically back into his chair.

"Sit down, imbecile, sit down," urged Monsieur Georges. "You have received precisely what you deserve—no more, and no less. You have purchased a counterfeit sapphire with thirty thousand counterfeit francs. Can you ask for a better bargain?"

Garry, breathing fast in his chair and scowling as viciously as a fat forehead can scowl, muttered, "I don't see what you got out of your damn trickiness. What do you gain by it, eh? Why did you make me buy that sapphire instead of some of the real stuff? Just tell me that, will you?"

Monsieur Georges did not answer for a while. He had taken paper and string from his pocket and was intently engaged in wrapping up his sapphire. Garry watched his deft, slender fingers with a sort of fascination. This Monsieur Georges, he admitted to himself, was a queer sort of devil. One never knew what he was up to—a hard man to deal with.

"What are you tying up that sapphire for so carefully?" demanded Garry.

Monsieur Georges looked up for an instant from his task.

"Oh," he said, "I am wrapping this up in order to return it to my father."

"To your father!" echoed Garry.

"Yes," said Monsieur Georges, "to its rightful owner, the Comte de Chenavard. I stole it from him four years ago, you see, while he still permitted me to live in his house. I was in need of money then, but now that I am reasonably rich I feel that I can afford to send it back, especially since you have so kindly purchased the counterfeit I had put in its place. I should not like to think that my father had no sapphire at all."

"So Chenavard's your father, eh? And that's why you wouldn't let me buy any of the real jewels from him, is it?"

"Yes, that is doubtless the reason. You are very obtuse or you would have divined it long ago. Do you imagine, my friend, that I would knowingly permit anybody but myself to rob my own father?"

Garry stared and then he sighed ponderously.

"I'm sure," he said, "that I haven't the vaguest idea in the world what you'd permit and what you wouldn't."

"No," agreed Monsieur Georges, "I am sure you would not." And, still smiling a little, he went back to his task of wrapping up the package.





# THE GREAT COOLIDGE MYSTERY

BY BRUCE BLIVEN

**T**HE greatest of all popular mysteries just now, particularly in these circles which are self-described as intellectual, is the Mystery of Calvin Coolidge. You can insure for any dinner party an animated conversation, not to say a brisk fight, by persuading your guests to discuss two questions:

What is the truth about the Coolidge character?

And, assuming that the President is the sort of person he seems to be, on what possible basis can one explain the great popularity of a person so deficient in the characteristics supposed to be essential to the political hero?

He is extraordinarily popular. After visiting in recent months a number of cities in all parts of the Middle West and East and talking with hundreds of persons from all walks of life, I can testify (as does every other political observer who has had the same experience) that President Coolidge is one of the two best-liked occupants of the White House in a generation. While the admiration for him is of a different variety—and comparisons are therefore difficult—I believe he is as generally admired and trusted as was Roosevelt, if not more so. That puts him in a category which contains at the highest estimate not more than four or five other names in our whole history.

The election of 1924 is now universally admitted to have been, not a Republican victory but a Coolidge triumph. Indeed, the national party machine, with the odor of oil still clinging to it, was undoubtedly more a liability

than an asset to the President. There were other factors in the victory; but certainly these influences would have been ineffective to produce the result which followed were it not for the fact that Mr. Coolidge was (or was believed by them to be) exactly the sort of person whom the great mass of the voters like, respect, and want to vote for.

Yet see the paradox: this national hero possesses just the qualities which, a few years ago, one would have selected as being sure to make popularity impossible. He is a meager, sour-faced, unimpressive man, wholly lacking in social accomplishments. He takes no part in any of the normal sports and recreations by which one usually demonstrates that he is a good fellow. Spending the summer at White Court, the only amusements he could think of were sitting on the porch, standing on the lawn, or taking one of his grim, compulsory exercise-walks. He does not dance, swim, motor, or play golf, tennis, or any other game; he rides only an electric gymnasium horse. If "personal magnetism" were indicated by a bump on the head, Mr. Coolidge would have a hollow there. He is as incapable of the ordinary politician's lavish friendliness, which embraces all comers like a subway turnstile, as he is of throwing a double back-somersault in the air. And still the country seems not only willing but overflowingly eager to toss its cap in the air and cry huzza! where surely huzza was never cried before.

This attitude is a fairly recent development. It is an extremely well-ventilated secret among Republican

politicians that in the plans for the 1924 convention which had been laid prior to the death of Mr. Harding in August, 1923, Calvin Coolidge was counted out. Harding, of course, would have been re-nominated: such action has come to be virtually compulsory in the case of any President not grotesquely and openly unfit; but the party leaders did not feel that Coolidge had done sufficiently well as Vice-President to be made again even the tail of the ticket. The improvement in the Coolidge fortunes has taken place in a little more than two years, and both in extent and rapidity is almost without parallel in our history.

It cannot be attributed to a record of achievement in office. The only real success of the administration during this period was the Dawes plan, and the Dawes plan was first put forward as a purely unofficial effort of an unofficial group. Not until its (political) success was assured did it become one of the achievements of the Coolidge regime. Of the dozen major recommendations the President has made to Congress not one has been carried out. He has been defeated on taxation, the soldiers' bonus, the World Court, the Senate investigation of the Treasury Department, the Warren nomination, the reorganization of the government bureaus, the repeal of tax publicity, the sale of Muscle Shoals, railway consolidation, and the anti-lynching bill. He has been beaten actually, though not technically, on the retention of Daugherty and Denby, on the calling of another conference on armaments, and the sale of the government-owned merchant marine. This list, to be sure, sounds more impressive than it is. Mr. Coolidge is not the first President to advocate numerous proposals which are never carried out. But when you can set alongside the defeats hardly anything in the way of accomplishment except the Dawes plan and a continued reduction of the cost of government from its wartime peak, the fact that he is still the popular idol does indeed become remarkable.

There is some danger in the very fact of occupying such a pedestal as is now his. Demos is notoriously fickle toward its heroes, and "the bigger they are the harder they fall." Also, the Coolidge popularity is to a certain extent bound up with Republican promises to the country at large of continued prosperity. If hard times should come along—and it is perfectly possible, of course, that they will—some of these pre-election promises may fly home to roost most unpleasantly on the White House roof. These, however, are the normal political dangers which must be taken as they come. The general situation remains as stated; and the riddle continues to puzzle many a political observer.

## II

Before I seek to answer this riddle it is only fair that I should set forth my own view of the personality behind the enigma.

There is, then, in my opinion, no "mystery" of Calvin Coolidge. After rather exceptional opportunities for close personal observation, beginning when he was Governor of Massachusetts and continuing through his service as Vice-President and President, I am convinced that he is just what he seems to be.

There are always those who see Machiavellian shrewdness behind every countenance which possesses immobility; and these insist on interpreting Mr. Coolidge's as being the very perfection of all "poker faces." They are wrong. As a general rule, he speaks what he thinks, and all of it. To be sure, he can keep a secret; but nine times out of ten if he is silent it is not the stillness of the crouching tiger, but that of a man who can't, at the moment, think of anything which seems to him worth saying. It is only fair to add that the attribution of this non-existent guile is no fault of the President. To some extent press agents have helped to paint a distorted picture of him; but he himself never pretends to any qualities he does not possess.



Mostly, those who are deceived on this point are self-deceived. People are always eager to see a President larger than life-size, and never was this more true than to-day, when everyone wants to have all the ills which afflict us solved by "government," and preferably by the federal authorities. Not unnaturally, then, they exaggerate in their estimates of Mr. Coolidge these qualities which he may, within the bounds of reason, be supposed to possess.

The heart of his character, in my judgment, is modesty. He is to a singular degree without pride in himself, his achievements and ideas. To be sure, this modesty—of the deep-rooted sort which, according to the authorities, must be acquired in early infancy if at all—is now in the process of being "watered down." Its owner is holding the job better calculated to give one a swelled head than almost any other in the world. But the shyness is still there, still the salient feature of his personality.

Modesty, the psychologists say, is merely inverted egotism. Its possessor really thinks as well of himself, or even better, than do the rank and file; but because of an ineradicable and fundamental psychological quirk, he shrinks from ever putting his own self-esteem to the test. This seems to me true of Calvin Coolidge to a conspicuous degree. There is no reason to doubt that he sincerely believes himself to be a thoroughly ordinary person. No man ever was more completely without delusions of grandeur or more willing to listen patiently to advice from those who have his confidence. Like others with his temperament, he, of course, does not take this advice unless he is completely convinced that it is sound; also, like them, he has no hesitation in relying on his own mental processes in deciding whether that is the case or not.

He is shrewd; and that is one quality which he not only possesses but knows very well that he possesses. Shrewdness, of course, is nothing else than the ability to survey immediate situations in

an intensely practical, realistic fashion, neither being deceived as to other men's motives nor permitting one's own wish to be father to the thought. Mr. Coolidge is never guilty of the latter. If anything, he is too realistic, too pessimistic, in his first instinctive expectation about anything in which he is himself interested.

Almost invariably one finds that this attitude of mind is the accompaniment of opportunism about large aims and policies; I think it is so in this case. One who is accustomed to look at men and their behavior in an unprejudiced, unemotional way is likely to feel that the major developments in life are more or less the result of chance. Therefore he will drift with the main current, however vigorously he may paddle from time to time in order to avoid or enter this or that eddy. I realize that to some such an interpretation may sound ridiculous, applied to a man who was President of the United States at the age of fifty-one, and before that had climbed with an unvarying record of success through one political post after another, from the lowest to the highest: village councilman, solicitor, clerk of courts, mayor, state senator, president of state senate, Lieutenant-Governor, Governor, Vice-President, President. That sounds, does it not, like a career implacably planned and ruthlessly executed? Yet I am sure that it was nothing of the sort. Once given the selection of politics as a career (and even that probably involved little choice, since it is an almost compulsory road to preferment for a struggling young lawyer in a country town) and given the further admitted fact that he was able to deliver the sort of goods that people in general like, I am convinced that every successive step in his career was no more than following the path of least resistance—invariably doing the expected, normal, obvious next thing.

He wants to do "the right thing"; and he has in general no doubt at all that he knows what the right thing is. It is

what your friends expect of you; what New Englanders have always done under similar circumstances; what advice, custom, tradition, the law provide.

### III

One of the most important elements in the creation of the great Coolidge myth has been his silence. From time to time, in the presence of those with whom he feels particularly at ease, he indulges in a burst of nothing less than garrulity; but these loquacious spells are rare. Usually he is as completely without small talk as anyone can be and still function socially at all. That fact alone would mark him as extraordinary in America, one of the most talkative nations on earth. This trait is particularly puzzling to the newspapermen who come in closest contact with him and who write what the country reads about him, they being almost invariably expert and incessant conversationalists. It would be asking too much to expect them to refrain from magnifying his silence into the wisdom of the Sphinx, even though a more sensible explanation, as I have already suggested, is that when he has nothing to say, which is a large share of all the time, he says nothing.

Calvin Coolidge's mind is tenacious, as his character is stubborn; but he is somewhat slow in grasping the intricacies of a new situation. This accounts for the fact which so hugely impresses those who talk to him in order to urge upon him a course of action: that he listens to you for half an hour without saying a word and dismisses you with no hint of what he intends to do. Partly, to be sure, that is the necessary reticence of the Chief Executive; but it is also in part a shrewd recognition of his temperamental incapacity to make the lightning decisions (right or wrong) so characteristic of, for instance, a Roosevelt.

On that trip to Chicago, during which, because of a brilliant decision of the White House publicity experts, he

did not use a special train, the dining-car conductor approached Mr. Coolidge at breakfast and, with the officious, official politeness of his kind, asked "Is the coffee all right, Mr. President?"

Whereupon the President replied with an inquiry of his own, "What did you think was the matter with it?"

He was not, I am sure, trying to be funny. His inquiry was made in good faith because his mind did not move rapidly enough to grasp, in a second or two, the fact that the conductor didn't really mean it, that he knew the coffee was marvelously good and was merely going through a formula which is supposed to be capped by another, "Very nice, thank you."

There is little foundation in fact for the frequent admiring comments on his sense of humor. He has, it is true, a thin and intermittent vein of brief, ironic statement which seems funny to those who have his own temperament. Sometimes he is credited, as is every public man, with being funny when he has no such intention, and many apocryphal anecdotes about him are in circulation; a stock of Coolidge stories is as indispensable to the raconteur as a string of Ford jokes once was. The President is by no means incapable of appreciating other men's humor of the quiet, Yankee brand; but he is hardly ever able to create it.

Slowness of mind such as his is of course no discredit to anyone who has it. The quality of man's intellectual processes has no necessary relation to their speed. But it does help, for the reason I have already given, to explain some things about him which have aided to erect the Coolidge Myth.

His modesty, simplicity, and slowness in adaptation have resulted in Mr. Coolidge's maintaining far longer than most men a point of view which can only be described as unsophisticated. Having been reared, not only in Vermont and in a small town where poverty or near-poverty is the well-nigh universal lot, but in a home which was monastic



in its elimination of "frills," to this day, frills do not come naturally to him. His passion for economy is genuine, innate, and compelling. In Northampton, it will be remembered, he lived in one-half of a two-family house at a rent of thirty dollars a month. As Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, he occupied one room in a Boston hotel. After he had been elected Governor, a friend came to him and pointed out that it was hardly proper for the head of that great commonwealth to live in one room. Next day the same friend was calling on him in the hotel, and Mr. Coolidge, with as close to an air of triumph as he ever gets, made an announcement.

"I've fixed that up," he explained, and showed that a locked door in the partition had been unlocked. "I've got two rooms now," he said.

The qualities I have enumerated have as their natural corollary another which is characteristic of the President. It is a dislike of making decisions. Where a Roosevelt likes the rough-and-tumble mental exercise of finding a way out of things, going over several possible courses of action in his mind and picking the best, a Coolidge finds the task of making decisions one to be approached with great reluctance, and avoided whenever possible.

This trait is by no means as detrimental in one holding an important executive job of any sort—and particularly the Presidency of the United States—as is often supposed. Everyone knows that many difficult questions, if you procrastinate long enough in regard to them, have a habit of solving themselves, and about as satisfactorily as when settled out of hand. Also, the dislike of making decisions leads you to rely upon the advice of others; and if you happen to pick your men well you are enabled to draw upon resources of experience and wisdom which even a superman could not encompass in his own being.

In this matter Mr. Coolidge seems to do either very well or very badly. In

his relations with his cabinet (most of the members of which were forced upon him, having been members of the Harding regime) he has trusted and depended upon them just about in the order they would take if they could be subjected to some really effective test of intelligence and character. On the other hand, he takes the political advice of Senator Butler who, though efficient in business, is an inveterate, colossal blunderer in politics. He allows a Sheffield to lead him into a bog, as everyone now admits, on Mexican policy. He seeks to secure the nomination for Attorney-General of a man as hopelessly incapable of being confirmed as Charles B. Warren.

These errors of judgment are less important, however, than the general fact that he thinks, always and instinctively, in terms of persons. Sometimes, indeed, this trait displays itself in the form of a desire to discuss "personalities" of a thoroughly unimportant variety. I remember once being at lunch with a United States Senator in the pleasant restaurant reserved for those gentlemen and their guests, when the Vice-President—as he then was—drifted in alone, and accepted an invitation to sit at our table. The conversation was desultory for some minutes until the Senator happened to mention that a party of Congressional junketeers had returned after a long cruise on a United States battleship, on one of those tours which are supposed to gather information which the solons will find valuable, but are usually mere joy rides at government expense. Immediately Mr. Coolidge's interest was aroused and he asked questions in a rapid, fluent fashion quite at variance with the popular picture of him as less talkative than a morose clam with lockjaw. How had the Congressmen liked their trip? Who went and which of them had his wife along? How did they find life on the battleship in the tropics? How much baggage was each man allowed? And so on. The change from our previous theme—we had been agreeing in a half-hearted way

about the flavor, nutriment, and reliability of the Senate restaurant bean soup—was positively startling.

I recall another occasion, while Mr. Coolidge was still Governor of Massachusetts, when I interviewed him, on behalf of a newspaper, in regard to immigration. As I asked him my questions he would tilt his head back, holding his long, thin Yankee stogie at the angle of an anti-aircraft gun, and think. He remained silent so long—in one case two minutes by my wrist watch—that several times I felt he could not have heard my question and must be waiting for me to go on; though when I tried to do so, an impatient sideways twist of the head showed that this was wrong and that he did not wish to be interrupted. When he finally replied invariably he quoted the experience of someone, or some group of them, *whom he knew*.

If I were asked, then, to sum up the salient characteristics of Calvin Coolidge in a few words, I should say that he is honest, simple, modest, rather lacking in humor, slow in his reactions, stubborn, shrewd, inclined to follow the advice of those whom he trusts, and to trust a few men implicitly, disinclined to make decisions, legalistic in temperament—by which I mean that he looks for precedents and when he finds one clings to it as to a solid rock in an uncertain and shifting world—authoritarian, and withal entirely well-meaning, trying sincerely, within the framework of his genuine conservatism, to do as well as possible for all classes and for the Republic as a whole.

To answer the question, what is he like? is not of course to solve the riddle of his popularity. Why is it that in his case qualities which in another man are a political liability become a political asset? Why this hero-worship with a brand-new sort of hero?

#### IV

There are several points in the answer, which need to be listed separately. Let me begin with the most unpleasant,

by stating the indisputable fact that Coolidge has to some degree been "sold" to the nation, as the advertising men say, and by advertising men's methods.

Never before have so many avenues for publicity existed and certainly never have any of them been used so skillfully. The radio, which was coming into being in the previous campaign of 1920, was utilized by the Republicans in 1924 to an enormous extent with great success. The national committee spent far larger sums than did the Democrats in "renting time on the air"; the La Follette group, not having the funds, spent almost nothing for this purpose. Moreover, most of the broadcasting stations are owned by important business men; and since most important business men are Republicans, the party propaganda got more than its fair proportion of time in the ordinary run of things. Calvin Coolidge's speeches have been heard by at least ten times as many people as have heard any other man who ever lived. He happens to have an excellent radio voice and to have put on the air skillfully reasoned and worded arguments; but even if he had not, the mere fact of having heard him would seem to hundreds of thousands of his fellow countrymen to constitute a link between themselves and the White House and a powerful reason for a vote in his favor.

There were also at the disposal of Mr. Coolidge and his highly competent expert advisers all the other and more familiar media—newspapers, magazines, movies. All of these were used to "put him over" exactly as though he were a new breakfast food or fountain pen. In this effort, for reasons I shall describe in a moment, the Republican National Committee had the whole-hearted aid of the editors, film producers, etc., to an extent which was likewise without any parallel in our history.

Another reason for his popularity which must not be overlooked is the fact that his character is utterly unlike that of either of his predecessors in office. Democracies are perennially fickle; but



to this general changeability must be added the specific fact that in recent years the country has undergone a revulsion of feeling. Mr. Wilson, rightly or wrongly, had become identified with the expression of a lofty idealism which seemed painfully unreal when placed beside the facts of the post-war world. Mr. Harding had represented in turn the apotheosis of the Good Fellow—easy-going, friendly, confiding, well meaning. Even that not inconsiderable section of the population which was inclined to belittle the seriousness of the oil scandals and to overlook the doings of the Ohio Gang's members had come around to the view that there are qualities more desirable in a President than good fellowship. Coming immediately after this era of easy-going joviality, Mr. Coolidge's precision, restraint, silence seemed to many of his fellow-countrymen as refreshing as a cold draught of lemonade to a palate sickened with too much sweet.

## V

Another important element in his popularity has to do with his conservatism and its accompaniment of inertia. Such characteristics are peculiarly well suited to catch the popular imagination in America in this post-war era. The United States was profoundly shocked and disillusioned by the revelations of 1919 and subsequent years regarding the real meaning of the war to all the participants except ourselves. Americans have long been doubtful of the ability of our diplomats to cope with the supposedly more sophisticated, better-trained, and perhaps less strictly honorable gentlemen who represent the European powers. The spiritual exhaustion which was to be expected after such an emotional debauch as we went through during the war was accelerated by a distinct feeling that we had been "played for a bunch of suckers," used to pull the English and French chestnuts out of the fire. In such a mood the people turned with relief and confidence toward a man

who clearly would never in his life do anything rash, and in particular, would take no steps toward "entangling foreign alliances" without being sure the country was altogether behind him.

Again, many commentators on public affairs have, I think, overlooked the great sympathy Mr. Coolidge has accumulated among people who feel that he has, since August, 1923, been confronted by a hard and big job for which he "never asked." The mood is not unlike that in which one sees a substitute musician suddenly called upon to give a concert, unprepared: you applaud not so much the performance as the pluck with which it is undertaken. We have in America an inveterate sentimental attachment for the underdog or anyone who seems to be appearing in that role: Jack gets all our cheers and we have only hisses for his giants; we prefer our princesses to be Cinderellas. While Mr. Coolidge never has sought in the slightest degree to capitalize any such sentiment as this, there is no doubt that the feeling exists and works powerfully in his favor. To the common man he seems, quite correctly, to be in many ways just a common man himself. He photographs in the movies as well as possible, from this point of view: that is, he looks acutely miserable, self-conscious, and ashamed. Every man who has felt that way when facing the photographer's lens has a fellow-feeling at once. A few months ago the news reel caught the President paying a visit to his son John when the latter was a member of a citizens' training camp. The boy stepped forward and saluted his father smartly. The latter, obviously not knowing what the dickens is the etiquette when the President meets a corporal who is also his son, hesitated, looked unhappy, and finally took off his hat! No one could see the episode without feeling sorry for the central figure; politically, to have forty million people view it on the screen was worth at least three of those major victories over Congress which are so hard to obtain.

On my recent tour of observation it was startling to note how often people spoke in praise of the Coolidges because they have never owned an automobile of their own. It was useless for me to point out that the friendly critic himself owned a car or perhaps half a dozen. "That has nothing to do with it," was the answer which, in those or similar words, was invariably returned. "It's a fine thing for the President to set an example of economy that way."

Praise of that sort is, it seems to me, of enormous significance. It is no secret at all that a large majority of all the people in this country who are, say, forty years of age or over, believe the inhabitants of these United States are rapidly sliding down hill toward perdition. They base this dismal view on a number of things: the prevalence of drinking, the wildness of youth, the crime wave, the women's costumes, and the mad search for easy living and pleasure, which is demonstrated in such things as multiplying golf clubs, and the annual rush to Florida. To them, Calvin Coolidge seems, and I think quite correctly, to represent old-fashioned Americanism in a world which appears bent on getting rid of its Puritan tradition as soon and completely as possible. Their feeling is not so definite as a hope that he will "do anything" about it; but they do take comfort in thinking that at any rate he agrees with them in disapproving of the sort of life which so much of America is leading.

## VI

His economical streak is also widely popular. At first sight this seems a paradox, since the typical American psychology is anything but penurious. For many years the dominant philosophy in this country has advised, not that you live within your income, but that you make your income stretch to meet your desires. "Don't knock—boost," says the typical American wall motto, meaning thereby as well, "don't save, spend;

don't be careful, be lavish." Yet Coolidge, the national hero, is about as far as possible from being a booster.

The reason is to be found in the rapidly changing character of our thinking, which in turn is influenced by our economic status. Until about 1890, this country was dominated by the frontier, with its masses of vacant land so vast that a hundred years ago even the leading authorities thought it would be ten centuries before it would all be occupied. To-day, the frontier is gone; we have passed the peak of productivity in several important natural resources; and there is a decided general opinion that a population of one hundred and ten millions is about as many as we ought to have. Our riotous youth of squandering with reckless hand is over. National middle age is upon us; we begin to look forward with an anxious eye to the time when we shall need to count the pennies as carefully as any European.

This new frame of mind is responsible for immigration restriction; for the general endorsement of conservation except in a few western states where some individuals, for personal reasons, still maintain the old looting doctrine; and it has much to do also with the erection of the Nordic myth and with the spiritual success of the Ku Klux Klan. People look back wistfully on the glories that are past and assume that they were due, not to the resources of a rich and empty continent, but to the fact that these happened to be enjoyed by people mainly of one general racial stock, and one religion.

Finally, and perhaps of greatest significance, comes the most intangible of all the factors making for Mr. Coolidge's personal success. Not only in America but throughout the world, intelligence is to-day at a discount as compared to what is vaguely described as "character" or "good intentions"—by which is generally meant, acceptance of the status quo as being the best of all possible worlds.

The war profoundly disturbed the



mental equilibrium of mankind; and always when we are, or believe ourselves to be, in danger, we resist change. There is a general feeling that intellect—"alone"—is likely to lead men into sympathy with "Bolshevism"—a word which covers any sort of radical proposal for altering the social order. Not all of mankind, to be sure, embraces this view; but there is a marked tendency for people to divide into two camps, radical and conservative, both equally disinclined to tolerate the various compromise positions of liberalism which, throughout the Occident, have played such an important part in the political history of the past century.

In the United States this division has resulted in a large majority for conser-

vatism, and here again the war has been chiefly responsible. We have emerged from the conflict the one wealthy nation in a poverty-stricken world, a world which is both envious of our wealth and eager to share in it if any way can be found for doing so. Like a rich old gentleman walking through the slums at midnight, Uncle Sam is strongly inclined to keep going straight ahead and not loiter along any of the alluring by-paths of experiment—social, economic, or political, national or international—which once excited his interest. For such a mood Calvin Coolidge is the ideal protagonist. The country believes, with more certainty than the facts warrant, that it is safe with him. And safety is our dominant national ideal.

## THE HAUNTED ORCHARD

BY ETHEL M. HEWITT

*ABOVE all things, I want to forget you;  
Once, to remember you meant to reap  
Bloom come true in my silent orchard  
Ere an apple had stirred in its bud-bound sleep.*

*So may gray veterans in ancient acres,  
Alien-fruited with strangling vines,  
Yearn for the pageant of harvests carried,  
Gold and crimson in serried lines.*

*Shade from the heat and the sun-steeped sweetness  
From my laboring presses no longer flow;  
But you left behind, in my haunted orchard,  
Memory's pearls on its mistletoe.*



# LIVING ON THE RAGGED EDGE

FAMILY INCOME VS. FAMILY EXPENSES

ANONYMOUS

"STONY", the English say—"strapped" or "broke" it is in good American. Dead broke is our perpetual economic status, and there is nothing humorous in the situation, comic strips to the contrary. The first of the month, bill-paying time, the season of humorists' facetious thrusts anent wife's extravagance and husband's ill temper, is not a joke with us—it is too deeply tragic even to permit of satire. And yet we have a monthly income on which to support two normal children and two able-bodied adults that would enable us to live in luxury in, say—Boston or Des Moines. We live in New York City where the parallel scales of income and expense are probably higher than in any other city in the country; but even here our resources should be adequate to maintain us in reasonable comfort. Yet, given our accepted scale of necessities for body, mind, and spirit, they simply do not serve. Our problem is not, I think, in the last analysis, a question of the local high cost of living. The actual New York figures of income and outgo have no meaning unless explained in great detail in relation to their environment; and I am not convinced that our financial dilemma would not be the same in Des Moines with an income smaller by one half.

"Which one of you is the extravagant one?" a friend once asked me, and I could reply in all honesty that both my husband and myself are really economical, that we spend a minimum on

ourselves, our clothes, our pleasures. "Then the answer must be that you have too high a standard of living for your income." Perhaps, but the problem is not quite so simple. If we could analyze the situation so easily we could remedy it by reducing our standards. But I must begin the story at the beginning and recite our financial history, rather because I believe it to be average than unique, and because I wonder whether there are not many other couples like us in the middle thirties who, having safely passed that stimulating and adventurous period of keeping-the-wolf-from-the-door, are engaged in the dreary business of living beyond their income, and this from the highest of motives.

## II

Tom and I were married ten years ago. We are both college graduates and were brought up in what the women's magazines term "homes of culture and refinement." The intellectual tradition was strong for both of us. My parents died before my marriage and circumstances so fell that my financial inheritance was so small as to be almost negligible. Tom's mother is a widow with a comfortable but not luxurious income. Tom had been out of law school two years when we married on an income that is now considered a bare living wage. I look back to the first four years of our marriage as a period of financial calm and peace, a calm now and again cheerfully rippled by successful ad-



venture. In those four years in a Middle-Western city we worked hard, bought a house (with help from Tom's mother), and had one child. Tom did well in his office, gave long hours to law, and studied and wrote considerably in his free time. My share of the work could be thus summarized: first four months—doing the house work; next eight months—half-time job to earn a maid; next year and a half—bearing, nursing, and caring for a baby.

Then the war. With the baby ten months old, we decided that I could earn again and that Tom could enter the army. Thus followed twenty months: Tom in France, I with part-time work, a nurse for the small daughter. I now realize that these twenty months took much out of me physically, but at the time I went through them in a fever of energy that was almost exaltation. From our house on the outskirts of the city, I rode one hour on the trolley to my work as employment manager in a factory making army uniforms, and one hour to reach home again after a five-hour day at the plant. This left me the end of the afternoon for the baby, the garden, and cutting our small grass plot, and evenings for letters to France. For Tom in France there was the exhilaration of responsible work, the self-sacrifice of living on next to nothing after allotting the greater part of his lieutenant's pay to his wife, the chance to renew his acquaintance with the French, and the excitement of living up to his rather arduous resolve to be a cosmopolitan sort of person and yet remain faithful to his wife.

After the war we decided to leave the Middle-Western city of Tom's childhood and move to New York. It was a decision based on the spiritual need for us, at that time, of an individualistic rather than a community life. Four years of civic conscience—committees and board meetings, "causes" and "movements"—led us to revolt against the tyranny of such an existence combined with the parochialism and

inhibitory traditions of the Main Street on which Tom had been reared. We needed to be free to lead our own kind of life, we needed more time to look at ourselves, to see where we were going and what we were aiming for. And in New York, for Tom, there was the hope of a law practice with a future wider not so much financially as intellectually; for us both, the opportunity for a richer and more gracious existence. Therefore, a month after Tom's discharge from the army we found ourselves engaged in the most stirring adventure thus far of our marriage. By correspondence we had rented a furnished apartment to which we drove grandly in a taxi one October morning from the Grand Central, the three of us and our faithful Bohemian maid. The house in Iowa was still unsold, Tom had no job, and we knew that there were four of us to feed and the New York rent to pay. Our luck held; inside a week Tom had a good opening, in a month the house was sold, in another month I was working too.

### III

It is difficult to give the perspective of these last six years in New York. The financial crescendo of income has been steady, the parallel crescendo of expenses as steady but more rapid. Where we can always give definite figures for income the sum totals for disbursement cannot be stated in any such clear terms. The indefiniteness of expenses is a universal human experience, but Heaven knows that Tom and I have pursued relentlessly these vague expense items and have listed them countless times in what appeared—at the time when they were made—to be wholly scientific budgets. For the first four years of our life in New York our income increased almost as steadily as our expenses, we could at least always pay our bills, and we had enough money for reasonable vacations and for those soul satisfactions the budget makers call "advancement." We were happy, we imagined we were

successful. Our first summer we were lucky enough to find for a very low rent a farmhouse on Long Island, in the country—not in a suburb—within commuting distance, and this little house with its garden and ocean view has been our refuge for summers and week-ends ever since. We had been in New York less than a year when our second child was born; the one thousand dollars to cover the expenses of his advent (and this is the lowest New York scale for any baby whose birthplace is a private room in a hospital and whose sponsor is a specialist) were covered by the profit made in the sale of the Iowa house. There was not room for the new baby in the furnished apartment, and for our second winter we rented, at great price, six rooms in a modern apartment house and brought on our furniture from the West. Six months was enough to show us that we could not afford this high rent, especially since I had not been strong enough to work immediately after the baby's birth. But for two more years we solved the financial problem by living the year round in the Long Island farmhouse.

This could not last. We were driven into the city again for school. Here it may be said that we made a wrong move; that we should have sought a suburb where we could live the year around, where the schools would do, where there would be more light and air for the same money. But just here enters the intangible element that makes for success or disaster, happiness or misery. In the country we had not been wholly contented; in a suburb we should have been miserable. Tom and I are not made temperamentally for suburban life, for neighborliness, or for a life of country clubs, bridge, and automobiles. We are not willing to put our children in suburban schools that are merely adequate or merely fashionable. We want for them the best modern schools that New York City offers, and these are by no means the most expensive. We want for ourselves the concentrated, brim-

ming, independent life of a city alternating with the calm and beauty of real country and real soil. This basic choice of city for winter, country for summer may be an extravagant one, it may be the first "standard" we have set too high; yet I cannot believe so. It is a habit followed by thousands of New Yorkers who are by no means rich, and our present income surely ought to allow us to hope to live in New York City with small children and to provide them a summer away from the pavements.

Before we moved into the city we combed the town, east, west, uptown, downtown, for apartments or houses to rent at reasonable prices. Finally Tom's mother offered to buy us a house, or rather, to give us half the purchase price, the money actually needed to pay down to secure for us a three-story, sixteen-foot house almost on the East River. We found that with an apparently modest sum per month we could cover the price of mortgage interest, taxes, and coal for heating. This sum would be our rent and it was less than the rent of any apartment that would house us, even taking into consideration the extra service and upkeep necessary for a house. Apparently we could not afford *not* to let Tom's mother give us the house, which fortunately was in good repair. A few of the rooms we repainted ourselves, and we had no extra expense for furnishing, as I had inherited more furniture than I had ever been able to use.

Our own house in New York City! But, alas, it wasn't our own. It was hard for Tom to accept the money from his mother and in bitter moments he still murmurs, "I shall never take any real pleasure in this house until I buy it." The house itself was and is satisfactory (barring a few expensive and deep-rooted organic difficulties of plumbing and heating to be expected at its time of life), it is on the whole comfortable and charming, and we both love it; but we have now lived in it two



thoroughly unhappy years. Two years of misery, of bills that mount beyond income, of carrying over from one month to the next the less urgent bills, of paying a small amount on a large bill, of last-moment frantic borrowings from capital or on life insurance, of months of fooling ourselves with the vain hope, "Next month we shall get caught up."

In the two years we have had two definite pieces of ill luck—illnesses. The first winter in town I had what just missed being a real breakdown. For a year I devoted myself to the dull business of getting well. I did get well without the expense of trips to the south or any very heavy doctors' bills, but I could not earn during that time. In the midst of my incapacity came the serious illness of our youngest child, a bad infection, an operation, and three months of hospitals, nurses, surgeons, and the heavy expenses these entail. However, two such illnesses in ten years of marriage are perhaps not more than the average allotment. We cannot lay our financial insecurity to ill health and bad luck, and for the past year we have all had perfect health. To be sure I am not very robust, I cannot do domestic work steadily, and I cannot do a full day's work at an office and have any strength left for my home, my children, and my husband. I can do markedly less in one day now than I could five years ago—which is discouraging—yet for the past year I have been able with half-time work to earn more than enough to pay the wages of the children's nurse.

We live on some such scale as this: in town a cook, maid, and nurse (the three servants being a necessary concomitant of the *economy* of buying the house); in the country two maids. Expenses for food are high because I must market by telephone; expenses for clothes are low because our relatives give me many of my dresses, all my underwear, and at least half the children's clothes. (I could discourse eloquently on the doubtful joy of receiving clothing which is not one's own taste or choice, either for one-

self or for one's children.) Expenses for "advancement"—concerts, books, theaters, travel, and extra educational advantages for the children such as music and dancing lessons—are of necessity practically nil. We buy theater tickets for ourselves two or three times a year only (and it is not much happier to be always *taken* to the theater than to be given one's party clothes), we borrow or rent books but rarely buy them, we teach the children the piano very feebly ourselves. Expenses for life insurance are high because at present this is our only form of saving. Expenses for health—doctors and dentists—are high: a set of crooked teeth to be straightened is an economic disaster. Expenses for charity, donations of any sort, are absurdly irregular. We give in a most desultory and unplanned way, in some years too little, in some years far too much—all depending upon how flush we happen to be when approached. The largest sums have been given to our respective colleges at the time of their endowment campaigns, when both of us, inflamed by the enthusiasm of the drive and the base pride of not wishing to seem to fail in our quota, pledged for a period of years more than we could possibly afford to give.

Expenses for pleasure and entertaining—here enters a difficult and moot point. In summer we vegetate completely, living in the simplest of rural spots, but in the winter for four months we "go out" quite often, two or three times a week, and ourselves have small dinner parties, perhaps twice a month. We are under no illusion that we save money by eating at other people's houses; taxi fares for stormy nights alone make it an expensive business. We spend no money whatever on that much tooted New York evil, "night life"; when we dance we do it at friends' houses or at a series of dances of the type that a college town would term "cheap-and-hungry." We occupy as many of our evenings away from the family circle in lectures, discussion clubs,

and serious endeavors of one sort or another as in dancing or mere gayety. In other words, we are in no manner unusual; ours is the average social life in New York City of two young people in their thirties who have friends of many sorts without having aspirations toward Society with a big S. When our pocket-book grows hungry we constantly come back to the problem of cutting down on our social activities, to the anguishing redefinition of "standards of living"; and the argument we go through again and again and see no way out of is that we must not only have relaxation but friends, both for ourselves and our children, that a lawyer must have acquaintances in order to have business.

To return to the expense budget: we spend much consideration on whether or not the little farmhouse on Long Island is a luxury. We rent it for an incredibly small sum, we can always sublet it when we do not need it, we never go out to it for week-ends through the winter, as we should like to, because of the expense of railroad fares and coal fires; but we try to bundle out with the children every Saturday in the spring and autumn and we live there steadily during the four months of the school vacation. I really doubt whether we could find a cheaper way of getting the children to the country or of giving Tom country evenings all summer and a month of seashore vacation. It has always seemed to me a good investment in health, and incidentally the vegetables and fruit we raise on our acre of land markedly reduce our summer food bills.

It is difficult to estimate how far Tom's and my bringing-up have influenced our expenditures, but the inheritance of certain expensive habits is probably far stronger than we realize. Instinctively, we feel that the quality of our food and clothes and house furnishing must be, while not luxurious, at least never cheap. According to the foolish tradition we both inherited, quality, even in so small a matter as shoes, becomes a matter of character.

Though we have gradually learned that everything that is not the best is not therefore *ipso facto* shoddy, we are constantly running into our own deep-rooted standards of expense. And in the matter of hospitality our habits when uncurbed are lavish. We want our children to feel as free as we did in our childhood to ask their friends to meals, to be generous with their home. I think I am honest, however, in saying that we have controlled and minimized this background of expensive instincts. We have learned that food may be interesting without being costly, that the atmosphere of a house has no relation to the amount of money spent to achieve it, and that a few good clothes will go a long way.

When I re-read the surface story of our financial history as I have written it down, it seems to have almost no relation to our essential married life, to mirror not at all the real Tom and the real me, the family of four we now are, nor the rises and falls of happiness and discontent, and the sweeps of emotion and activity or barren stretches of inhibition or of drifting that go to make up ten years of life. Behind the bare financial facts there have been profound stirrings of spirit at both achievements and failures, but our present situation produces only a dull, nagging, insistent hurt. We are at an impasse. We are almost but not quite living within our income, we can see ahead to a slow growth of income and an equally sure and probably necessarily greater expansion of expenses—the outlay for education and health. We have seriously tried to cut down in every possible way, but we are either too obstinate or too weak to alter our most fundamental ideals of what life should afford us and our children. Perhaps we lay emphasis on the wrong things as necessities, perhaps ours is a purely local problem aggravated by the high cost of living in New York City.

The psychological effect of the economic strain is incalculably deep. It is



hardest for Tom. He has done remarkably well in the law. A stranger in New York, he has become a partner in a rising firm of young lawyers, his success is pointed out by his contemporaries. Yet he now talks of "the bitterness of failure"; he who has always had such a happy and sane self-confidence is building up an inferiority complex which it is agony for me to watch. He rails against what he has fabricated into "the shame" of accepting money from his mother or of "allowing" his wife to work; he has ceased to believe in the future. The actual worry of whether bills can be met is in his mind and mine constantly. It will invade our most foolish and light-hearted moments. Tom would here insist that light-hearted moments no longer exist for him, and he has always been the gay and optimistic member of the family.

The awful lack of spontaneity that not one dollar's leeway imposes is one of our most acute burdens; everything must be thought and planned in advance until the course of life becomes as set and unimaginative as a railroad track. The lack of a bank balance is the essence of negation. We have no money to spend on the expression of affection, we rarely give each other presents, there can be no unexpected gifts to friends, we must not spend for travel or vacations, we cannot afford the spiritual renewals so necessary to marriage. If either one of us does have a moment of spontaneity, and take a desultory and passing fling—it may be so small an extravagance as the purchase of a new and unneeded necktie, or the reckless loan of money to a friend, or the purchase

of a shockingly grand birthday present for the baby—the other is sure to be in a cautionary and critical frame of mind. It is hard for two people to gauge to the same instant the indiscretions that repression is bound to foster. At times flirtation or the other man's flask will appear to be the least expensive anodyne for financial worry. Then again we will become individually or mutually obsessed with the virtues and economies of plain living and high thinking and hard work until life grows drab and one's partner the drabest part of it.

Fortunately we are very well balanced people, Tom and I. The abnormalities of the situation are not often to the fore, and the very real depth of our relationship and our own essential happiness keep us going. Perhaps we are too well balanced; if we were nearer a psychological crash we might take more drastic economic steps to prevent it. As it is, I foresee miserable years ahead—of living, with a good income, on the ragged edge of debt, by never really letting debts pile up yet of never knowing from month to month whether we can meet our bills. My intelligence tells me that the life we achieve by so living is not worth the misery it involves, yet even as I write these words my gnawing foolish little habit of—call it what you will—optimism, romance, inability to face reality, begins to tease me and I begin again to conjure with the words (in which Tom would join me, for we are hopelessly two of a kind): "Next week it will be better. Next month I can earn more. Next summer we can spend less. Next year the firm will hit it big!"

This document, for the truth of which we can vouch, reveals a predicament in which innumerable American families are struggling to-day. What shall they do to extricate themselves? We should be glad to hear from readers who believe they have a solution of the problem.—*The Editors.*

# *Religion and Life*

## ON BEING A REAL SKEPTIC

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

**N**O ONE who has any capacity to call out responses from undergraduates can go to a college campus to-day and present the cause of religion without getting some vigorous protests against faith. I do not mean protests simply against faith in this particular doctrine or that, but against faith in general. A typical college youth spurns faith. He asserts his unwillingness to believe anything. He prides himself on accepting only the demonstrably true.

One of the chief criticisms, however, to be passed on many such young skeptics is that they are not thoroughgoing in their skepticism. They toy with it, play about it, go as far in it as their whims lead them, but as for complete renunciation of faith and exclusive reliance on demonstrable propositions, they do not remotely approach their ideal. Nor is the reason difficult to see. Complete skepticism is harder to reach than the North Pole and, once there, one would find living even more impossible.

Faith as religion uses it is generally the first object of attack when the youth begins to achieve the skeptical attitude. Nor can religion complain at this for she has been notoriously guilty of making faith synonymous with credulity. When Alice faced the Queen's assertion that she was one hundred one years, five months, and one day old, she cried, "I can't believe that." "Can't you?" said the Queen. "Try again, draw a long breath and shut your eyes." That is

no caricature of a large amount of so-called faith as the church has enjoined it and religious people practised it. Many folk to-day still draw a long breath, shut their eyes, and believe the Bible "from cover to cover," or commit their minds in fee simple to possess and own to some creed or church. They call this faith, but it is to faith what soothsaying astrology on a side street is to astronomy—its perversion and degradation. Real faith, as Ruskin said, is veracity of insight.

Intelligent religion uses faith as science does. In any physical realm investigation starts with a mass of apparently unconnected facts between which nobody knows the rational relationship. Like the contents of a school-boy's pocket, they are a miscellany of unassociated elements. Then into the presence of this salmagundi comes a great mind. He has more than sight; he has insight. He looks through the facts and beyond them into their relationships. He seizes with his imagination the principle of their unity. He leaps to an hypothesis that may conceivably explain and systematize them. He cannot at first prove it, but he believes it. That hypothesis years afterward may still be incapable of complete demonstration and yet be the working basis on which all scientists proceed. That leap of the mind through the facts and beyond them to grasp their significance, organize them, and so make order out of chaos, is intellectual faith.



Scientific faith grasped the new astronomy before telescopes were strong enough to prove it, unified the cosmos under the law of gravitation while there were inexplicable facts against it, asserted the universal uniformity of law, although even yet a leading biologist can call it a "gigantic assumption," and to-day, in area after area ventures into unexplored territory on the basis of veracity of insight.

A new eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews could be written on the heroes of scientific faith. By faith Sir John Maundeville in 1356 said, "I tell you, certainly, that men may go all round the world, as well under as above, and return to their country." By faith Columbus reached land by sailing westward although mankind had been incredulous about it. By faith Newton grasped the idea of gravitation although he was the first to guess it. By faith Darwin seized on an hypothesis which arranged and explained facts else inexplicable although it took a daring venture of the mind to do it. These also are heroes of faith.

That they dealt honestly and tirelessly with facts, studied them with patient industry and at all costs and hazards endeavored to achieve the truth about them is no denial of their exercise of faith. Faith is an indispensable way of dealing with facts. It goes through facts into their meanings; it dares venturesome interpretations of them and so systematizes them and gets order out of them. It is not blindness and credulity; it is vision plus daring. As a recent scientific writer put it, faith is a "spirit of trusting adventure, often with little to justify it, that has been the main-spring of all progress, mental and material."

ONE of the best pieces of advice, therefore, that can be given the incipient skeptic,—especially if he is confining his skepticism to spiritual realities or is displaying pertness and flippancy, which are the young skept-

tic's mumps and measles—is to insist, not that he give up skepticism, but that he go through with it to its logical end and see where it lands him. Chaos is the destination. For faith has been involved in every step that humanity has taken away from a disordered existence, whimsical, without unity, sense, or reason, toward a meaningful universe seen steadily and seen whole.

This achievement of order out of chaos is the central business of man's intellect. As man's mind first saw this world, it was a chaotic mess, capricious, unreliable, without organizing principles to give it sense or laws to unify its operations. But he could not live in chaos; he must have order. Upon the great adventure to discover here a rational universe he launched his mind, and the story of the hazard and heroism, the failures and triumphs of that crusade makes up the intellectual history of man.

It is not enough to say that in this process man merely discovered the truth about the universe. What man has done is more creative than that. He has in a sense constructed the unity he believes in. He has invented mathematical formulas that resemble nothing in the external world. He has framed scientific laws tentatively summarizing in mental shorthand the observed uniformities of nature. He has made vast astronomical generalizations that are beyond human demonstration. In all this he believes that he has achieved some real approximation to the truth about the disordered world which he is trying to conquer with his mind. This aspect of man, puny of stature, the helpless prey of untoward circumstance from bacteria to earthquakes, standing up to confront the universe, insisting that, as for him, chaos shall not reign there, that he will see through chaos and make order out of it, is altogether the most amazing sight that creation offers.

Behind the whole intellectual adventure of mankind, therefore, is faith—the basic faith that chaos cannot be the last word in any realm. Faith is not an

excrescence on the mental life. Faith is not a flimsy patch to cover the intellect's nakedness when the solid garment of knowledge gives out. The fundamental necessity of faith is no more peculiar to the saints than to the scientists, as Huxley recognized when he said, "As for the strong conviction that the cosmic order is rational, and the faith that, throughout all duration, unbroken order has reigned in the universe, I not only accept it, but I am disposed to think it the most important of all truths."

**T**HIS tremendous assumption of nature's law-abiding uniformity which underlies all science and is for science, as Huxley said, the most important of all truths, is a perfect example of faith. Its devotees hold it against all comers and in spite of all adverse appearances, because by it alone can chaos be mentally conquered and civilized. If a man projects himself back into the world as it appeared before this gigantic doctrine of law-abiding uniformity occupied men's minds, looks with naïve eyes on that strangely jumbled, lawless, salmagundi of a world with innumerable, diverse elements going each its own way, he must be impressed with the daring insight and induction combined which it took to subsume all that wild disarray under a single concept like uniformity of law. That concept is still incapable of complete demonstration. No one with absolute certainty can tell how far the objective truth of it goes. It is primarily the insistence of the human mind on getting some formula of order in the world. "The principle of uniformity in nature," said Professor William James, "has to be *sought* under and in spite of the most rebellious appearances; and our conviction of its truth is far more like religious faith than like assent to a demonstration."

Being a thoroughgoing skeptic, therefore, is serious business. The whole mental process by which we build a unified, orderly, and reasonable world is saturated with faith. We believe

but cannot positively demonstrate that our minds can tell us the truth, that our knowledge corresponds with reality, that the objective world exists, that the universe is rational, that cause and effect obtain throughout all time and space. All these and other like convictions are basic faiths by which we have intellectually civilized the world.

**I**N THE spiritual realm, also, man has an ingrained and despotic impatience of chaos. A world of moral topsy-turvy without unity and sense in it is as intolerable for his mind as his physical environment would be, left unorganized and whimsical. He cannot stand it. Nature does not abhor a vacuum with more insistence than man abhors a jumbled and senseless moral world. To tell him that his spiritual life is a haphazard accident which straggled into transient existence as a by-product of a process physically caused and determined is to make nonsense out of the highest values that man knows.

Of course, the imperious idea that man's spiritual life on this wandering island in the sky does make sense is a tremendous assumption. Nevertheless, there is no peace for man until he has found satisfying meaning in his spiritual as well as his physical life. What many a young collegian, trying to be a skeptic, does not understand is that religion, however blindly it has sometimes worked, has been on its intellectual side an endeavor to supply this need for a unified spiritual world. The development of monotheism parallels in its motives and desires the development of modern science: both display the same passionate wish to organize the world. Out of the early whimsicality of animism where there were as many spirits as there were things; through polytheism with its multitudinous gods from which an oligarchy of great deities gradually emerged; through henotheism where, though there were many gods, a people claimed one god for itself and gave single-hearted devotion to him; to the



climactic insight and faith that beneath all diversity, confusion, and contradiction, one purpose binds the whole spiritual process together, one will controls it, one goodness underlies it, man fought his way up to see his spiritual life steadily and whole. Whatever qualifications and enlargements modern thought may work in historic monotheism, a gain was wrought there which humanity cannot give up without incalculable loss. That, too, was the victory of the human spirit wresting unity and order out of chaos.

As one stands back from this whole process by which man's mind has been trying to make this world intellectually habitable, it appears of one piece. There may be no sense in this universe at all. It may be an illusion, or a sorry jest, or a tragic accident. Our minds may be lying to us, our so-called knowledge may be hallucination, and all the order and significance we think we find may be our own vain imaginings working on a senseless chaos. To think that is real skepticism. To deny that is to turn toward the fundamental faith that this universe and our lives within it have discoverable sense in them.

By faith, therefore, man builds the world in which he lives. Long since he has begun to conquer and civilize the physical universe with his hypotheses and generalizations. But that is not enough. Not until a man sees moral meaning in his experience, believes in God, and so achieves a spiritual as well as a physical universe, has he got his world intellectually in hand where he can find satisfying sense in it and unifying purpose running through it. To be sure, that is faith. But it is not blind faith. It is not "believing what you know isn't so." It is part and parcel of the whole process by which man has achieved real life out of the materials of existence. It is the climax of the race's age-long endeavor to conquer chaos and achieve rationality and order.

EVERYWHERE through our colleges, in spite of youthful skepticism, one finds this hunger and thirst for a meaningful spiritual world satisfying to the mind and supporting to the life. No practical preachments alone will meet this need. The students would never dream of saying it so, but they want a theology—an intelligible idea of God in which they can honestly believe. The best of them will be as restless until they find that as scientists would be knowing that there ought to be a doctrine of law-abiding uniformity in physics but as yet unable to state it.

Nor will any halfway station where they try to content themselves with a God not objectively real but subjectively imagined be sufficient. Some are trying to satisfy themselves with that. Their God is a sort of celestial Uncle Sam, a divine Santa Claus, not really existent but made up by the pooling of their own ideals. God, they say, is not objectively there; he is our invention, the projection of our better selves on the vast screen of the universe. That idea reminds me of my boyhood when I used to think that the waving branches of the trees caused the wind. It is a very plausible hypothesis. Whenever the branches wave the wind blows; the wind never does blow except when the branches wave; why not explain the wind by the movement of the trees? Nevertheless, the wind does come first; it springs from sources that trees cannot explain, and all the rustling of their multitudinous leaves is but an answer to it. So I am confident that God comes first, that our spiritual restlessness until we find him is a response to his presence, and I am sure that the faith by which one thus orders and unifies his spiritual world, although it is more difficult of demonstration, is essentially the same kind of faith as that by which the scientist in his realm is conquering chaos.



## THE HORRORS OF WASHINGTON

BY H. G. DWIGHT

**H**AS Washington an inferiority complex, or does she suffer from delusions of grandeur?

That question hangs in the mind of the impressionable newcomer who scans the local papers, who listens to the extravagances that heat the air of Capitol Hill, who then rubs his eyes and takes another good look about him. He is happy to admit that the Father of his Country, first in war, first in peace, and by no means last in the art of selecting sites for capitals, knew what he was doing when he picked out this river loop between the last of the Potomac gorges and the space of wider water where Anacostia Creek meets the spreading seaward sweep of the stream. He is also delighted to bear witness to the fact that, by a piece of miraculous good fortune, the planning of our capital chanced to fall into competent hands—although it be only too dismally patent that the carrying out of that plan soon fell into hands of quite another sort. Nor in his walks about cities has he failed to note that a tree—and Washington is a notorious arboretum—can do wonders in the way of touching up or screening out the lamentable works of man. But otherwise what on earth can all these good people mean when they grow so lyric over the beauties of Washington? For the more inquisitively the newcomer looks behind her trees at her essential brick and stone—to say nothing of her inessential bronze—the more irresistible is his conclusion that if the District of Columbia were to be visited by some cataclysm of nature, leaving between Little Falls and Anacostia noth-

ing but a heap of ruins, tears might well flow from the eyes of many who had lost a loved one but hardly from those of such as hold the arts of their country dear.

Such a catastrophe, indeed, might be a blessing in disguise. For the trees would quickly grow again, though no more beautifully than before, whereas very few of the streets, houses, and monuments could not be replaced to their immense advantage, with a far more scrupulous fulfillment of the intentions of our fathers. At any rate, the list of irreparable losses would be extremely small. First on the list would be the White House—admirably named, admirably placed, admirably designed, and admirably suited to the modest uses of a republic. Except for the White House, however, the so-called Octagon House, the Decatur house, and a few other old residences in the gas-house district, a few in the vicinity of Judiciary Square, a few more in the unfashionable quarters of the South East and the South West, and a number in Georgetown, who but the stricken owner could shed an honest tear? Of public and semipublic buildings the list would be far smaller. It would include only the District Court House, the Treasury Department, the Freer Gallery of Art, Bertram Goodhue's simple white Palace of Science, perhaps the Pan American Union. And of the commemorative monuments which now too often outrage the eye, just four could be sincerely mourned: the Lincoln Memorial, the Adams memorial in Rock Creek Cemetery by St. Gaudens and Stanford White, French's fountain in



Du Pont Circle, and a lowly marble urn on a square marble pedestal under a big beech tree on the Mall. It was set there, whether by Launt Thompson or Calvert Vaux I cannot say, in memory of a certain Andrew Jackson Downing who in his day, I fear, did a good deal of mischief in Washington.

## II

In these circumstances it occurs to one that there is room for a more reliable guide of Washington than now exists. Between the diplomatic Baedeker and the dithyrambic Greeter the tourist is woefully misled, being forced to gaze at a multitude of objects which only waste his time or poison his taste. Why not, then, provide him with a handbook which will warn him away from the too numerous monuments unworthy of his attention? To this end use might be made of the Baedekerian stellar system, modified and amplified to suit the exigencies of the case. Thus monuments of comparative innocuousness, or those actually possessing merit, would be left unstarred. The rest would be provided with danger signals in the form of one to five stars, the number increasing in direct ratio to the lack of merit and to the psychopathic interest of the monument. Examples: the Capitol (exterior)\*, the Washington Monument\*; East Capitol Street\*\*, the Navy Department\*\*; the Congressional Library\*\*\*; the State and War Building\*\*\*\*, Pennsylvania Avenue\*\*\*\*; the Botanic Garden (in the Mall)\*\*\*\*\*; Statuary Hall (in the Capitol)\*\*\*\*\*.

To make a complete catalogue of the horrors of Washington would, in the words of Sir Thomas Browne, need "a painful man with his pen, and as great patience as he had, who wrote the Lives and Deaths of the Martyrs." The hospitality of HARPER's can be subjected to no such strain. One can only make a present of the idea to the young lions of the rising generation, against whom we hear so many murmurs but in whom I

persist in seeing our brightest ray of hope for the future. I can further suggest to them that in no other city are they likely to find so complete a museum of American architecture. There are of course *lacunæ*. The archaeologist will search in vain for authentic specimens of the faintly Tudor wooden house of Eastern Massachusetts, the Virginian manor house of the Eighteenth Century, or the skyscraper as it flourishes in its happiest hunting ground, New York. But Washington is peculiarly rich in samples of that experimental period which, burgeoning under the careful hand of Thomas Jefferson, burst into exotic flower in the reign of General Grant.

Why this should be is less of a mystery than certain other questions which baffle the inquirer. By what alchemy, for instance, does the label "Early American," meaning pre-1900, endow the most appalling piece of wood or crockery with a price above rubies? Or why, having begun so promisingly, did we topple off into such abysses of bad taste? Or in what manner did it come about that a Government capable of discovering a Thornton, a Hoban, a Hadfield, a Latrobe, a Bulfinch, delivered itself into the hands of the Unknown Master of the old National Museum? Or, above all, how is it that governors and governed alike take so little pride in their capital that of our nine Executive Departments one and one alone is housed in a manner not to make the patriot hang his head in shame? That three have never been housed at all under roof of their own? That rather than provide decent shelter for these, or for an infinity of annexes, independent bureaus, and what not, Congress prefers to pay rent to the tune of something like seven hundred thousand dollars a year? But the reason for Washington's opulence in specimens of our most terrifying architecture is perfectly simple. It is not that no other city was devastated by the pestilence which reached its height in the seventies. It is that other cities have torn down as ruthlessly as

they built, whereas Washington feels no such urge to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. The landlord has no competitor to keep him awake nights. And the tenants have never banded together to bring him to reason.

Hence is it that the stupefied tourist is still able to admire such a building as the Pension Bureau\*\*\*\*, which in any other town would long ago have gone to the rubbish heap. It is the masterpiece of a retired general who lets in not a little light upon the mysteries of official architecture. First a cavalryman and then an engineer, Montgomery Cunningham Meigs by name, he constructed across the ravine of Cabin John what was once the longest stone arch in the world. He later succeeded in poisoning on top of the Capitol that monstrous cast-iron extinguisher so much admired by congressmen that they cause it to be flooded every night with electric illuminations—to the no great advantage, I fancy, of Mr. Coolidge's economy program. Not content with this achievement, the ex-dragoon then took a leading part in those not too creditable proceedings which ended in the seizure of Lee's country place, Arlington. And between the years 1883 and 1887 he raised to heaven a mountain of dark and angry red brick which looks the more grotesque because it has for neighbor George Hadfield's graceful white City Hall of 1820, now the District Court.

It can at least be said for the West Point school of architecture—amply represented in Washington—that General Meigs did not cap his monstrosity with that singular delusion of his age, a Mansard roof. In fact, he scarcely roofed it in at all, so little do his makeshift gables finish or pull together his massive walls and elaborately profiled corners. They cover, if you please, a species of basilica, with acres of waste space punctuated by gigantic columns, having at its exact mathematical center nothing less fanciful than a circular pool. Around it used to eddy the bustles and leg o' mutton sleeves of Inauguration Balls. It was

upon the façade, however, that our inventive cavalryman really gave his fancy rein. Three bands of ornament girdle his basilica-barrack, of which the two higher are of the same dark and angry red as the flat surfaces. Under the egg-and-dart moulding and the misplaced dentils of the cornice runs a repeating design of two elements: a cannon sitting on its breech, followed by a shell bursting upward in the manner of a flower pot. Then at the height of the third floor, below a Greek wave pattern and a projecting string course, is another military invention. It consists of a pair of crossed sabers, next a symmetrical piece of drapery which can scarcely be a love knot. Is it a sword knot, having in its two loops two pieces of hot shot and between its two open ends what may be either the rowel of a spur or the star of a Brigadier? But most striking is the second-story frieze of buff terra cotta, where marches in high relief an endless procession of soldiers, sailors, horses, guns, and boats—not to mention a few straggly palms, reeds—something like that. Inspected not too closely, the long lines of muskets and legs have almost an air. Inspected more closely, they betray that they were cast from a limited set of moulds and tiresomely repeat themselves. But where in the world did the old dragoon get his idea? From the Parthenon? Or from that hospital in Pistoia for the front of which the Della Robbias fired a long terra cotta frieze in color? Or was he visited, purely and simply, by the divine afflatus?

Portentous as General Meigs's barrack is as a sample of bureaucratic inspiration, of local complacency, and of national indifference in these matters, a yet more portentous example affronts the sacred grove of the Mall. Surely nowhere else in the land can there linger a more egregious relic of the Reconstruction Period than this old Department of Agriculture\*\*\*\*\*. Between the white Freer Gallery and certain marble artifacts, mementoes of an ancient quarrel in high places, it glares not in the dark



and angry red of General Meigs but in the scarlet brick of General Grant. It is embellished, of course, with the brown sandstone of the period, as well as with fragments of a sunken checkerwork in yellow (had this Unknown Master seen, perchance, a picture of the Ducal Palace?) and with one of those mansards, shingled in slate and dull red, which record how the Louvre looked to Americans in 1876. There are also decorative panels under upper windows, representing—shall we say?—a lovely *dactylo* between two daisies (He loves me! He loves me not!). Nor must the archæologist fail to note the two mural ornaments, which I long took to be brown-stone bas-reliefs but which surreptitious tappings with a penknife at last proved to be of painted metal. If the daisies and the *dactylos* had been within reach, they would no doubt have given out the same ring. At any rate the false bas-reliefs symbolize even more pointedly the activities presided over by the Gardener of the Republic. They constitute an armorial achievement of horticulture, tintured the rich chocolate of Reconstruction, there being charged upon an oblique scroll, which might be taken for the feminine lozenge of heraldry, a watering pot rampant. Dexter, two rakes, a spade and a sickle, in ladies' or children's sizes; sinister, the crossed handles of the same, affording support to a luxuriance of foliage. But the heraldic vocabulary falters when it comes to the double curtain cord from which the whole blazon depends, with its neat bow above and its æsthetic tassels beneath, one hanging lower than the other with a grace known only to the boudoirs of the seventies. Although these implements can scarcely have been imported from the Great Open Spaces, their delicate allusiveness is not lost upon the generation of Mr. Jardine.

Of describing the portal of this Temple of Ceres I despair, what with its "Renaissance" window over its "Gothic" doorway, its flanking pilasters in five stages, each more baroque than the last, its

indeterminate specimens of the fruits of the field. I can no more than add that when I first came to Washington the foreground of this seat of a great Government Department boasted complementary decorations which have latterly disappeared. The antiquary will mark the small but tasteful *jardinet* laid out on a terrace that is one of the innumerable petty expedients by which the intended unity of the Mall has been destroyed. In happier days the two northern corners of this terrace were furnished with small tin pavilions of purest 1870, facing each other from opposite ends of the retaining wall and containing each a bench just big enough for the two parties to a *sacra conversazione*. And the outer edge of the wall was guarded by a tin balustrade, matching in color the watering pots and enriched by successive panels in trilogies: a dog, a cherub, a sheep; a sheep, a cherub, a dog; a dog, a cherub, a sheep, *et seq.* Sweetly pretty, as the Victorian ladies used to say!

### III

A cast-iron balustrade may quietly be retired and even a mansard roof may fall in. But that army of statues which horripilate so many of the vistas of Washington is a more formidable menace to the Republic. For about each of them crowds a choir invisible of widows, children, grandchildren, home towns, native states, political parties, patriotic organizations, and other far from disinterested pests who instantly raise outcries of treason if any one so much as whispers that Walter Johnson, Jack Dempsey, or Charlie Paddock would after all more truly reflect American taste and do less injury to the eye than this or that filler of a bronze frock coat.

There are in Washington between fifty and sixty commemorative monuments. It is perhaps unreasonable to expect that each one should be a masterpiece. Only too rarely does a Phidias, a Michelangelo, a Rodin make his appearance. Yet when a St. Gaudens, for instance, hap-

pens to bear an American eagle upon his passport, it is incredible that the single example of his work in the capital of his country should be hidden in the shrubbery of a private burial ground. No less incredible is it that only three memorials out of the fifty-odd should have been placed with conscious reference to the plan of this most intelligently designed of cities—that plan which, having been painfully worked out, was carefully rolled up and forgotten for the next hundred years. The result is a distortion of historical values most incredible of all.

An archæologist of the future, judging us by those of our great men whom we delight to honor in our streets, could not but conclude that we were a race of cut-throats, strangers to the ways of peace, enemies of science, letters, and the fine arts, dreaming only of conquest or of vengeance. For more than half the monuments of Washington celebrate masters of the art of war. Moreover, it would appear that no period of our history was so glorious as those four bitter years in the sixties when, there being no enemy at our gates, our grandfathers relieved the tedium of peace by laying waste their own fields and doing away with a million of their own sons. And the archæologist will more than once be put to it to identify such as he who rides so grandly down the principal north-and-south axis of the town, more augustly placed than the founder of the city, to fortune and to fame so well known as to require on his pedestal no more than a surname.

In this case the surname happens to be Scott. The antiquary's mind first leaps, of course, to Sir Walter, who is also reputed to have had a weakness for medieval trappings. But since Washington has no weakness for such poor creatures as men of letters, a further study of this gentleman and his mount reveals the fact that he wears three stars on his saddle cloth. Aha, Watson, a lieutenant general! To the encyclopedia then, where we find that the only three-star American general of that

name was General Winfield Scott of Virginia, 1786-1866, hero of Indian and Mexican wars, victim in his hot youth of court-martial proceedings, prisoner in 1812 of the British, defeated candidate for the presidency in 1852, fortifier of Washington in 1861; author of army regulations and of a diatribe against alcoholic liquors, a redoubtable martinet otherwise known as Old Fuss and Feathers, who once had his pocket picked of eight hundred dollars at a White House reception and of whom it was said: "While this man lives, the Republic is safe!" Of him it must likewise be said that in the turning of the whole eastern half of Washington into a slum he did rather more than his bit, by advocating the sequestration of no less than five hundred acres of the District for a Soldiers' Home—whence another equestrian statue of him, by Launt Thompson, overlooks the city from a strategic knoll, as if commanding it to halt.

I suspect that General Scott might not have come off so handsomely but for the fact that he, like General Meigs and General Thomas, was a Southerner who on a difficult day elected to stick to his northern uniform. Grant himself hardly occupies so good a site, though he rides the revised east-and-west axis of the Mall on a steed whose tail is blown between his legs by some invisible blast—to suggest its temperature I forbear—from the direction of Capitol Hill. If Sherman has a seat of less honor, he looks down from a tremendously high horse upon an obscure individual in choker and smalls, facing him afoot from the south terrace of the Treasury, who in another private scrimmage had no more address with lethal weapons than to get himself shot by Aaron Burr. Several of the lesser Civil Warriors have squares to themselves—Logan, McPherson, Sheridan, Thomas, Admirals Farragut and Du Pont. McClellan has most of Connecticut Avenue to himself, raking it from the high ground where Columbia Road



turns eastward. Meade is honored with a place in the Mall; and from his position off center, facing south, I take it that some other General is to balance him, facing north. Stonewall Jackson, perhaps! As for Hancock, he shares the obscurity of Pennsylvania Avenue with another of those mysterious strangers.

Rawlins is the name carved in enduring granite below the stranger's top-boots, without initial, rank, date, or other clue to his identity. After painful researches in the dust of our national archives, however, I am able to inform you that he was a native of East Galena, Illinois, who was so fortunate as to attract the attention of General Grant by a "powerful war speech." He thus became successively Major, Assistant Adjutant General, Brigadier-General, Chief of Staff, brevet Major-General, and Secretary of War, perishing at that peak of renown in 1869. But what strikes the antiquary most forcibly about him is that while Washington can afford to set aside for him an interval of lawn and trees on what she is pleased to regard as her most impressive street, no room has yet been found, in this capital not of a state or of a section but of a united nation, for the humblest memorial to one whom impartial authorities consider perhaps the greatest military genius this country has produced and one of the greatest of all time—General Robert Edward Lee.

In this connection I might speak of the strange three-cornered obelisk, at another point of the Avenue, which immortalizes the foundation of that powerful political lobby known as the Grand Army of the Republic. I prefer, however, to draw attention to a more conspicuous sample of the plastic art which adorns a site of far greater importance, at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue N. W. Although popularly known as the Peace Monument, it is as a matter of fact a war monument, in memory of Northern naval men who fell in the war between the states. It is, I believe, an early work of Mr. Franklin

Simmons, who embellished it with pools in which not a drop of water runs, with allegoric maidens, with martial cherubs, with sea shells, with cannon balls, with a yard or two of marble duck, with what may be either a pick or a pair of pliers, with a hammer, a triangle, a knife, a book, and sundry botanical specimens. But what is most notable about it are the two marble ladies who stand above this rich confusion, no doubt personifying the North and the South. The North—for that point of the compass is her station—hides her head in grief and shame on the shoulder of the South, who magnanimously does what she can to console her erring sister.

The Revolution, as history may be conned in the marbles and bronzes of Washington, was in comparison with the Civil War a trivial affair, engineered by Kosciuszko and Von Steuben. While it is plain that Lafayette and Rochambeau played in it a part only less significant, the relative importance of the efforts of Pulaski, Frederick the Great, John Barry, John Paul Jones, and Generals Greene and Washington remains somewhat obscure. As for civilians, revolutionary or otherwise, they are with one notable exception relegated to such few and dark corners as have been discarded by the military. That one exception is President Lincoln, to whom something nearer justice has been done than to any one else. His great marble memorial by Henry Bacon, Daniel French and Jules Guérin is one of which no country need be ashamed; and it stands at a cardinal point of the city, terminating the main east-and-west axis as it has been revised in a belated attempt to bring the Washington Monument into relation with the Mall and the Capitol—though nothing short of an earthquake can ever force it into relation with the Ellipse and the White House.

That Lincoln is regarded as the greatest of our Presidents further seems to be indicated by the fact that he has two other monuments, one of which is

the most ignominious object in Washington. Not that one can think ill of the citizens of the District for having, in the dark days of 1868, commissioned one Lot Flannery to embody their conception of the Great Emancipator. What is less worthy about it is that when, later on, certain of them caused Mr. Flannery's work of art to be withdrawn from public derision, certain others thought fit to drag the affair into Congress—which has the last word in these matters. And Congress, assuming its favorite role of *arbiter elegantiarum*, decreed so recently as 1922 that Lot Flannery should have that place in the sun of Washington which is denied St. Gaudens. Hence this calamitous piece of stone-cutter's work, resembling nothing so much as the scriptural pillar of salt, which dishonors one of the few dignified façades in the nation's capital.

Next in the presidential hierarchy, in the diminishing order of importance of the sites accorded them, are Grant, Jackson, and Garfield. The last balances the so-called Peace Monument, standing at the head of that ruined vista of Maryland Avenue S. W. which was designed to give the Capitol its best view of the river. And pensively does he eye the embankments of the Richmond and Potomac Railway Company, bareheaded but wearing an overcoat, with a trio of strange beings at his feet. One is a young man in a skin, studying three documents. Another is an individual a little more warmly clad, who from his leggings and the pointed effect of the pelt which he wears in lieu of a hat would appear to be a Phrygian. What he is doing in Maryland Avenue it is not given me to say. In the rear, in the quarter of those whom the papers delight to name our Solons, reclines a third gentleman in a toga. He is evidently a good Republican, for on the tablet at his left, written on the bias in not too mature a hand, may be read his platform: "Law, Justice, Prosperity." He seems to have been correcting the proofs of his Extension of Remarks for

the *Congressional Record*, which lie on the ground with his laurels.

Why the laurels of President Washington should be so much less green than in the city which bears his name he occupies a post inferior to those of his successors and to certain prouder riders of war horses, is one of the knottiest problems which confront the archæologist. I can only point out that of his two monuments one is the bizarre ornament of a secondary square, while the other, although the most visible in the town, bears no relation whatever to L'Enfant's plan, having been dropped at random in the Mall, at a point south and east of the intersection of the two grand axes. I therefore pass on to remark that no other President has been thought worthy of a place in the streets of our capital. Not even Jefferson, first to occupy the White House throughout his term of office, prime mover in the foundation and wise planning of the city, planter of the arts in this country—as Latrobe put it—author of the Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom and of the Declaration of Independence.

Lest it be thought that the latter document has evaporated from the memory of this generation, I hasten to add that a humble Benjamin Franklin lurks in the shadows of Pennsylvania Avenue, while a less humble John Witherspoon signals the traffic of Connecticut Avenue. As for the fathers of the Constitution, the least humble of their four representatives is John Marshall, seated in his quaint armchair under the west terrace of the Capitol. It must be confessed, however, that the farther the antiquary wanders from the domain of the cannon and the ballot box, the more surprising are his discoveries. You will find at the city gate an imposing Christopher Columbus, who did not discover America, and you may shortly find an Eric the Red who possibly came nearer doing so. But of that long line of explorers and pioneers like Captain John Smith and Lewis and Clark, who were the backbone of this



country, you will find not one. You will meet in front of the District Building another of those enigmas in frock coats, marked Shepherd, of whom you may learn if you will take the trouble that he was a local functionary who created some commotion in the seventies by levelling streets, lifting taxes, and proposing to add to the formless confusion of the Mall the entire right angle whose hypotenuse is the middle stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue. But you will look in vain for a memorial to that Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant of Washington's army to whom is due the much misused yet still recognizable plan of Washington's city. You will pass in the Mall a too-belaureled Daguerre, whereas American science and invention are honored in the person of a solitary Joseph Henry—and that because he happened to be secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. The medical profession, it is true, is more copiously remembered. The highest dignities in this branch of science are awarded to the homeopathic Hahnemann, who keeps congenial company in Scott Circle with Daniel Webster and Old Fuss and Feathers. His more modest American colleagues are Dr. Samuel D. Gross and Dr. Benjamin Rush.

#### IV

When we come to the humanities the tale is quickly told. Music? Nothing. Architecture? Nothing—not even Palladio or Alfred B. Mullett, Master of the State and War Departments and of the New York and Boston General Post Offices. Painting? Well, F. D. Millet divides with Major Archie Butt, because they both went down on the *Titanic*, a little waterless fountain near the White House, which Daniel French and Thomas Hastings can scarcely count among their principal works. Yet it was from a Washington bureau that a young scapegrace named Whistler was dismissed for decorating the margins of topographical plates with heads which

now bring their weight in emeralds. And have I not heard that a certain Walt Whitman was turned out of another government department on account of his immoral *Leaves of Grass*—that he nevertheless remained long months in Washington, sauntering over the hills with John Burroughs, making the hours of a hospital less leaden for a wounded soldier, writing verses on "Captain, my Captain"? But the burden of representing in our capital the art of letters is shared by Dante, Longfellow, and one Albert Pike!

For what reason Mr. Pike turns his face, from the slightly perspective he might have enjoyed, to the wall of Third Street N. W. is no clearer than why he should be there at all. I fancy the circumstance that he happened to be a Mason may have had something to do with it. It is a pity that the Commission of Public Buildings and Grounds, ever solicitous to freshen the complexions of Washington, does not allow him to acquire at least such merit as may be bestowed by the kindly green patina of time. But, almost as strikingly as the Lot Flannery upon whom he turns a bronze back, does he illustrate the perils that hang day and night over this city which should not, in matters of art, be the plaything of Commissioners, Congressmen, and boosters. He proves how rarely has it occurred to the people of the United States that the look of Washington is a matter which may involve the repute of each of them. He drives home the hint that a capital worthy of a great country calls not only for a comprehension of its plan and spirit but for our collective best in the way of knowledge, method, common sense, good taste, expert advice, competent supervision, a will to submit thereto, a disposition to wait at least the span of a generation, until loves and hatreds have cooled and history has had time to pronounce her graver verdict. Otherwise, we are at the mercy of an ardent friend, an adequate subscription, a Lot Flannery eager for a job, a con-

gressman ready to introduce a bill, a few other congressmen not unready to perform a *quid pro quo*.

There is no telling what new horror may not be foisted upon us. It may be a carillon tower, invention of an essentially non-musical people, poisoning the day and harrowing the night for those so hapless as to dwell within its radius. It may be an immense field turned into a relief map of the American Commonwealth, with a house on each lot representing a state. It may be a chryselephantine Roosevelt by the river, closing the north-and-south axis and forever making it impossible to set there a fitting southern gateway, with an avenue

no less noble than the Champs Elysées leading to a bridge nobler than the two which now disgrace that part of the Potomac. It may be a Colossus of Dayton, planted at that point of supreme honor which L'Enfant reserved for George Washington and which the blindness of a later day left bare. But a mere advisory Fine Arts Commission, having neither initiative nor veto, will be powerless against them. For the five hundred and thirty-one gentlemen on the Hill, lords paramount of this singular oligarchy in the heart of a republic, are the die-hards of that singular creed which holds the ballot to be foremost among the handmaids of beauty.

## A QUIET PLACE

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

**T**HERE is a silence here the dead must know,  
*In which their dreams are wrought, their thoughts expressed,*  
 And there are flowers here whose stems, unguessed,  
*Are clasped by unimpassioned hands below.*  
 There is a wind here that no otherwhere  
*Floats with such quietly folded, noiseless wings;*  
 All voices here are like the broken strings  
*Of violins, whose echoes haunt the air.*

*Here lie the joyful ones who sang and danced,  
 And spent life's gold and threw the purse away;  
 Here lie the butterflies whose wings enhanced  
 The beauty of each carefree summer day—  
 A quiet place, where hearts, once mirthful, sleep,  
 And silently the ghosts of laughter weep.*





## BROTHER'S KEEPER

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

**L**OUDEN paused at the corner of Denver and McKinley and for the first time in months really looked at his own house. When he built it for Cornelia there had been but three brick houses in town; Bluek's alfalfa had run right up to the ashpit, and nothing else between it and the blue rim of the mountains thirty miles away but the ditch, the Rock Island embankment, and the telegraph line. To-night he saw it in a street of houses, good up-to-date residences with broad windows full of electric light; and the four maples on his lawn were twenty-two years old.

Why did he pause this evening? Why wasn't he going on across the street as his widower habit was, not lifting his head from the thoughts of his land-office he had just left until, in his empty hallway, it came time to decide whether he would read the *Rocky Mountain News* in the sitting room or upstairs in bed? Was it because a year of his bereavement was completed and the sap of another spring was breaking the maple buds to-day? Was it that the wind across the marginal yards carried the first faint effluvium of sand lilies and greening buffalo grass, and he was not yet fifty-one?

It became more than a pause. Louden looked at the stars, then back along McKinley, where people began to come out of the Rialto a block away. Perhaps Ed Cass would be there, and he thought of a sudden he would like to see Ed to-night, just to say hello and give him a cigar. He retraced his steps to the pic-

ture theater and stood there watching the children coming out.

A few old friends spoke to him in passing. "Hello, Joe . . . Glad to see you out, Louden. Going to the second show? It's not bad."

He nodded, his mind absent. He couldn't get his eyes off the children. He wasn't used to having vivid impressions, but now, bright-colored, giggling, slapping, slanging boys and girls from twelve to twenty—he seemed to see them as a strange invasion. Their fragrance, mingled of face powder, mint, pomade, tobacco, clean perspiration, new leather, gasoline, touched his senses and filled him with an emotion half excitement, half despondency. He fell to wondering where they had all come from, and what of a sudden they were doing here in this raw town on the raw plain, with him and Ed and the Elkhart boys, the Bluek boys, the Flack family, the ditch, the railroad, and the store. He thought with a certain difficulty, "We ought to be proud: if it weren't for us they wouldn't be here." What he was really wishing was that some of them might speak to him, even bump into him and tread on his feet, instead of leaving a little space all about him without appearing to know they did. He cleared his throat abruptly.

"Your father anywhere around, to-night, Irma?"

Yes, he might have been a spook. The girl actually jumped and showed him the whites of her eyes. Sliding her fingers from the arm of the boy beside her,

she turned red, then white, then red again.

"I don't know, Mr. Louden, I think he and mama stayed in to-night."

Louden watched her as she hurried on out of the glow. She was Ed Cass's daughter, and he was surprised to see how she had grown. But then, Irma must be all of eighteen now. Quite pretty too, in a plump little brunette way, all her edges still blurred with the softness of babyhood that clings late to some, her spirit still in need of guiding and cuddling a bit.

Half way across the street she recaptured the boy's arm, lowered her head, hunched her shoulders, and let them shake. Children are like that oftentimes after being spoken to. And Louden saw that the boy was looking back.

Who was he? Oh, yes, Louden had placed him; he was the kid who worked in Elkhart's hardware store. Elk must pay him well if that was his own car over there. . . . As Irma slid under the wheel, getting in, Louden saw white at the top of her stocking, the skirts were so short they wore these days.

Louden looked along McKinley. Why hadn't he gone on home? The second show was opening; he was caught in the tide. The ticket-girl pushed a slip forward as he neared the wicket, but Geltmann, the proprietor, was too quick.

"No you don't sell no ticket to Mr. Louden. Any time he wants to attend this theayter he walks in dead-head and makes himself to home, see?"

And why not? Louden owned the building. Thanking Geltmann he passed in. It was the first time he had been to the pictures since Cornelia died. What a hold they had on people; on these kids especially. All about him he was aware of their young zest, their nudgings and proddings.

The drama was one of New York's high society. What monkeys on sticks they were! It wasn't till Part Five that Louden sat up straight. But then he clenched his fists. He had hard work

not to use them. Sweat poured out of his face. The scene was a so-called costume party, laid in the likeness of an Oriental seraglio. And these were American boys, American girls. . . .

He got out at the end with the rest. He stood watching those young folks as they trooped past, tide of strong bodies laughing, clear-skinned, beautiful young faces, voices rising and carolling with the caress of the open air. He shook all over; he couldn't help it. His anger at what had been put before their eyes was like an ague, fire and ice. He wanted to throw his arms about them and shield them; he wanted to use a club on someone, murderously. To save both Geltmann and himself he turned out in the dark as the Jew appeared and walked homeward at a heavy, rapid stride.

He went to bed but he couldn't sleep. In the blackness his mind raced back to the picture. Pillars and soft hangings, fountains, divans, gauzy veils showing through them the red of mouths, the languorous glimmer of eyes, the white of bare young limbs accustomed to Christian underclothing. . . .

Louden reached out and snapped on the light. He wanted to see the old things about him. He looked at his wife's photograph on the stand.

If Cornelia could have seen what he had seen to-night, what they were trying to put over on a decent community, the money-drunk cities, the easterners, the Coast folks, the foreigners, the whole outside dirty world!

"They sha'n't!" His veins swelled. "God Almighty damn 'em, no!"

He put out the light again. The little wind had dropped and the night was breathless. An incense hung in the air, curiously compounded of face powder, spearmint, perspiration, and the red stuff they put on mouths. In the soft blue light of remembrance he saw the pictured girls again. He found himself staring with an oblique intensity at their faces. And to think that these three-quarters-naked revellers would be the girls of his own Colorado town one day



if the panders had their way! The one nearest to him indeed, the soft-skinned plump little one with her hair down like a dark veil over her breast, might almost have been Irma Cass right now. Yes, she was like Irma. The longer he stared at her the more abominably, the more breathlessly, like.

He lighted the light again. He went down stairs to the telephone and called up Geltmann. The exhibitor had been asleep; he thought Louden must be drunk.

"Yas, yas, Mr. Louden, I would be glad any time to do any favor for Mr. Louden, only, excuse me, the film has got to go out on the seven-ten in the morning understand, so, you see, I couldn't positively—"

"Well, then, what you'll do, you'll run it through to-night, *now!*"

"Yas, it's a nice film, nice stuff, but my Gott! look what time it is, Mr. Louden. And my operhator; where shall I find my operhator?"

"Geltmann, I didn't ring up to argue. If you don't know J. A. Louden yet it's time you did. I and my friends will be around in half an hour."

He called up Cass. "Ed, I want you to come over."

"But, good Gosh, Joe . . ."

"Ed, did you ever know me to ask you anything?"

The third man he called was Elkhart. He went down and waited for the mystified pair in front of the theater, knowing they would come that way.

When the exhibition was over Cass and Elkhart didn't seem to know yet what it was all about. They sat, a little embarrassed, in the big dim hall. Cass pulled his dust-colored mustache and wrinkled his brow. He hadn't done much in life, he was too easy-going. Finally he said "Yeh—well?"

Elkhart said nothing. He was a big fellow every way, big heart, big feet. But he never talked much. In the old days he would sit all night in a fan-tan game and never utter a word.

Louden looked from one to the other, his head butted forward.

"There you are, boys. I've got no children—but you have."

"Yeh, well, I guess that's right." Cass scratched his head and got up. He thought he would grin, to ease the situation. "Though if you're going to pick on one, you should've seen Rosa Vale last week in 'Wives and Concubines.' Eh, Geltmann?"

Louden took Cass's elbow and turned him around.

"Ed, do you realize your daughter Irma was in this theater to-night?"

"I know; she told her mother. Ellen Flack and her dropped in for a look at the second show."

There was the fruit of it already. Lies. But Louden shut his mouth. What was the use, with Ed?

Elkhart followed them out, his thumbs in his armholes and his nether lip pursed like a big brown strawberry. He spoke for the first time.

"Joe, been to Denver lately? Why don't you? Do you good."

Louden turned away from them, the easy-going and the thick-skulled.

"Geltmann, come out here. Now listen. Things like this ain't going to happen in this town. I want you to get that through your head, once and for all. We ain't going to have you fellows coming in here . . ."

Geltmann stood as still as a mouse.

"Yas, Mr. Louden. That's all right. Well, Mr. Louden, all us exhibitors want to know is just simply what people want. Thank you kindly, Mr. Louden. . . . Ain't that fair enough?" he called after, as Louden went.

Louden overslept next morning. He didn't do much work all day. His eyes had been opened and he couldn't get them shut again. There comes a time in a man's life when he has to face the fact that the past is not the present. Here he had been for a quarter-century, bringing this town into being. The blue-prints of its growth were all about

him on his office walls, from the time when he and Bluek got the freight-siding put through till the other day when McKinley Avenue was surfaced. Yesterday he was still going on. To-day he perceived with a hollow feeling that he wasn't going on any more. The job was finished. The town *was*.

He got out in the afternoon and walked around. The trees were grown; some of them were bigger than he had realized. In the crotch of a cottonwood he passed he saw a patch of brown.

"That tree ought to come down; it's beginning to rot."

He increased his pace of a sudden but it was too late. He couldn't get away from his own words. While he had dreamed he was still planting a green spot in the desert it had already flowered and gone over into decay.

He looked about him with his new eyes. Same houses, same lawns. But in the Humphrey place people named Goulos lived now. They had wine with their meals and took a paper nobody could read. In the Flack house (the first ever built south of the railroad) was Geltmann, the theater man. In the Few residence, at Denver and Bellevue, were the Coolidges. Coolidge had come for his wife's health and he spent weeks in Colorado Springs. He was said to be well-off, yet he had told people for a fact that the Russians idolized Lenine. His daughter, back from a school in France, had a roadster of her own. She and Bess Elkhart had driven to the Reservoir one moonlight night that spring had gone in, stripped, before the ice was out of the flume.

So he saw it spreading, the canker spot, feeding on youth. He thought of the children he had seen last night, the price of a plow-team in the old days on the back of the least, their eyes unnaturally dilated, their bodies brushing against one another, their silk-stockinged legs running them off into the shadows to thousand-dollar automobiles as casual as wheelbarrows and as swift as the wings of excitement to whirl them out,

two by two, into the nothingness of the plain, between the sand lilies and the stars. . . . He looked along under the trees to the open country that stopped with sunlight the end of every street in the checker-board town. And now even the plain betrayed him, surrendering its emptiness to a new generation of the young.

A clamor at the left told him that school was out. Here came the real children. It couldn't have touched *them* yet. If it *had*!

Louden wasn't a sneak; he was only a man awake at last in the presence of the enemy. The fence bounding the school yard was but a step away. He stood with his hands on his knees and his head ducked behind it.

No, it hadn't touched the kids yet. "I'm pitch . . . I'm catch . . . Who got their hair pulled? . . . I'll pull yours . . ." They might have been all one sex, he told himself, exultantly.

The riot passed, only stragglers were left. Loudon unbent of a sudden. Putting his chest on the fence he tried to vault over. He wasn't as supple as he had been; the boy was too fast with his heels around the building; it was only the little girl that he caught.

Louden was almost as frightened as his prey. The physical violence of his anger was like a devil inside of him, as he pulled her chin around.

"What was that word you said? Don't lie; I heard you. What was that word? . . . What's your name?" he tried then.

"El-Ellie C-C-Cass."

He recognized her, at that—Irma's little sister, Ed's youngest.

"You come home." Still holding the shivering little icicle in pigtailed tight by the arm he got her out on the sidewalk. Ellie caught her breath at last and began to cry. Geltmann, at work on his lawn, smiled indulgently.

"Well, Mr. Loudon, what's this I see, little girlie lost or something?"

Without breaking his stride Loudon wheeled and went at him.



"Now look, Geltmann, what you and the gang you represent—God Almighty, I hope you're satisfied. The high school's not enough; you got to get your filth into the grade school even. Geltmann, look at this girl. Want to know the word I just heard passing between her and a boy, right there in that school yard? Well, if you want to know I'll tell you."

The exhibitor looked confused and shocked and began to rub his hands.

"You don't mean to tell me she said that! Well, Mr. Louden, that's terrible. That's a terrible word, it sounds like, at the very least. What—you got to excuse me—but what should it mean? I don't know it."

Louden stared. After a moment he spit on the grass. "Well, if you'd been raised in Omaha, instead of God knows where, you'd know it well enough. Well I'll be dog-gonned!" Spitting a second time he went on his way.

"Don't you know you oughtn't to say such words as that?" he kept demanding of his prisoner, "Stop your crying now. I'm just taking you home to your mama. Stop crying or I'll spank you."

He began to wonder if Mrs. Cass would punish her enough, spank her hard enough on the bare skin to do the little memory some good. He wondered if he hadn't better do it himself and so be sure. His office was only a block away. . . . Luckily Ellie's mother was changing the sprinkler on the lawn.

"For mercy sakes! Joe Louden! Ellie Cass, what's happened to *you*?"

Louden handed over the blue wrist. "I thought you ought to know, Mildred. I happened to be passing the school and I heard her and a boy calling each other a name. I can't tell you, but I can tell her father."

"You come in here with me, Ellie Cass! Thank you, Joe, so much. Why, Ellie Cass! Now you're going to receive something you won't forget for a while. Oh, what am I going to do? A child of mine!"

"What's more," said Louden, "if you

want to know which show Irma went to last night, it was the *first* show, and she went with the Pola boy."

He turned and walked as far as the corner. There he waited. As he heard Ellie's thin screech coming out of an open window behind he knotted his fingers and chewed his lip. "Poor kid! Poor little girl!"

It was about suppertime when Louden paused in front of the Rialto. The evening's film was a "Bible picture"; the posters featured Twenty Hollywood Beauties as Babylonian dancing girls. Unfortunately for Geltmann, that moment was the one he had chosen to come around and open up the house.

"Geltmann, I want you to do something. Show me some of that film."

The exhibitor laughed with a specious heartiness. "Well, Mr. Louden, that's a good one, that is; show you the fillum!" He wished he were so sure it was a joke. Louden didn't take long to put him out of doubt.

"What I mean, Geltmann, show me that film, now!"

"But—my operhator! He is eating, how should I know where?"

"You can run the machine, you know it and I know it. Come along."

Louden's face was redder than the sunset when they came out of the theater again. His pupils were dilated and his heart pounded his lungs. Three early-comers, school girls, giggled in front of the most suggestive of the colored broadsides on the walk. Their giggles turned to gasps at the sound of Louden's voice and the sight of his face above them.

"Go on home, you girls! Hear me? There's no show here to-night."

"Hey—*h-e-y!*" Geltmann's chin hung. "How do you get that way, no—"

"Because I mean it, there ain't!"

Red mottles appeared on the exhibitor's face. "Who says so?"

"I say so. This is my building and this is my town."

"Yas, only a joke could go too far. Don't forget it it's *my lease*."

"Lease hell! Your lease expires a week from Friday, remember; go on arguing any more and what chance you think you got to renew it?"

"My, my! If it should going to be *this* way, what chance you think I *want* to? Listen, Mr. Louden, I got nine-tenths a mind to clean out and—"

Louden began to roar. "All right, clean out, and do it now. Lock the door there and go on home. I'll wait here, don't worry. I'll tell 'em. . . . Hey! Geltmann! *That's* not your way home. Where you going?"

"Don't worry, you'll know pretty soon; I'm going to the police station."

Louden laughed out loud. He opened his palms and whacked his thighs.

"And when you get there tell Page Bluek you want him to pull Joe Louden in. Oh! Gh, my Gosh! I'd love to see Page's face."

Louden stood in the unwonted shadow under the entrance arch all through the earlier evening, saying to those that came, "No show to-night." For a while he felt quiet and solid and big, the lone fighter. He was sorry to have to turn them away; they were disappointed, of course. Yet for all his sympathetic qualms, especially when they were young folks, and more especially girls, he was aware of a hidden thrill. Last night they hadn't seemed to see him; they saw him to-night, all right.

And all the while, without quite knowing it, he was waiting. He had Ed's daughter, Irma, on his mind. Each time a car drew up at the farther curb and an occupant got down to come across and peer, he held his breath. Poor Irma, she had looked so flabbergasted when he spoke to her last night. She would be even more startled to-night in the dark. He would want to forestall that; want to step out and lay a hand on her shoulder with an affectionate indulgence, chiding, "It's only Joe Louden. It's only me."

He began to grow impatient. His

"No show to-night!" was hoarser, and the cars, flashing their headlights as they rolled away, disappointed of entertainment, got on his nerves. He didn't know what it was until, in one of them over there under the tent of the young leaves, he heard a girl's voice, "Some luck, that is. Let's go!" And then, lifted, calling to the roadster behind, "Oh, Ethel! Jamie and Ethel! Mac and I are going to the Dam."

*They weren't disappointed.* The discovery was like a mean blow under the belt, driving him wild. Turning them away from the theater, he had only turned them out unwatched into worse, the starry privacy of the plain—the plain that in his younger days had been his own.

When the next car came squealing its brakes he surrendered to his indignation and strode out, holding his hand up like a traffic cop.

"No show to-night. You go on home and put that car up. You hear?"

The roadster, not quite stopped, took startled flight. Under the arc at the corner Louden saw that it was the Pola kid, alone.

He returned to his station, his spirits amazingly restored. It was a little thing, Pola's being alone. But he chuckled. "I gave *him* a scare!"

And presently, dreaming out into the deserted street, he heard soft footfalls and saw a shadow slip in around a corner of the arch.

Irma was flabbergasted.

"It's only me," he said. "It's only Joe Louden, Irma." He laid a hand on her shoulder. And then, startled himself, "What's this you got?" He took the bag out of her hand and stared at it. "What th'—*Heck!*"

Her face was ghost white. Her eyes were as big as silver dollars and her mouth hung ajar. She wore a suit and a hat, carried gloves and a pocket-book, and that traveling-bag.

"Irma, what's the idea?" But he was only talking; two and two had already made their scandalous four in his brain.



What he was thinking was, "Thank Heaven I was here!"

"Irma, it's time you were home. I'm going to walk on along with you."

After a block she grew so heavy in his hand that, not wanting to hurt her arm, he put his own around her to steady her along. She struggled a little. Finding it did no good she began to cry.

"Oh, Mr. L-L-Louden—pl-l-please—c-c-can't go h-h-h-home. . ."

He had told Ed, warned Ed. Yes, and it was the Pola boy too. Aimed to get her out there, run off with her, Ed's little girl, and on money stolen from Elkhart, most probably. The thief, the skirt-chaser, the dirty Dago brat, he ought to be hanged! Poor Irma, listen to her sob. Feel her shake, as if she would shake her pretty, innocent body in frightened pieces.

He held her tighter and petted her shoulder with compassionate fingers.

"Now, now. . . There, there. . . I'll stand behind you, trust Joe."

He wondered whether, if he were to bend and kiss her on the forehead, very gently, it would make it any easier for her to know that, poor child. But already they were at the steps.

Cass and Loudon sat downstairs, silent, their heads bowed and their elbows on their knees. They didn't know they hadn't even begun to suffer yet.

It was nearly midnight when Mrs. Cass down to stand in the doorway. Her face looked queer, her eyes queerer; her voice was the queerest of all.

"Edward! I got it out of her at last, why she aimed to run off."

Both men got up, their legs of a sudden as stiff as stilts.

"Edward! Irma is going to have a—baby."

The first thing Cass said was, "Who's the fellow?"

"She won't tell me. I could kill her, she says."

"Well? Why don't you?"

But immediately after the savage word Cass grew tired. He sat down, his

face in his hands. His wife sank on the sofa, her face in hers.

Then Loudon laughed. It was a funny thing to hear.

"No need her telling. I know."

"The hell you do!" Cass lifted his head. "You sure?"

Again the funny laugh, thin in the top of Loudon's mouth. Going to the mantle he took down Ed's old quirt and lariat, leaving only the silver-mounted headstall that hung there in remembrance of the hero days. The rope was of horsehair, the whip of green hide, loaded with shot. "Come on, Ed." He plucked Cass's shoulder. "We'll stop by and get Elk."

Twice on the way to Elkhart's Cass repeated, "You sure, Joe?" The vacillation in the dazed fellow's tone completed Loudon's madness. It was like a mosquito on a mortal wound. "If you're going at it in *that* spirit, Ed!"

Jerry Pola had a room above the store. Whether he had been asleep or only shamming it, he acted half witless as he pulled on his clothes under the eyes of his employer and Loudon and Cass.

Of the three, Loudon alone spoke.

"Don't look so damn innocent. You know well enough why we're here."

"I—I—but I don't."

"I bet you don't. Look at this man here. I bet you don't know a thing about who got this man's daughter in trouble, eh?"

"I n-n-never! I *never*!"

Louden started toward him. Elkhart got in his way. But Loudon said, "I'm not going to hit him here; what you think? All I want—here, you hold him while I tie his arms." And when the boy's elbows were triced behind him, "Now you march yourself down stairs!"

The touring car at the door was Elkhart's, but after hustling the paralyzed lad into the front seat Loudon himself climbed in behind the wheel and kicked the self-starter. He had to do everything, it seemed. Ed and Elk acted as though it were *his* funeral, not theirs; they made him sick. "Get a

move on!" he imprecated the laggards. "Pile in there behind."

And still they vacillated. Still they wanted to argue.

"Look, Joe." Elkhart cried. "What you say we turn the kid over to Page Bluek till we get the facts down cold? He swears he hadn't a thing—"

"He swears!" Louden had to spit.

Then Cass, "You know me, Joe, if I was anywhere near dead certain—"

"You're *some* father, you are. Look out of the way then, both of you!"

Throwing the clutch straight into second, Louden made the car jump.

Half a moon stood in the sky when the car left the shade of the street-plantings and entered on the open plain. Under its illumination the road ran as taut as a bowstring to the horizon, dust white. Louden drove faster and faster, and faster and faster raced his disordered thoughts. This boy—and pretty Irma! He saw them in pictures, flickering, livid white, like movies before his eyes, where the road should have been.

"When *was* all this? Where were you? Say!" He turned on the prisoner the inquisition of his vein-netted eyes, the breath ballooning in his lungs. "Say, open your face! All right, *be* obstinate. It's your lookout; go on and be!" As he gazed at the pliant grace, the virility and beauty of the frightened sinner's youth, he began to be frightened himself. "One thing I mustn't do, I mustn't let go and actually kill him."

A line of shadow appeared on the plain, the railroad, then little houses miles away. Louden stopped the car.

"Get out. Stand up!" he cried, as the boy, deprived of his arms, missed footing and sprawled among the prickly-pear beside the road. Pola stood up. His legs shook, his lip was caught between his teeth, his eyes were all whites as they stared at the quirt in the monitor's hand.

"Now, Pola, you ought to be cut to pieces, but I'm going to give you one last chance. Will you tell me the truth? Was it you? Did you do it?"

The boy's face went wrinkly; his lip escaped his teeth.

"Wait! Mr. Louden, wait, yes, yes—yes I did—"

"You *did*!"

The snake of God's vengeance struck. The green hide bit-through clothing into flesh. The sinner was down, bucking like a spitted cutworm; veiled by the dust that rose around him in the moonlight the red streaks springing out on his back and thighs looked fantastic and harmless, like a dream.

An ecstasy flooded Louden's being, a crimson flood of redemption, centering in the arm that rose and fell. "Take that! And that!" And all the while a voice cried inside of him, distracted, "Stop! For God's sake stop before you murder him, man!"

Louden stopped. He threw the quirt away from him, into the car. He undid the lariat with shivering hands. Taking a bill from his billfold he dropped it beside the face resting quiet among the grass roots. "Listen! You walk into Wheatville there and take the first train comes and don't show your dirty face in this county ever again. A word to the wise, that's all."

As he drove home, as the wind cooled and dried his face and his breast moderated its heaving, Louden passed into a state of tranquillity, moral and physical, such as he had not known for years. Decent, he had scourged indecency; mature, he had given upstart youth the lesson it cried for, these days. He felt at once puissant and at peace. When he saw his town darkening the night ahead he wanted of a sudden to take it in his arms and possess and shield it. He wanted to make things right for Ed and Mildred, and for poor Irma. Poor Irma, she hadn't meant—hadn't wanted—girls of her age don't know what they mean or what they want. What they really want is guidance, the loyal hearts, the strong arms, the clear eyes of their friends.

Louden caught his breath. Peace gave way to ecstasy again, and this time



the flood was as white as the lightning of Heaven. . . .

There were still lights in the Cass house when he came. Going up on the piazza he called in through the screen door, "Ed! Oh, Ed Cass!"

Cass appeared above. "What's wrong, Joe? We're up here; come up." He looked as dazed as ever as Loudon mounted. "Irma's gone to bed, Joe. We're in there."

A new air entered the room with Loudon. Without opening his mouth it was as if he said, "Why all the tragedy? This isn't anything fatal, you know."

He stopped beside the bed and looked down at the careless hair hiding the face averted on the pillow. On his own face there came a light of compassionate foolery. "Cheer up, little girl; the worst is yet to come."

"Him, you mean?" Cass looked worried.

Loudon sat down. Cass and his wife were both watching him and so, of a sudden, was Irma. Aware of her eyes, dark in the shadow of the bed-clothes, dwelling on him with a fixity of fascination, he straightened his tie, brushed his hair back, and grinned in humorous reassurance.

"Him, Ed? Don't worry, he's pulled his freight. You won't be bothered by *him* any more in this neck of the woods. . . . Why?"

"Well, I don't know—" Cass stared at the carpet, his chin hanging. "I don't know—it leaves us in kind of a hole—and—and—"

"And when you're where you have to make the best of the worst," Mrs. Cass added, but there Loudon stopped her with a lifted hand.

Irma and he were still gazing into each other's eyes, an intense and privy communion which might, be told himself, mean almost anything. It magnified his compassion and made his heart thud. He began to speak.

"Ed, you and I have stuck together for some years. If you know me, you know I don't quit. Ed and Mildred,

there's a house at Twenty-one Denver Street that's waiting for Irma if she'll take it. There's A. J. Loudon's name for her if she wants to put a Mrs. in front of it. If you're looking for a prize beauty, that's one thing; but if you're looking for a name nobody's going to say a word against, off color, that's another. . . . Well, Irma? This is so sudden, eh?" He chuckled, and turning to the parents, "There you are; take it or leave it, Ed."

He could not have asked for better thanks than the silence that followed. Mrs. Cass, wilting forward suddenly, put her face in her hands and wept. He jumped up and patted her shoulder. "There, Mildred, there, there, there!" He turned and held his hand out impulsively to Cass. Cass put his own into it after a moment, hesitant and heavy. "Joe," he protested, "you—you got no call to do this. I—honest, Joe, I don't know what to say."

"Don't say a word. I'm happy to do it. There'll be no fuss. I'll just bring the minister and Hurley around tomorrow—or no, by Gosh, *to-day*."

Looking between the bannisters as he went down stairs, Loudon saw Irma's eyes still fixed in his direction through the high doorway of her room.

The world was big and the night was good as, utterly forgetting Elkhart's car, he walked. Yes, it is more thrilling to give than to receive.

Once in his bedroom, all the lights on, he didn't know whether to stand or sit. It was as if dozens of electric lights were ablaze inside the walls of himself, and his nerves the wires running to them.

He studied the room with new eyes, a new excitement. Novel speculations multiplied. Would she like it? Would she like those curtains or others of her own? Would she want the bed there or facing the other way? Oh, yes, and one thing! when Mrs. Falek came in tomorrow he must remember and tell her to change the sheets and pillow-cases. No—*to-day*!

He couldn't go to bed, couldn't sleep. In his nervousness, puttering about, he knocked over Caroline's photograph. It was in an awkward place anyway. He was about to stuff it into a drawer when conscience stopped him. He held it under the light and faced it squarely.

"Well, you'd be glad, I know that, Caroline. You'd be proud of me."

For she had been glad of everything that was right and kind. How typical she had been of the country she had lived in, brought in one generation from wildness to worth! After all, no better wife had ever been . . .

He ought to be getting some sleep. But when he looked at the bed, somehow, he didn't want to go near it. He sat in an easy chair and dreamed.

It was a shame, though, what Irma was up against. Tragic.

It was afternoon when he awakened. He blinked then he sprang up in the glory of the new day. He took a bath, shaved to the pink, put on his best suit, his vici kids, the choice of his ties. He walked out across the earth flooded with God's sunlight. Peace on it! and good will toward men!

At the parsonage he met with a slight disappointment. Mr. Crane was out. At the city clerk's office Hurley Flack was out too. Where? Then Loudens had to grin. Flack had been seen going off with Mr. Crane and Mr. Cass. Darn Ed anyway! always in a stew to get started.

As he walked toward Cass's, by degrees his pace increased. The window shades, when he arrived, were all pulled down. The front door was open but the screen was latched, as he found when he shook it.

"Ed! Ed, where are you? Mildred! Somebody!"

"Yes, Joe?"

It wasn't Ed, it was his wife. Curiously diffident, she remained at a distance from the screen door, not offering to open it.

"Where's Ed, Mildred?"

"Where's Ed? Why—why, Ed—why, Ed's gone to Wheatville."

"Mildred—where's Irma?"

"Why, Irma—Irma's gone to Wheatville too." The silence of the man outside the door then was the last straw. She began to cry, half ashamed, half defiant, "I don't believe you can know how distracted we've been, Joe. So when the poor boy called up from Wheatville—wanting to marry Irma—why Ed got Hurley and Mr. Crane, and by now—Oh dear! it's for the best!"

Yesterday the immortal spark in Loudens had been quick to anger; now it seemed intolerably slow. He felt the cold beginning at his heart and creeping out toward his skin and up along his windpipe.

"So, Mildred," he said at last, "you've sold out to them."

He turned and went down the steps, then turned again and came heavily back to press his face against the screen.

"And the humorous part is—for what? Judas Iscariot got thirty pieces of silver, anyway."

Loudens hardly knew in what direction he was walking, and it doesn't matter much anyhow which way a dead man walks. Elkhart, meeting him on McKinley Avenue, studied him from under his lids.

"What's eating you, Joe? Say, I hear you damn near killed that kid."

Loudens stopped short, and the stopping seemed to start his heart.

"While you were hearing, did you hear what Ed Cass has gone and done?"

"Yeah—mmmm . . . That's Ed, all over, ain't it?"

The blood had got back to Loudens's face at last. "It's going to be Ed all over—somewhere else but here. Elk, listen, we're not beat; we haven't begun to fight yet. Listen, there's a few of us aren't going to take what's happening to this town laying down. There's going to be a clean-up, *now!* Listen, you boys been wanting me for mayor for a long time; well you're going to get me



now. The Klan's been wanting to get in here; well it's coming in here now. And when it comes, Elk, there's some folks—"

"Mmm-yeah, you're right, Joe." Elkhart pushed his hat back, hooked his thumbs in his vest, and frowned thoughtfully at a nearby water plug. "Only, Joe, don't you think you ought to take a holiday first? You been working pretty hard. Do you good. Listen, I'm starting for Denver on the six-five to buy goods. Listen, Joe, what you say?" Elkhart ended the longest speech of his life by slapping the other's shoulder with his big, urgent hand. "Come on pack a suitcase! That's the eye!"

A man can't fight his hundreds without needing a rest. The fire had passed from Loudon. Of a sudden he was tired. Elkhart was right.

Yes, Elkhart had been right. Already sitting in the smoker and watching the plain stream by beneath the dusk, it had done Loudon a world of good. It is amazing how swiftly, under the lenitive of fifty-miles-an-hour, a man's perspective comes straight again. . . . Irma! What was Irma? A sullen, perverse, spoiled little girl, not even very pretty. She had asked for what was coming to her; he was sorry; but, whew! he was glad after all he wasn't going to have her on his hands. He was glad to be out of it and Denver ahead.

It was a long time since he had been to Denver with any of the boys. Elkhart was talking about Denver now, fragments reminiscent and meditative, half to himself, a light in his eyes. He had had a nip or so. Elkhart didn't drink in his own town, ordinarily, but when he got on the train for Denver (it was law of the Medes and Persians) in his right-hand hip pocket he carried a pint of rye.

"Them days, Joe! Remember? . . . You weren't a heller, you weren't a go-getter or nothing, them days, *Oh*, no. . . . Remember the year we drove up Meeker's yearlings? Remember St. Louie Sue? . . . Remember the Double

Eagle? . . . Remember Caroline's old man that night, fit to tie? 'No-sir, nobody ruins a daughter of mine he don't pay for it with his hide!' Gosh, you were lucky, Ed Cass was along. . . . Argue, Ed could . . . Starts out to argue the old geek into just simply laying off the shot-gun; ends up by arguing him into buying you and her the wedding-ring, be dogged if he didn't. . . ."

Both men sat up straight, waked up all of a sudden. Reminiscence, in league with the hypnotic beat of the wheels on the fish-plates under the train, had carried them farther than either realized. Loudon was white.

Elkhart was red. He began to gulp. "Joe, by God-now! I never meant—well, you know what I know—I'd like to know what the town of Midway would ever've been without you and Caroline."

After a moment Loudon's shoulder let down. He began to grow red himself, and looked out of the window, half sheepish, half sullen.

"Ed didn't do it all, at that. All I was, I was waiting. And you'd have seen, if the old boy had actually once pointed that gun my direction. I could take care of myself."

"You sure could, you sure could. A man had to, them days."

"Things went, them days, that don't go now. It was different."

"It sure was. When this country was rough and we were young, Joe . . . Look here, Joe, have a snifter."

Loudon put his head down in the corner behind Elkhart. A man doesn't want everybody in sight watching him when he takes a drink.

There was a patch of glow under the mountains ahead. The City . . .

"Young!" said Loudon. "What you mean, young, Elk? We got a lot of good years left. And when I get back home there's those that'll know it, don't you forget it. Geltmann, for one. I don't care if that building stands empty twenty years; that town's ours, not his."



# COLONIAL HISTORY DEBUNKED

IT'S A WISE CHILD THAT KNOWS ITS OWN FOREFATHERS

BY HAROLD UNDERWOOD FAULKNER

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**P**ROBABLY no period in our history has received more exhaustive investigation from the hands of historians and antiquarians than those interesting years between the discovery of America and the War of the Revolution. Innumerable are the names of those who have cultivated this fruitful vineyard of historical research, the list including a majority of our ablest historians.

It is surprising, therefore, to realize that, notwithstanding the vast amount of very excellent work done in this field, there is no period in our history so little understood by the average American. It is astonishing how large is the amount of almost unadulterated bunk which has been regularly disseminated in books and school rooms, often by those who should know better. The small amount of information, consequently, which the average Babbitt possesses concerning this century-and-a-half of American civilization is a strange mixture of fiction and fact, with the former quite usually predominating.

## II

The curious myths of colonial history encompass even the European background. One of these which has for years been glibly taught to high-school and college students is the story that the discovery of America was brought about by the crushing burdens which the Ottoman Turks placed upon Asiatic trade, thus stimulating the search for

new routes to the Far East. This simple explanation of a complicated phenomenon is of uncertain origin, and of more than questionable validity. It is so beautifully simple, in fact, that it is a wonder it was not investigated and discarded years ago. It was not until 1914 that Professor Albert H. Lybyer in a seven-page paper supposedly punctured this myth by showing (1) that the Turks had nothing to do with the two most important trade routes until they captured Syria and Egypt in 1516 and 1517, while the great maritime discoveries took place in 1487, 1492, and 1498; (2) that the old flow of oriental wares through Syria and Egypt was maintained unbroken until 1502; and (3) that there was no permanent elevation of prices on oriental products before this date, and so there could have been no serious obstruction. At the same time he suggested that the motives "related to religion, crusading, conquest, and adventure probably outweighed the seeking of spices in the minds of the great explorers and their royal supporters." Yet the old explanation continues to be recounted in our halls of higher and lower learning with the same naïve faith that it was of yore.

## III

Probably more liberties have been taken with the truth as regards the history of Virginia than with that of any other of the colonies. One of the most persistent bits of fiction regarding the



Old Dominion is that a goodly proportion of its wealthy families emanated from the nobility of England and came to Virginia in the years after the decapitation of Charles I. As a matter of fact, the Virginian aristocracy developed almost entirely within the colony, and the larger part of it was derived from the English merchant class. The "great Cavalier exodus" stressed by Fiske and other historians never took place; Wertenbaker, the most accurate of the recent Virginian investigators, has been able to find but a handful of the gentry who originated from the Cavaliers. "Few men of rank," says the sociologist, Arthur W. Calhoun, "ever came to the 'wilderness of Virginia' and the planters were generally of bourgeois stock. Even the Cavaliers were not necessarily of noble blood. The leading families of Virginia had exactly the same origin as those of New England. The Virginia middle class sprang from the families of immigrants of humble means and origin, which migration began early and continued through the seventeenth century."

The colonial Virginian stock was, in fact, primarily recruited from the lower middle and poorer classes in England—those groups whose economic position at home was hopeless. A number of these, especially before 1635, were able to pay their own passage and to set up immediately as small proprietors. The great majority, however, of the immigrants to Virginia came as indentured servants. Between 1635 and 1680 there arrived in that colony annually from 1000 to 1600 servants, Governor Berkeley estimating the annual immigration at 1500. Wertenbaker believes that 80,000 would be a conservative estimate of the number of indentured servants who landed, asserting that they were the most important factor in the settlement of the colony. "In 1641," says he, "according to a statement of Governor Berkeley, there were but 40,000 people in the colony. The immigration of servants had been in progress for fifty years, and the number brought over must have

exceeded the total population of the state. Even after making deductions for the mortality of the laborers in the tobacco fields which in the first half of the century was enormous, we are forced to the conclusion that the percentage of those that came as freemen was small." Although these indentured servants represented almost every class in society, in general they were, as Becker describes them, an "inferior and servile" class. In brief, then, the white colonial population of Virginia, instead of being composed of the best elements of English society, was composed to a considerable extent of the worst.

While discussing Virginia it might be well to point out another current misapprehension. Most people, including students of American history in the schools, think of the colonial South as a community in which the social and economic unit was the large plantation worked by slaves and supervised by cultured gentlemen who lived a life of opulence and refinement. Where this idyllic picture originated is difficult to determine. As a matter of fact, there were few slaves in Virginia until the eighteenth century. In the second place, although the tone of Virginian society was given by wealthy planters of the type of the Beverleys, Carters, and Byrds, most of the southern whites were small landholders, as Wertenbaker has conclusively demonstrated from the records. Professor W. E. Dodd, a leading Southern historian, maintains that "nine-tenths of the South's landowners at any period in her history were small proprietors." In the third place, the Southern planter of large estate, where he existed, may have lived in opulence, but it was a crude plenty, and he was more than likely to be head over heels in debt to his London agents. Like his English prototype, the country squire, he was a hard-drinking, horse-racing farmer, whose recreation was more often found following the hounds than in perusing the classics, and whose sexual appetite was as likely to be appeased



in the quarters of his slaves as in the bonds of holy matrimony. Joseph Hergesheimer in Richard Bale of *Balisand* has given us a picture of the Southern planter of a type above the average as he existed at the end of the colonial period. Richard Bale, although brave, loyal and courageous, was ignorant, bigoted, narrow-minded, devoid of intellectual interests of any kind, absorbed in politics, liquor, horse-racing, and the petty affairs of his estate.

#### IV

The matter of the origin and composition of the Virginian people brings up the whole question of colonial population. From the pride with which the Colonial Dames and other descendents of the early settlers point to their ancestors one would suppose that they were supermen, the *ne plus ultra* of European society. On the contrary, a majority belonged to the class at home who were economically beaten or who were persecuted for religious or political beliefs. The latter element, of course, as dissenters from the majority belief and, as such, the radicals of their day, were likely to be above the average; the former group however, driven out by economic pressure, left reluctantly and contributed a racial stock highly undesirable, except as providing a supply of cheap labor. It should be remembered that after the early years most of the increase in colonial population came from natural growth within the colonies or from the indentured servants brought in by exploiters. Relatively few immigrants who were economically independent came to America of their own initiative during the colonial period.

Although Virginia was particularly unfortunate in its immigrants, it was not alone. North Carolina and Maryland received a considerable addition to their population from indentured servants who had served their time in Virginia and pushed on to the frontiers to take up land, or from runaway servants and

criminals of that colony. William Byrd, who ran the dividing line between Virginia and her southern neighbor in 1728, speaks of the North Carolinians as irreligious, immoral, dirty, and incurably lazy. "To speak the truth," he says, "it is thorough aversion to labor that makes people file off to North Carolina, where plenty and a warm sun confirm them in their disposition to laziness for their whole lives." It is almost needless to say that the "poor whites" of the South to-day are to no small extent descended from the servile class of Europe. It is also obvious that some of the best stock in the South came from the more virile "Scotch-Irish" and Germans who pushed down the Appalachian valleys from Pennsylvania in the last half of the eighteenth century.

What has been said of the population of the three southern provinces just mentioned applied to most of the northern colonies, but to a lesser degree. In the North the self-sufficient farm obtained rather than the large plantation and, as a consequence, the pressure for cheap labor was not so great. Nevertheless, indentured servants of various types and the beaten and outcast of many nations formed a goodly proportion of the immigrants. Even in New England, which in many respects was fortunate in her founders, we find Governor Bradford of Plymouth giving the details of a most degrading sex crime and lamenting the fact that the country was "pestered with many unworthy people" and trying to explain "how came it to pass that so many wicked persons and profane people should so quickly come over into this land." His explanations are interesting and have a very modern ring to them. The chief reasons which he advanced were (1) that the great need of servants in a new land forced those in need of help "who could not have such as they would . . . to take such as they could"; (2) that ship owners "to make up their freight and advance their profits, cared little who the persons were, so they had money



to 'pay them"; (3) that many "adhere to the people of God, as many followed Christ for the loaves sake," and (4) that many "were sente of their friends some under the hope they would be made better, others that they might be eased of such burthens and they kept from shame at home that would necessarily follow their dissolute courses." Any one who has taken the trouble to run over the colonial court records of a typical New England community, such as Plymouth, with the depressing series of indictments for sexual crimes there to be found, cannot help but realize that there was a considerable sub-normal racial stock present. From whence, then, comes this exaggerated pride in colonial forbears and this idea that the colonist was a superman and the very flower of Nordic civilization?

We are told quite frequently that the population of the colonies at the conclusion of the colonial period was racially homogeneous and so prepared for revolt against Great Britain. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Of the estimated 2,750,000 in the colonies, at least one-tenth were negroes, one-tenth Germans and Dutch, and one-tenth "Scotch-Irish," so that it would be quite fair to say that at least one-third of the population in 1775 emanated from stock which did not come from England, but had sailed from Africa, Germany, France, Sweden, Scotland, Ireland, and elsewhere. It was the lack of homogeneity rather than its presence that helped to bring on the conflict. Nor was the Revolution itself any great Anglo-Saxon crusade for the protection of endangered liberty; it was a revolution brought about by economic and social interests which were different from those of Great Britain, and which can with a fair amount of accuracy be determined.

The myth regarding the English origin of the colonial racial stock has to no small extent been due to the analysis made by the Census Bureau in 1909 of the population revealed in the 1790 enumeration based on the names of the

heads of families. Their distribution percentage was: English 82.1, Scotch 7, Germans 5.6, Dutch 2.5, Irish 1.9, French .6, and all others .3. This enumeration has justifiably called down the ridicule and denunciation of various racial historians. The Irish, in particular, have had cause for criticism, and it must be admitted that one of the fetishes of colonial historians has been the extraordinary emphasis placed upon the "Scotch-Irish." The very name "Scotch-Irish" is an anomaly. The settlers in Ulster were mostly English or lowland Scotch, the latter chiefly English rather than Scotch in origin. In Ireland they maintained their racial integrity to a considerable extent, and thus when they came to America, racially they were hardly Scotch or Irish. In America, however, they always called themselves Irish, the term "Scotch-Irish" being a concoction of recent historians. Although it is impossible to determine with exactness, there is no doubt that the immigration into America of pure Irish was much larger than has been generally believed, and that of the "Scotch-Irish" much less. According to an Irish historian friend of mine, this mistake in racial statistics is partly attributable to the fact that whenever an Irishman joins the Protestant church or the Masonic order he forthwith becomes "Scotch-Irish."

## V

Our attention was directed earlier in this article at certain myths in Virginian history. The popular conception of colonial New England is just as erroneous, only in this case the trouble arises from an excess of hostile criticism, due to no small extent to a natural tendency to blame most of the unpopular features of our civilization upon New England Puritanism. The picture which the average individual has of early New England is that of a community where a lot of long-faced canting hypocrites divided their attention between sterile fields and a horrible theology, and

dragged out a gloomy existence under the iron rule of a ministerial oligarchy, the monotony varied only by the pleasure of occasionally hanging a Quaker or burning a witch. Because a lying Episcopalian parson, one Sam Peters, in his *General History of Connecticut* (1781) invented a number of so-called "Blue Laws," many to-day still profess to believe that to kiss one's child on the Sabbath, to make mince pies, and to play on any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet, and jew's harp were criminal offences under the laws of New Haven. Certainly seventeenth-century New England left much to be desired as a place to live in, but in comparison with other parts of the world at the same time, and with present-day civilization in America, it stands up quite favorably.

In the first place, the criminal code of New England was no harsher than that of certain of the other colonies, and was certainly much softer than that of "Merry England." Thirty-one offenses were punishable by death in the "mother country" at the beginning of the reign of James the First, the list growing larger until in 1819 it reached the number of two hundred and twenty-three, of which one hundred and twenty-six were without benefit of clergy. Massachusetts by her first code in 1641, and Connecticut in 1642 imposed the penalty of death upon twelve offenses only. New Haven later added two or three, but with reservations which left to the courts much leeway as to enforcement. The laws in New England were not only less cruel than in England but they were enforced with less severity. That there was considerable interference by the government in the personal affairs and private life of the colonial New Englander is not to be denied; but who are we who live in an age of the eighteenth amendment, of legal injunctions, of espionage acts, of "Palmer raids," of anti-evolution laws, and innumerable other viola-

tions of personal liberty, and who have barely raised a protest at the passing of such liberty, to sneer at our forebears? When the great Timothy Dwight observed in 1821 that "In no state in the world was an individual of more importance as a man than in Connecticut" and that "such a degree of freedom was never before united with such a degree of stability," he spoke words which were decidedly more applicable to conditions at that time than they are in that commonwealth to-day.

True enough, New England for almost two centuries was virtually, though not technically, a theocracy; but it should be remembered that the clergy of colonial New England were the best-educated, often the only educated, individuals in the community, and exercised power through the force of intellectual superiority as well as through the prestige which came from their position as head of the most important social institution in the community. The possibility of a society ruled by its most intelligent citizens is so far removed from the degenerate democracies of our own time that it is quite beyond our powers of comprehension. Hence, I suspect, the somewhat condescending attitude which we assume toward our ancestors. Those of us who have dallied in the tap rooms or before the fireplaces of the cosy colonial taverns, or have stood in amazement at the sure and often rich art of New England georgian as displayed in the Royall Mansion at Medford or the Lee Mansion at Marblehead, cannot help but feel that at least eighteenth-century New England could not have been such a hopeless place in which to abide. If some of the evils under which we suffer are, as is contended, the result of Puritanism, it was the Puritanism of those who moved out. Certainly New England has been as much as any part of our country the home of that religious, political, and personal liberty which is fast vanishing.





# THE FOGGS WERE SOLDIERS

A STORY

BY PARKHURST WHITNEY

A FAIR exchange was no robbery. Dear me! that was a horrid word to come popping into her mind at this particular moment. It wouldn't be robbery exactly. You might call it giving your customers what they wanted. These people wanted a story with their antiques. She wanted money. Each had what the other lacked and each would be happier for the exchange. And who would ever know? Certainly not these people.

Thus Miss Rachel Fogg, as she studied the backs of her callers. They were impressive, prosperous backs. They were the backs of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Coons of Cleveland, whose summer tour among the antiquities of New England had brought them to the historic Fogg house in Hanbury. They were now in that part of it known as Captain Fogg's room. The captain was long dead, but his memory was kept alive in this low-ceiled room whose windows looked down Ship Street toward the ocean. Here were his faded commission in the provincial militia, the dress sword presented him by his fellow townsmen, his portrait in uniform done by the stiff, uninspired brush of some unknown dauber. Here were his books on the art of war, his pewter plates and tankard, his tinder box, and long-barreled pistols.

Mr. Coons was fondling the captain's sword. "D'you suppose he ever killed anybody with it?" he inquired, and drew the blade as if hoping to find it still stained.

"Oh, no," said Miss Fogg. "It was a

ceremonial sword. It never saw service."

Mrs. Coons was lingering before the traveling candlesticks. "We got some like those in Portsmouth," she announced. "The woman that sold them said they used to belong to people that were Tories."

"Some of my ancestors were Tories, too," said Miss Fogg.

"They were!" Mr. and Mrs. Coons turned and spoke together. They were not quite sure, you could see, how that confession should be received.

"Many of the—the best people of the colonies were," Miss Fogg reminded them. "They were wrong, of course, but I always credited them with moral courage. My ancestors were attacked, their property seized, and their home burned. They escaped to Halifax and lived and died in want. But they were loyal to the King—to a principle, and I always admired that."

"Well, that's right," Mr. Coons agreed.

"Though I sometimes think," she added, "there is such a thing as loyalty to your own interests."

With a slight shrug Mrs. Coons turned away and swung idly down the room to the fireplace. "These plates," she said, examining the pewter ranged along the mantel, "look just like some we got at Duxbury. We got them from a family that is related to Miles Standish."

It began to appear that the visitors had everything that Miss Fogg had—with one possible exception. This was

the slant-top maple desk which stood between the north windows. They had passed this piece without comment, seemingly without a glance. But Miss Fogg's eyes were not blind nor her wits dull. She knew that dodge. What tourists wanted they ignored or mentioned only to disparage. She knew tourists. She knew you could fool them, too.

Miss Fogg's possessions were these: a good name, an old house, and antique furnishings. The Fogg's were soldiers; some by choice, some by their country's necessity. The New World has offered plenty of work for fighting men during its short history—the Indians, the French, the British, the Mexicans, the South. And from the earliest days to the Civil War the Fogg's had not missed an opportunity. Gallant, no doubt, but not calculated to lay the foundations of a permanent family fortune.

Rachel Fogg, last in the direct line and sentenced to spinsterhood, was also at war: the kind of war that involves most of us. The enemy is the tax collector, the butcher, and the baker. Miss Fogg's was a war of attrition. Year by year she was forced back, always back; at last she had to decide whether she should surrender and go to an old ladies' home or stand her ground and starve in genteel fashion.

She compromised. The placard in the railroad station and the village stores, describing points of interest in Historic Hanbury, carried this additional item: The Fogg House, A.D. 1687. Admission twenty-five cents.

Miss Fogg, in a gray silk dress and a lace cap, guided the summer visitor through her home, exhibiting her dough table and kitchen dresser, her highboy and rare Brewster chair. There was a meager living in it, which she hoarded like a squirrel against the long winter. But the war was not over. Lately she had been driven back to still another position. She had had to sell some of her heirlooms, dealing stealthily with strangers, hiding the fact from her

friends in Hanbury. This was hard, very hard. The roots of her family were deep in the soil of the town. She was digging them up. She was hastening the end of the Fogg's.

Sometimes she wished she could be laid away in lavender and exhibited with her antiques. "That's what I am," she mused. "An antique. I wish somebody would buy me."

There were no offers for Miss Rachel Fogg, but she could get good prices for some of her other possessions. The kitchen dresser went, the highboy, a good deal of her pewter. And Captain Israel Fogg's slant-top maple desk. That was the first sale and the one that hurt the most. She was getting a little used to the business now; but that first transaction had made her ill with grief and remorse. It was like selling the captain's bones. She had been so much perturbed that at the first opportunity she had bought a substitute, not so old as Captain Fogg's desk, nor so handsome, but enough like it, so that she herself could at times forget that the original had gone by night in the van of a dealer.

And now Mr. and Mrs. James B. Coons wanted the substitute. She was sure they did. Out of the corners of their eyes they were examining, calculating, perhaps wondering if the Fogg's could shed sufficient luster on their heirlooms to make the purchase interesting. And what the Coons wanted they could and would pay for. The enormous limousine, the liveried chauffeur, Mr. Coons' sporting tweeds, Mrs. Coons' summer frock spoke eloquently of money and good living. The authority and confidence that wealth gives was reflected in the man's round and aggressively good-humored face, and in his wife's well-nourished figure and complacent stare. The future of America was with the Coons of Cleveland, not with the Fogg's of Hanbury.

They had finished their inspection of Captain Fogg's room and had turned their faces toward Miss Fogg. She was



sitting down, wrapped in the enfolding arms of a wing chair. She was tired. She was always tired these days. The tourist season was at its height. The main highway of Hanbury, following the convolutions of the seashore, hummed and roared with the motors of a great army of visitors. The sound dinned at her ears and sometimes at her heart, stirring feelings of resentment against these curious, prosperous, acquisitive invaders.

But to be tired and resentful was not to be neglectful of opportunity; now was the time for owners of barren hillsides and decaying homes to reap the harvest. "Will you rest before you go?" she said. "Will you sit a spell?"

"Must be on the road," murmured Mr. Coons; but they made no immediate move toward the hall and then, as an apparent afterthought, Mrs. Coons spoke, "This Captain Fogg—was he ever in a war?"

"Yes," said Miss Fogg; "he was killed at Fort William Henry."

"Fort William Henry?" A crease appeared between Mr. Coons' eyes. "Why, that sounds like the Civil War."

"Oh dear no," chuckled Miss Fogg. "That was my father's war. This was the French and Indian War. It was in 1757."

Mrs. Coons' placid face betrayed her with a flicker of interest, as she turned to her husband. "How many years ago was that, Jim?"

"Le's see." Mr. Coons did a sum in subtraction, stabbing the air with a sturdy forefinger. "Le's see—seven from five leaves eight and one to carry—six from twelve—six—one . . . One hundred and sixty-eight years ago," he announced. "That's going back a ways."

"Quite a ways," agreed Miss Fogg. "So long ago it really doesn't matter, I suppose."

Mr. Coons recalled now that he had studied the French and Indian War when he was a boy. "But I'll admit I haven't thought much about it lately," he confessed.

Mrs. Coons said nothing, but she sat

down and deliberately, unerringly returned to her point. "How was he killed? Shot?"

"Well, yes and no." It pleased Miss Fogg to be tantalizing. She liked the man, but the woman's cold pursuit of her quarry was irritating. Besides it suited her purpose to be reluctant. Mrs. Coons wanted a story with her purchase. Let her work for it, then! She would appreciate it all the more afterward.

Mrs. Coons sniffed. "I don't see how that could—" she began.

"No, I suppose not," said Miss Fogg, a little ashamed of her manners. "He was shot, but so many awful things happened before that you could hardly decide what caused his death."

"What awful things?" asked the relentless woman.

"Well, it was this way," said Miss Fogg, deciding to expand moderately. "You see, the fort was surrounded by French and Indians under Montcalm. They were eight thousand against about two thousand in the fort. They had been fighting for days and Montcalm's bigger cannon were pounding the fort to pieces. It was only a question of how long the defenders could hold out—unless other soldiers came to their rescue. You see there was another fort—Fort Edward—about fifteen miles away. But General Webb—he was the commander there—had already refused to help the men at Fort William Henry."

"Why?" Mrs. Coons wanted to know.

"Oh, that's in all the histories," said Miss Fogg. "But I don't know that it'll help you much to read them. I suppose there were good military reasons, but I never saw much sense in military reasons."

"And your—that about Captain Fogg—is that in the histories, too?"

A determined, single-minded woman, that Mrs. Coons!

"Mercy no!" Miss Fogg folded her thin hands and sank farther back into the great wing chair. "What he did—what happened to him was not unusual. It happened to many soldiers in those

days—and people who weren't soldiers, too."

"Tell us about him, Miss Fogg," urged Mr. Coons sympathetically.

"Well, as I was saying," she resumed, "their only hope was General Webb, and that was a slim hope. They had sent messengers to him, but the Indians who were camped across the road between the two forts were too cunning. They caught the messengers and brought their heads, hoisted on spears, to show the defenders."

"Ugh! Really?" murmured Mrs. Coons.

"At last Colonel Monroe, the British commander, called a council of his officers. Montcalm had offered honorable terms of surrender and safe conduct. Should they accept? Some of the British were for accepting, but some of the militia officers felt differently, and Captain Fogg spoke up for them.

"‘Montcalm,’ he said, ‘is an honorable man. He promises sincerely. But we men of the colonies know Indians. Montcalm cannot promise for those savages out there. They outnumber his men as he outnumbers us. We have killed their braves. They will demand our lives in return. And Montcalm will not dare refuse them.’"

Miss Fogg looked across the room at the crude portrait of her ancestor. "That was prophecy," she observed, and went on with her story:

"Colonel Monroe asked Captain Fogg what he proposed.

"‘I would like to try to get through the lines to-night, and appeal once more to General Webb,’ he replied.

"‘General Webb,’ said the colonel, ‘has already decided that it is not wise to risk all the troops in this district in one battle against superior numbers. For my part, I think he is correct.’

"‘I don’t, sir,’ retorted Captain Fogg. ‘I admit the great difficulty of evading the Indians, but if I can get to Fort Edward I can convince General Webb that he is wrong. I can show him how a small force, using the tactics of the

Indians, can save us and, it may be, send Montcalm packing—’

"‘And if he still refuses?’ said the colonel.

"‘Then I shall call him a coward and I shall tell him that I will spread the story of his cowardice throughout the colonies,’ said Captain Fogg.

"‘Not with my permission, sir!’ roared the colonel. ‘I will send no officer to General Webb with such a message. British soldiers are not cowards, sir. And I shall give you an opportunity to reflect on your impudent words. Retire to your quarters! You are under arrest.’

"I guess," said Miss Fogg, a little breathlessly, "the seeds of the Revolution were already planted and beginning to sprout. General Braddock had disregarded the advice of colonial officers not long before, and his forces had been butchered by inferior numbers of French and Indians. The colonials were beginning to question the authority and wisdom of the redcoats."

She ceased and caught at her breath. My! she mustn’t get going like that. Mustn’t get worked up about things that had happened a hundred and sixty-eight years ago. She looked up to find that both visitors were regarding her intently.

"But they didn’t—he wasn’t shot for that, was he?" Mr. Coons was saying.

"Oh, dear no!" Miss Fogg marshalled her forces for the conclusion. "You see, he wasn’t seen in the fort after that. When he left the council of officers he disappeared. Nobody knew what happened to him. Not until after the garrison had surrendered and the massacre he predicted had been checked was his fate known. A young French officer sought out his comrades then and told them the story that was later brought to our family.

"He started out to go to General Webb after all. He was a headstrong young man. I guess he didn’t mind disobeying Colonel Monroe if he could carry out his own plans. But the Indians caught him. I suppose he had to leave the fort hurriedly and without



proper preparations. Anyway, the Indians caught him as he crept through their lines. They didn't kill him on the spot. A chief who spoke some English had a cunning plan. Let the captive go back to the fort and ask to be let in. Let him manage to keep the portal open. A band of braves would be waiting nearby. If the white man would do that, his life would be spared. Otherwise—"

Miss Fogg sighed again and interlaced her old fingers. "That wasn't much of a choice, was it? What miserable decisions we have to make sometimes—life without honor or death with it. . . . What would you do?" she fired the question suddenly at Mr. Coons. "Don't you think we make an awful pother about honor?"

"By golly!" Mr. Coons shook his head slowly, and got a little red. "I certainly should hate to have it put up to me—"

"Anybody would," agreed Miss Fogg.

"A man owes something to his folks, I always say," offered Mrs. Coons.

"Captain Fogg had a family," said Miss Fogg. "A young wife and a young son. And I suppose he did think of them. But he made his choice and— and so out in the dark woods they stripped him for the torture. He was not to die easily. They stuck knives in him. They mutilated him. They put splinters under his finger nails and set fire to them. They whooped and danced around his tortured body.

"It was the whooping that accompanied their hideous work which brought the young French officer to the scene. He thrust the savages aside and took Captain Fogg from the stake. But it

was too late. He was conscious but dying and suffering terribly. He asked the Frenchman to shoot him—put him out of his misery—"

Miss Fogg spread her hands, indicating the end of the story. She looked into the faces of her visitors. Had she told it well? Well enough? Perhaps she should have trimmed it up more. But Mr. Coons broke in upon her conjecturings with hearty assurances of approval.

"You ought to be proud of an ancestor like that, Miss Fogg!" His eyes were like a boy's, lighted with excitement at old tales of derring do. "I'd be proud, wouldn't you, Ella?"

"Yes—why yes, of course," she said, while her acquisitive eyes roamed around the room to light, as if by chance, on the slant-top desk. Ella would be proud; definitely intended, in fact, to be proud. She was thinking perhaps of her next luncheon at home. "My dear," she would be saying, "I must show you the old desk we picked up in New England last summer. It's been in the Fogg family—you must've heard of the Fogs—nearly a hundred and seventy-five years. The man that used it first—quite an interesting story."

Aloud, however, she was saying rather negligently, "That old desk up there—was that Captain Fogg's?"

Miss Fogg's heart fluttered and danced under her black-silk dress. There it was! Just as she had predicted! One little word would do it. Three people happier and nobody hurt. Not really hurt. It wasn't a bad desk. Quite good, on the contrary. But the word wouldn't come. It simply wouldn't come.

"Oh, dear no!" she said. "That's just something I picked up at an auction."



## SLUMBERERS OF THE SURGE

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

WHEN I began to be wonted to the long, winding kingdom of my shallow, underwater world, my first fine frenzy of inarticulate emotion at its strange landscapes and stranger inhabitants slowly changed to more specific appreciation. And the very first evidence of this was humorous—for I began to see close resemblances between these villagers of the deep and dear friends of mine. This is not to be read with a roar of laughter and an all-inclusive pseudo-witticism of queer looking people and “poor fish.” That is far from what I mean; it was in no way a question of special features or personal appearance, but often a matter of quite indefinable qualities: the way a grouper would come over a mound of coral, or a moorish idol peer up at me, the nervous flick of a small wrasse person brought often to mind a gait, a glance, or a trick of the hand of some acquaintance. These casual chuckles undermined the distraction of alienness, and at once I felt more at home. This was emphasized when I dived again and again in one spot, day after day, and saw, not only the same lanes and streets and mountains, but the identical fish themselves. The little old lady in Paris, garbed in black who used to pass me on her way to market every day had always the same tear in her veil; and now, the small fussy demoiselle fishlet which invariably scurried past when I had taken my seat was known to me among all her neighbors by the frayed spot on the side of her fin.

I succeeded in merging myself into the life of fishes, aided by the lack of fear, or even respect, with which they greeted

my entrance into their world. But when I began to think in words, I found that just as I had to have a stream of atmosphere flowing down to me, bringing with it all the little motes and beams belonging wholly to the upper world, so when my mind began resolving into outflowing words what my senses had sent to it, these were ever burdened with dry earthly similes and metaphors.

To an eye above the water my new kingdom's limits within the confines of these Cocos and Galapagos Islands would appear like a multitude of thinnest of rings scattered about just beneath the surface. For this is an egocentric kingdom as far as I am concerned, and its lower boundaries are those of my limited extremes of penetration. As for the upper frontiers, I admit neither rock nor weed ever bathed by the air even at lowest tide. All between I have made mine by right of imagination and a few score of timid entrances and creepings about. Yet always, while among my subjects, I must abide in a glass house and, like a humble water beetle, enclose within it a bubble of air. My impatience never ceases to desire to fling the glass windows wide open, and smell and taste and hear this new world—to *hear*, for there must be some rippling vibration of sound or other waves from so many thousands who forever mumble at one another with their lips.

One of my favorite neighborhoods of observation was a marvelous shire on the bottom of the east side of Chatham Bay, Cocos. Just as Cocos itself at this season was more often than not completely cloaked in a solid rain cloud, so



my capital was forever hidden from prying eyes by a liquid sheet of emerald-green.

Before describing an earthly city we always speak of its environment and background. What I saw as I looked around above water just before I dived was a sort of upground—I know of no other word—the beautiful, great bay with the *Arcturus* riding at anchor, while high overhead rose the steep mountain slopes of Cocos, covered with dense green jungles, tall palms and graceful, lacelike tree-ferns standing out above all the rest, while fig trees clung to the steepest slopes, dropping down perfect portières of dangling rootlets. In and out, like a warp of silver threads among the green foliage, shone the waterfalls—the glory of all this island loveliness, dozens of them, slipping down from rock to rock or sliding gently over hundred-foot stretches of emerald moss.

But now the diver's helmet is poised on high, dropped over my head—I am eclipsed, and change planets.

I sink down, down, down, and finally let go the last rung, drop quietly and deliberately on my feet, and look around at a city of giant mushrooms. A huge dome in front of me offered good climbing, so I kicked my feet and body free, and drifted to the top with slight tugs of my hands, gravitation all but negatived. From the top I looked down upon a marvelous boulevard of the whitest sand, bordered by edifices of coral beyond all adequate adjective and exclamation. In the middle distance I saw the palace of the Dalai Lama at Lhasa with its majestic down-dropping lines; beyond it, the corals had wrought a fairy replica of the temple of the Tirthankers at Benares. Then a cloud of pagodas filled the end of the sandy vista, silhouetted against the blue, at which I can never cease marveling whenever I think of this water world—a pale cerulean, oxidized now and then with the glimmering through of some still more distant monument. Invariably the architecture of the East was brought to mind, not

the semi-plagerized structures of most of our western efforts, but light, uplifted pagoda roofs, curving domes, and stalagmite minarets, together with the scroll-work which is lacelike but never gingerbread.

Through many days of watching—sometimes rising to the surface, gray with the soaking of water, or chilled and chattering, but always reluctantly—I studied the fishes, the aborigines of these places, and I found them astonishingly like humans in all their more important habits and concerns of life.

## II

Looking over my finny subjects in general, I found they were divided into distinct gens or castes, and these in turn separated more or less naturally into guilds and professions. From my seat at one end of the mushroom city I could pick them out—sometimes several at a glance. Over the coral, above its mounds and branches and labyrinths, there floated the castes of Free Nomads and Grazers. Shall I call them figuratively the zeppelins and the aeroplanes of the sea, or, with rather more exactness of applicability, the eagles and vultures, the parrots and woodpeckers? Or, best of all, let us credit them exactly for what they are.

As Nomads I should consider those fish people who usually hunt singly, but sometimes in small packs, who have no homes, no coral haunts or rocky retreats, but who live, feed, fight, mate, sleep, and die in mid-water. The sharks are these, yet not the rays and skates, which belong to the same natural order, but which have spread into various directions and appropriated an interesting and profitable field for themselves. Indeed, in the case of the sharks, what has not been usurped by them has been given them as endowment by legend and fancy. We humans adore to build up a scarecrow of straw and paper around things admirable in themselves, inflate it with hot air, then look at it, scream, and run terrified away. Cries of *Snake! Evolution! Shark!* are sufficient to throw

certain panic, timid souls into a horrified terror. All these fears have about the same basis of truth; out of seventeen hundred species of serpents living on the earth to-day less than one-third are harmful; undoubtedly there have been a few men who were at the same time, very bad men and believers in evolution; and there is no doubt that a few authentic cases of the attacks of sharks upon men have occurred. To condemn sharks in general is like never taking a taxicab because men have been run over and killed by taxicabs.

I have written elsewhere of individual sharks I have met, but here we are concerned only with their relations to the scheme of the shallow-water world. At Cocos there weaved in and out above me, occasionally coming down and curving around the great coral pagodas, sharks of three species. The white-finned and the Galapagos sharks were wandering nomads of distinctly vulturine habits, arousing no fear among smaller or weaker fish, but always on the lookout for a crippled or dead creature. They were the dominant scavengers, and after we had used dynamite, the sharks under water and the frigate birds above cleared away every specimen, no matter how small, that had been overlooked.

These two kinds of gray sharks were four to seven feet in length, and they swam slowly with wide lateral undulations of the head and body, keeping rather a dull outlook from their yellow eyes. The ability of the human imagination to see what it thinks it ought to see is astonishing. As long as my book-and-legend-induced fear of sharks dominated, I saw them as sinuous, crafty, sinister, cruel-mouthed, sneering. When I came at last to know them for harmless scavengers, all these characteristics slipped away, and I saw them as they really are—indolent, awkward, chinless cowards. They are to a barracuta as a vulture to an eagle; a ladyfish has a thousand times less weight and double their courage.

As regards tiger sharks—which by the

way, attain a length of thirty feet in my kingdom—I reserve judgment. I have had medium-sized ones swim up to within six feet and show signs of nothing more alarming than curiosity; but I have also seen a tiger shark snap up a baby sea lion close to a rookery of big males as though it were a minnow, and I have observed and shared the respect with which fish greet his appearance. I should catalogue him as an uncertain character—safe enough usually, but to be interviewed with the iron ladder between us.

Groupers are another tribe of Nomads, one without any sense of humor or the sophisticated casualness which seems to me to characterize most sharks. Groupers take life in grim earnest and, while they lack the pessimistic viciousness of barracutas and morays, yet they are persons of uncertain temper. Lack of size alone keeps them from being as much feared as tiger sharks. I was never wholly comfortable when these great brutes came up in their loose schools of six or eight, swimming so close that I often kicked at them or stabbed with my harpoon. Their reaction, after avoiding the stroke, was instantly to return and follow the foot or the instrument in a most disconcerting way. No shark was quicker—nor by a long ways as effective—in attack upon any fish in trouble or disabled as were these evil-mouthed fish.

Once I saw a giant ray or devilfish while I was perched on a coral throne. Dense schools of small fish passing overhead dimmed the light as would a cloud, but this huge creature actually caused a momentary eclipse as he flew close above me, so close indeed and so far beneath the top of the water that my companions did not notice him. My delight at seeing his enormous enamel-white expanse overhead was temporarily distracted by one of his wing tips catching in my hose of life, but it slipped around with no more than a sudden twitch to the helmet. I entered him in my census file as Nomad, unique so near shore, harmless, curious, playful, feeding on nothing more exciting than the minute shrimps and infant crabs



which paddle about near the surface, especially at night. All this I had gleaned from others of his kind which I had met farther out in the bay and elsewhere and always close to the top of the water. Devilfish he may be in appearance because of his horns and tail and the color of his cloak, but he has a gentle soul. This giant must have a courtship of sorts and a consorting for a time with a mate, but I have found him the most solitary of behemoths.

The last member of the tribe of True Nomads and far and away my favorite, is a splendid blue carangid, two feet or more in length and swifter than any other. In clans of ten or a dozen they come out of the translucent blue and, as they approach, slip off the azure veil which dims them and flash out pure silver, for, from my position, I see them with the eye of a true dweller in these deeps. They are built with the finest of stream lines, narrow tail peduncle aft, wide crescentic tail, long, falcate pectorals. Around and around me they go, arousing keen interest and admiration, where the groupers induced suspicion and distrust. I felt that these were fish of caste, fighting, if they must, in the open. Their relation to other smaller fish was a mystery or else to be explained by sleight-of-fin legerdemain. None paid any more attention to them than to the Grazers. Yet these were of a far other sort. Three separate times I saw one of these carangids move out of the circle they were drawing around me, with a twist and a flash as quick as light, and each time a small wrasse swimming near absolutely disappeared. It reminded me of the frog-and-his-tongue trick—a frog facing a fly a considerable distance away, and suddenly the fly is gone. You are sure it went down the frog's throat, but no human eye is quick enough to see all the details. And so the flash of silver caranx seems not to approach or touch the little wrasse—and yet the wrasse is no longer interested in food or life and the caranx is back in place, swimming quietly, breathing gently.

These fish would take no bait and they avoided the repeated stabs of my grains with less than effort, and only when we took advantage of them with a stick of dynamite was I able to name them for certain, *Caranx melampygus*, and to study their marvelous body engine at leisure. I learned as much as any instantaneous cross-section could provide, of which one fact only is of interest here. A female with ripe ovaries was about to deposit one hundred and fourteen thousand eggs. This showed clearly that, no matter how well able the full-grown fish are to take care of themselves, the young fry must be threatened with a host of dangers to render such a number of eggs necessary to maintain the species. To return in this connection, for a moment, to another Nomad: let us consider the devilfish which produces but a single young weighing nearly thirty pounds at birth. On this very trip I examined such a lusty infant and could see no means of defense by which it could escape the attack of a barracuta or tiger shark. I should like sometime to take a year off and do nothing but study the life history of the devilfish.

Once when a small boy I was studying the common bird life of a small city park. I looked up one day and saw a brilliant parrot perched in a tree overhead. The thrill which came to me then was repeated when, almost on the last day of my diving at Cocos I saw a beautiful flying fish swimming over my mushroom coral city. I had hardly registered it when the reason for its presence in this unlikely spot was explained. A long narrow fish came up behind, slowly at first, then with a rush—a needle-toothed garfish. The flying fish gave two or three convulsive surges forward and then I saw what I had never expected to—one of these fish rise from the water above me and disappear into the air. Somehow this made me feel more like one of the actual inhabitants of this underworld than anything which had occurred heretofore—I was seeing things from a real fish-eye-view.

The gar missed his prey, and I was interested to see that he became utterly confused and made one short rush after the other in various directions. I saw the flying fish drop into the water only twenty feet away, coming into view with a flop. The gar showed no signs of having sensed this, and the last I saw of the two, the pursued was vanishing into the blue distance while the gar turned back the way it had come.

The last Nomad I can recall does not really belong in this class, since it has a home, although the strangest in the world. When the devilfish swam over I saw very distinctly two sucking fish glued to its under side. These are the remarkable attendants which spend their whole life being carried about by their host, whether shark, devilfish, or turtle; so if not comparable to the nomadic Arab, they can at least qualify as the representative of the Arab's flea.

### III

I stood up on the top of the great coral mass, which I might, if I were that kind of person, have named "Nomad Belle View," and slipped, or rather drifted half way to the bottom. Then with a mighty spring I passed slowly but quite across the sandy boulevard and beyond to another city, this one of cones, inverted cones at that, like enormous anemones. The swell was increasing and far off at one side I could see the iron ladder frantically jerking up and down. Hardly had I curled myself in between three small cones, with a branching tangle of animal blossoms in front, when there occurred that dimming of the light with which I had become so familiar. Leisurely there passed overhead three hundred—three hundred and twenty-six to be exact—of the big, black surgeon-fish. They wandered over to the great brown coral which I had left, and spread over it like a herd of sheep across a meadow—nibble, nibble, nibble, as they climbed slowly, drawing the black blanket of their numbers over every inch

of surface. A strong surge swept them a yard away, held them suspended for a moment, and then returned them each to his place on the coral.

To my coarse and untutored vision each retreating surge seemed to restore things exactly as they were and yet, if I could see all the hidden activities of my kingdom, I should know that every swell, each minute and each hour, must cause a thousand thousand tragedies—exposing to hostile, alien eyes, hidden weakness and camouflaged defenselessness. Not a moment passes but somewhere a color secret is exploded, an unedible bluff called, for even a fish's memory with hunger as the stimulus can span ten feet and two seconds.

As the buffalo herons and cowbirds and black cuckoos gather about grazing cattle, to snatch the disturbed grasshoppers, so, on the outskirts of the surgeon herd, small wrasse persons and others frisked about, darting in to seize some crab or shrimp which the scraping teeth of the grazing fish had dispossessed. Again, as in grazing herds of antelope in Africa, a zebra will now and then be found, so here, mingled in the depths of the three hundred odd, I saw several white-striped angelfish and as many of my old friends, the yellow-tailed *Xesurus*.

Fish such as these I take as types of my Grazers—Coral Grazers in particular. My study of the yellow-tailed surgeons applies, with slight changes, to the others—fish which swim slowly about, often in large schools, usually at a low level near the coral or rocks. They are apparently well protected by the poisonous spines on various parts of the body and show no fear of other fish. They may be somber in general body-color but they always have some conspicuous mark or patch of color, such as the yellow tail of *Xesurus*, the white tail of *Aliala*, and the black bands in another surgeon. But however they differ in size, color, or sociability, they have one thing in common—their teeth.

One glance at the mouth of a lion, a horse, or a rabbit tells us much of their



ways of life and their food; and no one could ever mistake the teeth of a surgeon-fish for those of a shark or even a snapper. My Grazers, judged by their teeth, fell into four general types: the Hands-and-feet, the Chisel or Horse-toothed, the Stockades, and the Parrots. The first I might describe as six and thirty little soles sticking up all on edge; and in *Hepatus*, another surgeon, the teeth are absurdly like hands, palms out, with the fingers held close together. This fish is content with algæ, as I have never found a crab or other marine animal in its food. The triggerfish are armed with the dental chisels, *Melichthys*, the beautiful black trigger, and the solitary, and preternaturally solemn *Pachygnathus*. The front view of these fish presents a horrible horselike appearance, a horse whose teeth are too prominent and too many.

The stockades are a strange group, with teeth which far excell any instrument of human manufacture. Details are for the ichthyologist; but consider for a moment the Moorish idol and the angelfish. The astonishingly beautiful white-striped angelfish has a solid outside row of stockade teeth, growing out of a thick, bony jaw. Back of the front row are four or five layers of teeth, appearing above the jaw in short lengths, looking, on the whole, like a strip of ticker tape or pianola music. But *Pomacanthus zonipectus*, or more trippingly on the tongue, orange-finned butterfly-fish, has the most bizarre mouthful of any of my Grazers. At first sight it seems to have a few, large, curiously ribbed teeth, but on closer inspection these are seen to be composed of many, fine, slender individual teeth, like glass splinters.

With all the fish grazers the price of such definite, abundant, non-motile food seems to be a stiffening of the whole body, activity being superfluous; progression being by fins in place of any undulation, a rolling of the eyes in place of a twistable neck and body. But one does not need to go in enormous schools, hordes, or herds, such as surgeons, locusts, and antelope affect. The idols keep in

pairs, and they swim and sink, turn and feed with such unanimity that they might well be a single moorish idol and its shadow. They have an outrageous pout which reminds me of a lawyer friend, and which must be most useful in a Grazer, since one can graze and yet see upon what one is grazing without shoving back from the table. A word as to the parrot-mouths, which character indeed, has given their name to some of them. Here, as for example in the puffers, the teeth are wholly consolidated to form great cutting plates, usually divided in a harelip fashion into four. In other fish, as the stonewall perch, as the Japanese call it, the components of the beak are faintly visible, although solidly ossified, the tips showing as rounded, flat nodules.

When I see what a considerable proportion of my subjects keep life within their bodies by scraping rocks and coral clear of the encrusting algæ, worms, shells, crabs, and other growths and organisms, I marvel that the exposed surfaces are not all as close-cropped as a sheep meadow. But the clipping seems to hasten renewed growth, and as there is never any trouble about irrigation, there is a never-ending supply. Again we must remember that, strictly speaking, all the fish of this group also belong to the tribe of Nomads, in the sense that their home is where they are and where food abounds. From my studies of the Grazers it seems to me that they must sleep in some manner inexplicable to us, confining to some one part of the brain the automatic, temporary regulation of eyes and fins. In an aquarium I have never been able to surprise one of the Grazers off guard. The one exception to all this is the triggerfish, and these are chronic loungers and dozers. They lean over anything handy or slant back against a corner at night and are not easily disturbed, although the lidless, staring eyes are never veiled.

#### IV

As with any community, the more I studied my kingdom, the more complex

became the various sects and guilds. I could keep on for many pages without beginning to exhaust even my superficial knowledge of the Grazers, for turning to the great patches of sand without my mushroom city, I perceived castes of sand shovellers and sifters, to say nothing of sand waiters who disguised their deadly aggressiveness beneath a thin covering of this white dust—dust which I could never think of as wet, because there was nothing dry for comparison. To the more gentle sand folk belonged the shovel-nosed rays, the mullets with their delicate chin feelers like the tapping stick of a blind man, and *Polynemis* of the long thread fingers, forever stretching out for knowledge of sustenance. These too, were sand colored, but probably rather as a protective cloak against the peering eyes of enemy Nomads.

The great backbone of my population, the host of "common peepul" was what I called Percolators—although some of them were aristocrats and many did not percolate. As a whole, however, they lived their lives in and out of the coral and rocks, never becoming surface lovers, nor settling down in any special crevice. Still they were local optioners in point of residence, and many a time I recognized the same individuals in the same coral palace grounds. In taste they were omnivorous or carnivorous, seldom wholly vegetarians and never strictly grazers. Like New Yorkers at lunch hour, they were victims of idle curiosity, and I shall never see a throng watching with breathless interest the overtime working excavators or the rhythmical riveters on some new building, without remembering the crowd of small Percolators who always rushed toward me when I first submerged, swimming rapidly with a My-Word!-see-what's-here expression.

My Percolators belonged to many families and systematic gens, and their diversity of habits within the limits I have set would fill volumes. The most abundant was probably the beautiful blue-lined golden snapper, *Evoplites*

*viridis*, which I pictured in color two years ago in plate V in *Galápagos*. This may be taken as typical of the group. In a dozen stomachs I found that crabs and very tiny fish each occurred five times, shrimp thrice, and snails once. They have little social instinct, and while a score or two would gather quickly at hint of a repast, yet they were never closely associated in schools.

They ran or swam with many of the other medium and small Percolators, the most brilliant being wrasse, with unbelievably harsh and gorgeous pigments and patterns. *Thallasoma*, or the pousse-café fish, with its purple and yellow and green stripes, always formed a large percentage of the crowd of fish whirling about my hand and helmet when I held a bit of crab as lure. *Dermatolepis*, the big, high-backed, golden-spotted sea bass, must be considered as giant Percolators, for they were always trying to push through crevices and archways too small for them. They were ugly natured as well as bold, and needed only a little more courage to attempt to hamstring me when I was not looking. As they became angry or over-excited they showed their spleen or nervousness by changing color, thinking nothing of shifting from white to black, always with the yellow gold spangles shining clear. At the other end of percolate size were the tiny *Runulus*, midget, cellet wrasses, who eddied in and out between my fingers without my ever succeeding even in touching them. When I say that within a few minutes after taking my coral throne, I often had five hundred Percolators swimming close about me, the vast numbers of my subjects (if not their loyalty other than gastronomic) may be realized.

Two more castes remain, the squatters and the villagers—my favorites of all my fish. They were of greatest interest when compared with one another, for while the latter had individual crevice homes, yet they were built along normal fish lines, while the squatters, although they might spend only a short time in



any given spot, were all physically adapted and modified for life in and over and around rocks and coral.

The most abundant of the villagers were the brown *Pomacentrids* or demoiselles. They were everywhere and yet each one had its own little domicile—a hole, or crack or crevice where it resided and which it defended against all comers. A sight of which I never wearied was to see a big *Xesurus*, if not indeed a grouper itself, come barging slowly along, when suddenly out from the very coral rock in its path there would shoot a diminutive demoiselle, fins erect in righteous wrath, and actually rush at the offending giant. The gesture of home defense was so real that the attacked one if a small fish usually turned tail and fled at once, or, if the dignity of size had to be maintained, the surgeon or grouper would veer slightly to one side, as if recognizing and acknowledging the excellent motive of irritation, but saving their own face.

All my life I have had a weakness for gobies and blennies and, now that I was able to sit upon a rock and have them come out like elves and gnomes and skip and slither about at my elbow, my fondness grew to real affection. Of all fish they give the impression of being less completely bound up in fishiness. I am sure that they would make splendid pets and would do all they could to cross the border line which divides the inhabitants of the realm of water from us elemental mongrels. We, lords of

creation indeed! who must needs breathe one thin medium, support ourselves upon a thicker one, and yet, although our body is seven-eighths of the third, perish miserably when immersed in it.

## V

I have given above a few, stray notes of a minute fraction of my shallow water kingdom, observed in a succession of fleeting moments of time. Its chief value is to show our ignorance of this cosmos—and to stimulate at least my own desire to go and learn more.

When I reached Cocos Island I had with me a list of thirty-eight species of shore fishes which had been collected twenty-six years ago. Of these I was able to secure and identify twenty-three, in addition to fifty-seven others which had never before been recorded from this lonely Island. During my stay therefore I observed eighty species, making a total of ninety-five altogether. I have notes on at least a third again as many which were too wary for me, although some of them would swim up to the very glass of my helmet and gaze impudently in at me, and which were quite new species. The details of this fauna, their names and relationships, colors and food belong elsewhere, but I desired here to give a shadowy hint of the mode of life and the personalities of a few, in the pitifully inadequate method of adulteration through the medium of human thought and words.



# PORTRAIT OF A RED-FACED GENERAL

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL EARL CORNWALLIS

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

IT WAS at Baïæ that a shadowy guest in an inimitable sense called on the Procurator of Judaea, stayed to supper, even stayed (unlike Pilate, his host) for an answer to a casual question. Did he, the guest inquired, recall a Galilean of the name of Jesus . . . Jesus of Nazareth . . . crucified for some offense? The old man frowned, groped in his memory, put a vague hand to his head and answered faintly, "Jesus, Jesus of Nazareth? I do not remember."

That exquisite effacement of the past is the perfect comment of an ironist upon the intelligence of historical characters. Pilate, one feels, was not alone in this unawareness of his own significance. Perhaps his siege of Capri was more to Hudson Lowe than his six years at St. Helena; and even at St. Helena his intrepid abolition of slavery without compensation to the island owners may have meant more to him than the white face at Longwood. When Cauchon died, he took more pride in his Canon Law or his new Lady Chapel at Lisieux than in an arid disputation with a thick-necked, fair-haired girl at Rouen, who stood awkwardly before him and looked with strange eyes as she answered in her pleasant country voice. Yet he lives in the world's memory of her. The same deception is oddly universal. Authors mistake their masterpieces; martyrs frequently misjudge their own importance. A tremendous doctor, writing in a terrifying certainty of his immortality, secures it only by the watchful notebooks which caught his least considered

sayings. An archduke, morganatically married but profoundly serious, must have seemed to himself to earn his monument with a lifetime of slightly irritable industry in the stiff, half-Spanish state of the Hofburg. Yet nothing matters of his life except his leaving it in the scared sunshine of a little Bosnian town.

How many figures, faced in Elysium with eager questions upon their supreme achievement, must murmur a vague, unsatisfying I do not remember! It is so easy to miss the point of others that one may sometimes be forgiven for missing one's own—the more readily, perhaps, when it was a failure. For we may leave the memory of our failures to other people with perfect confidence. Posterity is never a tactful listener; and that side of our immortality will always be secure. But these omissions often have a simpler cause. Sometimes deliberate, they are due quite frequently (Pilate's was such a case) to sheer in-advertence. The poor dears make history and never notice it; or they make it and then, like a posted letter, quite forget it. So it may be conjectured that the big, red-faced Governor-General, sometime Mr. Pitt's Lord-Lieutenant and Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, who sat dreaming on his state barge in the steamy heat of 1805 and watched the flood-water of the Ganges swirling past, remembered India, remembered Dublin Castle and that odd negotiation with Joseph Bonaparte under the lee of Amiens Cathedral, where the social tone was set by deplorable republican diplo-



mats with "the dress of mountebanks and the manners of assassins," but had forgotten Yorktown.

Defeated generals are pardonably susceptible upon the subject of the unfortunate maneuver which lodged them firmly in the history books. Sometimes the mood provokes a frenzied excess of explanation, a flow of highly technical apologetics with an accompaniment of admirable maps and uncharitable reflections on their colleagues. Burgoyne wrote a pamphlet; there is an octavo in which Bazaine lost his battles over again; and Kuropatkin frequently explained himself, but never Mukden. But the more usual recourse of these dispirited heroes is to silence. Benedek never wrote the name of Sadowa; Dupont rarely delighted Restoration drawing-rooms with a full narrative of Baylen; Laing's Nek and Majuba long remained among the less popular topics in exclusive clubs; and General Cope was strangely unfriendly to protracted discussion of Prestonpans.

Cornwallis exercised himself in either mode. He had his explanatory moments. *A Narrative of Lieutenant General Sir Henry Clinton, K. B. relative to his Conduct during part of his command of the King's Troops in North America; Particularly to that which respects the unfortunate Issue of the Campaign in 1781* provoked him to *An Answer to that part of the Narrative of Lieutenant General Sir Henry Clinton, K. B. Which relates to the Conduct of Lieutenant General Earl Cornwallis during the Campaign in North America in the year 1781*. This sturdy commentary, penned in the civilian shades of Mansfield Street, elicited from the *Gentleman's Magazine* a review in which the writer opined that the Earl had "made as gallant a defence here as he did at York Town"; although the *Monthly Review* observed a trifle acidly that "the vicissitudes attending the joint operation of detached armies will frequently furnish occasions for ill-humour, that would never have discomposed their minds had their endeavours

been crowned with success." There was a brisk interchange of *Observations on some parts of the Answer of Earl Cornwallis*, which left the *Monthly Review* sadly adrift in "much rejoinder, about the times of sending orders, receiving dispatches, producing and withholding letters, etc., which the parties concerned will understand much better than any of their readers," and inspired in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a weary conviction that "nothing is more easy, and at the same time more fallacious, than opinions formed by or from events"; to say nothing of *A Reply* (mysteriously signed "Themistocles" and quoting Quintilian) to *Sir Henry Clinton's Narrative Wherein his numerous errors are pointed out, and A Parting Word* (unsigned and quoting Demosthenes) or, a *Summary Review of the Controversy between Sir Henry Clinton and Earl Cornwallis Occasioned by the Observations lately published by that Gentleman on his Lordship's Answer*.

But the debate died down. "These brave but unsuccessful warriors," in the manly phrase of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, pursued their several careers without those penalties which attend failure in the service of more vindictive (or less forgetful) nations. Clinton withdrew with dignity to Gibraltar, glowered with every gun in his command at the Spanish shore, and watched the bulk of Africa across the dancing Straits, as Cornwallis traveled a more varied course. He governed India, made land systems, stormed Seringapatam, and presided imperturbably over sun-dried but voluble subordinates capable, at need, of minutes in five hundred paragraphs on revenue and rent; he governed Ireland and—calling perhaps, an Old World into being to redress the balance of the New—passed an Act of Union for Mr. Pitt; he went to France and, holding an olive-branch with one hand and his nose with the other, made peace with Bonaparte for Mr. Addington. Somewhere across the world a kindly mist enfolded the low shape of the Yorktown peninsula. It

had receded now, revisiting him only in dreams or in that unpleasant vision which once drove the tired negotiator at Amiens to exclaim in a vivid military nightmare, that "I have often wished myself either in the backwoods of America, at two hundred miles distance from my supplies, or on the banks of the Caveri, without the means of either using or withdrawing my heavy artillery." The scene had faded—General Washington's hard smile, the pounding drums as the tired men marched out of the battered town to the cheerful air of "The World Turned Upside Down," the dismal ritual of surrender, a dinner, candles on the table, the French in their white tunics, and the bright eye of Lafayette, toasts of elaborate friendliness, and "the illustrious part that your Excellency . . . long and arduous contest . . . matter of history . . . laurels." It had all faded now. Washington was dead and buried somewhere; the French were centuries away from the King's white uniforms; Lafayette lay in an Austrian prison; and, as he sat dreaming in the heat of 1805, Cornwallis had forgotten Yorktown.

But Yorktown remains. Faded, perhaps, for him, it lingers in the world's memory. For the world's memory works differently. His Act of Union is repealed; his Peace of Amiens was an ineffectual interlude; even his Perpetual Settlement of Bengali tax and tenure somehow lacks perpetuity. But Yorktown remains, evoking in the memory a line of crumbling earthworks, the flagging guns, a sudden silence as the smoke hung in the still, autumn air, and a big, politely deprecating soldier. For Yorktown, with Saratoga, led in the United States; and Cornwallis walks down history in that odd *cortège*.

Nature, indeed, appeared to have designed him for a walking part. Born in Grosvenor Square, he was baptized yet more conformably with the *ton* at St. George's, Hanover Square; and from the first he seemed the very picture of a

walking gentleman of the age. Son of a fifth Baron and first Earl, good breeding dictated that he should learn his elements at Eton. Even his accidents were of the highest gentility. For when an impulsive hockey player injured his eye for life, the fatal blow was struck by a future bishop. Enriched with these experiences, he became an ensign in the Foot Guards and traveled on the Continent in search of a military education, accompanied by a Prussian officer who reported his progress to an anxious parent in the most abominable French. The pilgrims, guided by some mysterious predilection, reached a Military Academy at Turin with an eccentric curriculum. Dancing began at dawn, followed by German grammar and riding. A fencing lesson rounded off the morning. The afternoons were less exciting. For a tutor called at three to impart an hour or so of mathematics and fortification; and a final dancing class completed the happy day. Fitted for high command by this terpsichorean training, he joined the staff in Germany and saw the fight at Minden. Recalled to England, he was promoted captain of the Line, came of age, was promptly elected member for the family borough, and commanded a battalion at twenty-two—the very picture of a walking gentleman.

But two years of active service in a marching regiment gave him a more substantial training. He was a soldier now; and when peace seemed to afford an opportunity of practicing the more frivolous items of the Turin curriculum, he still trailed dutifully round the garrison-towns with his battalion. At twenty-seven he was (supreme exile) in Scotland; the roving colonel saw, in his professional pilgrimage the sad façades of Dublin, the great tower of Gloucester, and even the little shady streets which run in and out between the Rock and Algeciras Bay. At twenty-nine—still soldierly—he married a soldier's orphan. The act, hardly surprising in a colonel, was almost improbable in an Earl (for he had succeeded to his earldom). But



the warrior was scarcely submerged in the senate, although he attended intermittently to vote with the Whigs and once to resist, more soldierly than ever, the Cider Tax.

So the walking gentleman, if he ever existed, had vanished in the assiduous colonel with his parades, his soldier's orphan, and his distinctly Whiggish views. Almost a Wilkite, he stood boldly for the privilege of Members of Parliament to indulge their proclivity for seditious libel without the inconvenience of arrest; and his American opinions took him into the empty lobby where Lord Camden and Lord Shelburne voted almost alone against the Declaratory Act. When Chatham came in, the wild inconsequence of the age of sinecures made the Whiggish colonel Chief Justice in Eyre South of Trent; judicial experience was hardly requisite in this ornament of the Bench, since he never sat. Marked for promotion, he next exercised (by deputy) the still less arduous functions of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. But his ambitions never strayed from his profession. He accumulated dignities as aide-de-camp to the King and Constable of the Tower; and when the restless colonies broke into war, his career, stronger than his convictions, sent him across the sea as Lieutenant-General in America. Untrue to her pedigree, the soldier's orphan would have detained him; and, responsive to her distress, his uncle the Archbishop even interceded with the King. But in '76 he sailed and played a minor part in the opening moves. He came home on leave in '78, but sailed again. She watched the tall ship out of Portsmouth Harbor and trailed back to Suffolk, where she drooped and died.

The widower returned dispiritedly to his command, to a war which he regarded with vague distaste and a commander who showed an alarming tendency to resign in his favor. Few remained out of all the heroes who had sailed to this interminable siege of the new Troy. Gage was at home; Howe was revising

his *Narrative*; Burgoyne was back in Hertford Street. Clinton survived, a trifle querulous and sending his annual resignation to Lord George Germaine. That sage, unrivalled organiser of defeat, presided at the War Office. Familiar to an earlier generation as Lord George Sackville, he was courtmartialled after Minden, dismissed the service, and expelled the Privy Council. These awful consequences had attended an unfortunate disobedience to orders whilst in action. But his country, with its genius (always warm, and frequently misplaced) for forgiveness, wiped them all away; and his grateful sovereign, whom he had been declared unfit to serve in any military capacity, appointed him with exquisite appropriateness Secretary of State for the colonies and for war. With rare ability he contrived to lose them both. This spoiled child of defeat projected military operations for punctual execution three thousand miles away, enriched them with a bewildering wealth of wholly inapplicable detail, pelted his generals with a hail of ill-informed instructions, and watched their invariable failure with a malign dissatisfaction; until, these genial auspices presiding over British arms, the United States sprang fully armed from the brain of Lord George Germaine.

Cornwallis, momentarily stifling the resignations of his chief, drifted without enthusiasm into the campaign of 1780. Advancing a trifle ponderously behind the leaping brilliance of Tarleton and his Legion, he marched through South Carolina and at Camden laid a heavy hand on the precarious laurels of Major Gates, late of the Sixtieth Foot. A rapturous Parliament passed grateful resolutions. But his advance was checked, and he passed an unsatisfactory winter. Followed an orgy of cross-purposes in which the War Office supposed the south secure and reinforced the north, the north in the same delusion planned the evacuation of the south, and the bewildered south, knowing its weakness, moved uncertainly towards the north.

This triangle of misunderstanding was maintained by a cross-fire of correspondence between Germaine and Clinton; whilst in its southern apex Cornwallis abruptly transferred himself two hundred miles to the north, seemed to repent, and passed a tiring summer counter-marching to an exhausting tune played by the more sprightly Lafayette. Growing spent, he backed dispiritedly into Yorktown. The trap closed suddenly—"The enemy's fleet has returned. Two line-of-battle-ships and one frigate lie at the mouth of this river . . . I hear Washington arrived . . . my half-finished works . . . at least six weeks from this day." It came in four weeks—the crumbling earthworks and the flagging guns ("only one eight-inch and little more than a hundred cohorn shells remained") and the hard smile of Washington.

Cornwallis was at his most charming in defeat. He made a graceful speech at table and maintained the exacting role of an unhorsed but still amiable knight. He borrowed works on tactics from French officers; and when he reached New York on parole, he even remembered in the midst a pardonably warm debate with Clinton to despatch to Rochambeau a most disarming consignment "*de quelques Fromages et de Porter Anglais, que je vous prie de me faire l'honneur de m'agréer.*" So the big, easy man emerged from misadventure, and walked once more sedately down the long avenue of his career. It took him back to Suffolk, into the library at Mansfield Street where he read military books imperturbably; to India, to the judicial convolutions of the Perpetual Settlement to Seringapatam; to Dublin in the drizzle of 1799, to the Act of Union; to Amiens and the dark features of Joseph Bonaparte, and back at last to India again, where he sat dreaming in the heat of 1805 with Yorktown quite forgotten.

Yet that action, even though his part was slightly passive, remains his most decisive. For Yorktown, as the phrase

goes, made history with rare precision. The outline of decisive battles is frequently blurred by the peace that follows them; the edges of their sharp decision are often blunted by compromise. But no timid adjustments followed Yorktown. Lord North flung up his arms; Germaine resigned; and soon Doctor Franklin was putting his name, with its little flourish, between the pedantic clarity of John Jay and John Adams at the sealed and ribboned foot of a treaty of "firm and perpetual peace" between the United States and a friendly sovereign who reigned in London.

One sees it, somehow, as a bull-fight, an interminable *corrida* which dragged on for six years. It swayed obscurely across great rivers, along the shores of shining, level lakes, down long defiles where the dark pines gathered for their slow march across the hills. Sometimes it reeled out into the sunshine, and the bayonets gleamed behind yellow sandhills by the Atlantic or in the hot, green fields. But it had always something of the bull-ring. The war had opened as suddenly on the bare hills above Boston, as the first bout opens with the quick, angry trot of a big Miura bull into the sunlight. All round them, tier upon tier, the adorable, silly world of the Eighteenth Century sat watching.

Trenton and the Brandywine, White Plains and Saratoga were the feints and wheelings of the first movement. Burgoyne's attack was almost brisk. But the British effort failed to lift the whole weight of New England; and it strained, as the bull strains under the dreadful burden of horse and rider. He was tiring now; and as the big head began to droop, the barbs were planted and the bright *banderillas* fluttered gaily behind the long horns. Then the last bout opened. A few passes with the red cloth (for Lafayette's campaign was little more), and the tired bull was posed for the *matador*. So, as one seems to see them, the armies came to Yorktown. Then the sword plunged; the bull dropped heavily; and the ring was roaring.





# THUNDER ON THE LEFT

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS—PART IV

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

*Summary of Parts One, Two, and Three.*—The reader has now before him the final installment of this story, with its unexpected and yet surely inevitable conclusion; the last words dying away into an irony which is all the more cruel because it is so quiet. This gives an opportunity to look back over some of the small touches of symbolism and suggestion whose full value might elude a hasty reading. In the moonlit evening (in the November issue) the soulless chorus of insect voices and the hayloft parody of George's passion lead the way toward the frustration of his dream of ecstasy undefiled. Then comes the first intimation of the central fact that George and Martin are the same person: George representing the man that life and its perplexities will make of the child Martin; and Martin, magically projected into the future of his playmates, stands for the unmarried George that might have been. Through the moonlit dialogue in the garden, and in the Twenty Questions episode indoors the figures of George and Martin begin, as it were, to coalesce. Martin, as an entity in himself, becomes more shadowy; yet in his influence on Joyce, more potent. And the memory of the toy mouse becomes a symbol not merely of that vanished childhood but also of what is implicit in childhood, Joyce's physical innocence—as, in medieval legends, a mouse running from under a woman's dress was supposed to be a sign of departed chastity.

From the luster of moonlit garden they come indoors into artificial light, the lamplight proves too strong for the moonlight; the social tension of burdens and jealousies is too exacting for them all. In the game of Twenty Questions Joyce subconsciously realizes that the moment is a psychic revival of the old birthday party so many years before. She alone of these adults has never quite lost some essence of her childhood, and now she perceives that it is the Martin-phase of George that she loves, not the George-phase, and that both George and Martin must be spared this disillusion. Phyllis, on the other hand, really does love the George-phase, though temporarily captivated by the strangeness of their visitor. George himself, in his vision of Joyce and himself on the sand, and in the subsequent crisis, is dumbly aware of the lesson that "Food and Hunger meet only to cancel and expire." He rises to the courage of renouncing that consummation which seemed perfect, justified, and inevitable. But even here irony denies him self-applause, for his sacrifice is enforced by the tragic and farcical interruption which proves to be only the collapse of Ben's bed upstairs.

In a story of this sort, irradiated with "transfusions of the moon," it is impossible to graph the scheme too rigidly. In all its double connotations, of pure fantasy and cruel comedy, it deals with matters so far behind mere physical conduct that they are rarely dealt with honorably in fiction. It speaks to that "Sense of Significance" which is the only sure object of any work of art, and which every reader will digest according to his own inmost need.—*The Editors.*

**J**OYCE lay in a trance of weariness. A nervous tremolo shivered up and down from her knees to her stomach; her spirit seemed lost and dragged under into the strange circling of the body—stubborn as that of a tree—that goes on

regardless of the mind. I don't care, she thought, I'm glad I'm alive. She was too inert to close her hot eyes or turn over into the pillow to shut out sounds from her sharpened ears. She heard George's step on the garden path,

Phyllis come downstairs and go to the kitchen. Beneath everything else was the obligato of the house itself; twinges of loose timbers, the gurgle and rush of plumbing, creak of beds, murmuring voices, soft shut of doors—tenacious life reluctantly yielding itself to oblivion. Then into this fading recession came the low sough in the pines, the slackening volleys of the crickets like a besieging army withdrawing its troops. And the far away cry of a train. She imagined it, trailing panes of golden light along the shore, or perhaps darkly curtained sleeping cars partitioned into narrow kennels where mysterious people lay alone; and the bursting silver plume of its whistle, spiriting into the cool night, tearing a jagged rent in silence, shaking the whole membrane of elastic air that enveloped them all, a vibration that came undulating over the glittering bay, over the lonely beaches, trembled beside her, and went throbbing away. . . . She hadn't been down to the beach yet, over the rolling dunes that gave her childhood a first sense of fatal solitude. She tried to remember how that shore looked—wideness, sharp air, the exact curved triangle of sails leaning into unseen sweetness of breeze, steep slides of sand overtufted by toppling clumps of grass. If one could escape down there and go bathing in moonlight; come back cleansed, triumphant.

The whisper at the window sill startled her. She knew Bunny at once.

"You must get him away. Before it's too late, before he knows."

Joyce understood perfectly, so perfectly it didn't seem necessary to say anything. This was just what she had been telling herself.

She nodded.

"I kept calling him while you were all in the living room. I was here at this window. He won't listen. He thinks I'm just teasing him."

Joyce remembered Martin closing the door.

"Then I called *you*. I was so afraid

you wouldn't hear me. It's awful to be helpless."

"Bunny, you're not helpless. Tell me what to do."

"What room is he in?"

"I don't know. Yes, I do, I think it's at the end of the passage, next the bath."

"The old nursery. Oh, if I could come indoors. I can't; they've forgotten me."

"We'll manage," Joyce whispered. "I always knew you and I should have to help each other."

"He must find something to take him back. You are the one who can help."

Joyce knew there was some secret here too beautiful to be said. Bunny could not tell her, it must be guessed.

"Is it something I gave him?"

"Something you'd like to keep."

"Is it the mouse? Bunny, how can we find it; that was a lifetime ago."

"Perhaps it's in the nursery. In the old toy cupboard."

"I'll get it in the morning."

"That may be too late. Now, tonight."

"Oh, Bunny, tell me plainly. Is it the mouse you mean?"

She was tugging fiercely to raise the screen, jammed in its grooves. Her fingers still tingled from the sharp edges of the shallow metal sockets. Only the empty garden, the sinking candy-peel moon beyond the black arc of hill.

The impression was vivid upon her. There was only one thing to do, she must go through the sleeping house to Martin's room, rouse him, tell him at once. She rose from bed and opened the door.

He was there, holding out his hand, motionless as though he had been waiting so all the shining night. She took it mechanically.

"Who is it?" she said.

"Who else could it be?"

But at first she had thought it was Martin, somehow warned by Bunny. They stood aghast of each other, in silence, awkwardly holding hands. It



was not like a meeting, it was like a good-by.

The declining moonlight limned her cloudily. But this was no silly dream. He saw her revealed in all her wistful beauty, meant from the beginning for him.

"George, we must get Martin out of the house—"

Martin again. Evidently, he thought, the gods intend to wring the last drop of comedy out of me.

"Damn Martin," he said softly. "Joyce, I didn't find you at last to talk about *him*. Dear, I told you we'd know it if the time came."

Was this what Bunny meant by giving? I have nothing to give. The Me he loves has gone somewhere. How can I tell him? Instead of the imagined joy and communion there's only horror. And I want so to love him.

He had carried her to the couch and was kneeling beside her. Oh, if I could lay down the burden of this heavy, heavy love. If I could love him gladly, not just bitterly. Is this the only way to save him from knowing? Such a little thing, that I wanted to keep for myself. She turned from him convulsively and buried her face in the pillow. He mustn't see my tears. The cruellest thing is he'll think I don't love him. No man was ever so loved. But I gave myself, long ago, to the dream of him. I can't mix it with the reality.

She turned, in a mercy of pure tenderness.

"George, dear George, I meant what I said. I'll do whatever you tell me."

But the brave words trembled. She lay before him, white, inaccessible, afraid. Exquisite, made for delight, with every grace that the brave lust of man has dreamed; and weariness, anxiety, some strange disease of the spirit, frustrated it. Their love too was a guest of honor, a god to be turned away. She lay there, her sweet body the very sign and symbol of their need, and he knew nothing but pity, as for a wounded child. In that strange moment his poor

courage was worthy of hers. God pity me for a fool, he thought. But I love her best of all because I shall never have her.

"I'm going to tell you the truth," he began—

A heavy jarring crash shook the house, followed by a child's scream. He rose heavily to his feet, tightened and nauseated with terror. He knew exactly what must have happened. The railing on the sleeping porch, which he had forgotten to mend. One of the children had got out of bed, stumbled against it, the rotten posts had given way. If she had fallen from that height . . . he pictured a broken white figure on the gravel. This was his punishment for selfishness and folly. Oh, it is always the innocent who suffer.

With heaviness in his feet he hurried through the dining room and verandah. All was still; looking up, he could see the balcony unaltered. Then, through the open windows above he heard the unmistakable clang of metal on a wooden floor. Ben's bed.

Unable to shake off his conviction of disaster he ran upstairs. Phyllis was crouching in the passage, comforting Janet. "I had a bad dream," the child sobbed, "then there was that awful noise."

"There, there, darling, you're all right now. We all have dreams sometimes. You can come into bed with mother."

There was the bleat of one of the talking dolls. "Maa-Maa!" it cried, and Sylvia appeared, sleepily stolid. "Is it to-morrow?" she asked.

"I thought the porch had broken down," said Phyllis hysterically. "George, did you fix that railing?"

"Nonsense. The porch is all right. Get back to sleep, little toads."

"What was it, Ben's bed?"

"Ben's! No such luck, it's mine," said Ruth, opening the door. "Where does the light turn on? I can't find the button." She saw George and gave a squeak of dismay.

She needn't be so damned skittish, he thought angrily. Nightgowns aren't any novelty in this house. "Phyl, you take Janet into bed, I'll put Sylvia on the window-seat. Keep them off that porch till I've mended the railing in the morning."

Ben was grumbling over the wreckage. "George, what's the secret of this thing? Lend a hand."

"I'm frightfully sorry," said George. "I ought to have warned you. Here, I can fix it, there's a bit of clothes line—"

"For Heaven's sake, don't start tinkering now," said Ruth, who had dived into the other bed. "I'm all right here, and Ben can sleep on the mattress."

Her door was open, she stood anxiously waiting as he came downstairs at last. She had put on her wrapper, he noticed with a twinge.

"Ruth's bed had a blow-out," he said. "At least I thought *she* was safe when she's between the sheets." He felt that he ought to want to laugh, but he had no desire to. I suppose it's because I've got no sense of humor. "Mr. Martin seems the only one who knows that night is meant to forget things in. Well, let him sleep. He'll be on his way early in the morning."

She did not answer at once, searching for the words that would help him most.

"I must go too. George, you must let me. I'd only spoil your Picnic."

"You'll miss a lot of nice sandwiches," he said bitterly. "I made them myself, white meat."

With divine perception she saw the nature of his wound, the misery of his shame and self-abasement. It was not love of her he needed now, but love of himself, to keep life in him.

"We shouldn't have any chance to be *us*, we couldn't talk, we must say it now."

He remembered that once they had promised themselves they would never say it.

"It's better so, I suppose. Then

there won't be even one sorrow that we haven't shared."

"Sorrow?" she said. "Let's call it joy. Dear, I shall always worship you as the bravest and most generous I have ever known. To do without things one can't have, what credit is that? But to do without what one might have had . . . George, let me try to get a little rest. I feel so ill."

He tucked her in and patted her shoulder.

"Good night, dear," he said. "Don't worry. Everything will be all right in the morning. God bless you. . . . Don't forget any of the things I haven't told you."

She knew that this was as near being one of his Moments as he could be expected to manage. He had turned the corner, at least three of the Georges would live. And the Fourth—well, she had that one where nothing mortal now could blot or stain him. Forever.

"In the morning" . . . it was morning already. As he lay down on the couch he could feel, rather than see, the first dim fumes of day. The brief hush and interim was over, the pink moon had gone. The last of the crickets flung the password to the birds, treetops began to warble. A new link in the endless chain picked up the tension of life. Somewhere over the hillside a cock was crowing his brisk undoubting cheer.

So this was what they called victory. What was the saying?—One more such victory . . . Not even those last merciful words of hers could acquit him of his own damnation. All the irony, none of the bliss. The world hung about his neck like the Mariner's dead albatross. The charnel corpse clung to him, rotting, with bony skull and jellied festering eye. But even the Mariner was worthier, having killed the bird; he himself had only maimed it. There would not even be the sharp numbing surgery of good-by. Endlessly, through long perspectives of pain, he could see



themselves meeting, smiling and parting, to encounter once more round the next corner of memory and all the horror to be lived again. We're experienced in partings, he had said once.

The gradual summer dawn crept up the slopes of earth, brimmed and brightened, and tinctures of lavender stained the sweetened air: the hours when sleep is happiest, ere two and two have waked to find themselves four, and the birds pour the congested music of night out of their hearts. And the day drew near: the day when men are so reasonable, canny, and well-bred; when color comes back to earth and beneficent weary necessities resume; the healthful humorous day, the fantastic day that men do well to take so seriously as it distracts them 'rom their unappeasable desires. With an unheard buzz of cylinders, the farmer's flivver twirled up the back lane and brought the morning milk.

### XIX

Janet was surprised to find that she had gone abroad during the night. She was puzzled until she noticed that where she lay she could see herself reflected in the dressing-table mirror, which tilted forward a little. The shoehorn, that held it at the proper angle for mother's hair, had slipped down. So the whole area of the big bed was visible in the glass, and the mounded hill of white blanket that must be mother. Under the snug tent of bedclothes Janet could feel the radiating warmth coming from behind her. She experimented a little, edging softly closer to see how near she could get to that large heat without actually touching it. How warm grown-up people's bodies are!

The curtains rippled inward in the cool morning air. The light was very gray, not yellow as it ought to be on the morning of a Picnic. Her clothes were on the floor beside the bed. Clothes look lonely with nobody in them. She watched herself in the glass, opening her mouth and holding up her hand to

see the reflection do the same thing. Then the clock downstairs struck seven, and she felt it safe to slip out. In the glass she saw the blankets open, a pair of legs grope outward. Cautiously, not to rouse mother, she picked up her clothes and got to the door. As she turned the knob one shoe fell with a thump. She looked anxiously at the rounded hill. It stirred ominously but said nothing.

Sylvia, with sheets and blankets trailing from her, lay like a bundle of laundry on the window seat. Janet woke her, they sat dressing and babbling together, now and then shouting along the passage to Rose, who slept with Nounou. Rose kept opening the nursery door to ask what they said, then while the remark was being repeated Nounou's voice would command her to shut it. Janet, with brown knees hunched under her chin, picked at shoelace knots. Sylvia, in her deliberate way, was planning this time to get her shirt on right side forward. She announced several times her intention of drinking plenty of ginger ale at the Picnic, because peanut-butter sandwiches make you so thirsty. She kept saying this in the hope of learning, from Janet's comment, whether milk has to be drunk at Picnics. Janet did not contradict her, so Sylvia felt that the ginger ale was a probability.

Ruth, lying in a delicious morning drowse, rather enjoyed their clatter, as one does enjoy the responsibilities of others. Refreshed by long slumber, she relished the seven-o'clock-in-the-morning feeling of a house with children in it. A sharp rumor of bacon and coffee came tingling up the back stairs. She lazily reckoned the number of people who would be using the bathroom. It would be a good plan to get ahead of the traffic. But while she was trying to make the decision she heard the children hailing George. He said something about not leaning out of the windows without any clothes on. "We're trying to see if there are cobwebs on the

lawn; when there's cobwebs it's not going to rain." Then his steps moved along the corridor. She relapsed into her warm soothing sprawl. Besides, it's always a nuisance to get down too early and have to wait about for breakfast. She liked to arrive just when the coffee was coming fresh onto the table.

She looked forward to an entertaining day. Nothing is more amusing than one's friends in the knot of absurd circumstance. She had been afraid of Joyce; but certainly last night the girl had made a fool of herself. And Phyllis, the cool and lovely Phyllis, usually so sure, she too would be on the defensive. The life of some women among themselves is a vast and silent campaign of treason, where they move like Guy Fawkes, conspirators in the under-vaults of society, planting ineffective petards in one another's cellars.

She enjoyed herself trying to foresee what Phyllis's strategy would be. I think I'll take pains to be rather nice to Mr. Martin. In spite of his simplicity there's something dangerous about him. It would be fun to allay his suspicions and then, when she got him in clear profile against the sky, shoot him down without mercy. She felt an agreeable sensation of being on the strong side; of having underneath her the solid conventions and technicalities of life—as comfortable and reassuringly supportive as the warm bed itself. Not a very lucky analogy, perhaps; she looked over at Ben, who was still asleep on the floor. He looked pathetic beside the collapsed bed-frames, his dejected feet protruding at the end of the mattress. But that was the satisfying thing about Ben: he was conquered and beaten. He would never surprise her with any wild folly. Urbane, docile, enduring, he knew his place. Properly wedged into his seat in the middle of the row, he would never trample on people's toes to reach the aisle between the acts. The great fife and drum corps might racket all around him, he would scarcely hear it. There was cotton in his ears.

Any resolute woman—she reflected sagely—even without children to help her, can drill a man into insensibility.

George allowed the bath-water to splash noisily while he cleaned his teeth, but he always turned off the tap while shaving. He shaved by ear as much as by sight or touch. Unless he could hear the crackling stroke of the razor-blade he was not satisfied it was cutting properly.

"How soon do you think the Pony will come?" Janet had asked as he came upstairs. The children had found some deceptive promotion scheme advertised in a cheap magazine of *Nounou's*. The notice had led them to believe that if they solved a very transparent puzzle they would easily win the First Prize, a Shetland pony. They had solved the puzzle and now were waiting daily to hear the patter of hoofs up the lane. To George's dismay he had found that they took this very seriously. They had swept out an old stall in the stable and ravished a blanket from Rose's bed to keep Prince (whose name and photograph had appeared in the advertisement) from being cold at night. He had tried, gently, to caution them, explaining that the puzzle had only been preliminary lure for some subscription-getting contest. Undismayed, they had badgered Lizzie, the ice-man, and a couple of neighbors into signing up at twenty-five cents each. They paid no heed to his temperate warnings that it would be impossible to get many subscriptions for so plebeian a journal. He wondered how he would ever be able to disillusion them.

The razor paused and he stared at his half-lathered face in the glass as he realized the nice parallel. Isn't it exactly what Nature is always doing to us? Promising us a Pony! The Pony of wealth, fame, satisfied desire, contentment, if we just sign on the dotted line? . . . Obey That Impulse. By heaven, what a Promotion Scheme she has, the old jade! Had his sorry dreams been



any wiser than those of Janet and Sylvia? . . . his absurd vision of being an artist in living, of knowing the glamour and passion of some generous fruitful career, of piercing into the stormy darkness that lies beyond the pebbly shallows of to-day—all risible! Life is defeat. Hide, hide the things you know to be true. Fall back into the genial humdrum. Fill yourself with sleep. It's all a Promotion Scheme. . . . And inside these wary counsels something central and unarguable was crying, It wasn't just a Pony. It was the horse with wings.

The great Promotion Scheme, the crude and adorable artifice! How many infatuated subscribers it had lured in, even persuaded them to renew after they had found the magazine rather dull reading. In the course of another million years will it still be the same, man and woman consoling and thwarting one another in their study of the careless hints of Law? He could see the full stream of life, two interwoven and struggling currents endlessly mocking and yearning to each other, hungry and afraid—clear and lucent in sunlit reaches, troubled and swift over stony stairs, coiled together in dreaming eddies, swinging apart in frills of foam. Sweet immortal current, down and down to the unknown sea. Who has not thrilled to it, craved it, cursed it, invented religions out of it, made it fetich or taboo, seen in its pure crystal the mirror of his own austere or swinish face? Turn from it in horror, or muddied it with heavy feet, this cruel water is troubled by angels and mirrors the blind face of God. Blessings on those who never knew it, children and happy ghosts.

George ran his fingers over his glossy chin. He looked solemn recognition at the queer fellow in the glass, and mused that it's only people who haven't had something they wanted who take the trouble to think confused and beautiful thoughts. But he heard a cautious hand trying the knob. Even thinking about

God is no excuse for keeping others out of the bathroom. He laughed aloud, a peal of perfect self-mockery, and splashed hastily into the cold water. Martin, waiting to get in, heard him and wondered. Usually it is only gods or devils who are merry by themselves. Among human beings it takes two to make a laugh.

"Why were you laughing?" he asked, opening his door when he heard George leave the bathroom.

George paid no attention. He was hurrying to tell Phyllis his thoughts before they escaped. Who but she would have endured his absurdities? If she had had hallucinations of her own, that only brought them closer together. Out of these ashes they could rebuild their truth. Love means nothing until you fall into it all over again.

She was sitting on the edge of the bed, by the window, nervously picking the nails of one hand with the forefinger of the other. This habit, which he detested, almost broke his enthusiasm. He had a grotesque desire to tell her that he would forgive her even that. I guess I really do love her enormously, he thought, or the little things she does wouldn't madden me so. Exasperated with sudden tenderness, he had somehow expected her to meet him with equal affection. But she just sat there looking down at her hands. He took them, to stop the hated gesture. The bantam over the hill repeated his rollicking sharp salute, which would have been an epigram if he had uttered it only once.

"I wish you could stop that rooster," she said. "Over and over again, the same identical squawk. I shouldn't mind so much if he wasn't a bantam. It makes it seem so silly, somehow. He goes out under those great tall pine trees and shouts at them."

He smiled and turned her face toward him. She looked pitifully tired. He knew how she would look when she was old.

"Perhaps he's rather like me," he said.

"There was one here that crowed just like that when we were children. The same note exactly."

"It's hereditary. Probably this is his great-great-great-grand-egg."

She reached under the pillow, pulled out the little flattened handkerchief, and stood up.

"I must hurry. I'd give anything if to-day were over. I suppose life is like this, just day after day."

"Give me that," he said, taking the handkerchief. "I've seen it before."

"No, you haven't," she said, still in the same dull tone. "It's a new one."

"Yes I have. Last night."

"Last night?"

"Yes, under your pillow."

"You?"

She stared, her face quivering. Suddenly the line of her mouth seemed to collapse and run downward. Something tight had broken, something proud and fierce had bent. She was crying.

"Oh, Geordie, life is so much queerer than I ever knew. Why didn't you tell me? I had such beastly dreams. I wish I could die."

The old name recalled one of his own for her.

"Leopard, Leopard . . . you silly little half-tamed leopard. What do I care about your dreams? It'll all be all right in the morning."

"It is the morning, and it isn't all right. You take them for the Picnic, let me stay at home. I won't see Mr. Martin. Take him away. He's so like you, Geordie, but with all your beastliness left out. Your *nice* beastliness, your *dear* beastliness, everything that makes me hate and adore you."

"Now listen. I've got a great idea. I didn't half take my bath, I was so keen to tell it to you. Let's get married."

She looked at him in such quaint misery, her face all wrinkled and slippery with tears, he was almost angry again.

"Damn it, I mean *really* married. The first time doesn't count, it's only a

Promotion Scheme, your genial old prayer book admits it. But the Bible says it's better to marry than to burn, doesn't it?"

"Let's do both."

(Why, he thought, she's got almost as much sense as Joyce.)

"That's the way to talk," he said, "because I'd much rather marry a woman with a sense of humor. All right, we'll pretend we've been living in sin, and now I'm going to make an honest woman of you. "Wilt thou, Phyllis, have this man to be thy wedded husband?"—"

"We *have* been living in sin. It's sin to be unhappy and hateful."

"Of course it is. And if either of you know any impediment—Where's that prayer book of yours? I love that marriage service stuff so much, it'd be worth while to get spliced every now and then just to hear it. It's so gorgeously earthy. Remember that bit where as soon as he's tied 'em up the parson has misgivings, and sings out in alarm 'O Lord, save thy servant and thy hand-maid!'"

"No, don't read me the prayer book now, I can't stand it. I want to get my bath."

"Run along then." He threw her blue robe around her shoulders. "We've got to go through with the Picnic for the children's sake. We'll make it the happiest day in the world."

"You don't think it's too late?"

He watched her down the passage, and then stood by the window seat looking out. The morning was very moist, there was fog over the bay, the hall had a faint musty odor like damp wallpaper. Certainly it was going to rain. Never mind, it would be one of those steady drumming rains that make a house so cosy. He was surprised to see that Joyce was in the garden already; she had set up her easel near the tea-table and was painting. No, he thought, I shan't let her go: we *can* all be happy together. If Phyl knew how much she owes to Joyce she'd fall at her feet.



How wise women would be if they knew that a man who has loved only one has never loved any. But better not mention it. Who wants them to be wise, poor . . . half-tamed leopards!

"There's someone in the bathroom," Phyllis said, coming back.

"Martin, probably."

"No, it's Ruth. I can smell her all down the passage. That mignonette she uses. Funny how sharp one's nose is in damp weather."

"If we ever come here again we'll have the house repapered."

She knelt on the seat beside him.

"Don't let's come again."

Her look followed his into the quiet garden. Both were silent. George guessed well enough why Joyce was there. She was doing a sketch for him, something to leave him. In that little figure at the easel was all the honor and disaster of all the world.

Side by side, his arm about her, he and Phyllis looked down into the cool green refreshment of bird song and dew. The light was filled with mist, too thin to be seen, but sunshine was incapable behind it. Filmy air globed them in, as the glimmering soap bubble spheres a breath of the soap's perfume. A dream, a fog stained with dim color, a bubble of glamour, farce and despair—all the sane comfortable words are no more than wind. One gush of violets rebuts them. Life is too great for those who live it. Purposely they wound and mar it, to bring it to their own tragic dimension. What was Joyce's word? . . . Inadequate. Yes, not all the beauty of the world can allay the bitter disproportion. And Time will come to rob us even of this precious grievance, this pang we carry in our dusty knapsack like the marshal's silver baton. And Time will come and take my lust away. . . .

So learn to live on farce, to savor its venom, like the Eastern King, dose and larger dose, until one can relish and thrive on a diet of acid that would blast the normal heart. Isn't it this very

disproportion that makes the glory? There would be no laughter in a perfect world. Ever after, digesting his secret poison, he would search other faces too for the sign of that healing bane.

He felt that Phyllis was about to say something. He erased his mind, to be ready to receive her thought, as one parent holds out arms to take the baby from the other.

"I think she's rather wonderful. I think I could . . ."

Joy and clean gusto, the blessed hilarity of living! Why it was so divinely simple, if Phyl would care to understand. . . .

"Dearest, if you . . . if you only . . ."

The half-tamed leopard stirred and showed a yellow spark. George's mind, uneasily changing itself, made swift cusping arcs like the tracks of a turning car. Ruth came rustling from the bathroom. She was amazed to see them doing a few dance steps together.

"Good-morning!" he said. "Perhaps you didn't know, this is our wedding day."

"Hurry up," he whispered to Phyllis. "Grab the bath while you can. I'll get dressed, I'll just have time to mend that railing before breakfast."

## XX

Joyce had slipped out early. There was something unbearable in the house's morning stir, its sense of preparation for living in which she would have no part.

Under the pine trees she was far enough from the house to consider it as a whole. With the anxious apprehension of the artist, who needs to *feel* his subject before he can begin work, she studied its weatherbeaten secrecy. The long line of the roof sagged a little, like an animal inured to carry burdens. The two semi-circled bays, flanking the verandah, kept the garden under scrutiny. Each of all those windows had its own outlook on life. A thread of smoke stole from the kitchen chimney,

sifting into the hazy morning. Imperceptible grayness was in the nebulous light, filtered through a prickling gauze of ocean fog. The house was waiting, waiting. That vapory air dimmed the bright world like breath on a mirror. It was as though the sun would never burn again. Yet, for her mood, it was somehow right. A morning of fire and blue would have been indecent.

Houses, built for rest and safety, and then filled with the tension of such trivial sufferings. I wonder if anyone has ever done a true portrait of a house. The opaque pearly light now seemed to her more sincere than any glamour of sun or moon. But how reluctant it was to surrender its meaning. She could hear the excited voices of the children, calling to and fro. Her mind was still pursuing something—she didn't know just what. It was like trying to think of a forgotten word. The house hasn't yet quite got over being empty so long, she thought. It's still a little bit empty. Or it believed that being lived in again would be such fun, and now it's disappointed. It had forgotten that life is like this.

She began to paint. This picture was for George, to remind him of things he did not know he knew. It must have love in it, and something more, too. The name of this picture, she said to herself, is *A Portrait of a House Saying Good-by*.

The shading was very odd along the verandah, between the two turreted bays and beneath the overhang of the sleeping porch. The light came from no direction, it was latent and diffused, softened in slopes and patches among many angles. She had already dabbed in the profile of the building when she realized what it was that she wanted. It was not the outside of the house but an interior that was forming in her mind. She left the outline tentative, as it was, and imagined the side of the house to be transparent. Under the sharp line of the balcony her brush struck through the glassed verandah

and found itself in the dining room. The tinted panes gave her a clean spot of color to focus on. Below these the room was obscure, but then the brush had discovered a pool of candlelight to dip in. Shadowy figures were sitting there, but just as she was about to sketch them they seemed to dissolve from their chairs and run toward the windows, looking outward furtively. There was another, too, outside the little sitting room, whispering in a dapple of black and silver chiaroscuro. Oh, if I could only catch what this means. If someone could help me. If George were here to help me. His large patience, his dear considering voice with the wandering parentheses of thought she had so often mocked and loved. Voice so near her now and soon so impossible to hear. No one would help her. No one can ever help the artist. Others she saves, herself she cannot save. . . .

She had saved him. She had saved Phyllis's George, given Phyllis the greatest gift of all. Given her back those Georges, enriched with understanding and fear. But could she save her own poor phantom, or even herself? Ah, she was going back to her own life. She thought of that adored city waiting for her, its steep geometries of building, its thousand glimpses that inflame the artist's eye. Extraordinary: you'd expect to find a painter exultantly at work on every street corner; and how rarely you see 'em! And the subway, with rows of shrewd and weary faces; girls with their short skirts and vivid scarves; men with clean-shaved sharply modelled mouths . . . the endless beauty of people, and their blessed insensibility to the infernal pang. . . . Yes, that was what Phyllis could do for him better than she: dull and deaden that nerve in his mind; chloroform George the Fourth, the poor little bastard!

She was going back to her own life. Back to the civilized pains of art; its nostalgia for lost simplicity, its full and generous tolerance, its self-studious doubt, its divinely useless mirth, its



disregard of things not worth discussing among the tenderly disenchanted. Never try to explain things you know are true. As soon as you begin to do that, they seem doubtful.

A darkness kept coming into the picture. It was as though the lonely silence that had been stored up in that house was now draining out of it, seeping into the absorbent air. The fog was thickening and distorted perspectives. The house was out of drawing. That tricky shadow under the balcony was baffling: it made the whole porch seem out of plumb. Holding up a brush to get a true horizontal, she saw that Martin was coming across the lawn.

"Why, it's Bunny!" he said, pointing to the figure she had hastily suggested with a few strokes. "I know now why she wanted you to help me."

Joyce did not look up.

"You must go, at once," she said.

"I was lying in bed, waiting for it to be time to get up. I saw that some of the wallpaper, by the window, was torn. When I looked at it I found the mouse-pattern underneath. It's the old nursery."

"That's what Bunny meant! Go and look in the cupboard, see if you can find it, the mouse I gave you. That's your only chance."

"I think I understand now."

"You mean, you know that we're the same—"

"Yes, that this is what we're all coming to. Except Bunny . . . and, and you. *You* haven't done it, not quite. . . ."

"Martin, I'm worst of all," she cried. "I'm neither one nor the other."

"No, I think Ben is the worst," he said slowly. "It's too bad, he was such a nice boy."

"Quick, go away, don't try to learn too much. You must go for *their* sake. If they find out who you are—"

She had a sick presentiment that they must hurry. And still he lingered and she could feel time sloping toward some bottomless plunge.

"Perhaps I don't want to go. There's something I don't quite understand. You all look at one another so queerly: look, and then turn away. What is it? What's happened that hurts you so?"

How could she answer? How tell him that the world is often too fierce for its poor creatures, overstrains and soils them in their most secret nerves; and that with all their horrors they would not have it otherwise? He had come like the unspoiled essence of living, groping blindly for what it divines to be happy and real and true; he was thwarted and damned by the murderous pettiness of his own scarred brethren. If I had two friends called Food and Hunger, I'd never introduce them to each other. Must she, who was born to love him, be the one to tell him this?

"You *must* go. Don't you see, it isn't only us. It's you too. You and George. . . . Oh, I tried not to tell you. George is just you grown up."

He looked at her appalled.

"You're the George that was once. That's why he hates you so. . . . You're George the Fifth, I suppose," she said, forgetting he wouldn't understand.

"I *won't* be like George!" he exclaimed. "But I shan't go unless you'll come with me. Help us to go back and we'll never come again."

She did not tell him that she could never go back; that he must go alone; that they would always be lonely.

"Hurry, hurry," was all she could say.

He was running toward the house.

She tried to follow, but some sluggish seizure was about her limbs. The house, shadowy in deepening mist, loomed over her. She seemed to hear its passages patter with racing feet. There was a face at the pantry window. Perhaps there was a face at every window. There always is. She dared not look.

There *were* racing feet. The three children burst onto the porch above her.

"Time for breakfast!" they called.

"And then we'll be ready for the Picnic!"

Now she knew. The whole dumb face of the house had been warning her; George's premonition last night was the same. She tried wildly to wave them back, but her voice was sealed. Frolicking with excitement, Janet and Sylvia and Rose ran to the railing and leaned over to shout to her.

"See if there are any cobwebs! If there are, it's not going to rain."

Time swayed over her like an impending tree, tremulous, almost cut through. It seemed so gingerly poised that the mere fury of her will could hold it stable for a moment. Where was Martin? Oh, if he found the mouse in time he would get back before this happened, and perhaps his memory would be wiped clean. She saw George appear at the door of the porch with tools in his hands.

"We're going to have ginger ale at the Picnic," Sylvia was calling.

She tried to hold Time still with her mind. She was frantically motioning the children back, crying out and wondering whether her voice made any sound. The balustrade was going, she saw the old splintery wood cracking, swaying, sagging. There was a snapping crash of breaking posts. The children's faces flushed with gaiety, their mouths open, suddenly changed. They leaned forward and still farther forward, holding out their arms to her as though for a terrified embrace. They were beginning to fall. After so many sudden tears and little troubles, how could they know that this was more than one last strange tenderness? And as the railing shattered and they fell she saw that Martin was at the door of the porch. He had found it.

## XXI

The candles were still smoking on the cake, the children all trooping toward the hall.

"Wait, wait!" he cried. "Come back a minute!"

They turned in surprise. The Grown Ups, very large in the doorway, looked like gigantic prison guards faced by some sudden unexpected insurrection.

"Don't let's play that game," he said breathlessly. "It's too terrible."

"What game?" asked Mrs. Richmond.

"We made up a game, a game of spies, to—" He realized that he couldn't possibly explain with the Parents standing there. He caught Joyce's eye. She looked frightened.

"Why, Martin, how silly you are," chirped Phyllis. "Of course we weren't going to play it, not really."

"He's not silly!" Joyce cried fiercely. "I was going to play it."

"So was I," Bunny flashed. "Phyllis is telling lies. We *were* going to play it, we wanted to find out whether Grown Ups have a good time."

"Bunny, Bunny," said her mother reprovingly. "Tell Phyllis you're sorry. You mustn't forget that she's a guest."

"When I grow up," said Phyllis primly, "I'm going to have a lot of children and teach them lovely manners."

"When I grow up," Bunny exclaimed, "my children won't never have to say Thank-you or they're sorry unless they really mean it."

"When I grow up," Ruth said, "I'm going to do without children. They're too much of a burden."

"Perhaps when the time comes," said one of the guards, "they'll find it's not so easy as it sounds."

Martin turned hopelessly to the boys. "Ben, don't *you* grow up. It isn't fun. Ben, I— I *advise* you not to grow up."

"Quit your kidding," Ben retorted. "What's biting you?"

"*Ben!*" exclaimed an outraged parent. "Where on earth do you pick up that way of talking? Why, I'm amazed at you."

Martin saw it was too late. Already something had happened. Just the invasion of elders into the room had changed them all.

"Mother!" he appealed. "Tell the



truth, it's important, cross your heart and hope to die. *Do you have a good time?*"

"Why, dear, what an absurd question."

"They won't tell us," he cried bitterly. "They're all liars!"

Fathers and Mothers looked at each other.

"It's time to get them home. Parties always upset them. Ben, stop biting your nails."

"Joyce, what on earth are you sniveling about? Really, it seems as though the more you do for them the less they appreciate it."

The rain had thinned to a drizzle. Martin stood uneasily in the hall while the others collected umbrellas and rubbers and slipped away. The house smelt of raincoats and fresh wallpaper.

"Martin, what *is* it? Don't you see I'm busy talking? What do you keep pulling my arm for?"

He had only wanted to ask her if they could invite Joyce to stay to supper. But he couldn't shout it out before everyone.

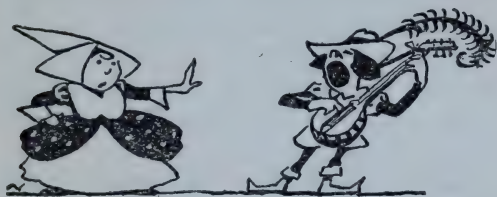
"Well, then, if you didn't want anything, what are you bothering about? Go and say good-by to Joyce. Say it politely, and tell her you hope she'll come again. And then your father wants to speak to you."

But Joyce had already gone, and when she looked back to try to show him she understood, she did not see him. His father was asking him if a boy ten years old didn't know better than to insult his parents like that.

THE END



## The Lion's Mouth



### THE FAITHFUL TROUBADOUR

BY NEWMAN LEVY

IN the far-off land of Muggenheim there once dwelt in a modest ivy-covered cottage a poor but well-meaning troubadour by the name of Pierre. Pierre was what we might call a natural musician. At the age of three he could play "Chop Sticks" upon the old square piano that stood in the kitchen of his mother's humble home. He was, moreover, no mean performer upon the comb and tissue paper, and by the time he reached his twelfth birthday he could strum a lute along with the best lutists in Muggenheim. In addition he had a tenor voice. And so in the fullness of time he arrived at man's estate, whatever that may be. To put it in a phrase, he grew up.

One fine day Pierre, with his trusty lute hung gaily across his shoulder by a bright red ribbon, entered his mother's kitchen.

"Ma," he said cheerfully, "I'm going gypsying."

"You're going right down to the grocers," she said, "to get me—"

"It's springtime," he said, "and the sap of youth runs riot in my veins."

"Sap is right," replied his mother. "How do you get that way? You've got a good job in Meyer's Cloak and Suit House."

"No, ma," said Pierre. "I have

dreamed of this for years. To roam the broad highway; to earn my bread with my song and lute; to sleep beneath the moon and the friendly stars—"

"All right. Have it your way," said his mother. "Don't forget to take your heavy underwear."

"A wandering minstrel I," said Pierre. "A thing of shreds—"

"And patches," his mother added in a rich contralto. "Of ballads, songs, and snatches." For she was not without music herself.

And so it came to pass that Pierre went forth a gypsying and wandered through many strange countries and saw many strange things. And in the course of his wanderings he came at last to the land of Dunkelbrau, where lived a wealthy baron named Krausmeyer. This baron dwelt in a mighty castle with his wife and his daughter, the beautiful Lady Felice. Many knights of noble birth, of valor, and of wealth had sought in vain the hand of the fair Felice. She was more radiant than the sun, more beautiful than the moon—in fact, awfully good looking. But to the great sorrow of her excellent and aristocratic parents she stubbornly refused to wed.

One day as Felice chanced to look out the window of the castle billiard room, whither she had gone to practice for the local Kelly Pool tournament, Pierre happened by. He caught one glimpse of the lady's face and he was madly, passionately, hopelessly in love. "Girl of my dreams," he murmured. He seized his lute and sang this serenade:

• "Girl of my dreams,  
Oh girl of my dreams,  
You are my dream girl,  
My only dream girl,  
Girl of my dreams."



Which was not bad at all, considering that he had made up the words right there on the spot. Had Pierre lived in a later day he would have been a popular song writer. Lady Felice, who had a kind heart, threw him a red rose that she always wore in her hair for that purpose, and the bard departed happy.

That night at seven-thirty sharp he appeared before the window of the billiard room of the castle and serenaded conscientiously until eleven-fifteen. The Lady Felice's room happened to be on the other side of the house, but that did not disturb our minstrel. He did not know it. The castle servants gathered on the garden wall and applauded each number with great gusto. The lovelorn troubadour was obliged to give several encores before he was permitted to depart, tired but happy.

The following night he was back on the job again, and every night thereafter; moonlight, rain, thunder—it was all the same to Pierre. He was a stickler, he was. The fair Felice after a day or two left for the seashore to spend a week with some friends, but Baron Krausmeyer and his good wife Otilie and the castle servants enjoyed the concerts immensely.

"There's Felice's young man again," said the Baroness one evening as Pierre began tuning up in the garden. "I've been thinking that we ought to give a musicale some night. You know we ought to have the Gabriels and Ottenbergs. They've had us to dinner and we owe them a party."

"A rum bunch, by my halidom," exclaimed the Baron, as Pierre burst into the opening bars of "You are My Dream Girl." "Let's have the Churchills and the Ernsts too, and finish them all up in one evening."

The following Wednesday night the billiard room of the castle was crowded with guests. All the aristocracy of the neighborhood was present. Sandwiches and other refreshments were served and throughout the evening Pierre, standing outside in the garden, entertained them

with chanson, ballad, and roundelay. As the guests departed they one and all voted the evening a huge success.

The year wore on, as years have a habit of doing, but throughout the changing seasons, through wind and rain, through storm and sleet, the devoted troubadour stood at his post and poured out nightly his hopeless love.

The Krausmeyers gave frequent musical evenings, and after a while they began to acquire quite a local reputation as patrons of the arts. At times when the minstrel would burst into a more lilt-ing measure, the young folks would roll up the rugs and indulge in the dances of the period.

The following spring the castle was all a bustle with preparation for the wedding of Lady Felice. For the proud beauty had at last yielded her heart to the handsome Prince Roland of Aquitaine.

"I think, mamma," said the Baron, "that we ought to have some musicians for the wedding. It makes the ceremony so impressive, and then the young folks like to dance afterward."

"I've an idea," said the Baroness. "We'll have an evening wedding and Felice's young man—"

"Ex-young man, my dear."

"Ex-young man can furnish the music. It will save expense."

And so it happened that as the Archbishop of Mugginheim spoke the words that made the Lady Felice the Princess of Aquitaine, there floated through the castle windows the poignant song of the love-sick troubadour:

"Girl of my dreams,  
Oh girl of my dreams,  
You are my dream girl,  
My only dream girl,  
Girl of my dreams."

They tell in Mugginheim that when the Princess of Aquitaine brings her two children, Lord Ronald, aged ten, and Lady Agatha, aged six, to visit their grandparents, the old folks as a special treat sometimes allow the children to remain up after dinner to hear the strange man singing in the garden.



## HELEN, THY BEAUTY IS TO ME —

BY MORRIS BISHOP

**H**ELEN of Troy, thy hair and eyes and lips

Comfort us still; for down the ages come  
Tales of that face that launched a thousand  
ships

And burnt the topless towers of Ilium.  
(The last two lines are Marlowe's, and not  
mine,

But, Editor, two dollars yet are due me.  
A dollar is my normal rate per line;  
If Marlowe claims two dollars, let him sue  
me.)

Ay, Helen, as the moon draws up the sea,  
Whelming her lovers in a watery tomb,  
So did thy beauty draw relentlessly  
A myriad well-greaved heroes to their doom.  
What was the secret of thy beauty rare?  
Was it a secret advertised to-day?  
Elimination of superfluous hair?  
Or incrustation of the face with clay?

Ah, did thy face so moonlight-exquisite  
Summon thy hapless lovers from afar  
Because the soap with which thou washed'st it  
Was properly combined of oil and tar?  
Or did'st thou learn that secret none confides,  
Save innocent children, in their murmurs  
low  
To them who oft are bridesmaids, never brides,  
Because they did not know, they did not  
know?

Or did'st thou learn that secret yet more dark,  
Why friendships wither and why loves  
decay:  
That healthy glow afflicting, we remark,  
Maud Muller, raking all a summer's day?  
Or does thy beauty triumph o'er the years  
Because, when Priam's stalwart sons would  
feast  
On bullocks roasted whole, and sheep and  
steers,  
Thou would'st restrict thyself to cakes of  
yeast?

Alas, we do not know, we do not know;

Thy beauty now is dust on Mysian plains,  
Blown with thy lovers' ashes to and fro,  
And only Homer's deathless word remains;  
And Homer tells us not the beauty hints  
Of Helen, in his poet's heart enshrined;  
I'd like to bet that Helen was a quince—  
For good old Homer, you recall, was blind.



## THE NEW TORIES

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

**I**HAD a blow the other day," said  
Tibbetts sadly.

"Physical?" I asked sympathetically.

"Spiritual," said Tibbetts. "I was  
called conservative."

Now Tibbetts has been called many  
things but never, to my knowledge, con-  
servative. His lively desire to improve  
the world has manifested itself in so-  
cialism, pacifism, supporting Eugene  
Debs, picketing at Paterson strikes, in-  
terceding for conscientious objectors,  
getting arrested for reading the Consti-  
tution in Jersey City, and otherwise  
making himself obnoxious to the Na-  
tional Security League. If Tibbetts were  
called conservative, it could only be be-  
cause some new and more violent shade  
of red had been invented.

"But have you changed your mind?"  
I asked incredulously. "Have you  
recanted?"

"Not a bit," said he. "That's just  
it. I still revere the memory of Lenin  
as much as ever, and my opinion of  
Andrew Mellon hasn't changed a par-  
ticle."

"Then who in the name of heaven  
called you conservative?"

"It was little Lucy Sanderson," said  
Tibbetts. "You know her? Nineteen  
years old and filled with an urge to be  
mentally up to date. People like Lucy  
are the perfect straws to show which  
way the intellectual wind blows—that's



why her opinion upsets me. Ten years ago she would have been trying to understand Herbert Croly's editorials in the *New Republic* because that was the advanced thing to do. Five years ago, along with bobbed hair, cigarettes, and petting parties, she'd have taken up syndicalism, W. Z. Foster, and Gandhi, and would have considered me at least a minor prophet. But now—would you believe it?—she regards us as shopworn. She has gone in for the very latest thing: being a jaded anti. She's an anti-reformer, anti-moralist, anti-democrat: in short, a New Conservative. Talking with her has taught me what people mean when they say that the radical of one generation becomes the conservative of the next. They don't mean that he changes his mind; they mean that the pendulum swings the other way and, instead of pushing it, he finds he's pulling it.

"I had quite an illuminating conversation with Lucy," continued Tibbetts. "It began when she said something slurring about Chautauquas, and I told her that they had an educational value if they woke people up to think even a little about their condition of life.

"Let 'em sleep," said Lucy, "and then they won't be so obnoxious, the stupid peasants. Rotarians and Methodists and that sort of thing. Oh, I know you wouldn't agree, but you're so conservative, with all your mushy idealism and your tiresome democratic bunk about the masses, about these—do you know what Mencken would call them?—obscene cattle!"

"So ho," said I, "you follow that jolly old Tory, do you?"

"Tory!" exclaimed Lucy. "Why, he's most awfully modern."

"He uses violent language, if that's what it is to be modern," I replied, "but he's a Tory just the same. Did you ever read his loving praises of Nietzsche during the war? Like every Junker, he wants to be let alone with his privileges and to enjoy the fruits of the earth. He may happen to be, not a social or finan-

cial, but an intellectual aristocrat, and to prefer the fruits of literature and the arts to those of the earth, but the principle is the same: essentially he's one with the English country gentleman, the Virginia planter, the Russian nobleman. The amazing thing is that he has performed the incredible feat of making Toryism look shocking."

"Lucy looked at me as if I were mad. 'But it isn't only Mencken,' she said. 'Everybody who's modern feels the same way. We hate censors and Congressmen and blue-stockings and sentimentalists and all these tiresome people who want to make the world a better place. We want to be let alone to drink what we please, and keep our servants in their places and read what we please without a lot of illiterate policemen telling us what's good for us. We're intelligent enough to know that we civilized people are superior to the mob—we might as well be honest and admit it—and it's none of their business what we do.'

"But if everybody acted that way," I began, "what about the public?"

"The public be damned," said Lucy promptly.

"She didn't know Commodore Vanderbilt had said it fifty years ago. She thought it was a new and radical protest.

"Since that conversation with Lucy I've been wondering about these new Tories," Tibbetts went on. "I've talked with a lot of them. Their idea of living dangerously is to read Michael Arlen. Their idea of a pioneer is George Jean Nathan, who likes the world very well as it is, thank you, if only nobody interferes with his doing as he pleases. They devour Cabell and Dreiser not because they can write, but because they are supposed to be naughty. They think Bertrand Russell and Lowes Dickinson and Max Eastman and Scott Nearing a lot of old fogies who rant about isms which have nothing to do with the price of gin or of a smuggled copy of *Ulysses*. They despise Calvin Coolidge, not because he's the tool of big business"—Tibbetts is often elo-

quent on this subject—"but because he's moral and dull and the Knights of Pythias swear by him. Where we old radicals abominate Judge Gary, they don't care a rap about him one way or the other; their pet aversion is Dr. Frank Crane—and why? Because he plays into the hands of the capitalists? Not for a moment. Because he's sloppy. They'd like him to be hard, bright, worldly, and cynical: to call human beings incontinent animals and life an obscene farce. And all the time the hunkies in the mills are toiling in economic slavery, and the diplomats are swapping concessions and brewing new and more hideous wars, while these new Tories sit exquisitely and sip their cock-tails and fiddle the new jazz, and snap their fingers at the welfare of the common man, and think they're the heralds of a new age!"

Tibbetts was getting violent. I tried to calm him.

"But why bother about them?" said I. "If they're just a new brand of Tories, I'm not surprised you don't like them. You never were very keen on Tories."

"But don't you see?" cried Tibbetts. "If they think they're radical and everybody else thinks so, then they *are*. A

radical is just a man who's terribly anxious to have the world move faster in the direction it's going. If this new Toryism is considered radical, that means that the drift is in their direction. And what becomes of us with our Youth Movement and our industrial democracy and our internationalism? We're just trying to hang on to the pendulum.

"Did you ever sit on the front seat of a street car when it reached the end of the line and have the motorman take his little handle and go back to the other end, and wake up to realize that you were in the back seat of a car going the other way? Well, that's how I feel now. It's unsettling. There's a satisfaction in knowing you're in the front seat. But to be back with the conductor and headed the wrong way . . . What's a fellow to do?"

He looked at me dismally.

"Suppose you stay in your seat and wait?" I suggested. "In due time the car will reach the other end of the line. And then . . ."

"Of course!" he cried triumphantly. Then his face fell, and for a moment he was lost in thought.

"Life," said he at last, "is nothing but a damned shuttle."

"You new Tory," said I.





## *Editor's Easy Chair*

### SINCE THEY BURIED FITZPATRICK

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

**W**HEN did old times end and the new era begin? . . . In 1914? . . . Before that! . . . With the beginning of the new century?

One would say a little earlier. Somehow, in the mind of the Easy Chair it is associated with Fitzpatrick's funeral. The exact year of the funeral matters not, but it was in the summer, along somewhere in the late '90s, and the picture of it going by on a dusty road as one looked out of the window of a book-lined study in the old house in Owasco, is for some reason extraordinarily vivid in the mind—a long, long succession of buggies and farmers' light wagons filing by after the mortal remnants of Fitzpatrick; summer, sunshine, and dust; and a sense that the affection and regard the funeral showed was all well due, and earned by benefits conferred.

Fitzpatrick was a butcher; doubtless an Irishman; probably a Catholic, else why should his funeral have been proceeding down the road past our house to the town where there was a Catholic church and cemetery? He lived somewhere up the lake, in Sempronius maybe, for Owasco is in classical New York. Somewhere in that neighborhood our fellow-citizen John D. Rockefeller spent his boyhood and first began to practice the art of acquisition in which he has won such great renown. Not so Fitzpatrick. He did nothing momentous in that line. He was a butcher, as said, an active, hearty man, who came down the road two or three times a week on his

meat wagon, supplying animal food to households and taking a lively and benevolent interest in the concerns of his fellow-creatures. A very good man, who lived a life of service, as was attested by that long line of farmer vehicles trailing along after a hearse on a dusty road on a summer day.

In '96 or '97 that must have been. Perhaps the Spanish War was going on. Anyhow, it was imminent, and that was the beginning of the new times.

My gracious! Consider what changes thirty years have wrought in this world and in human life! The Spanish War! A more or less absurd proceeding, but we came out of it a different country. Then the Boer War. Then the coruscating era of Roosevelt. Then the Mexican difficulties. Then Wilson, and 1914, and everything that has happened since, and all through this period habits changing, motor cars driving horses off the road, man-flight accomplished, wireless achieved, the Great War, prohibition launched in the United States—all the world mussed up, agitated, and finally left on our hands in a heap, tangled, towseled, perplexed, distraught, as it is to-day.

**T**HE new era has undoubtedly come, but no one can say yet where it is coming out. The more one regards it, the more uncertain he must be as to the details of its development.

We may have ever so much faith that human life is progressing to a better

phase and yet be left full of speculations as to the immediate processes of that progress. The truth is they do not look particularly engaging, though the efforts at Locarno were encouraging.

Consider war! The world has had war, was for a time quite seriously oversupplied with it; is quite positive that it does not want any more; is pretty sure that it is an extremely expensive cure and very liable to kill the patient, and yet it does not know how to get rid of it. It is in a most curious state about that. Its wise men work hard on the problem of putting war out of business. They convene, they discuss, they send disputes to referees and settle a good many of them. The governments they represent no longer threaten force. They know they cannot afford to fight. They know that fighting is not profitable, and yet there never was less turning of swords into plowshares than there is just now. Everybody is afraid that there will be another big fight and nobody, except the Quakers, wants to get into it barehanded. Along with the vision of a new world and new conditions of life go the compulsions and the considerations of the old world and the old conditions. The habit of carrying a gun is extremely strong in nations. The public sentiment of the world is that nobody should go armed except the policemen, but no general rule to that effect has yet been contrived.

And there are morals and there is religion. Neither of them in a very satisfactory case: crimes of violence abounding, divorce very prevalent; the law not respected, and in the opinion of many good minds not respectable; the churches and their members involved in creedal disputes, and not at all pleased with themselves nor with one another; quite aware that things are not going with them as they should; suspicious that they have lost something and very perplexed where to look for it.

"Youth is on the loose," says a book reviewer, "because the tribal *mores* are in collapse. The adult has lost his re-

lentless faith in right and wrong, a thousand new influences are at work in the child's environment—the comic strips, the 'movies,' the headlines, post-war cynicism, advertising, increasing city congestion—and single inviolable standards have given way to a confusing multiplicity of standards. The old handholds are rotten and the new ones have not been forged." So says Mr. Stuart Chase, described as "of the New York Labor Bureau," reviewing a couple of books in the Sunday *Tribune's* literary supplement.

Prohibition is not dead, neither is it particularly thriving. The Federal Council of Churches has reviewed it punctiliously and at length, and said in effect that it was languishing and needed tonics. Maybe it needs a drink. Certainly it is not giving much satisfaction even to its adherents and supporters. A new program for it is announced; a very good enforcement agent has been put in charge in the person of General Andrews; somewhat more sense has been contributed to the theory of enforcement and a good deal of nonsense has been shown the way to the back door and may have to go out. So Prohibition in the United States after five years of effort is still a speculation. The main discussion about it is whether it can be helped by modification.

**B**UT that is uncertain like everything else—like the foreign debts, for example. Part of the cure of the world is held to be the funding of the war debts due to the United States from France, Italy, Belgium, and others. That is another speculation. Great Britain has arranged for the payment of her debt to us and her payments are coming in, but they do not give any great degree of satisfaction. A lot of people here squirm about it and are afraid that England cannot afford what she is paying nor we to receive what we are taking. There is no great peace of mind about these payments, nor will there be about other payments so long as they come



out of countries heavily burdened with obligations and hampered by a great falling off of trade. If the countries that owe us money came jointly to the counting room with bags of it gathered out of their prosperity and turned it in with thanks for the accommodation, that would be one thing; but nothing like that is going on at all. All payments are made more or less under protest and the gratitude of mankind to us at present is almost exclusively the sense of favors to come, especially of loans. It is a grand thing to be unpopular in a good cause but less felicitous to be so when one is worried for fear he is not doing entirely right.

Also, connected with the foreign debts is the glaring fact that if paid at all they must be paid by imports from the countries that owe them. The fear of imports is always strong in our manufacturers, and we run a tariff up sky high against the very payments we arrange for. And there is every prospect that we shall run it up higher if our manufacturers find themselves in competition with the cheaper labor of debt-paying Europe. Somehow it seems neither good sense nor good morals to insist upon repayments and at the same time build up a wall against them. All that one can hope is that payments in goods will not be abundant enough to raise the tariff wall extortionately and increase in a serious measure the prices of things we have to buy.

Then there is the curious disturbance over evolution, considerably mixed up, sad to say, with politics. It was the same way with prohibition. The people who wanted prohibition put it into politics as strongly as they could. They organized to beat all candidates for office who opposed it and organized with great effectiveness. So the anti-evolutionists, who insist that evolution is contrary to the accepted theories of religion, are ready to organize against candidates who do not take that view. Undoubtedly there is coming a restatement of the religious belief of religious people in

our day. So much news has come to the world about so many things, and so much more is coming so fast, that the old statements which were good in their day, do not hold the contemporary mind. It does not understand how to reconcile the facts of life and the history of life as it knows them with the religious statements that have come down to them. If they knew more about those statements and how they came to be, and if they knew more about the new knowledge and how far from complete it is, and how many of its deductions will not hold water, they would understand that the reconciliation which must be made is not so difficult as they suppose. There is no true conflict between different statements of truth, but there is plenty of conflict between half-truths, and that is what is going on now. It is not calamitous; it is not really serious, because in due time it will work out, and because new knowledge will correct the errors of old knowledge; but these adjustments while they are going on are troublesome, and the age-old disposition of human creatures to insist that other human creatures shall accept the religious and moral and political conclusions that they have themselves arrived at is making trouble and will make more trouble just as it always has.

**BY MACHINERY** and by the great development of what we call education, and by the immense increase of the powers of man over material things we have made enormous gains in efficiency, but we have not gained equally in tolerance. That is the main trouble with us and the cure for it is more knowledge, and especially more knowledge of spiritual things. The efficiency of man is increased by what is taught in the schools—reading, writing, arithmetic, chemistry, physics, and all the sciences, but no increase of knowledge in those subjects alone will save the world or bring peace to it; for one may be skilled in all those matters and yet have no true concep-

tion of the purpose of human life and the spiritual laws that govern us.

Materialism—says a current writer—is bankrupt as a practical philosophy of conduct. In its practical working it is not a philosophical theory but a habit of mind. Its effects are always disastrous because it reduces morality to convention. It always degenerates into Epicureanism and regards Religion as a dope for the masses in the interests of property. It removes God from the world, makes the human will the only arbiter of conduct, exalts selfishness (enlightened or otherwise) as the only rule of life, and the logical result never fails to work out in conflicts and the dominance of brute force. It was so in Greece, in Rome and in Judæa, and there are plenty of modern examples of the same sequences, both international and social. This ignoring of the actual and inevitable result of the Law of Spiritual Consequences which is the real governance of God, is exceedingly common at the present day. Whole classes in every nation act as though God were a negligible quantity. It is this forgetfulness which moved the warnings of the Hebrew prophets, and it invariably works out in national disaster just because the moral law is as much a part of the constitution of the universe as gravitation.

That is a good statement (by Stanley De Brath) of what ails our world at the present time. It is a picture of the slough we are in and it suggests the true reason for the embarrassment of us Americans about those foreign debts. It is a habit of our minds to consider that borrowed money must be repaid. So, as a rule, it must, but there is a higher law about it, and that we do not seem capable of comprehending or applying. But events may apply it and in ways we shall not like by consequences that will be both painful and expensive and so, possibly, we shall learn.

In great crises, so long as they last, selfish habits of mind seem to dissolve. When San Francisco was shaken down and burned up everyone for a time seemed to look after everybody else. So it was very considerably in the war. So it is when floods drive antagonistic

animals to hill tops. They don't fight one another while the waters are high, but when the waters subside again the animals return to their hereditary antagonisms, and dog and cat dispute as before. Must it be that this world is to fall again into torment before the nations finally learn to be brotherly to one another? That is really the great question of the time; whether we can learn soon enough to be good to avert a lot more punishment, or whether we are so stupid that our heads must be knocked together, our treasures wasted, and hearts broken again by wholesale bereavement? No one knows the answer to that question. We have gained in efficiency and lost in tolerance. Somehow we must make up that loss; somehow we must get better understanding of what life is about and of what Mr. De Brath calls the law of Spiritual Consequences, which is the real governance of God.

The means to do so are not lacking. The quest for saving spiritual knowledge was never keener than it is now, never pressed more resolutely, and never with richer and more astonishing results. Not in all our concerns are the blind leading the blind. There are those who see and practice constantly to see better; who find a message worth giving and give it. In all religious companies and outside of organized religion altogether, one finds such people, and the pith of their messages is the same. The world is by no means going out in darkness. On the contrary it never was more conscious of light ahead, and never more eager to reach it. Its necessities compel that eagerness, and if it seems to lag, as it does, it is only because the critical state of its affairs seems so urgently to demand haste.

So they do, but no living man can make a timetable for mankind. The best he can do is to try to increase and diffuse true intelligence, for according to the true intelligence of men is their behavior, and according to their behavior events befall.





## Personal and Otherwise



IS THE institution of marriage collapsing? What hope is there that it will survive the vicissitudes of this new age? We give the opening position this month to a thoroughgoing study of the present condition of American marriage, by *Doctor Béatrice M. Hinkle*, a prominent New York physician who is one of the leading authorities on psychoanalysis and particularly on the work of Jung. She is the author of *The Re-Creating of the Individual*. "The Chaos of Modern Marriage" is to be included as a chapter in the forthcoming *Book of Marriage*, edited by Count Hermann Keyserling and published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Whatever *Frank R. Kent* says about our political decline is worth listening to, for he knows American public affairs inside and out, and is one of the most respected political correspondents in the country. He wrote *The Great Game of Politics*, and has been with the *Baltimore Sun* (of which he is now vice-president) almost uninterruptedly since 1898.

The first story of the month comes to us from a writer who, still in his twenties, has already two successful novels to his credit. *Cyril Hume* was not long out of Yale when he wrote *The Wife of the Centaur*; his second book is *Cruel Fellowship*.

The publication of an article by *Colonel Edward M. House* is an event of importance; for few men in the world have had an experience in international affairs comparable with his, and he seldom breaks his silence. His opinion of Paderewski will surprise many a reader who is not accustomed to think of the greatest pianist of the age as also one of the greatest statesmen.

*Gordon Arthur Smith*, who contributes "The Sapphire," is a New York story writer whose work has appeared frequently in HARPER'S and other magazines.

Is Mr. Coolidge the wisest statesman of

our time, as many are wont to declare; or is he merely a small, shrewd man whose uncanny hold on public esteem is due to amazing luck, as some of his strident critics claim? "Why," as Mr. Martin wrote last month in the Easy Chair, "does he give all but universal satisfaction?" This is the great Coolidge mystery to which *Bruce Bliven*, former managing editor of the *New York Globe*, now on the editorial board of the *New Republic*, addresses himself.

The domestic disclosures in "Living on the Ragged Edge" are so intimate that the author naturally prefers to conceal her identity. A few names in her account have been altered to prevent identification; otherwise it faithfully follows the facts of her heart-rending struggle to live inside the family income. Thousands of her contemporaries are in the same boat, and we anticipate a lively discussion. In fact, it is already beginning: on another page we print the comments of two readers who saw the article in proofs.

*Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick* no longer needs any introduction to the HARPER public. His department, "Religion and Life," will continue to be a regular monthly feature of the Magazine.

Some ten years ago *H. G. Dwight* published a remarkable collection of Turkish stories called *Stamboul Nights*. After the War his duties with the State Department were for some time too arduous to permit of any writing, but his article in our October issue, "The Washington Express," marked his engaging return to the field of letters, and this month we print the second of his new series of papers. The residents of Washington may be expected to greet it with mingled applause and vituperation.

The latest story from the vigorous pen of *Wilbur Daniel Steele* will be welcomed by those who enjoyed "The Man Who Saw

Through Heaven" (in our September issue) and "Blue Murder" (in October). Mr. Steele is also the author of two recent novels, *The Isles of the Blest* and *Taboo*.

The bunk in Colonial history as taught to young Americans and remembered by older Americans is isolated by *Harold U. Faulkner*, author of *American Economic History*, who recently left an assistant professorship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to become associate professor of history at Smith College.

The fourth and last short story of this issue is the work of *Parkhurst Whitney*, one-time member of the New York *Tribune* staff, who has returned to New York from a sojourn in that paradise of antique-collectors, Hingham, Massachusetts. This is Mr. Whitney's first appearance in HARPER'S.

*William Beebe*, director of the department of research at the New York Zoölogical Society, author of *Galápagos* and other books, and recent voyager to the Sargasso Sea and points south, is the most widely known of all American naturalists. It is some time since he contributed to HARPER'S, and we welcome the opportunity to publish his latest article.

When *Philip Guedalla* was outlining to us his plan for a series of American Revolutionary portraits, he told us he expected to include a "red-faced general." The general now appears in the person of Cornwallis. Mr. Guedalla, formerly a London barrister, is one of the most brilliant English exponents of the art of biographical portraiture. He has written *The Second Empire*, *Masters and Men*, etc.

We publish this month the final installment of *Christopher Morley's* extraordinary serial. Our regret at taking leave of Martin and the five Georges is tempered by Mr. Morley's promise to follow "Thunder on the Left" with a new serial story before long and with other contributions for which he is now gathering material in Europe. Meanwhile "Thunder on the Left" is to appear shortly in book form. It will be published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

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The poets this month are *Henriette De Saussure Blanding* (Mrs. Chauncey Good-

rich) of Saratoga, California; *Ethel M. Hewitt*, an English writer who has previously appeared in HARPER'S; and *Granville Paul Smith*, of New York, whose first contribution, "Grief and Sorrow," came out in the October number.

☞ ☞ ☞

The Lion's hunger is assuaged by *Newman Levy*, New York lawyer and humorist, author of *The Opera Guyed*, etc.; *Morris Bishop*, of Ithaca, New York; and *Frederick L. Allen* of the HARPER editorial staff.

☞ ☞ ☞

For the frontispiece we have selected a winter landscape, painted with *Jonas Lie's* characteristic force and brilliance. Born in Norway in 1880, Mr. Lie came to America in 1893. He graduated four years later from the Ethical Culture School, took up the study of painting at the National Academy of Design and the Art Students' League, and made his way to the high position he now occupies among American artists. He is represented in most of the leading American museums.

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Here are two comments, representing two contrasting points of view, on the well-nigh universal problem of income vs. outgo so eloquently set forth in "Living on the Ragged Edge." They come from readers to whom we showed the article in proof. It will be interesting to learn from others how they are solving the problem or how they think it should be solved.

You are quite right in thinking that the problem presented by your anonymous feminine correspondent on the subject of living expenses is of general concern. I should say it represents the condition of from 60 to 70 per cent of the married college graduates between the ages of 25 and 45. I cannot profess any great wisdom on the subject and yet I am intimately acquainted with all of the details. I have lived in or near New York City for 19 years; have been married for 13 of those years; have two children of 6 and 10; my wife has been employed for 10 of the 13 years; and each year finds us barely clear of debt. Yet our joint income would have been a handsome sum a few years ago. It still seems preposterous to us that we cannot save substantially out of it, inasmuch as we live most circumspectly.

Is there any answer?



Well—yes and no.

After much meditation and anguished discussion I have arrived at certain conclusions which satisfy me intellectually even if they do not change the facts or wholly reconcile me to the state of affairs. I cannot say that my conclusions carry a 100% endorsement from my wife. But then I observe that temperament plays a large part in analyses of this sort. For what they are worth I will set down my conclusions.

As far as budgets are concerned, they may all be dropped into the East River.

Because they are no good, you ask? Not at all, I reply cheerfully. On the contrary, because they are, or can be, perfectly sound and workable, but will not be tolerated for a minute by you or by me. Let me explain.

The thing that will be immediately discovered in any honest analysis of expenditures is that the so-called "luxury expenses," the things one is likely to have a bad conscience about, are so small as to be negligible when compared with the major items that cannot be escaped. Write down the figures for house or apartment rent, food, maid, school fees, a minimum of clothes, and a modest summer vacation, and so much of the total income is at once wiped out that there is hardly enough for insurance, dentists or doctors.

You who read these lines, and I too, know that it would be entirely possible for us to give up the flat we are living in and save possibly one-third of our rent. We could also send our children to the public schools; it might even be more American to do so. We could probably dispense with the maid, though this might not gain much, as one of us would have to stop work. We could, however, remain in New York in the summer. A few million other people do and seem to survive. And so on down the list. In fact, any efficient little budget-maker like General Dawes could take your problem or mine and show how \$1,000 annually could be banked on it and no lives lost.

Yet I daresay you would refuse to accept the program, just as I would refuse it. Personally I am quite convinced that we do a service to our time in refusing to accept it. And therein resides a certain philosophy which I shall set down briefly for any who like it.

You and I and most of those who feel the grip of these economic pincers are victims of a misfit age. We have been educated for a kind of life which our time regards so contemptuously that it will not reward it with gold or silver. For example, I think I should have made a good mechanic. I like tools and machines. Unquestionably if I had been trained for that trade, my lot in life would have been far more comfortable. The whole vexing social problem of trying to live up to what

has become a wealthy man's standard and of giving one's children the surroundings of refinement would be done away with. Unfortunately I received what used to be called the "education of a gentleman," than which I know nothing of less specific gravity to-day in terms of dollars and cents. Yet that has nothing to do with the real value of such an education or with the intrinsic value of the things it prizes in life. The question is: should these be jettisoned for the sake of a bank account? Is success in dollars of so great value that most of the intellectual and spiritual increments should be sternly refused in order to save money? It is this cultural compromise which balks the acceptance of the budget expert, so far as I am concerned.

For myself the choice is clear and I make it, not without some anguish, but still willingly. I do not want money enough to become a go-getter, even if I could be one, which I doubt. On the other hand I value the kind of life we live, with its graces, its luxuries, if you choose, so much for myself and my children that I am willing to go broke each year rather than surrender it for a cheaper, more graceless ideal. Money, after all, is a means to an end. If the end is vulgar, as most of the ends are in our commercialized life, a bank account is a symbol of intellectual poverty.

Perhaps that sounds snobbish; perhaps it has some of the acidity of sour grapes. It need not be either. The truth is, I think, that in every generation certain men and women care more for the beauties of life than for money or place. I do not mean that they would not like money and position but that they stand always on the side of the angels when a choice must be made. To-day, those who prize these things most are chiefly men and women who are fighting to keep afloat in a vast industrial sea and sacrificing much for the things they love.

But who will say it is not a good fight?

It is indeed so fine a cause that it calls for audacity—the kind of impudence that can face a budget in hopeless arrears and then go forth singing to purchase a long-coveted piano, a cherished desk, or an etching that has seduced one to the ultimate surrender. S. F. E.

I feel so strongly about the predicament in which Anonymous and her husband find themselves, that I cannot help writing a few words on the subject.

A few years ago my husband and I discovered that we were in a strangle hold of living expenses that mortgaged all of our small income and pretty good salaries for months ahead.

We stood it for a little while, getting more and more nervous and disheartened, figuring desperate and deceptive budgets, until we realized that we

couldn't cut down on anything and continue our modest but agreeable manner of living. We were both hampered, as Anonymous confesses she is, by standards. There was a long discussion, during which we decided several things—first, that plans to increase our income would not help, we would no doubt soon be as badly off again; second, that we would not give up our standards and wear impossible clothes, eat cheap food, or move to a suburb that we could never be at home in (for, like Mr. and Mrs. Anonymous, we are city people); that we would take a drastic step, rent our house, give up our jobs, move to a rural community where living was actually cheap, go to work there and live there for a year or more if necessary until the rent from the house, our income, and the savings from our rural life should give us enough money to live as we liked for two years or more, without that ghastly burden of no extra money. We hoped for better luck but made our plans to face the worst.

We did move to the country and there we lived for a year, according to schedule. I did housework, my husband got a job that paid enough for us to save a tidy sum, and surprisingly enough we had a delightful time. On returning to New York, our luck improved astonishingly. We resumed our several jobs, our pretty house, our sympathetic manner of living. And we are prepared to resort to the same measures again, cheerfully and with the best of grace, if the need arises.

With this experience vividly in mind, and still enjoying the results, I should suggest that Anonymous and her husband do something drastic for a year or so until they accumulate that precious balance in the bank. Why can't they spend another winter in the country—within commuting range—and rent their town house? The question of the children's school arises, I know, but why would it hurt them to be out of their particular schools for a year, or perhaps two? Here, again, my experience in the mountains prompts me, for the children of eleven whom I knew well there were better equipped for living than any of the children of my friends who are being taught according to the dictates of science or fashion.

After all, I wonder if the children's schooling—I take all this back if they are over fifteen—should be sacrificed to the mental health of their father and mother. And of one thing I am sure: that no small economizing is going to help Anonymous, and that a drastic step will be much more exciting and entertaining than she would seem to think.

H. R. A.

Difficult are the decisions of an editor. The other day a circular sent out by our Subscription Department was returned from Itasca Station, Superior, Wisconsin, with the following ultimatum typed on the back of it in red and blue ink:

GENTLEMEN—

On the return of this letter I will promise to Subscribe for the enclosed offer on the Following Conditions—That with EVERY Magazine YR will have SONG-Birds pictures in & APPEALING the world to SAVE the SONG-BIRDS. FROM the DESTRUCTION of their WORST enemy—The dirty cat & english-Sparrow. & to HELP to TEACH People to ABOLISH the cat.

Now we hold ourselves second to none in our admiration of song-birds, and not a voice has been raised in our editorial councils on behalf of the English sparrow. Yet eager as we are to please each and every subscriber, we find ourselves unable to endorse the total abolition of cats. The decision has been made, and it is adverse. There may be one subscriber lost to us, but our conscience is clear.

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From a new reader in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

To the Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

A few days since I received a very courteous letter from your subscription department, explaining that owing to the rather unusual demand for the September number of the magazine, my copy would be delayed, and would I please have patience, etc. My dear Mr. Editor, if your subscription department or any other is ever guilty of delay in sending me my copy, and it has any such matter as has your October number, just received, there is going to be a scotching of Harper employees, if I ever come to New York. I would not have had a happy moment had you kept from my reach such a delightful collection of stories as is now before me, . . . Steele, Lewisohn, Chesterton, and by no means least that story of Dwight's, "The Washington Express." The glum-looking man who got off at Baltimore was no doubt Mencken. Many thanks—and hurry up the November issue.







LADY JEAN  
By George Bellows

*Courtesy of Mrs. Bellows and of The Metropolitan Museum of Art*





# Harpers *Magazine*

## CHILDISH AMERICANS

A DIAGNOSIS OF OUR NATIONAL MALADY

BY JOSEPH COLLINS, M.D.

OUR chief deficiency as a people, our most conspicuous national shortcoming is a condition of mal-development to which the name Adult-Infantilism is given. There is much to indicate that we are a nation of adult-infants, and not a little to prove it. Adult-infantilism is responsible for more social maladjustment, more family discord, and more intellectual vagrancy than any disease, derangement, or other disharmony of mind and body. And the number of people thus afflicted seems to be increasing. Why should this blight have come upon us and whence has it come? What is it and where is it leading us?

The gravamen of the charge is sustained by our individual and national conduct, by our literary and artistic life, by our prejudices and beliefs, our boastings and our satisfactions, our gregariousness and our restlessness.

Who has not heard the child say to his companion, "My house is bigger than yours"—"I can run faster than you can"

—"My father can lick yours any day"  
—"My doll can talk and yours can't"?

Parents pretend to correct this boasting, but in reality it often amuses them. Carried into adult life, it is manifest when Mr. Jones adds a wing to his house after his neighbor has added a side-porch to his own. It prompts such statements as "There is not a man in the world who can lick Tilden," and "Jack Dempsey is the greatest fighter the world has ever seen." It makes the visitor from Dallas or from Cleveland sneer at the Cathedral of Chartres because both steeples are not identical, compare the Corniche road unfavorably with Lakeside Drive, and it suggests to the New Yorker that the picturesqueness of San Gimignano's moldering towers is not a patch on that of lower New York.

It accounts for that self-satisfaction with which we hold aloof from the affairs of other nations, and for that self-esteem which leads us to believe in the superiority of our institutions and the

righteousness of our conduct. It is the basis of our determination to regulate man's conduct by legislation—to say what he shall not teach and what he shall not drink. We have more colleges and universities than any country of the world, and yet we are the worst educated, the least cultured. We have more churches, chapels, and civic-centers than any country of Europe, yet we are swayed by religious prejudice that transcends the understanding of Europeans. We have a climate that has no equal, yet we flee from it as though its atmosphere were mephitic. We have comforts that kings might consider luxuries, yet it is real punishment for us to stay at home; we have wealth and occupation, but little of that peace of mind surpassing wealth which the Sage finds in meditation.

Why? Because so many of us are emotionally infantile.

## II

What is meant by Adult-infantilism? The condition and conduct of an individual who, having reached maturity of physical development, remains infantile in his responses to the demands and obligations of life. One may be infantile on the physical, the intellectual, or on the affective side, but the term ordinarily is limited to lack of development in the field of the emotions. Bodily infantilism is usually so apparent that it does not need to be pointed out; dwarfs, pygmies, and midgets are its victims. Intellectual arrest of development is equally obvious, and a man whose mental faculties have not kept pace with his age is labeled "moron" without aid of physician or psychologist. But infantility seizes chiefly upon the man or woman whose emotional (affective) make-up lags behind his or her physical and intellectual development. It is all the more dangerous because it is not usually accompanied by any obvious manifestation and is not considered an infirmity. Indeed, such emotional backwardness is

often accepted as engaging, attractive, amusing. The adult-infant is not aware of his handicap, and often goes through life ignorant of his part in the disaster and misfortunes he encounters or causes. He blames them on fate, on the malignity of others, on unfair treatment. His limitation prevents him from looking to himself for the cause, and he is likely to engender children whose burden will increase proportionately with their inability to cope with it.

We are adult infants, and we enjoy it. We do not experience pleasure or fulfillment in the thought that we are grown-up individuals prepared to meet struggle and hardship. We think that the longer we remain impervious to life's warning the luckier we are; that if life would only spare us its blows we should be happy.

Children do not like to carry a thing to its logical conclusion; they do not like to think connectedly or protractedly; they do not like to think at all. They like to have others do it for them. Grown-up Americans experience similar likes and dislikes. They leave it to their aldermen and legislators, their priests and their newspapers, to think for them.

Children are notoriously gregarious; they shun solitude. They wish to be in the limelight and to have the attention of others directed toward their activities. The good fellowship of which we boast, our "rotariness," as it were, our "clubbiness," is carried over to our adult life from early associations, from barn-clubs, dancing-classes, smoking-behind-the-shed-clubs, school and college clubs.

When we play we bring into our games a dignity and soberness that children have when they play "father and mother," or we go to the other extreme and display a jovial exuberance and enthusiasm which is neither becoming nor really felt. These are typical childish traits. However, there is a process of adjustment or of unconscious rationalization that takes place in the mind of the "player" and influences his attitude, for it is no rare thing to see



an American man who in his own country carries his office-mask of sobriety to the golf links become boisterous and garrulously gay when on the links at Cannes, Le Touquet, or Inverness.

Who has not seen at one of the big football games a dignified-looking, elderly gentleman throw off his coonskin coat, scale the ramparts, grasp a megaphone, and lead the cheering? His emotions will no longer tolerate repression. He is a boy again, and glad of it. And he is one of a great army of adults who regard such games seriously. We aver that football engenders courage, teaches fair treatment of opponents, develops backbone and will power, which is all buncombe. It does not do any of these things. Fewer heroes are recruited from football fields than from factories, and the man who displays signal courage or bravery when it is called for is more likely to have spent his spare time in college reading Keats and Baudelaire than charging upon the gridiron and breaking opponents' ribs.

Foreign visitors to this country, especially those from countries where reality has competed successfully with romance, are amused at American men, gray at the temple and thin in the neck, when, asking the whereabouts of their wives, say, "Where are the girls?" and amazed when they hear stately matrons refer to their husbands as "the boys." The American is reluctant to acknowledge that he has lost his hold on youth; he wants to be playful, and his wife wants to be kittenish.

Our childishness is most conspicuous when we are abroad; our wit banal, our conversation trivial, our conduct herdish, our thoughts superficial. Our aim is to be seen, heard, and envied. Who has not seen Americans in the smoking-room of ocean liners, in cafés of Ritz hotels, in Maxim's, or at Monte Carlo, acting like schoolboys at their first party? How straight-laced an American captain of industry can be at home, and how loose-laced abroad! Hence, our reputa-

tion for naïveté and credulity. Europeans tell us we are clever and resourceful, but they tell one another behind our backs that we are childish. Would anyone who has the intuition and discernment that M. Caillaux is reputed to have, comport himself as he did in Washington last October if he were not convinced that we are babes?

We are as infantile regarding our laws as we are about many other things. There is no better way to encourage the average child to do something than to forbid him to do it. Immediately he bends his energies and concentrates his thoughts on accomplishing it. There is no surer way to make us thirst for alcohol, which in reality most of us do not need and few of us formerly craved, than to tell us we can't buy, make, or drink it. We advocate speed laws for motor cars, and we break them when opportunity presents; but we are insistent that others should obey them, and we are secretly glad when we see a policeman handing a summons to a reckless motorist. If that is not a childish trait, then there are none.

There are few things more torturing to a child's pride and self-respect than to be different from other children, or to have to dress differently. Self-consciousness invades the soul of the child made to wear clothes not popular with other children. Originality and individuality are taboo among children—and they seem to be so with us. Let a woman carry a walking stick or a man wear spats anywhere save in a metropolis, and they will receive disapprobation as heartfelt as it is manifest. Note one of our conventions to which we bow the knee: straw hats shall not be worn after the fifteenth of September. Sometimes we have tropical weather then and later, but that does not matter, for if we wear a straw hat after that date boys will jeer and men will jibe. We are continually conforming to conventions that we may not suffer the opprobrium of being thought "unlike" others. And we carry this fear and compulsion to the

higher concerns of life: we regard individuality of thought and sentiment in others as "queer" and not quite decent.

Our thought is standardized because we refuse to grow up and think for ourselves; we are unable to purge ourselves of the fear of ridicule. This is particularly true of our literature. One can hardly picture James Joyce, Dorothy Richardson, T. S. Eliot, Marcel Proust, Tchekov, Gogol, developing in this country. When one of their type originates here we treat him as a pariah; we call him bad names, we impute his personal morality, and we warn the public to shun him.

Emotions are budding in the child; their blossoms are ready to be gemmed as soon as he reaches the age of discretion; they need only attention and guidance so that a stately tree hung with copious fruit may result. But in the same manner as they are budding in the child, they are repressed in adults. We are a nation of emotionally repressed people, and nowhere do we display Adult-infantilism so conspicuously as in the direction and management of our fundamental urges, our primitive instincts. The American man is reputed to be the best provider and the poorest lover in the world; the American woman the best looking and the least temperamental. Neither perhaps merits the reputation. But we treat the genesic instinct like a stepchild; we feed it, but the food is of the plainest—no spicing and little care given to the serving of it. Love is something to be proud of when firmly bitted, securely curbed, and thoroughly groomed, Uncurried and unbridled, it is sure to run away with its mount. It has to be "trained." We pretend it is indecent to train it; immoral to guide it when it is being put through its preliminary paces; immodest to discuss it. We are loath to display the manifestations of love, and we throw a cloak of secrecy over the one passion of man which connects him directly with God. This has always been a puzzle to those who have not studied New England's origins,

while those who have see little hope of breaking down these inveterate prejudices by other than extreme measures. If our thoughts were no more occupied with sex and its natural entailments than our conversation is, there would be nothing to fear. It would make for an emotionally insensitive nation, for whom the most marvelous and ennobling of natural functions—and one which is nearest to the supernatural—would have no more meaning than the necessity of ordering food so that we may eat. But such is not the case; we regard love as one of the most beautiful of emotions until we come in contact with it, and then shame, reluctance, modesty, puritanism, or whatever one wishes to call it, enters into play and makes us attempt to revert instantly to the time when we believed in Prince Charming and were contented with the stork myth. It may be the fault of our education—it is more probably the fault of our ancestry—but there prevails in America a feeling that love, emotional response to beauty of any sort, is something we should not discuss or display except within rigidly conventional limits. We ignore or make light of life's greatest responsibilities—and that is a childish trait.

### III

Our personal achievements and accomplishments evoke a similarly childish, emotional response. We pride ourselves grossly and turbulently on what we have done; we experience a glow of satisfaction when we have succeeded in defeating an adversary; and we are loud in our self-praise and laudation. So are children. "I got the best mark and I am the cleverest of all," is the note that echoes through our masterful lives. Our impulsiveness, our generosity, our lavishness, our egregious hospitality, are all hang-overs from childhood. They are laudable impulses, praiseworthy possessions, priceless gifts, but they should be *transformed*, not merely transferred from childhood.



"Be sure to come and see me when you come to New York" we say to a man who, ten minutes before was a stranger; and when he comes we dine him, cocktail him, and parade him till he is cast down in his digestion and puffed up in his pride. A pianist or a prize fighter, a politician or a priest, a royal wife-hunter or a republican wife-beater, a Coué or a clown are received and feted by us royally. When we are in their countries we are sometimes chagrined that our hospitality is not reciprocated, our exuberance not retaliated.

It is asserted that American people will succumb to anything, reasonable or otherwise, if it is sufficiently advertised; they will overstep any limit, too, if the bait is fashionable or popular. We have had more "crazes" and "fads" in our country in the past fifty years than any other country can boast of in twice that time.

Forty years ago the "whole world," save all paralyzed and epileptic, was on roller-skates. Once this fair country was dotted with "rinks"; now there remains but one in Philadelphia to recall this skating urge of our parents. A little later we nearly forgot how to walk in our enthusiasm for "wheels." It was no uncommon sight in New York of a Sunday morning to see thousands riding up and down Broadway and Riverside Drive. Bicycles have given way to the craze for motor cars; it is a poor man indeed who cannot take his family out on week-end motor trips. Mah-Jong swept the country two years ago, and its popularity might have endured longer had not "cross-word puzzles" dethroned it. And now we are so absorbed in "listening in" to cheap music and cheaper wit that we have no time to loaf and invite our souls.

And we do not confine ourselves to passing enthusiasms over pastimes and sports, which threaten the harmony of our spiritual life. In no other country can doctrines of supernaturalism develop in such brief time and thrive to such wondrous extent. Waves of mysticism

have passed over us and turned our beliefs and our hopes in directions that had not been foreseen by the established Church. Last winter New Thought was the great topic of conversation; this has been somewhat prepared for by the Coué craze, which made parrots out of human beings. But these were naught compared with the excitement caused by the vulgarization of Freud's theories, over which the country is still exercised.

We are constantly shifting our viewpoints, because we have little focusing power. A passing idea attracts our attention, but we cannot concentrate on it—we are too afraid meanwhile that another idea may go by unnoticed.

Children never remain long at one thing; they tire of it as soon as it has yielded its first glamour of novelty, and their attention and interest are directed toward the next thing until that, too, loses its savor. We are as bad as children in this respect. We cannot withstand leisure, nor can we find within ourselves or within our books, in people or in environment, appeasement and satisfaction. We charge the atmosphere with making us restless, but we are restless because of our distractibility, our continual seeking for new sensations, anticipating that the morrow should bring something that to-day has not brought. Satiety comes in the wake of prosperity; we build palatial homes in the city and country which affront the eyes of the foreigner; but we tire of them if our days are prolonged and our children see them as soon as we pass on. In most parts of this country it is rare to find a house in which a family has lived during three generations, and the New Yorker who lives in the house in which he was born hardly exists.

This lack of stability from one generation to the other is one of the grave phenomena of Adult-infantilism. We are justified in laying this charge to our parents; they are responsible for our infirmity. Had they treated us wisely, or even fairly, we should be able to follow

in the footsteps of their forebears and grow up into men and women of balance, of maturity, of poise.

The men who wrought to transform us from a group of colonies to a nation were the forebears of those who in the nineteenth century wrote their names indelibly upon the annals of time. Why does our mental equipment and emotional endowment compare unfavorably with that of our parents and grandparents? There is scarcely a man in this country, with one notable exception, who is carrying on as his distinguished father or grandfather did in lighting the world, in building its railroads, in diversifying its commerce, in transforming our resources into capital. There is a reason for this. Parents in their love and in their imbecility have thought that it made for the welfare of their sons and daughters to spare them the trials and hardships that they themselves endured. Many of these parents have lived to see their sons refused entrance by universities. Many others have been obliged to devote their time and money to persuading the modern Delilah to spare their sons' hair.

What an interesting chapter the rise and fall of any one of our "first families" would make! I recently visited a tomb which in its grandeur compares with that of the great Florentine pawnbrokers in the Church of San Lorenzo and with the Panteon de los Reyes in the Escorial. It contains the remains of one who three generations ago laid the foundation of a fabulous fortune by transporting us, our goods, and our produce. Time has shown that he had vision, imagination, courage, decision, and determination—and many descendants. Have any of them displayed a tithe of the qualities of their great forebear? Their names are frequently in the "society" columns of newspapers, but the "news" connected with their names is often not to their credit.

I am not contending that genius is or is not hereditary. I am stating that good blood ought not to peter out in

one or two generations, and that it does not in any country save our own. There is something, apparently, in this land of the free that is capable of destroying the fine fiber of personality, of disintegrating the higher moral faculties, if allowed to envelope the growing child. For lack of a more specific name it may be called parental over-solicitousness.

It is the way the past generation has brought up its children spiritually and materially, and the way the present generation is bringing up its own that is responsible for our personal and national infantilism. The care that wealthy parents expend upon their children is love's labor lost. Parents and teachers pay as little attention to their children's emotional development as they do to their vocalization or their carriage—that is, none at all. Then they are astonished that their children do not realize that "beauty is truth, truth beauty," and that they do not speak melodiously or walk gracefully.

There is only one way to facilitate emotional maturity: provide the adolescent with cares and responsibilities. On the other hand, there are many ways to facilitate emotional immaturity, and the most effective is to wrap the budding emotional soul in the cotton-wool of paternal-oversolicitude.

One of the reasons this country had a Washington and a Lee, a Franklin and a Lincoln, an Emerson and a Thoreau, a Poe and a Whitman, a Vanderbilt and a Vail is that they were not brought up in hothouses; they were not swaddled in silks and furs. Their colds did not cause parent-panics, and their bilious attacks were not beyond the reach of sulphur and molasses. They were not rushed to the mountains or the sea when the sun grew hot, or to Florida when the days grew cold. They were allowed to meet the hazards of life, and made to rely in a measure on their own invention to surmount them. They had to face the problems which God or man, fate or accident set them. But to-day we solve them for our children, and then we



wonder or weep when our children cannot solve those problems which present themselves after they have flown from the nest, or are making ready to fly.

While we witness the abolition of social distinctions the world over, and vaunt our democratic disregard of birth and privilege, we say to our son or daughter, "Don't play with so and so, dear, he is not 'nice'." Or we say to each other, "You know, Julia and Charles can't live in Sandown; their children have no one to associate with. Their neighbors are all Poles and chauffeurs."

We display an anxiety about the physical welfare of our children which would be justified were they made of sugar, salt, or tobacco. We shelter them until their twelfth year from all outside influences that we can thwart, and even then we strive to keep their contact with the world very limited. During this plastic age they are studiously kept from contacts, environment, and experience that would stimulate their emotional growth and invigorate it. Then we are astonished that many of them are punies, parasites, perverts. If parents lack vision and perspective, how can we expect children to possess qualities that must be bred into them unconsciously with the first smile and the first frown?

#### IV

There is an appalling side of matrimony which is disturbing the minds of many people: the increasing frequency of divorce in this country. More divorces spring from Adult-infantilism than from adultery. When a man realizes that his wife is a doll, with the reactions of a child in the body of a woman, he quickly curls himself up into a cocoon or he seeks the companionship of someone who will give him emotional stimulation or appeasement. It is the same with a woman who has had it brought home to her that her husband is a "stuffed shirt," who whistles tunelessly while shaving, blows soap-bubbles while

bathing, becomes panicky when his temperature rises above one hundred and two, and won't play unless he can be the leader. Jealousy, cruelty, alcoholism are as naught compared with Adult-infantilism as a wrecker of marriage.

In young women Adult-infantilism takes on an attractive aspect and appeals to man's sense of protection. The girl whose lisp is "too cute for words," who plays at being a child when she is old enough to have one of her own, who looks appealingly to men for assistance and comfort is the one from whom men should fly as they would from the plague. But they don't. The woman-infant attracts them. They rail and theorize against the girl who is not afraid to look after herself, who has neither leisure nor inclination to camouflage her personality that it may please the other sex, and who scorns artifices of conduct as much as she loathes affectation.

"My daughter, you know, is such a child," is the customary admonition of the mother to her new son-in-law, or it was until yesterday, and that's the pity of it! The speech I heard oftenest from women during my professional life was, "You see, I knew very little about life, its entailments and responsibilities, when I married. My mother did not tell me anything."

The adult-infant woman who marries may experience when her first child is born a far greater thrill than she had when she received her first doll, but apparently she soon finds the responsibility too great, the care too confining, the energy required to bring him up more than she can supply; and the child is given over to nurses. It is beyond belief how little parents see of their children these days. Of course I mean parents that are well-to-do. Parents who think they can buy character for their children from nurses and teachers harbor a delusion from which flows the unpardonable sin: bringing children into the world and then neglecting to orient them on the roadway of life.

It is obvious that the life of a nation

is dependent exclusively on the lives of the individuals who compose it, so the handicaps of the latter are directly resultant from those of the former. An individual carries his infirmities and qualities into his public life—and the public life of some hundred and fifteen million people compose these United States as a nation. Therefore, it is not astonishing that the man who suffers pain because his house is not so large as his neighbor's should belong to a nation which becomes much wrought up when it discovers that it cannot have the largest airship in the world, or which prides itself on having the biggest city, the tallest buildings, the longest bridges, and the fastest automobiles in the world. Dimension, size, weight, and speed are the slogans of our country, and they compensate for ideals, for art, for true greatness.

We display, to the average European, an ignorance or an apathy toward foreign affairs which is astounding. Magazines or books that attempt to cope with this apathy are regarded as "highbrow," and receive neither support nor encouragement. Stray facts regarding foreign policies, like facts about foreign customs, are gathered from newspapers and from persons who are not qualified either by experience or knowledge to speak informatively.

One reads, in the newspapers, at intervals, that a man whose name is prominent in business circles has just returned from a trip to Europe. He is eagerly questioned by reporters as to "conditions abroad," and there usually follows, on the part of the traveler, a long, detailed, forceful, and sometimes plausible argument which tends to explain not only facts regarding other countries, but their hidden and mysterious psychologies. Not a voice is raised in protest as to the wrongness of such argument; the public either shrugs its shoulders, thinking, "What do I care? These foreigners should take care of their own affairs, just as we, good Americans, take care of ours," or else accepts it all blindly.

It is only occasionally that politics have any meaning save "to keep the newspapers busy" and "to provide jobs for a lot of men who could not otherwise make a living." The fact that politicians are running our nation and that upon them falls the responsibility of shaping its destiny, makes little or no impression. To follow the trend and achievements of the country requires maturity of mind which involves emotional maturity. That is what we have not got; the happy-go-lucky attitude is so much easier. We would rather play golf or go to a football game than vote; and we cannot take the time from radios and movies to inquire into the merit of constitutional amendments. It is always time enough to rise up in self-defense when our statesmen strike at our most cherished possession. We, moral men and true, find it much easier flagrantly to break the law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcohol than we do to co-operate in getting it changed or modified so that we, moral men and true, can face ourselves as such in the mirror.

Youth is dogmatic and tenacious of its opinions. It takes years of experience, of hard knocks and sound thinking to reach the conclusion that there is some good in all evil and some evil in every good. To children things, ideas, and persons are all of one piece: good or bad. Tolerance is a virtue to which they have no access, and their opinions have the rigidity and stubbornness of the inexperienced. It is only in later years that resiliency of mind and indulgence of heart modify the sternness of our youthful judgments. Can we say that we have reached maturity when we reflect upon our attitude toward Negroes, Jews, and Irish Catholics? What is the explanation of our hatred of them? It does not exist among other peoples. In what country of the world could the Ku Klux Klan thrive and operate as it does in the United States? Can anyone imagine such excitement and participation in fundamentalism in France or in England as we have displayed during the



past year? We have two political parties: the members of one oppose the other, but neither can tell wherein they differ. A Republican is a man who believes in a protective tariff, but when the Democrats are in power the protective tariff still prevails. Our political views, as well as our religious beliefs, are for the most part emotional attitudes. Judgment does not enter into their conclusions, it leaves the road free to prejudice and to what we call tradition—that is, to our father's ideas and beliefs.

What does a child do when he has nothing to do or nothing to play with? If he is very young, he cries to attract attention or to manifest his boredom. If he is older, he clamors for help; if he is too old to do either, he sits in an arm-chair and broods, his feet dangling over one of the arms, or he seeks solace in drink or drugs. When questioned, he says, "I have nothing to do, no one to play with, I am tired of my old toys and books; I have nowhere to go." What do we grown-ups do when we have amassed a competence, are bored with the newspapers, and cannot find any new movies? We go to Europe by the tens of thousands, we rush *en masse* to join touring parties, we are forever carrying our sterile minds and tired bodies to other lands. We exclaim "How lovely!" as our gondolas glide through the Grand Canal; "how queer!" when we look at the habitués of the Café de la Rotonde, "how terrible!" when we listen to the guide's toneless explanations of the Tower of London, and we hope it won't be long before we are back in Claridge's, in Montmartre, or at the Lido.

One of the most conspicuous traits common to all the examples chosen in order to illustrate the extent to which we are adult-infants is that there is everywhere a lack of moderation, of measure. We take things in their ex-

treme, we push a situation to the point where it can no longer hold but has to give way under the pressure we inflict upon it. We drink to excess, or we are total abstainers; we talk continuously, or we are mute; we are ardent churchgoers, or we maintain that religion has lost contact with the living reality from which it derives validity and truth. We play too hard, and we work too hard; we condemn others, or we praise them beyond their merit. We contend that the countries of Europe should pay us what they owe us in full, or that we should wipe the debts completely off the slate. People are "hateful" or "wonderful," and things are "terrible" or "marvellous." There is no middle-ground where good and evil mingle and blend, and make for thought and perspective. We are a nation of people whose emotional qualities are not measured against corresponding intellectual possessions and we display the former to the detriment of the latter. It was not always so; it is a comparatively recent development. It is a corroding result of our colossal and too easily won prosperity. What if we should have to distribute our money that we may rid ourselves of this recently acquired infirmity?

The die is cast, but we need not despair. Recognition and detection of the causes of a malady are half the cure. Materially, we have made great strides in the past hundred years; we have reached a position in the financial world of which we may be proud. But we may have more legitimate cause for pride when other nations no longer regard us as a conglomeration of business wizards, unbeatable polo-players, peerless cup-defenders, whose days are given over to making money and whose nights are devoted to listening to the American eagle shriek our praises.



## SYLVIA GOES TO THE CITY

A STORY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

IT HAD been agreed for months that Sylvia deserved her trip to the city, but now that we stood side by side on the station platform we both began to get a little teary about it. For one thing, she looked so dashed handsome, there in her traveling clothes. That bunch of violets, for instance—that veil and that English luggage—I could see every man in the chair car perk up his head the moment she entered.

Beside her I began to feel dowdy and ill at ease in my soiled tweeds and run-over golf shoes. That noon, I realized, she would lunch with her sister at the St. Romulus, where she would be surrounded by palms and jazz music and sleek city men in double-breasted blue serge. How far away, then, would seem her memories of me and the vegetable man and the West Gosset Hose Company, which stood in plain sight from the station platform. My mind ran to the fly papers hanging under our dining-room mantel. Perhaps in honest loyalty Sylvia would give only the *faintest* shudder when she thought of her home; but just the same she would see the drab tragedy of it all.

Possibly the same thoughts, only too poignantly, were occurring to Sylvia herself, for in sudden loyalty she put her hand on my arm.

"Sweetheart," she begged, "I feel like an awful pig, taking this orgy of pleasure when you are left all alone up here in the country."

Nevertheless, her eyes began to grow distant as she argued briskly, "At the

same time I really do feel that I owe this trip not merely to myself but equally to you. No man likes to see his wife grow dull and provincial. And Connie has been such a dear! It is only two days and one night, but we are planning to jam every minute with the opera and two matinéés. We'll have a dinner and a couple of luncheons at the St. Romulus or one of those new places and after the opera Connie is going to give a late supper party at the 'Sabot d'Or.' Connie goes with a rather swift crowd, I'm afraid, but it's always amusing."

"I'm sure it will be," I agreed dully.

"I've left the corn flakes," murmured Sylvia, "right in plain sight on the kitchen table. And the milk will be in the usual place."

"Thanks, Darling," I choked.

We both stirred sharply as the engine whistled for the crossing. The porter descended with his little footstool and Sylvia climbed the steps. She gave a final wave from the vestibule, and the train pulled out. I turned back to pick up the threads of my empty life.

I was just crossing the platform when suddenly the door of the telegraph office burst open and out came Rennie Hamstraw, his hands full of yellow envelopes.

"Well of all the luck!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

My answer seemed, at the moment, candid, straightforward, and harmless, but it had scarcely passed my lips before I knew that it was one of those things that should have been left unsaid.



"I've just been seeing Sylvia off," I told him. "She's gone to New York for a couple of days—to see life."

"Excellent!" roared Rennie. "You're just the man I want. Come on out and stay with me."

I hesitated for a moment, purely on moral grounds. It was not that I should not have a good time at Rennie's but, having sent Sylvia away for her toning up in the city, it seemed to be a spiritual part of the contract that I, by way of contrast, should stay alone and be miserable at home.

"Come on. We'll go get your things," urged Rennie and, seizing my arm, he led the way.

At our house I found that the kitchen stove had gone out, and there is nothing in the world more desolate than a cold kitchen; but on the table stood the package of corn flakes left by Sylvia's own hand. The sight of it made me feel unspeakably sentimental and at the same time unspeakably pious, yet I could not forget that I had a guest in the house. I fished out a demijohn from behind the flour barrel and went back to the library where I had left Rennie. He took the small glass that I poured him and raised it to his lips.

"Well, here's to the shrunken garri-son!" he offered. He looked at his glass in sudden wonder. "Say! What is this?"

"It's applejack," I replied modestly. "I get it from a friend."

Rennie tapped his glass absently and I tilted the demijohn for a second time. In perfect silence we sat there for some moments and listened to the steady tick of the dining-room clock. It was curious, but I had never known before that that clock *had* a tick.

Rennie stirred a bit, then stood up and took off his motor coat and his hat. "Thanks, I will," he said. "No, don't bother about the water." He lighted a cigar and stretched out his legs. "Now this just proves," he mused comfortably, "that in the long run everything seems to come out for the best."

"Yes, doesn't it?" I agreed, for the truth was that I had begun to feel rather snug myself.

"When I saw you this morning," explained Rennie, "I was probably the maddest man in Berkfield county. I had everything arranged for a house-party of eight or ten people, but at day-break I go to the station to get a telegram and instead of one wire I get seven—every man and woman of the whole blooming party had suddenly backed out."

"Hard luck!" I replied.

"No, it isn't hard luck," returned Rennie. "That's just what I'm beginning to grasp. What do I care for a lot of those yaps from New York and Long Island whom I never see except once or twice a year when I go down to eat their food and sleep in their beds or when they come up to eat mine—eat or sleep in mine?" he corrected punctiliously.

"Now sitting here happily—pleasantly—comfortably," he continued, "I begin to see that a man's real friends are just the intimate, everyday people he sees around him in his everyday life."

I looked at him suspiciously. "Rennie," I asked, "did you have any breakfast?"

He caught the innuendo in my question. "Why certainly I had some breakfast," he retorted. "A melon—and a whole lot of coffee—and most of an egg. Mac, don't upset me when I'm feeling so philosophical. Why do you say ugly things like that?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing at all," I apologized. "I merely thought that this life-in-our-village stuff was rather new to your line."

"Well, perhaps it is new," admitted Rennie. He took another sip of his applejack. "But when a man reaches a certain age he begins to see things in a different light. For, answer me this, if you can. Who *are* a man's real friends except the people he sees the most of?"

Of course, I couldn't find any answer to that and, before Rennie gets any worse, I had better describe him as, up to that moment, his voice and appear-

ance had remained perfectly normal. It was only his words that had begun to get slightly cuckoo.

If you could see Reynolds Hamstraw on the streets of a city you would say that he probably edited some magazine of a strong moral trend, or perhaps that he was in charge of the public playgrounds. He is a big man but not in the least muscular. He has a high and benignant forehead, queer, scant curly hair, and he always wears gold-rimmed spectacles. He has a chauffeur who looks like a Levantine pirate and he drives around in an old French car that was certainly made not later than 1907. It looks more like a swan boat than a motor car.

So this is Rennie, but his place, to which he had just invited me, is entirely another matter. In fact, I have often wondered whether Mrs. Dallingham-Booth, the society novelist, wrote her novels after seeing Rennie's place or whether Rennie built his place after reading Mrs. Dallingham-Booth. At least I never saw such a place outside a romance. You drive through miles and miles of dense forest, owned mostly by Rennie, then suddenly bursts out before you the most incredible vista of lawns and flower beds and terraces and huge granite mansion. There are herds of saddle horses that nobody ever rides, fat cattle that never give any milk, tennis courts, bowling greens, Badminton nets, croquet parks, and thick ranks of English servants who must, I am sure, have been rehearsed personally by Cyril Maude or George Arliss.

"Now," said Rennie, "go on upstairs and pack your toothbrush."

I wavered a moment. "I think I ought to write Sylvia first."

"What for?" asked Rennie, in amazement. "If anything happens to you I'll send her a wire."

Just the same I insisted on sitting down at my desk.

"My own dearest Sylvia," I began. "You cannot believe how forlorn and bleak it is to come back to a cold, empty house. . . ."

I couldn't think of a great deal to say beyond that for, after all, I was still well and nothing much had happened around town. However, I managed to piece together a couple of good hearty pages, hoping that Sylvia was having the time of her life in New York and reminding her that, from our desolate hilltop, I was trying to picture her among the cafés and the fast life. From time to time as I worked I could hear Rennie rise very quietly and tiptoe to the table. There would be a soft gurgle and then he would sit down again. I finished my letter with a line of crosses and sealed it with a bang.

"Tally-ho!" exclaimed Rennie. "To horse and to hound!"

By the time, however, that I had gone upstairs and packed my little all, consisting of a dinner jacket and a couple of dress shirts, Rennie had had another idea.

"It seems a shame," he mused, as we stood by the front door, "to celebrate Old Home Week all by ourselves. Remember I was set for a houseparty and I can accommodate any number up to thirty-four. You know your West Gosset better than I do. Just run over the list of the nobility, the gentry, and the learned professions and see whom else we can bid to the Maying."

"Well," I suggested, "we might try Dayton Padgett."

"Done!" agreed Rennie. "I don't know the gentleman but he has a fine resonant name."

At my front gate the swan boat was still waiting and, as Rennie slipped slightly on the running board, the Levantine pirate gave me a quizzical look. Rennie made up for it by suddenly becoming very grand.

"Tuck us in well, Isaac," he commanded. "The air is tart. Mr. Gilmore will tell you where to go."

Dayton Padgett, our next recruit, lived entirely alone in an old square green house surrounded by dead apple trees. In the year 1843, I imagine, there



was no prouder name in all West Gosset than that of Padgett, for Date's ancestors had established a thread mill under the hill and had purchased mahogany furniture; but the thread mill had long since disappeared and the Padgetts of recent days had been thinkers rather than doers. Date himself, on a tiny income, had worked out a scheme of life that completely satisfied him. He spent twenty hours a day reading curious old books on the most amazing subjects, such as feudal tenures or cavalry discipline. Also, by a sort of ancestral heritage, he held the office of village magistrate. He had, perhaps, one case a month and for mounting the woosack collected a fee of three dollars.

Indeed, as we approached the house we saw the rare sight of a state trooper leaving the gateway and Rennie groaned aloud.

"The place has been raided!"

"Not at all," I reassured him. "That's merely the come-and-go that always surrounds a public official. You see, Date Padgett occupies the same position in West Gosset that the chief justice occupies in Washington. You ought to see them change the guard at midnight. They tell me it's a very pretty sight."

I gave a loud knock on the spotty front door and after several minutes Date Padgett came out in a tattered blue dressing-gown. He is a hard-bitten, horsey-looking man of about thirty-nine and he had not yet shaved for the day, but otherwise he carried a curious dignity. Date has a dry wit of his own but he seldom smiles. Instead, he assumes a look of slow wonder.

"Date," I said, "this is Mr. Hamstraw. Mr. Hamstraw—Judge Padgett."

Rennie was in just the mood to respond to anything official. At that moment he would have saluted the dog warden.

"Judge," he announced, "I am pleased to meet you. We have come to ask you a little favor."

Date looked him over. "Accident?" he asked. "Or just plain speeding?"

"No, Date," I interjected, "this visit is purely social."

"Oh, in that case," replied Date, "come into the dining room. You'll have a chance to see the great man at breakfast."

In a huge, bare room, where the thread kings of West Gosset must once have sat at their port and pancakes, was a half-eaten plate of ham and eggs, badly shriveled around the edges. Date went to the sideboard and took out a blue bottle. I explained to Rennie:

"This is not, as you might suppose, a case of corruption in high circles. The judge makes wine under a permit and makes it consummately." I turned back to our host. "The best I could offer Mr. Hamstraw was applejack. I got it from a friend."

Date looked at me oddly. "Yes," he replied, "I know that friend. We've got him now under bonds of thirty-five hundred dollars."

"For shame!" exclaimed Rennie, suddenly, and, not knowing what else he might say, I plunged hurriedly into the reason for our visit.

"Date," I commanded, "we're in a hole and we want you to help us. You see, Mr. Hamstraw had a big gorgeous houseparty all made up for to-day. You know his place—it's called 'Englefern'—out by the mountain—hot and cold water in every room—billiards, ring toss, and everything. Well, this morning, our friend goes to the telegraph office and what does he find? Eight guests in succession had turned him down by wire."

"The lousy bums!" interjected Rennie. He suddenly leaned forward, pleading. "You understand, Judge, there's not a single thing the matter with my house. I'll leave it to Mac. Mac, do *you* know any reason why people should refuse my hospitality?"

"It seems to be a bad fix," commented Date, solemnly, "but just what is it you want me to do about it?"

"Good Heavens, did I forget that?" moaned Rennie. "Why, Judge, we

want you to be a guest! I might say *the* guest. I tell you what I'll do, Judge. Do you like squab?"

"Very much indeed," replied Date.

"And do you like to ride horseback?"

"When I get the opportunity."

"Very well, then," said Rennie, decisively. "Put him down for the blue room."

Date looked rather mournfully at the puckered remains of his dry ham and eggs. "It certainly sounds very attractive," he mused, "but the trouble is that an officer has just been here to tell me that this is going to be a sort of jubilee week on the highways. You see, at this time of year a lot of wealthy New-Yorkers are racing back and forth from their country places up to the north of here. They seem to think they can do as they like in these little rural towns, so orders have gone out to patrol the trunk lines and pull in all speeders."

"But even so," pursued Rennie, "you don't have to go out and trap these malefactors yourself. All you have to do is sit quietly in the blind and tap them behind the ears as the cops bring them in. They can always call you when they've made a bag."

"True," admitted Date, weakening. "I'll go over and see what the sergeant has to say."

The local barracks of the state constabulary was a little tin building at the edge of the town. Standing in front of it, as we rolled up in our majesty, were a large truck and three despondent-looking men. Date went inside, then came out and quietly nodded for me to follow. In the office he closed the door and confided:

"Look here. The troopers have just pinched a whole-truck load of Canadian liquor."

"Well, for Heaven's sake," I begged, "don't tell Rennie. He'll invite the whole bunch to his houseparty—police and all."

"I won't," said Date, "but I'll have to stay here a few minutes. After that, the sergeant says it's all right. If he gets

any automobile cases he'll call me up out at Rennie's place."

While I sat quietly on the window sill the sergeant brought in a surly and sheepish man who owned the truck. Date asked him some questions, signed a few papers, and then we went out. As I took my seat in the tonneau of the swan boat, however, my feet seemed to touch something bigger and harder than my own kitbag. After we had left the village I lifted the rug.

"Rennie, what in the world have you got here?"

"So you've discovered it, have you?" chuckled Rennie. "It's treasure trove! A case of champagne and a case of cordials."

Our magistrate began to look alarmed. "Where did you get it? Out of that truck?"

"Where else did you think I got it?" retorted Rennie. "Out of the green-grocer's?"

"Do you mean to say they sold it to you?" demanded Date. "Right there in front of the police barracks?"

"They didn't sell it to me," replied Rennie. "They *gave* it to me. They said there would be just that much less evidence. They'd have given me the whole truck load if I could have taken it away."

"Well, I'll be damned," remarked Date.

All the way out to Rennie's place the judge became increasingly sober in one sense of the word and Rennie became increasingly so in the other. Indeed, in all the tons of literature on the subject of alcoholism I have found no mention of one very curious fact—no man ever gets highly blotto on his own property. It is always in other people's front parlors that one gets struck with the amusing idea of standing the hat rack on the grand piano.

In short, our first luncheon at Englefern was sedate and commonplace almost to the point of priggishness. You might have thought that we were three men of affairs who had met to raise funds for a



school of art. The late autumn afternoon was mild and dreamy, so Rennie put on canvas gloves and a pair of pruning shears and went all over the lawn clipping twigs off the shrubbery. When he does that he thinks he is gardening. Date Padgett buried himself in a book called, *Seven Years Among the Moslems*, while I found a *chaise longue* on the south piazza where I could stretch out in the sun and think of Sylvia and what a good time she must be having.

It was only after the lights had come on and we had gone up solemnly to dress for dinner that we began to admit that something was lacking, that our party, in short, was tottering toward anticlimax. It was Rennie himself who brought up the subject as we were standing politely in the smoking room, waiting for the silver shaker.

"Do you suppose," he asked, thoughtfully, "that what we unconsciously miss is the feminine element? I hate to believe it, for I have always maintained that sheer intellect could amuse itself in the most impossible situations."

He had hardly spoken the words when the butler appeared to say, "Telephone, sir," and Rennie raised his hands.

"Fate," he exclaimed, "has heard our cry!"

The butler, however, speedily dashed his hopes. "It is Judge Padgett, sir, who is wanted by the police barracks."

When Date came back his look was morose. "A terrible nuisance," he announced. "They've caught the first of the speeders. Don't wait with dinner. I'll slip into town, pick up a bite there, and come back during the evening."

"But look here, Judge," demanded Rennie. "Do you have to wait like a lackey on these evildoers? Tell your officers to throw them into the dungeon and beat them with lashes. When you've finished your dinner in peace and comfort you'll hear what they have to say."

Date laughed apologetically. "You see this is not exactly a criminal matter. It is merely a party from Lenox whose

chauffeur had failed to carry his car license. They're bound for New York and naturally want to push along."

"In the eyes of the law," insisted Rennie, "their guilt is just as black as that of those poor misguided bootleggers. We can't draw social distinctions in our criminal code. That's what caused the French Revolution."

"Well, there's only one thing I can do," replied Date, slowly. "As long as I try them inside the township it doesn't matter where I do it. If you want to have them out here—"

"Marvelous!" exclaimed Rennie. "What kind of people are they?"

"The sergeant *said*," replied Date, "two gentlemen and three ladies. Of course, those terms are used very laxly."

"Two gentlemen and three ladies," mused Rennie. "We could cut off the hands of the gentlemen and lock up the ladies until they grew reasonable." He suddenly came out of his romantic dreams. "All right, Judge, tell your minions to bring them out here. If they don't want to come then let them wait in the common gaol. I'll go and put off dinner until we've cleaned up this nasty mess."

When Date came back from the telephone he was still doubtful but Rennie was all fire and energy.

"I was in court, once," he announced, "with a friend, getting alimony, so I know just what to do. I think the best place to hold this tribunal will be in the ballroom."

He led the way to the end of the hall and switched on the lights of a tremendous great place that occupied the whole of one wing. Although it was called the ballroom, it really looked more like the Smithsonian Institution, for some past member of the Hamstraw family must either have been a mighty hunter in Africa or else in the fur business. The walls were crowded with stuffed heads of antelopes, gazeboes, and gnus. On the floor were huge bearskins, brown and polar, and at one end of the room was a sort of carved dais, for the musicians.

At both sides of this stood suits of mail, like sentinels, and on the wall above it were clusters of barbaric arms.

Rennie seized a huge, thronelike chair and lifted it to the dais. Then he draped a leopard skin over the rail.

"For you, Judge," he announced with a bow. "Doesn't that look regal? You could try Catiline with *that* outfit."

While waiting for our cutthroats, as we had already begun to call the poor unsuspecting motorists, we sat about, all of a flutter. It was not long before we heard a car on the drive. The butler drew open the doors and ushered in a most amazing procession. First came a state trooper escorting a fat, foreign-looking man with a fur coat and wild eyes. Behind them walked an iron-gray, handsome man of the banker type and behind him, in turn, a middle-aged woman and two younger ones, done up to their chins in motor coats.

To Rennie's disappointment, Date Padgett quietly ignored the leopardskin throne. He drew up a card table and the trooper handed him some papers. Date looked up at the wild-eyed man, who was obviously the prisoner.

"What is your name?"

The victim spat it out. "My name iss Anton Letchitski."

"And what is your occupation?"

"I am an opera singer."

From the side lines Rennie started up in huge interest but Date, the born jurist, never turned a hair. He began to read in a bored, singsong voice:

"Anton Letchitski, it is charged that at the town of West Gosset in the county of Berkfield . . . with force and arms you did then and there permit the operation of a motor vehicle, to wit a limousine . . . without carrying thereon the proper certificate of registration, all of which is against the peace, of evil example and contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided. To this what is your plea, guilty or not guilty?"

The prisoner fought it out with himself and then answered, "Kilty!"

From the background one of the young

women snickered and the trooper glared at her but Date took up his pencil with the true weariness of the night-court judge.

"One dollar and costs," he murmured.

There came an unexpected silence for, like Rennie and me, the tourists had evidently supposed that the trial would last for two or three hours. Then abruptly the banker-looking man pushed his way to the table and threw down a ten-dollar bill. As the judge began to fish nickels and dimes from the pockets of his dress trousers Rennie addressed the culprits.

"And now," he asked politely, "being purged of your sin, won't you all stay for dinner?"

The banker man looked at him in amazement, then laughed. "That's very kind of you, but we really must be pushing on for New York."

From the table Date Padgett looked up. "But how can you?" he asked.

The banker man stopped short, with his pocket book in the air.

"What do you mean?"

"You haven't a license certificate any more than you had before," Date explained. "You'll only be caught a half-dozen times between here and the state border. Every car on the road is being stopped to-night to check up on these little things."

Around us in a circle had gathered the tourists with expressions which varied from high indignation on the part of the opera singer to frank amusement on the part of the younger women.

"But, Judge—Your Honor," argued the banker man, "can't you give us a paper saying that we've been caught already and have paid up?"

"I can't give you permission to break the law twice, just because you've broken it once," answered Date soundly. "You can hire another car if you want or you can go by train, but your own car cannot be moved until you can show a certificate to match your number plates."

"And think of the dinner!" begged



Rennie. "I went out and ordered for eight just as soon as I heard you'd been pinched. At least don't you want to go out and see what we've got?"

The banker man looked searchingly at Rennie for a moment and then a light came into his face.

"Aren't you Mr. Hamstraw," he asked, "of the Van Winkle Club?"

"Yes, and you're Mr. Buckmaster," replied Rennie promptly. "I could tell that eye in a million." Seizing instantly on his advantage, he began to bustle around officially. "Come on, people, you're up against the finest legal mind in West Gosset and it's no use trying to argue with the law. We're not at all fussy, but if you *do* care to dress I'll have your luggage sent up to your rooms."

There was, of course, more argument than that, but on the point of law Date was adamant. So was the trooper who left presently for his post. A visit to the smoking room helped to melt down resistance, and within a few minutes a long train of menservants was bearing luggage from the visitors' car to the upper stories. In the meantime, Date, Rennie, and I found ourselves back in the smoking room, where Rennie looked at his watch.

"I wonder who we'll get next," he mused gleefully. "It'll be too late to ask 'em to dinner, but at least we can have them in for coffee and cigars."

"But isn't it about time," I suggested, "to find out who these people are?"

"Oh, I've found out already," replied Rennie, casually. "In fact I had a suspicion of all except Letchitski as soon as I saw them. I've been hearing about them in Lenox all the fall. Buckmaster is a bond man of some sort down in New York and a very smart chap but he has a weakness for celebrity hunting. The older woman is his wife. The dark girl is Agnes Lontaine, the musical comedy actress, and the quiet little blonde is that Mrs. Cassidy who was mentioned in Willie Astleigh's divorce."

Date Padgett stared at him dumbly. "And yet you want more!"

A rustling and giggling on the stairs cut off all further surmise. The next moment the smoking room seemed to be filled up with evening gowns—and such evening gowns as I had never seen in my life. But then I had never been to The Follies. At dinner I sat between Mrs. Cassidy and Date while at the other side of the table Rennie beamed between Mrs. Buckmaster and the actress. As for Letchitski, he still seemed at first to be slightly huffish, but when the champagne came on, fresh from the police barracks, he began to unbend. Like all great artists, he seemed to be sunshine and shadow, that man, for when six kinds of Rennie's new cordials were offered after the coffee he leaped to his feet.

"Laties and shentlemen," he announced, "in my kuntry, in dee olten days, ven a poor minstrel come to dee castle of a crate nobleman he vas always obligt to sink for his supper. I vill sink to you now."

With one hand in his hair he led the way to the ballroom and, as he opened the grand piano, Mrs. Buckmaster said pleadingly, "Oh, Tony, something from Wagner."

"Wagner notings!" retorted the virtuoso. "I vill sink a ballat of my own composition vich means in Inklisch, 'Vy does a lady lion scratch? Dee fleas do hurt her so.'"

He sounded the keys and the room was filled with a riot and soaring of chords which, for all I knew, might really have been the overture to "Siegfried." Then suddenly the performer stopped.

"Dis," he explained, "is dee lady lion's *motif*," and he rumbled out a passage with his left hand. "And dis," he said, "is dee flea *motif*," and he made a funny, crinkling sound on the highest of the upper keys. "All reaty, now. We're off:

"*'Ib slish vy schlunter kiebst in schloss—'*"

Not one of us, of course, understood a word of the Polish or Hungarian or whatever it was, but after a minute we were simply rocking, for in that marvelous

jumble of low-comedy piano and grand-opera voice you could simply see the poor moth-eaten old lion getting crosser and crosser until she cried, with the little flea hopping all over her back. At the end Letchitski stood up and took a curtain call, once as performer and once as the author. Then Agnes Lontaine gave an imaginary imitation of Walter Hampden singing a coon song, "Ha! Ha!" and next Letchitski was persuaded to sing some real Wagner. In the middle of the second number I felt a tug at my coat and Mrs. Cassidy, my dinner partner, was whispering beside me:

"Do you realize that there is a glorious moon outside? Let's slip away and go out and look at it?"

I found a greatcoat for her and one for myself and the minute we reached the terrace she slipped her fingers into mine.

"Mr. Gilmore," she said, "you don't believe all you hear about me, do you?"

I assured her that I had heard nothing except the most spotless reports, so we found a marble bench and sat down.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked quietly, as we remained silent in the moonlight.

I laughed. "I am thinking how beautiful it is to be here in the country where life is so simple and homelike and pure."

"Yes, isn't it," sighed Mrs. Cassidy, as she snuggled closer and rested her cheek on my shoulder. "You've no idea how hard it is for any woman to keep a clear head in town." A hand came up and began to pat the lapel of my greatcoat. "Tell me. Have you ever read *The Green Hat*?"

It may have been half an hour later when suddenly, from the ballroom, we heard roars of laughter and then a dull thud that shook the glass doors. In a moment Rennie came out on the terrace, calling for me.

"Hey, Mac! Come in here. We want you. Miss Lontaine has promised to turn a handspring if Letchitski will stand on his head. Everyone else has got money up on it, so we want you to be starter and judge."

Eagerly enough we both hastened in, but that promised contest was never to be held. For I had just cleared the arena, introduced the contestants, and held up my watch when suddenly Date Padgett stopped us all.

"Wait a minute! What's that?"

Outside, in the park, coming nearer and nearer, we heard the pop of an engine and, going to the windows, saw a trooper on a motorcycle racing up to the door.

"Hello!" exclaimed Rennie, with interest, "I wonder who he's got now."

As the servants had long since gone to bed, he himself went to the door and came back followed by the officer. The rest of us had made hurried attempts to straighten the rugs and Date Padgett walked forward.

"Well, Officer, this is pretty late for our business. Somebody hurt?"

The trooper grinned. "No, sir, I've got a message for Mr. Gilmore. We tried to telephone but no one would answer." He turned to me. "Your wife, sir, has been calling you ever since noon from New York. When nobody answered from your house at midnight she called the police barracks to find out whether you had been run over or drowned."

Drooping and repentant, I went upstairs to put in a call for New York while the others went laughing to bed. By this time Sylvia had, of course, been reassured by the police, so when at last I got her at Connie's apartment, she was merely sleepy—but very upstage.

The next morning the prisoners of war left just before lunch. By telegraphing the chief commissioner, Date had secured them some sort of permit which allowed them safe conduct to the state line. The garrison was reduced again to a peacetime status and thus, strolling pensively among the falling leaves of Rennie's autumnal gardens, I had the whole afternoon in which to work out a story that would be harmless, plausible, and at the same time essentially true.



By five o'clock I had it letter perfect, but I needn't have worried, for when I met the late evening train Sylvia literally threw herself into my arms. As we crossed the platform together she sniffed the cool mountain air.

"Oh, Darling," she exclaimed, "isn't this clean and restful? I don't think you appreciate the country until you have been away from it as I have."

I agreed with her entirely as I tucked the laprobe around her knees and the car started.

"Well," I suggested cheerily, "how's little old New York?"

Sylvia shrugged in the darkness. "Oh, so-so. Of course I had a good time—in a way, but it wasn't just what I thought. For one thing I had hoped to hear that new tenor—Letchitski—at the opera but he wasn't singing last night."

"Not at the opera," I corrected her.

"Then yesterday afternoon," continued Sylvia, regardless, "we went to see Hilda Ray in 'Tricky' but she was sort of lifeless. Connie says she is far from the best."

"Yes," I agreed idly, "I've heard that Agnes Lontaine is the dancer you ought to see."

Those two I could tell about freely during the evening. Only Mrs. Cassidy need be reserved for the long winter nights. By this time we had reached home where I had, I admit, been fixing things up with more than my usual zeal for housework. The kitchen stove was snapping merrily, a little supper was laid in the dining room, and two open fires were going in the front of the house. Sylvia, like the little corker she is, responded instantly and went about praising everything in sight. As she toasted one toe on the library andiron she kissed me again, then burst out suddenly:

"Oh, I wouldn't live for anything the kind of life that people live in the cities. It seems to me so coarse—and loud."

"So I imagine," I answered guardedly.

"But you, you wretched beast," broke

in Sylvia, "I thought you were going to write!"

"I did write—" I had almost said it, but just at that moment I saw something that froze the words in my throat. In plain sight on my desk at the other side of the room was a large, white, square envelope, addressed, stamped, and ready to be mailed. It had been there all the time since Rennie had sent me up to pack, and now to my guilty eyes it looked as big as a poster. With a sort of languid "Heigh-ho," I sauntered carelessly over and slipped the envelope into my pocket. When Sylvia had gone up to take off her traveling clothes, I hastily opened it.

"My own dearest Sylvia: You cannot believe how forlorn and bleak it is to come back to a cold, empty house . . ."

No, that was too much. Not even as a joke must Sylvia ever see that. I dropped it into the hottest part of the fire, then carefully poked it with the tongs to make sure that every scrap of it burned. Upstairs I could hear Sylvia bustling around gayly and presently she came down with a song on her lips.

But as she hesitated in the pleasant home firelight I could see that she had something on her mind. When I pressed her for it she blushed prettily and then she said:

"I wonder—you know that applejack—is there any of it left?"

"There certainly is," I replied heartily, and as I came back with the glasses Sylvia looked up with a smile.

"You know," she confessed, "I think that was part of my trouble down in New York. It made me feel sort of out of things—like a stranger among the rest."

"What did? What do you mean?" I asked her.

"Well you see," said Sylvia, "I may be old-fashioned and I may be fussy, but I couldn't *make* myself drink the sort of stuff they give you in town."



# THE CRISIS IN AMERICAN LAW

BY ROSCOE POUND

*Dean of the Harvard Law School*

**N**O THOUGHTFUL observer may doubt that American legal and judicial institutions just now are subject to a severe strain. Nor may he deny that they are far from meeting the strain as we could wish. On the criminal side, in our large cities, the courts cannot cope with the continually growing volume of prosecutions. The prosecuting machinery is choked with cases of which it can make no other disposition than to dismiss them wholesale. But, in the meantime, the creation of new legal precepts, to be enforced by prosecution before the courts, goes forward steadily.

The administrative enforcing authorities deliver to the judicial machine scores of violators of those precepts, whom the courts are called on to try and to subject to penal treatment, but of whom only a small fraction can actually be disposed of with the apparatus at hand. Likewise on the civil side of the courts, in almost every city of importance, the trial calendars are in a chronic state of arrears. Even where the civil side of the courts moves with dispatch, business men have reasonable and strongly felt grievances. Too often the rules and doctrines by which business situations and business transactions are scrutinized and judged are narrow and based upon ideas and methods of the past. Too often there are no certainly applicable rules or doctrines by which one may prophesy with assurance that they will be judged. When there are rules, and the rules are well adapted to the business situation, the machinery of ascertaining the facts is often better adapted to trying a horse

trade between two farmers of half a century ago than to judging the business and industrial controversies of to-day.

About twenty-five years ago we began to take subjects of controversy away from courts and confide them to administrative boards and commissions. But some of these, in effect, have become courts. The justice they administer is going the way of judicial justice. Others have made little progress in developing a technic of individualized application of law, so that their offhand executive justice has proved as unsatisfactory in one direction as slow-moving judicial justice in the other direction. At present there is a reaction against further extension of the former, without any clear program for improvement of the latter.

## II

We shall be able better to understand the present condition of justice in the United States if we note that it is not without a parallel in our history. Much the same condition existed in the beginnings of our polity, at the end of the eighteenth and in the first decades of the nineteenth century. True, the situation after the Revolution was complicated by hostility to English law—the law we had inherited and the only law available for our purposes. It could not escape the odium of its English origin. Many who, in the spirit of the rationalism of the eighteenth century, believed that a new and complete body of law could be drawn up overnight by a sheer effort of reason, called for an American code.



Others would have received the then newly codified law of France. But the features of the unpopularity of courts and law and lawyers which prevailed in the early part of the last century that have meaning for us to-day are those which are connected with the then condition and organization of the courts, the then condition of Anglo-American judicial procedure, the then condition of English substantive law, and the organization and training of the lawyers of that time.

Until well into the eighteenth century, and in some colonies until, and for some time after, the Revolution, justice had been executive and legislative rather than judicial. The first American law books were books of practice before magistrates. The social and economic conditions of the colonies in the seventeenth century did not call for much law in the lawyer's sense. An offhand, common-sense administration of justice by magistrates, with appeal to legislative assemblies, sufficed. With the growth of the colonies, the rise of commerce, and the development of a more complex social and economic order, judicial justice came to be demanded. By the time of the Revolution, many colonies had courts manned in part, at least, by trained lawyers. But legislative justice did not die till after half of the nineteenth century was past, and at the opening of the century state courts were still largely manned by lay judges. Moreover, memories of the arbitrary action of royal judges in more than one colony, and imitation of their methods by some trained judges after the Revolution, fostered suspicion of lawyer-manned courts—the only kind of courts in which the economic order has any real security. When we add that the judicial organization of the time was modeled on the English judicial organization when at its worst, and imposed a centralized administration of justice on sparsely settled communities in a land of magnificent distances, in a time of slow and inadequate means of transportation, it is not

hard to understand the distrust of courts and reliance upon legislation which has been a feature of our polity ever since.

Not only were the colonial judicial organization and colonial policy as to the personnel of tribunals ill adapted to American conditions after the Revolution, but the procedure of the courts—and at that time procedure was the bulk of the legal system—was ill suited to a new and growing country, with its common law yet to shape and with institutions for training lawyers yet to be set up. The eighteenth century was a period of formal over-refinement. It was an age in which soldiers went into the field dressed for the ballroom. It was an age of formal, ceremonious, involved military evolutions, in which a detachment sent as a reinforcement at a time of acute peril could gravely explain that they came on the field too late because, owing to bad roads and underbrush, it was necessary to halt ten times in an hour to dress ranks. In such a time, judicial procedure, like every other human activity, became highly formal, artificial, and dilatory. There were some simplifications in colonial times, to suit the ruder, frontier conditions of the New World. But the same pressure of economic development that led to lawyer-manned courts and judicial justice made for a reception of English law; and that brought with it eighteenth-century legal procedure. That procedure was far from adapted to the needs of early nineteenth-century America. It was no small factor in causing the general discontent with the administration of justice which prevailed a century ago.

Nor was the substance of the English law, which we inherited at colonization or received after the Revolution, better adapted to the time and place than the court-organization and legal procedure which were to provide enforcing machinery. The bulk of English substantive law at that time was the feudal land law. Commercial law was still formative. The law of contracts, in our modern sense, was yet to come. The

law of private wrongs, in the modern sense, was still far in the future. The law of business associations was in its crude beginnings. It was needful that our courts examine the traditional English law item by item in order to determine what was applicable to the social, economic, political, and geographical conditions of America, and reshape the received items thereto. This process required about seventy-five years. At the beginning of the process, in the earlier decades of the nineteenth century, the administration of justice was far from satisfactory.

Means of bettering American justice were not immediately at hand. The legislature was at hand, zealous as ever to enact paper remedies. But study of the problems, study of the legal materials, law books, trained judges and trained lawyers were the agencies through which improvement finally came; and all these had to be provided. Before the Revolution a few lawyers had gone to England for a legal education. But trained lawyers were few. Reported decisions of American courts were very few. American law books or American editions of English law books were wanting. Lawyers served an apprenticeship with a practitioner and then went forth to practice as if they had learned a trade. The scarcity of competent lawyers to carry on the work of justice in the everyday tribunals added to the causes of dissatisfaction with the courts and the law.

### III

Looking back at the difficulties of American judicial administration at the outset of our polity, it will be seen that they were difficulties incident to a period of transition. The very English law that we inherited was under strain at home; for England was in transition from an agricultural-commercial to an industrial society. In the United States this body of law and of legal institutions came to a pioneer society in which there was a rapid economic development along with

successive settlement of new areas and setting up of new commonwealths, each with its own legal institutions.

Yet our law and our legal institutions survived the transition, and in a relatively short time adapted themselves to the pioneer, rural, agricultural society of nineteenth-century America. The judicial organization was made over, and an American system of courts grew up which still prevails. By the middle of the century legal procedure had been overhauled and had become set in the lines that now prevail in this country. By the time of the Civil War the substantive law had been overhauled, partly by legislation, but chiefly by judicial empiricism, and had become in substance what it is now. Most important of all, a number of chairs had been founded in our universities, on the model of Blackstone's chair at Oxford, from one of which came Kent's *Commentaries*, one of the formative books of our law. Law schools had been founded. In one of these the endowment of the Dane professorship for Joseph Story resulted in a series of books on constitutional law, commercial law, and equity which were decisive in the development of an Anglo-American common law for the whole country. We had competent men studying law, competent judges, competent lawyers, and adequate law books. Thus the period that ends with the Civil War became the classical period of American law. It was the period of the great judges, of the great law books, of the great creative statutes that made or shaped the legal institutions and legal precepts with which we administer justice to-day.

### IV

After a period of stability, extending from the middle of the last century to the present, a new era of dissatisfaction has set in. Once more our legal and judicial institutions are under fire—and justly so. And the reason is the same. We are in a period of transition, and our legal and judicial institutions, well



adapted to and functioning adequately in the society for which they were devised and in which they grew up, are ill adapted to and function badly, or at best indifferently, in the society in which they find themselves. The census of 1920 showed a definite shift of the center of gravity of our population from country to city. Moreover, this growth has been chiefly in the large cities, whereas in the nineteenth century growth took place chiefly by the opening up of new areas to settlement and the building up of new agricultural communities. When we observe that the population of New York City multiplied by forty-six in one hundred years, by six in fifty years, and almost by four in the last twenty years; that Chicago was non-existent in 1820, and that its population has multiplied by nine in fifty years; that Cleveland, a village of less than one thousand inhabitants in 1820, had in 1920 a population of nearly 800,000, and had multiplied its population by more than eight in fifty years; that Detroit had multiplied its population by thirteen in fifty years, and by four in the last twenty years; and that Los Angeles had multiplied its population by one hundred in fifty years, and by almost six in the last twenty years, and had more than 576,000 inhabitants where there had been only a mission a century before—when we observe these things we may understand better the temporary breakdown of judicial justice in our large cities. A highly developed system of substantive law and a specialized machinery of prosecution, administration, judicial organization, legal procedure, and penal treatment, devised and shaped for pioneer, rural, agricultural America of the first half of the nineteenth century, are struggling with the wholly different conditions of the urban, industrial society of to-day. In the huge cities which have grown up all over the country in a generation the ill adaptation of the machinery to the task is acute.

In England, where a like situation ex-

isted in the nineteenth century, they overhauled the judicial organization completely in 1873. Thus far the staple American remedy has been to add judges or create more courts, while keeping up the essential features of a model designed for very different tasks, to be performed under different conditions, and for a much less volume of business. With respect to procedure, there has been much improvement in the past twenty-five years. But here also the method and presuppositions are those of a pioneer, rural, agricultural society, and a complete overhauling must come eventually, as it did in England. As to the administrative organization of the courts, it is everywhere in substance what we made it when we adapted the English models of the eighteenth century to the conditions of pioneer America. We have met the enormous increase of judicial business by multiplying officials, not by reorganizing the administrative side of our tribunals and inventing new methods suitable to the work they have to do to-day. It is true some of the municipal courts set up in the past two decades have worked out notable administrative improvements. But very little attention has been paid to this part of the machinery of the legal system. It is no more possible to conduct the business of the tribunals in the great city of to-day on the traditional lines of the old English courts, as modified in the early nineteenth century to meet the needs of that time, than to conduct the affairs of a modern industrial plant with the office methods of a century ago.

In the substantive law there has been steady growth. But growth by judicial decision, through experience of the operation of legal precepts in their application to litigated cases, is too halting to meet the needs of business in an era of rapid development of business methods. An acute critic has pointed out recently that courts are struggling vainly to treat problems arising from "sales agencies" by the legal conception of agency. Here the main difficulty is that it is no one's

business to study the law functionally, to perceive how and where it falls short, and why; to discover leaks in our apparatus of precepts and doctrines and find out how to stop them. Fifty years ago the judiciary committees of the houses of the legislature were equal to the small amount of investigation of this sort that was required for the efficient functioning of the law. Later committees on law reform in bar associations have been able to do part of this task. But to-day the task has become too great for these agencies. They are not continuously at work. They have no means of surveying the whole field. They can give but a fraction of their time. We must find some agency which is always in operation, which works under conditions of permanence, independence, and assured impartiality, in which, therefore, the public may repose confidence.

Not the least serious effect of the rapid growth of great urban areas and the transition to an urban industrial society is to be seen in the relation of the lawyer to the administration of justice. Our polity relies upon three checks to insure that the wide powers which we must confide to judges and prosecutors are not abused. One is the professional training of the judge. Another is scrutiny and criticism of all judicial proceedings by the bar. The third is publicity, insured by public records, showing fully what has been done, by whom, and upon what facts. Of these, on the whole, the second is the most effective. So much that goes on in courts is necessarily technical in character and can be understood in its true setting only by experts, that the press and the public must be ultimate rather than ordinary agencies for keeping the administration of justice in the right course. In the beginnings of our polity lawyers were few, were engaged primarily in the courts, and each knew what was done by the other and by the judge. To-day in our large cities the leaders of the profession seldom go into court and avoid all criminal cases.

Professional defenders practice in criminal cases and the bar generally know little more of what goes on in criminal tribunals than the public at large. In rural communities the close daily contact of a small bar, chiefly or largely engaged in the courts, serves to preserve the conditions which our judicial and professional organization and our procedure presuppose. But in large cities the leader of the bar is a man of business. He advises, organizes, reorganizes, and directs business enterprises. The actual administration of justice in the courts is of secondary interest. Economic causes have turned the energies of the ablest and best trained in the profession into client-caretaking.

A century ago an unorganized profession could still preserve common law traditions through the close association of court room and circuit. In the large city of to-day there are thousands of lawyers, but there is no bar. There is no corporate profession with efficient apparatus for discipline and self-government. Thus the administration of justice is deprived of its best check. Not a little of what is worst in the administration of criminal justice in American cities is due to conditions that make Sampson Brass, and Dodson and Fogg, and Caleb Quirk, Esq., of Alibi House—who were eliminated in England by the incorporation of the lower branch of the profession—familiar characters in damage litigation and criminal prosecutions throughout the land.

## V

What has been said is by no means a complete sketch of the effects of an era of transition upon a judicial organization and prosecuting machinery made for another time and another type of social and economic conditions. But it is not so important to indict our administration of justice as it is to see what is behind the details complained of, and thus perceive why things are as they are and how we may hope to make them better.



It is well to bear in mind, when English justice of to-day is compared with American justice, that the English have not been out of Egypt very long. Read Dickens on the Court of Chancery. Read Dickens on *Bardell v. Pickwick*. Read *Ten Thousand a Year*. They have in them much that is familiar to the observer of American law in action. But they are true pictures of English justice in a time not far in the past. From 1828 to 1873 law reform was a staple subject of agitation in British politics. Almost every administration during the period of legislative overhauling of legal institutions that came to an end in 1875 had its program of law reform. Successive royal commissions made detailed studies and elaborate reports. There was more than one unsatisfactory change before the present system was worked out.

With us the task is more complicated than it was in England. We have a double system of courts, state and federal. We cannot set up one system in all its details for all the courts of the land. Congress and the legislatures of forty-eight states will each provide to some extent in their own way for their respective jurisdictions. A judicial organization for Rhode Island would not do for Texas; nor could Massachusetts and California employ exactly the same judicial and administrative machinery. We must guard against the sort of thing that happened too often when our present system was in the making. Popular impatience at the over-conservatism of lawyers and the slow progress of adaptation of English law and English legal institutions to the new world, and legislative overconfidence, led to many off-hand changes or ill-advised inventions that vex our administration of justice to-day.

For example, consider the common law as to misdemeanors. It had grown up in the Court of Star Chamber. Hence it was an object of suspicion. It was invoked to preserve order in the disorders that went with the bad economic

situation after the Revolution. That alone was enough to make it unpopular. It was invoked on behalf of the federal government, not always wisely, to meet seditious attacks at a time of acute political partisanship. Thus it became an issue in partisan politics. Many jurisdictions rejected it in the fore part of the last century and set up a doctrine that nothing was a crime unless made so by statute. When one perceives the huge mass of legislation which this doctrine makes necessary—e.g., in Ohio recently there were 15,367 sections in the statute law, in Michigan there were 15,532, and in Missouri 13,672—he may perhaps think that the common-law method of laying down a general principle, leaving details to be worked out by that principle as they arise, was much to be preferred. Not a little of the flood of legislation, of which so much complaint is heard, is necessitated by a doctrine that all details of police regulation must be laid down in the written law. This was well enough one hundred years ago. It is no longer workable in the metropolitan cities of to-day.

Grave obstacles stand in the way of improvement. The present system works well enough in the average rural community, and legislators from those communities see no need of change. The instinct of the lawyer to scrutinize with suspicion all projects of reform has always retarded progress. Imperfection of our legislative methods and inadequacy of our agencies of informing the legislature will hold back statutory improvements. The cult of incompetency, which is an unhappy by-product of democracy, will go along with popular impatience to rush us for a time into ill-conceived projects. Popular suspicion of lawyers, and hence of well-conceived and carefully prepared projects of reform, will impede the adoption of durable measures. Nor may it be denied that the self-interest of the lower stratum of the bar is not unlikely to put obstructions in the way of reform.

But these obstacles will hinder little,

in the end, if our projects of reform have a sound basis in thorough, impartial, scientific research. If our law schools were endowed and equipped for research as our medical schools are, we might expect great things from them. Nowhere else shall we find the conditions of continuity of investigation, permanence of tenure, independence of politics, and assured competency, scientific spirit and scientific method, without which the

necessary research will fall short of its purpose. We cannot expect legislative commissions at all comparable to the English royal commissions of the last century. We can expect our law schools, through chairs of criminal law, of legislation, of judicial organization and administration, and of comparative law, to lay broad and deep foundations on which our legislators may build with confidence.

## FOOL'S BURIAL

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

**I***F you had waited, foolish Love, to die,  
I would have fetched fine mourning from the town:  
Rich words, and splendid bitterness to lie  
About your head in thick funereal crown.  
There had been dusky plumes of old desire  
And for your body's ease a silken shroud  
Of stuff called sacrifice, that men admire—  
That were a death to make a lover proud.*

*The world will never know you walked, a king,  
Into my heart no longer free to dare;  
I bent to do your will in everything  
And heaped up tribute that would make you fair.  
Where did you spend the treasure that I gave,  
To lie all naked in a beggar's grave?*





## WHEN THE MOVIES GO ABROAD

BY CHARLES MERZ

THE mountain did not go to Mohammed, but America calls on Malay. I have stood in the streets of a sun-baked village north of Singapore and watched a Ford car head into virgin jungle with five reels of a great passion juggled in a tin box on its running-board. Somewhere in the bush an audience of home-loving Malays will see to-night the gay white way. A tattered sheet will be stretched between two stanchions in a copra shed. A back wheel will be jacked up, and under a sky that is black with heat a dizzy little motor will hum its owner's praise, throwing on the screen a dim light whereby an audience of two hundred natives will behold American life as it is lived, presumably, in our best families.

The ends of the earth are not too far. These movies of ours go everywhere.

A young Jew stands at the gateway of the Garden of Gethsemane and fumbles with a handbill. It tells him that "Why Men Leave Home" will play to-night three blocks beyond the Via Dolorosa.

A Chinese coolie in the Yangtse Valley shuffles his feet and skids around the corner with a bamboo cane. No need to tell his friends what the joke is about. They too have followed the flights of Charlie Chaplin.

A small Brazilian braces himself for the fifth reel of "Forbidden Passion," too absorbed in love to wonder what an American home would be without a bell-cord and a leopard skin.

There is no country in the world into which the American movie has not pushed its enterprising way and brought

its gossip and its folklore, its sugary morals and its happy endings.

Listen to the warning of an Englishman:

Lord Lee of Fareham told an audience in London recently that the American movie is a positive menace to the world. It gushes, he declared. It spills over with cheap sentiment. It is wholly unrepresentative of life in the United States. It is used by Bolsheviks to stir up trouble. "From your point of view as well as ours," he said, with his face turned toward America, "to send us trash of this description is fraught with terrible consequences not only in this country but in every country in the world."

This statement has been followed by other alarmist statements issuing from other British peers. Do such critics of American pictures show themselves too nervous? What manner of movies are these which go abroad and get themselves debated in the House of Commons? Why should the Bolsheviks take an interest in the pilgrimage of the covered wagon and the drama of the custard pie?

The truth is, probably, that the movies have grown up and gone visiting without attracting much attention to their foreign travels. Yet these travels are now an important factor in the industry. They have a considerable bearing upon American prestige overseas. For there is no question of the amazing reach of American films, or the completeness of their domination of the foreign market. Mr. Hoover's export data in the Department of Commerce show that there is not a single country in the

world, with the exception of a few far-off and privately managed colonies of France, in which American films do not outnumber the sum total of all other films. In most cases the outnumbering is two to one. And in the case of all the important markets—England, France, Canada, Australia, Japan, the Argentine—it is three to one, or four to one, or even five to one.

We grow used to hearing it said that the movies have become overnight a mammoth industry; but most of us have given little thought to the fact that this mammoth industry had gone adventuring overseas, and that we are suddenly, and actually, exporting not only goods but ideas. Yet that is what we are doing, and that is what disturbs Lord Lee. For the export is an avalanche, everywhere—with what effect upon our prestige overseas?

## II

Consider, first, the charges brought against the American movie by its critics. This is what they say of it:

1. It is wholly misrepresentative of life in the United States. This is the burden of Lord Lee's own criticism. It is the burden of other criticisms, including that of Mr. Hughes when he was in the Cabinet. "I wish, indeed," said Mr. Hughes, commenting upon certain difficulties he had met abroad, "that that important educational instrument, the moving picture, was not so frequently used in foreign countries to give forth impressions of American life. It is most discouraging to reflect upon the extent to which the best efforts of educators and men of public affairs are thwarted by the subtle influence of a pernicious distortion among other peoples with respect to the way in which our people live."

2. The American movie is hard on public morals. There cannot be so much vice anywhere, its critics say, as man-ages to intrude upon the screen. Lust, greediness, infidelity, murder, malev-

olence, depravity—the wide world is invited to believe that the Statue of Liberty holds a red light and that the Tenderloin ends where the West begins.

3. The American movie is too nationalistic. Its heroes spring from native soil; "foreigners" supply its villains. It knows one flag and one flag only. That flag must wave if any waving is in order. When "Peter Pan" was done at Hollywood, Peter did not wave—as Barrie had him wave—the Union Jack. Peter waved the Stars and Stripes, like a good naturalized American.

4. The American movie is too everlastingly commercial in its point of view. "We are becoming tired," complains the *London Morning Post*, "of those wearisome financial transactions which give the impression that one half of the world is perpetually seeking to 'do' the other."

5. The American movie is pretentious. Bernard Shaw sums up objections on this point when he complains of "over-exposed faces against under-exposed backgrounds, vulgar and silly sub-titles, impertinent lists of everybody employed in the film from the star actress to the press agent's office-boy. . . . We shall soon have to sit for ten minutes at the beginning of every reel to be told who developed it, who dried it, who provided the celluloid, who sold the chemicals and who cut the author's hair. Your film people simply don't know how to behave themselves. They take liberties with the public at every step on the strength of their reckless enterprise and expenditure."

6. Finally, the American film actually imperils the safety of great empires. It does this, so its critics say, by lowering the prestige of the white man in the Orient. Lieutenant Commander Kenworthy rises in the British House of Commons to warn his colleagues of a threat in India; the *London Daily Chronicle* asks whether the British Empire can be conceived as "holding together indefinitely" with American movies catering to native crowds in Asia; and a distinguished and remarkable company



of British citizens headed by Lord Carson, Thomas Hardy, and the Poet Laureate warns of "the far-reaching consequences of inferior productions which are neither healthy nor patriotic." It is here that the Bolsheviks are said to enter into the equation: using cheap melodrama to undermine the prestige of white governments at home. What could be more silly, they are supposed to say to India and Syria and Malay, than to let yourselves be ruled by duffers who spend fortunes on their clothes, have no god but money, indulge in every form of inane folly, have no home life and use axle-grease to smooth their hair?

### III

So read the charges brought against the American movie when it goes abroad—charges running the gamut of good taste, good faith, good international manners; and there is probably not a moving-picture prince in Hollywood so self-assured as to maintain that there is no truth in them. Some part of this indictment, certainly, is fair. Quite possibly, the whole indictment. Where shall we draw the line?

Line-drawing is difficult in such affairs. Line-drawing is difficult because the raw material on which judgments rest is essentially haphazard. How much do we know, really, of the effect of celluloid vice in Malay or in India? How certain are we that the point on which the impresario in Hollywood has lavished ingenuity and money is even understood? Not all pictures register as their creators first intended. Not all audiences can even read. Thus, for example, there has grown up in many countries in the East the institution of a story-teller who stands beside the screen and instructs the audience in what is happening. In Japan I have encountered such an interlocutor, known there as a "*benshi*," whose idea of each picture was essentially his own, and who, unable to read the titles in English, made up titles to suit his fancy as he went along. Some-

times, under his deft touch, comedy turned tragedy and tragedy turned comedy; but the net effect, provided each reel had its share of action, was apparently as pleasing as if everyone had understood the story. Why not? After all, who needs to be told, when the bullets fly, that this is an open space where men are men?

We shall do well, all things considered, to go slow in pronouncing judgments concerning either the message which an almost endless variety of moving pictures carries overseas, or the effect of this theoretical message upon a vast audience of unlike people living all over the world in every century of culture from the thirteenth to the twentieth. If we are going to pronounce judgments and have them better than mere guesswork, we shall stick to conclusions which have some visible evidence behind them. A few such conclusions are unmistakable, I think; and one of them is this: that the American movie is the spearhead of a new trade offensive, sinister if you happen to be on the wrong end of it.

We can number our facts here and be fairly certain of them. We can note, first, that the conquest of the American movie is a recent conquest, still in its early, jostling stages: only in 1912 did the export of American film begin to be considered of enough importance to justify its mention in our trade statistics; now we export annually 170 million linear feet of developed film, with a revenue in sales value estimated at \$75,000,000. We can note, second, that this export covers every corner of the world: our five great markets overseas, in the order of importance, are the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, Argentine, and Japan; each of the five is in a separate continent; to each of the five goes more American film in a single season than is produced at home in half a dozen seasons. We can note, third, that there is evidence abroad of resentment at this Yankee domination. Thus in France a decree has been wrung from the government by the picture industry,

to the effect that after January 1, 1928, no pictures on inflammable film (that is, American pictures) may be imported; in Germany a "*kontingent*" plan is already in force whereby only one American film may be shown for every German film displayed; in England Sir Oswald Stoll, who speaks for the British producer, objects that his country "is placed in the position of a defeated people, conquered by America," and the President of the Board of Trade proposes a special system of license fees to shake England loose of Hollywood.

But all this—evidence of a trade war inside the industry itself—is only one small section of a much wider trade offensive. For, as Mr. Will H. Hays was accustomed to point out occasionally, with more eloquence before it began to strike him as an indiscretion, the commercial importance of the moving picture reaches far beyond the theater. "It is interesting to note," said Mr. Hays, in an interview last February, "that our Department of Commerce reports our films as the silent salesmen of American goods." To moving-picture influence, Mr. Hays affirmed, could frequently be traced fresh conquests overseas.

There is the best of evidence that Mr. Hays was right last February, and is more right to-day. Automobiles manufactured here are ordered abroad after screen shadows have been observed to ride in them; China wants sewing-machines; rich Peruvians buy piano-players; orders come to Grand Rapids from Japanese who have admired mission armchairs in the films. Mr. E. A. Bughan of the London *Daily News* complains that the Americanization of the British public is an accomplished fact; Lord Newton tells the House of Commons that Yorkshire manufacturers of boots and clothing have been obliged to alter their plants because the Near East now wishes to dress like Rudolph Valentino. "Americans," asserts Lord Newton, "realized almost simultaneously with the cinema this heaven-sent

method of advertising themselves, their country, methods, wares, ideas, even language, and seized on it as a method of persuading the whole world that only America matters."

By these presents trade no longer follows the flag. It follows the film. Who can doubt it? Mr. Hays, thinking this over and worrying about restrictive measures in foreign markets, may now choose to hush Mr. Hoover's drums. But certainly no nation ever possessed so effective an instrument for overseas development. The moving picture has achieved, unwittingly, what different Powers in different times have built navies, levied taxes, intrigued, coerced, and slaughtered in order to achieve.

Not unnaturally, the conquest has left certain traces of resentment.

#### IV

What does the foreigner see when the moving picture shows him the United States? He sees Hollywood. He sees Hollywood so exclusively that there is a second fact which can be noted of the movie when it goes abroad—it makes a hash of its America.

For we can be as cautious as we like in the matter of snap judgments about the psychology of foreigners and their reactions to our films, one thing is certain—the films themselves are proof that no foreigner, whatever his psychology, can by the wildest flight of fancy discover in our films a realistic picture of America.

How could he? The America he sees is neither the America of Bryan nor of Barnum nor of Henry Cabot Lodge. It is an America of happy endings, goody-goody heroes, comedy policemen stumbling into man-holes, posses disappearing in the dust, bathing girls, and human flies. Here, in a synopsis clipped from a foreign moving-picture magazine, is life in Texas:

Peggy Martin and her father need mortgage money from the oil well leased to a shady promoter, Brill, who receives a bribe



from the foreclosing landlord to suspend the working. Peggy has a madcap girl friend, Tex, who goes to vamp Brill to save the Martins. Tex is saved from Brill's clutches by Billy, a young man whom Peggy knows by correspondence only. The landlord fires the well out of revenge, and Peggy is saved from its summit by a rope from an aeroplane containing Billy.

This picture is called "Witch's Lure."

Here, also clipped from a foreign source, is life in a more urban area, perhaps in Cleveland or Dubuque:

Germaine makes an "arranged" marriage with Lucien, a rich but uncouth aristocrat, and this half kills her romantic dreams. He hears that she is leaving him; whereupon he dissipates his fortune in pleasure. Germaine, with her wooer, eventually finds him bankrupt, and witnesses his humorous predicaments in a restaurant where he has no money. From a wanton she learns of his fidelity, and becomes reunited to him.

This picture is called "She Wolves."

Both films are new and both are average. The American producer makes no special effort with his foreign market. There was a time, not many years ago, when he gave it this much special interest: frequently he made two versions of each film instead of only one—a relatively tame and dehydrated version for the local market; a livelier and more provoking version for the foreign trade, with scenes of love and rapture run beyond the point where it was thought wise to shut them off, at home. This business of salting pictures with particularly salacious bits, I understand, is out of style. Possibly the explanation is a change of heart. Possibly it is Mr. Hays. More than likely the fact that aggressive censorships have now appeared in every major foreign market does something to explain the change. At any rate, censors the world over are now snipping indelicacies from American film.

What of it, really? The trouble is not vice but manifest absurdity. Censorships do not bear on that. Censorships simply tinker with the length of skirt,

the hilarity of café brawls, the fervor of a kiss held over-long. They do not and can not touch at any point the essentials of a picture or sift the bogus from the real. The most iron-handed censorship that man has yet devised might be set up on every foreign frontier and there would still pass by it the whole flood of innocuous and inane trash which misrepresents a much-suffering America. Life in Texas would still consist of a series of hair-raising rescues from oil-derricks via aeroplane; life in the great cities would still be life in sinks of iniquity, pitting young Horatio Algiers against the night-life of the cabarets; human nature would still be drawn in blacks and whites, and men be what they are when the director casts them—either smug heroes, smug friends of heroes, or else knaves; morality would still be a matter of Mr. DeMille's reactions to the Sunday papers; success a dinner-coat, and pathos something to be turned on and off like water in a bath-tub; the ideal of American womanhood would still be Pollyanna.

We may fairly ask if life exists anywhere (certainly it does not exist in the United States) in such stereotypes as the moving-picture magnate uses in his films. Such conceptions as he invites the rest of the world to entertain about America may be exhilarating to the young, but they do not make for much straight thinking as between one nation and its neighbors. If, as I have suggested, the first clear result of the movies' conquest is a trade war, the second is this muddying of international thought.

## V

The box-office does not make a specialty of international thought. It has other interests. Is there any good reason, really, why we should expect the movies to portray America realistically or to help people think in a straight line, rather than a crooked line, about their neighbors?

The movies are not a public institution

subsidized for the promotion of sweetness and light, or even light, throughout the world. They are a business enterprise. As such, though from time to time their makers permit themselves to be interviewed on the subject of creative art, they cater to their markets. And the great market is not Cairo or Singapore, but the market here at home. This country has the theaters. It has almost twenty thousand theaters, and there is not another country in the world with even a fourth as many houses where pictures may be shown. There are only five other countries in the world which have a tenth as many houses. One result is the ability to spend money on production and to recoup it here at home which—rather than any technical excellence or genius in the matter of acting taught by correspondence in two weeks—gives the American picture its commanding lead abroad. A second result is the care with which the industry watches these twenty thousand theaters for signs of what is wanted. In the last analysis all major considerations in the making of a film boil down to this: "How will they like the thing in Oshkosh?" If Oshkosh, discerning neither drama nor romance in its own environment, prefers New York as a background for untoward events, then the wide world sees life "pepped up" and "jazzed up" in the stereotypes which Hollywood thinks Oshkosh uses for New York. The essentials of a successful photoplay, as a British visitor in California found them recently, are these: 1—"You gotta leave 'em happy." 2—"The boy has gotta get the girl and get the dough." 3—"Leave 'em all dolled up and driving off in a big car." Which leads the British visitor to remark that there will be no essential change in moving-picture making "until scenario writers and producers have the courage to reveal to their fans philosophic happiness as opposed to happiness in terms of dough, car, and girl."

But who wants philosophic happiness? Certainly it is clear that when we say the American producer aims to make

pictures he can sell, we have only said one-half of what needs saying. Could he sell any other pictures, even if he made them? Can we be certain that these foreigners who buy our films would rather understand us than misunderstand us?

The business of understanding another nation is usually a tedious and weary enterprise, set down by the moving-picture people under the general heading, "educational." Such films are not best-sellers. True, there is an occasional picture which is both "educational" and moderately successful from a box-office point of view. Such a picture was "Grass," which came to this country with a vivid and dramatic story of nomad life on the desert's edge. This picture, it is my own guess, did as much to make clear to one people the life of another people living at a distance as anything which has been filmed or written since the discovery of communication. But it was an exceptional picture, fortunate in the possession of a stirring background. There is no assurance whatever that an equally honest and straightforward portrayal of life, let us say, in Keokuk, Iowa, would do equally well on the other side of the Atlantic. There is, in fact, every reason to believe that it would do shamefully, and that in the matter of box-office receipts "She Wolves" would run rings around it in every port from Brest to Nagasaki. Certainly there is no expert council in the foreign market advising American producers to go in for counterparts of "Grass." Scan the consular reports for their suggestions as to what sells best. "Send sensational and humorous pictures"—thus the American consul in Constantinople. "Send slapstick"—thus the American trade commissioner in Bombay. "Send luxurious society dramas, farce comedies and sex problem films"—thus the American consul in Montevideo.

Unquestionably it would be a fine thing, and from an international point of view a hopeful thing, if five hundred pictures on the style of "Grass" could



make their appearance each year, cover the whole world in their travels, and clear up areas of misunderstanding. But because this seems desirable it need not blind us to the fact that there is usually a better market for a bogus thrill than for an honest bit of fact-reporting, and that the last thing one nation wishes to hear about another nation is what both nations have in common. Ask the traveler home from India, who wishes to discuss that country's approach to civic problems of the sort we have at home: his audience will interrupt to ask him what a harem looks like, and how the yogi does the rope trick. Ask the traveler home from Japan, who wishes to discuss the economic background of the immigration issue: his friends will plead with him to supply, instead, an eye-witness story of the golden cages in the Yoshiwara, or more light upon the mooted question whether Japanese ladies actually do wash Japanese gentlemen in the public baths of Kobe. People ordinarily do not wish to be told how they are like other people; they wish to be told how they are unlike other people. They do not wish so much to be told how other people live and work as to be told how other people (it makes small difference whether they are real or not) grow rich, waste fortunes, snub one another, kill for love and quarrel. The fact of the matter, probably, is that the movie can move no faster in the direction of bringing people to understand one another than the people themselves desire to be moved. The movie, in that respect, is

like the radio. The mechanical perfection of the instrument itself is one thing. How it will be used is quite another. There are plenty of radios in the world to-day which are being used to promote international understanding. There are plenty of other radios which are being used to stir up trouble. There are still more radios which are being used to waft across the seas the strains of "Red Hot Mamma."

Nor do we, in saying this, need either to blunt the point of any conclusions at which this article has previously arrived or to be too pessimistic about the future.

The American movie is taking us into a new type of trade war largely without our knowing it.

The American movie is caricaturing us cruelly enough to lay the basis for a libel suit.

But the American movie is also carrying a vast amount of decent and indecent fun into every back street of Europe and of Asia, into every kitchen where a woman cooks a humdrum meal, and into every factory where men look at the sun through smoky windows. It will probably never be made that vehicle of straight thinking which it is capable of being made. But the chance is there. For here is the one medium which knows no frontiers. Language varies, manners vary, money varies, even railway gauges vary. The one universal unit in the world to-day is that slender ribbon which can carry hocus-pocus, growing-pains and dreams.



## VENEER

A STORY

BY LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

IT WOULD never have happened except for some cynical prompting of Kilmartin's—at two o'clock in the morning—which Blakeslee and I had too easily fallen in with. A passing taxi had been hailed, and now the three of us were crowded about a little table, wedged in among many others, while our ears were deafened by a magnificent barbaric jazz.

It was one of those negro cabarets in the heart of the black blocks of Harlem—lawless, flamboyant, sordid. Here and there were white faces—women sheathed in silk, with gleaming necks and arms, men in dinner coats—Nordic faces in this roomful of wide-eyed and expectant blacks. We sat in a murk of revelry and bad air and—suddenly—in darkness.

Half-naked forms came out upon the dance floor in two snakelike files and, mingling together in a complicated maze, their bodies swayed and writhed, to the throb of the music. The whole room pulsated to that weird, syncopated beat. Above it rose the chromatic wail of saxophones; banjos bleated; trombones blared; and the rasping of fantastic "traps" shattered through it all. Dusky limbs and bodies flashed and poised and flashed again, in a frenzied ritual of eccentric movement.

We might have been plunged into the heart of a primitive land, beyond the last outpost of civilization, unwitting spectators of some orgiastic rite. Only the narrow ray of a spotlight, cutting through the gloom and throwing into relief the cavorting body of the chief

dancer, betrayed the artifice of the spectacle. And even that chill, blue-white shaft was like a thin pencil of moonlight, piercing some gap of foliage to disclose in the depths of the jungle secret and unspeakable things.

Something exotic, barbaric gripped and at the same time revolted me. I looked across at Kilmartin, who had brought us here, fastidiously correct in his evening clothes, sophisticated, disdainful. He didn't "class" with the white habitués of the place, drawn thither by the coarse lure of wine and flesh and jazz. He sat with a cigar dangling from his long fingers, in a vast and cynical detachment, and he had the air of being mildly bored with it all.

Meanwhile the whole room hung intent upon the central figure of the dance: a dark-skinned youth, of incredible swiftness and grace. The spotlight cleaved him from the surrounding darkness like a knife. It illumined each line of his glistening, quivering body, as legs and arms described their gyrations. As the tempo quickened and the music throbbed more shrill, he achieved sheer flashes of movement which outstripped my gaze. The rolling whites of his eyes drew me with an almost hypnotic spell. The spectacle became something no longer quite human; the music, an unearthly cry. The room, the table at which we sat, seemed to fall away into a limbo of unreality. All life seemed converged within that splash of blue-white light, in which a half-naked savage danced. . . .



The thing ended abruptly in a final cacophonic clash from the orchestra. The dancer and his retinue vanished. Lights everywhere flashed on, revealing a bare and polished floor, toward which, as the music began anew, there was an uprush from the tables.

In a moment the place was thronged with couples in grotesque embrace, jostled and thrust about, a turbid mass of humanity that swirled and eddied to the urge of the music. The voluptuous tide lapped against our table. Eyes ogled us, faces leered. Kilmartin, aloof, unmindful of the reek of perfume and the barbaric crash of sound, suddenly leaned toward us.

"Veneer!" he flung out sardonically, lifting his voice above the tumult. "That is what civilization amounts to—the thinnest sort of veneer. In a place like this you can see it crack and peel off."

Blakeslee bridled at once. "Nigger-dive," he retorted. "Beastly place, of course."

Kilmartin smiled derisively. "That's where you miss the point, Blakeslee. As of course you would. We are all savages under the skin. Under the veneer, I mean. Civilization hasn't changed the brute in us a bit. Given us a little surface polish, the merest shine. Disrupt our complex artificial environment, and it would rub off over night. We'd be scrambling up trees and bickering venomously at one another from the branches—or amorously, as the case might be—"

"Cigars! Cigarettes!"

A shrill voice at my shoulder caused me to turn. I confronted two vivid splotches of rouge outrageously overlaid upon cheeks of chocolate-brown, and two thin dark arms, whitened with powder, thrusting a tray upon us. Kilmartin reached for a handful of cigars and tossed the girl a bill.

"That's all rot, Kilmartin," Blakeslee objected. He was small and rotund, and now deeply serious. "Why, even these niggers are immeasurably above the wild brutes their ancestors were—the kind

you've risked your own skin among in Africa. Three centuries of civilization have worked a miracle. They've been lifted out of the depths of savagery—"

"Yes, I know," Kilmartin jeered. "Knocked over the head, manacled, thrown into the hold of a slave-ship. If you died, or seemed likely to, you were fished out and thrown overboard. However, score one there for civilization, if you like."

"Well, that may be, but my point is that these people here are a long way from beasts in primeval mud huts. They've got real homes—steam heat, electric light, gas stoves, and all that sort of thing. They've got fine clothes, jewelry, money—money even for this sort of fool squandering. Thanks to civilization, they aren't grubbing about in a jungle and trying to eat one another, as their ancestors did."

"Mere surface differences. That's precisely my point," Kilmartin calmly persisted. "Veneer!" he reiterated. "You and I may have a thicker coating of it. Call it sophistication, anything you like. It's a mere shell, a flimsy pretense."

Kilmartin exhaled a cloud of smoke, through which he surveyed the scene with an air of benign and utter disillusionment. There were lines of fatigue about his eyes. He had the look of a man prematurely tired of life, yet worn out in soul rather than in body. My old wonder about him was stirred anew. His years in Africa had dealt mysteriously with him. He had penetrated deep into the interior, ostensibly absorbed in the study of obscure tropical diseases. He was reticent as to those long stretches of months in which he had lived remote from his own kind. When at last he had emerged from the somber heart of those obscure regions, it was with a darkened and cryptic philosophy. As good-hearted little Blakeslee once observed to me, his face lined with concern—something had gotten into Kilmartin; he seemed spiritually tainted. But there was no probing the man. One could

only note the gaunt face, burned deep by the tropic sun, the veiled yet penetrating eyes, the cynical, indulgent smile, and speculate vainly. . . .

The jazz crashed and surged over me unheeded, and in my reverie I lost track of the conversation. Presently I grew aware that Blakeslee and Kilmartin had fallen into outright dispute.

"That young chap who led the dance? Oh, nonsense, Kilmartin. . . . You're crazy."

"I'll wager you . . . anything you like. . . . Yes, that dancer. I know the type perfectly."

I leaned forward to pick up the argument. "What are you two talking about?"

"Kilmartin declares that if you took one of these niggers back to Africa—lifted him clean out of civilization—a complete and utter break with it—he'd revert, turn savage."

"And what's more," Kilmartin added dryly, "I've offered to prove it."

The music ended, and we were in the swirl of the dancers surging back to their tables.

"There's your young hopeful now," announced Blakeslee.

I recognized the protagonist of the cabaret performance, who had achieved a quick change into clothes of a dandified, flashy cut which bespoke the theatrical alleys of Broadway. He had joined a group at a near-by table.

Kilmartin appraised him with half-shut eyes. "The very man I want. Look here, Blakeslee. For thirty cents—"

"Make it a thousand dollars!" Blakeslee retorted jocosely.

"Just as you like," Kilmartin assented indifferently. "I've been planning to go back to Africa. This sort of experiment might offer an amusing distraction." His eyes narrowed thoughtfully upon the dancer. "Give me a year or two, of course. . . . But time is nothing . . . not in those places."

"Oh, come, Kilmartin." I didn't like the way he was studying the negro, nor

the cruel smile on his lips. "Let's get out of here. It's after three."

Kilmartin yielded, and the subject was forgotten. Out in the morning air we confronted the more important business of securing a taxi. . . .

But Kilmartin, always eccentric and incalculable, had not forgotten, as I was to discover a couple of weeks later. In some devious and inexplicable way, quite characteristic of the man, he had proceeded to snare his bird.

"It's positively uncanny," Blakeslee poured out the news to me over the telephone. "He's actually got hold of that colored boy. You'll find him at Kilmartin's place now. And Kilmartin's preparing to set off for Africa. Go and see for yourself."

Having an idle hour on my hands, I promptly did so. I went round to Kilmartin's quarters, to find them in a state of dismantlement. Trunks stood about, in process of being packed, and out of the confusion Kilmartin waved me a salutation with his pipe. He was wearing a dressing gown, bizarrely striped, which accentuated his gaunt height. The pipe, too, was of inordinate length and grotesque shape—one of the multitudinous queer objects that Kilmartin's rooms abounded in.

"Hail and farewell!" he saluted me. "Off to London. Then to Africa, by the first boat."

I was staring at the melange of exotic ruffraff, stripped from walls and cabinets and now going into storage, when a young negro entered, to deposit an armful of things in one of the open trunks. When he straightened up I recognized the dancer of the Harlem cabaret. For an instant his eyes met mine—a swift and furtive glance. The youth seemed cowed and uneasy. In his present menial task his clothes with their flashy Broadway cut added a touch of the incongruous.

When he had left the room I turned to Kilmartin, to find him watching me with a sort of sardonic interest.



"The great experiment," he announced ironically. "If you remember—my wager with Blakeslee."

"But what I don't understand—"

"Of course. Neither does Blakeslee. I've left him quite mystified, but I don't mind telling you."

In twenty words I had the gist of the affair. He reminded me that the police held an almost despotic control over certain of the lower strata of citizenry. These unfortunate individuals, when confronted with the alternative of having something out of their past dragged to light, were surprisingly amenable to dictation. If their past conduct did not offer a sufficiently compelling *motif*, a hypothetical one could usually be framed up. I gathered further that some high municipal dignitary was under particular obligation to Kilmartin. The latter had conveyed to that gentleman his wish that a certain young negro should accompany him abroad. Within forty-eight hours, Thomas Jefferson Quince—to divest him of his professional name—presented himself to Kilmartin. He was ready—nay, eager—to accompany the latter on his travels.

"Blakeslee, bless his heart, can see nothing in this but sheer necromancy," Kilmartin ended. "He doesn't begin to understand the ways of his precious civilization which he lauds so highly. He can't see beneath the veneer. . . . Well, here's a hearty farewell to it."

He fell into a deep rumination. I imagined his thoughts transporting him into the heart of that dark country where, under that queer, inexplicable urge of scientific inquiry, he would bury himself again, with microscope, test-tubes, and cultures.

Again there came a soft tread; a dark negroid head was bent for a moment over the trunk. There was again the furtive glance at me, and then the all but noiseless retreat. My thoughts turned to this other fantastic enterprise born of Kilmartin's whim. And suddenly it seemed a gruesome thing. The absurd idea crept over me that Kil-

martin might somehow accomplish his diabolical purpose.

"Look here, Kilmartin. Just what do you propose to do with this poor devil, dragged off into the jungle with you? This wager with Blakeslee is a silly business."

"Blakeslee be hanged," he answered lazily. "This is my own affair. I've often thought of trying it. Off—out—in—there . . . One gets many queer ideas. This young buck—" Kilmartin's somber eyes seemed to kindle with queer anticipation. "You may think I'm crazy, but I'm not. It will be interesting to watch . . . But of no importance. A mere biological regression."

"More like vivisection upon a human soul," I interposed.

"Blakeslee might call it that. Poor Blakeslee! He already thinks I've been up to some dark necromancy." Kilmartin paused and presently a faint smile stole to his lips. "There may be necromancy . . . later."

It was this picture of him that I was to carry in memory for many months: his lean, angular form athwart a chair, over one arm of which his long legs dangled; the bizarre striped dressing-gown; the barbaric pipe at his lips; and in the droop of his shoulders that despondency of soul which I was never to fathom.

He was gone, a week later. A couple of months went by and there came a card, written on board a French vessel somewhere off the African west coast—a briefly scrawled good-luck and good-by—and I was left to infer that he had plunged into the interior and that it had closed over him, taking him into its dark heart. And then a twelvemonth of silence. Meanwhile I lost track of Blakeslee, only to learn later that he had gone abroad. The whole incident faded into the background of memory, at last all but forgotten.

It was to be abruptly revived one June day two years later, when, on a visit to London myself, I came face to face with Blakeslee in Piccadilly Circus.

"You—of all people!" he gasped. "Well, this *is* luck."

Shouldered by the throng that surged around us, I had only a confused impression of surprise writ large upon his face, now strangely thin and darkened. There was no chance, standing there in that crowded thoroughfare, to exchange two years' arrears of gossip, and I could see that he was brimming over with intelligence.

"Come along to my hotel," he insisted, catching hold of my arm. "I've got astounding news for you."

I allowed him to lead me where he would. "By the way," I suddenly inquired, for the sight of him had stirred old recollections, "did you ever hear anything more of Kilmartin?"

We were thrust apart for the moment by the passing throng, but I could see that he was nodding his head energetically in answer to my question. "Dear me, yes," he said, when we had fallen into step again. "That's what I want to tell you about. You see, after a year or so, I couldn't stand it any longer. I went to Africa to look for him."

"You went to Africa!" The thought of little Blakeslee adventuring on such a quest struck me as tremendously absurd.

"Yes, I did," he answered simply. "Come along to my hotel, and I'll tell you all about it."

We were speedily in his rooms, where he fussily looked to my comfort. Would I have tea, or a brandy and soda?

"But tell me about Kilmartin," I insisted. "It's nearly three years now. I had almost forgotten."

"I never could forget—not for one moment." A look of acute distress came over his face. "That colored boy—you remember? Somehow, Kilmartin's taking him off didn't seem quite right. What was Kilmartin really up to? I always had an uneasy feeling that he wasn't quite right in his mind. I know he's done brilliant scientific work. But there was that queer streak in him, that made you sort of afraid. And it was

really my fault that he took that poor fellow along with him. Hoping to see him turn savage, do you remember? The thing weighed on my conscience. And finally—well, I couldn't stand it any longer, so I decided to look Kilmartin up."

"In the depths of a continent!" I exclaimed, dumfounded at the sheer temerity of the undertaking.

"Well, of course, the affair did present difficulties," he admitted. "And then again, it was much easier than one might anticipate. I at least knew the port on the west coast where he had gone in. Once there, I made inquiries. He had gone up a river. He was somewhere in the interior. No word had come for several months. However, there was a boat which made trips up the river. I chartered it to go farther. A bit of luck perhaps, but we found him."

"Luck! Well, rather!" I exclaimed.

"The luck wasn't so much in finding him," he went on quite earnestly, "as it was in happening along in the very nick of time."

Blakeslee shook his head over the recollection. He took up a cigar and stared at it absently without lighting it.

"It took some rough going at the finish," he resumed. "You see, he had pushed on beyond the last of the river stations into a district that the ivory hunters rather avoided. You've never tackled the jungle, have you? Well, my advice is, don't. It's—it's awful."

Blakeslee's shrunken cheeks suddenly took on significance. Clearly he had been through something. The twinkle was gone from his blue eyes.

"Incidentally, the district we finally got into was not altogether safe," he went on to explain. "That's what Captain Martin, who owned and piloted that steamboat, kept telling me. We had gone on, day after day, up that sluggish yellow river that seemed interminable. Just two continuous walls of impenetrable forest which slowly parted before us and then closed together astern. It was like some endless, gigantic pano-



rama, of a world still plunged in the primeval silence of creation. And straight into the heart of it steamed that ridiculous boat, belching out wood-smoke, driving a vast ripple across that immense stretch of water as unruffled as a mirror, and profaning the silence of the ages with its crazy racket.

"And never a sign of a living soul. The river gradually narrowed, and at last Captain Martin drew in toward shore. This was the place, he guessed. And he was right, thanks to some cabalistic jungle craft which I couldn't understand. We plunged inland, and sure enough, we struck a trail. And the next day we found Kilmartin.

"Or rather we came upon the dilapidated shacks where he lived. He wasn't there. But there were his microscope and books and papers and all that bacteriological riffraff—a queer make-shift laboratory, with bottles everywhere . . . filled with solutions of some sort, capped with gauze."

Blakeslee shook his head as if over a distasteful recollection.

"The place gave me the creeps, coming abruptly out of the bush upon that queer jumble of savagery and scientific paraphernalia. There were native spears and knives stuck around on the walls, the most murderous-looking things imaginable. And heads of strange animals, badly mounted, and looking particularly gruesome. On the table, doing duty as paper-weights, were a couple of skulls—and none too yellowed with age. Flattened foreheads and thick protruding jawbones—but human, I have no doubt.

"A characteristic Kilmartin touch, I was thinking, when suddenly he appeared, as if he had materialized out of the air. I felt a hand clapped on my shoulder, and it gave me an awful start. There was Kilmartin, in a ragged and very soiled suit that had once been white. He had grown a full beard, which covered his face, but his eyes were as penetrating as ever, and he still had that way of looking at you, with his head down, from under lowered lids. He

saluted Captain Martin, whom of course he knew, and then turned to me to observe that I was a long way from home.

"There was a bottle of whiskey on the table, from which he filled three glasses, rather shakily. I suspected that he had already had several drinks himself. 'Sorry. No ice, of course,' and he lifted his glass to us, steadied himself on his legs, and emptied it in one gulp. Then his eye at once sought the bottle. With his glass refilled, he slumped down upon a bench and began a sardonic inspection of me.

"There was that same cynical warp to his mind, and he eyed me with a sort of outright amusement, as if my hunting him out was the greatest joke on earth. 'Don't tell me that you, too, have become fed up with civilization. Have another drink.'

"But the man seemed played out, defeated. I now noticed the marks of dust and disuse upon his scientific apparatus. The stuff in the test-tubes had thickened and taken on a dark scum; many of the gauze caps were awry. He seemed to have abandoned his experiments. A lot of his pages of penciled notes were scattered on the floor, to be merely trodden upon or kicked out of the way. There were empty whiskey bottles everywhere.

"Are you all alone here?' I asked.

"Alone? Well, not exactly.' He smiled to himself. 'Wait until after sundown. You'll understand.'

"I wanted to ask him about that colored boy. It was late in the afternoon, and as the shadows lengthened I kept listening for footsteps, wondering if he would come in. In the meantime we talked—of everything under the sun. Captain Martin had all the gossip of the coast, but Kilmartin was most interested in news of the outside world. I talked of everything, from Chinese uprisings to Tammany politics. He listened, at times interjecting an aloof, ironic comment, as if I were giving him news from the planet Mars. He sat with one leg under him, while from the

bare foot of the other dangled a tattered sandal which he waggled with his toes. And repeatedly he urged us to have another drink.

"Well, the afternoon was gone. It grew quite dark. He got up and lighted a candle and, pushing aside those skulls to clear a place, he brought some food to the table. It was while we were eating that dismal meal, with all the world outside plunged in the deep, tropic night, the silence broken only by the absurd rattle of our knives and plates, that there came from afar off, borne on a fugitive night breeze, the soft, long roll of drums.

"I looked up with a start, to find Kilmartin's eyes upon me. 'My esteemed neighbors,' he explained. 'I don't think they'll bother us.'

"But Captain Martin pushed his plate aside with a skeptical snort. He proceeded to fill his pipe while he launched into a tirade against Kilmartin's indifference. He wanted him to listen to reason. It was foolhardy to remain there in the bush, alive with niggers, when one of these periodical outbreaks was clearly brewing. Kilmartin knew that as well as he did. They were working themselves up now—God alone knew what went on at those night orgies. One thing was certain, an outbreak was imminent, and when it came Kilmartin would be snuffed out—like that. Captain Martin, having got his pipe alight, blew out the match.

"He went on to say that he didn't fancy having his head paraded through the bush on the end of a spear. He wouldn't be risking it now except for 'this friend of yours'—meaning me. He had figured out that perhaps the two of us could persuade Kilmartin, before it was too late, to chuck that queer, senseless business of his.

"At this point Captain Martin made a derogatory gesture toward the bacteria cultures in the bottles. What was the sense in trying to find out what killed off these niggers when, at times, they started dying like flies? The epidemics

were providential. It was a blessing that the land should be rid of the surplus of them, and Kilmartin was only trying to interfere with the designs of Divine Providence.

"Just then there came again that long unearthly roll of drums from afar off in the night. It was as if that vast, silent land was suddenly astir with sinister purpose. The Captain frowned and shook his head. He couldn't understand why they hadn't made an end of Kilmartin long ago. With all that queer scientific junk around him. To those idiots in the bush it was nothing but white-man's devil-magic, and a challenge to their own.

"Kilmartin only threw back his head and laughed. Life consisted in taking chances, didn't it? In any case, the bush was safer than Fifth Avenue. He didn't relish being ignominiously mashed up by a taxi; he preferred to go down in history as a martyr to science.

"He reached for the whisky bottle and poured himself another drink. He was in the act of tasting it when there came again that long reverberation, but now with a prolonged and different note. Kilmartin paused, with the glass at his lips, and listened intently. There was a queer light in his eyes, as if the drums had suddenly spoken to him in their cryptic language. Or the man was drunk, or no longer quite sane. The threat of a swift and horrible annihilation hanging over his head seemed to have come to have a positive fascination for him. The thing had got him in its clutches like a drug which he was helpless to tear himself from.

"I ventured to add my urging to what the Captain had said, but Kilmartin cut me short by impatiently flinging his emptied glass across the room. It collided with some of those culture bottles ranged along the wall, and there was a great crash of splintering glass. He wouldn't budge an inch for any nigger or white man on earth. And as for those drums in the bush, he rather liked them. They kept his thoughts off . . . of other things. They offered . . . pictures . . .



for his imagination to fill in. And he fell into a sort of reverie, his eyes in deep contemplation of the toes of his tattered straw sandals.

"It was then that I asked him what had become of Thomas Jefferson Quince. I believe that he had actually forgotten the name. He was like a man suddenly awakened, trying to collect himself. For a long moment he blinked thoughtfully at me, and then suddenly recollection flashed upon him. He sprang to his feet, with a triumphant laugh. 'I declare, Blakeslee. You owe me a thousand dollars. Of course, you don't believe that. You couldn't.' He began to pace back and forth, his head thrust forward, his eyes alight. 'It's too incredible.'

"And then he began telling us about Quince, in short nervous snatches, with now and then a graphic bit of description that made that transformation a living, haunting picture before my eyes. He compressed days and weeks into mere sentences, months into minutes, without losing a bit of the essence of the thing. It was like the elimination of time in one of those freak pictures that are sometimes shown on the screen: you watch the sprouting, blooming, and decay of a plant all in the fraction of a minute. That's the way he gave us Quince.

"He must have cut an odd figure when first dropped down into the African bush. For he still wore those absurd clothes of a vaudeville performer, doing his two-a-day. Tight-waisted, one-button coat with flaring lapels, gorgeously colored waistcoat, pin-check trousers, and a derby hat far down over his ears at a swaggering angle. Patent-leather shoes, with white-cloth tops. Naturally they didn't last long in Kilmartin's primitive habitat under the equator. The shoes were the first to crack and drop off. And then by degrees other things were discarded. But he clung stubbornly to that gorgeous waistcoat, as if it were a sort of last link with Broadway.

"The climate got him, of course, from the very start. It made him sleepy.

He was always dozing off,—after a while he would just drop down and curl up anywhere. There was practically nothing for him to do—just long, blank hours in which to dawdle about. Kilmartin ignored him like a cat under his feet. And left to shift for himself, at some stage he must have stopped dreaming of Broadway and begun to look out into the dark green depths of the jungle, and to wonder. . . ."

Blakeslee broke off at this point in his narrative and heaved a great sigh. "All of which, I ventured to point out to Kilmartin, seemed a natural enough adaptation to that damp beastly climate in an equatorial land. Whites react to it in the same way. It doesn't alienate them from civilization. On the contrary, it makes them long to get back to it.

"But Kilmartin shook his head. He raised a foot and exhibited the dilapidated sandal that dangled from his toes. 'See that? We get down to that, but we stop there. Quince didn't. Presently I noticed that he had discarded footgear altogether and was moving around with a soft, slinky tread—for all the world like one of the black brutes that would come in upon us at times. There would be these visitations from some near-by tribe. The news had spread far and wide that I was a witch-doctor. They would bring in their sick and dying—pretty awful cases, some of them—for me to try my white-man's magic upon.'

"It must have been a gruesome business for Kilmartin," Blakeslee commented, screwing up his eyes. "They brought in and laid down before him every sort of human corruption and decay. Those poor wretches that were past all help, at a mere shake of Kilmartin's head, they would calmly carry off—and abandon them in the bush. However, that's another story. Somewhere, in the background all this time was Quince. He was beginning to pick up words in the native dialect. In the evenings, when Kilmartin was busy with his microscope, he would squat in the

open doorway of the shack, looking out and listening to the silent call of the African night.

"He became habituated to the climate far sooner than a white could have done. And by now he had got down to a queer shift of dress, half white and half native. He was frequently off roaming into the bush. Then one day he disappeared, to turn up a couple of nights later, scratched and caked with mud—and, like an animal, going straight to Kilmartin's larder for food. Then he crawled off into a corner to sleep. Kilmartin ignored him, like a vagrant dog that he had come to tolerate around the place.

"These forays abroad became more frequent. The young black would be gone for days at a time, returning only when hunger pressed him. He would stuff himself with whatever he could find and then stretch out in a stuporlike sleep. Kilmartin noticed that he had reduced his costume to a loin cloth, far better adapted to prowling through the bush. In his sleep he would mumble in the native dialect, into which English words would slip with grotesque effect. Finally he disappeared altogether.

"'But at that I really believe the black rascal liked me,' Kilmartin threw out at this point in his story. 'Some sneaking, doglike affection—engendered, God knows how, in those long months of solitude. He had nothing to be grateful for. I had merely dumped him down in his ancestral home and had let him make of it what he would.'"

Blakeslee shrugged his shoulders. "Well, he was gone at last—for good. But not exactly. Some weeks later Kilmartin noticed that a rifle was missing, and a couple of nights later something else disappeared. Kilmartin didn't propose to be subject to an indefinite series of pilferings, so one night he lay in wait for the marauder and fired a shot after him into the bush. It was his final dismissal of Thomas Jefferson Quince.

"But he was still to have one last and memorable glimpse of him. Curiosity or some other urge led him one night to the

place from which came the beat of the tomtoms. It took him several miles into the bush, but he wormed his way through to where he could see by the light of a great fire a group of black creatures cavorting around it. And the chief figure in that circle, decked out with strings of human teeth and wisps of dyed hair, his body grotesquely smeared and painted with streaks of white and red clay, was Thomas Jefferson Quince, once more performing his incredible dance. To the beat of tomtoms and the rattle of bladders his naked figure twisted and contorted in a frenzy of movement. And a wail of crazy adoration went up from many throats at the spectacle of this demigod descended among them. Africa had taken Thomas Jefferson Quince back into its dark heart.

"'And you owe me a thousand dollars!' Kilmartin finally ended with a harsh laugh, and dropped down at the table, to reach again for the whiskey bottle while he regarded me with blood-shot and triumphant eyes.

"'Come back with us to the coast, and you shall have it,' I promptly agreed. But he only threw back his head with another laugh, tossed off his drink at a gulp, and then dropped into a somber reverie, his head planted in his hands. He was an abject and pitiable figure. Presently he slumped forward upon the table in a drunken doze. The man was done for.

"Captain Martin swore and shook his head and said we should have to get him away with us in the morning. His life wasn't worth sixpence if he went on in this fashion. It was only a question of days—perhaps hours—before the black arm would reach out of the bush and snatch him into oblivion.

"But in the morning all argument was useless. Kilmartin wouldn't budge. We could be off, as soon as we liked, and be damned to us. Thanks for a pleasant call. And in the end we were forced to leave him. We worked our way back to the river where the steamboat lay.



"We arrived about nightfall, to find that the current had carried the vessel aground, thanks to the stupid maneuvering of the half-breed who stoked the engine and who had been left in charge. Captain Martin was desperately anxious to get away from the place. We toiled until nearly midnight in getting that confounded boat clear of the mud bank on to which she had swung.

"And then a queer thing happened. A call came from the shore. We couldn't see in the darkness. Captain Martin feared an ambush, but we pushed off in the small boat to investigate. Presently we could make out a dark naked figure, gesticulating to us and then pointing repeatedly to an object at his feet. He beckoned urgently and indicated the inert thing he had brought to the river's edge. At last we understood, and came close. It was the insensible body of Kilmartin, which somehow that black had carried all the way through the bush. The nigger darted away at our approach, but I had an unforgettable glimpse of him as he disappeared, eluding the ray of my pocket-flashlight. A black and glistening body, adorned with dyed wisps of hair and human teeth, a face streaked with lines of white clay around the eyes and across the cheeks. It was Quince, and he had brought Kilmartin to us. Something had prompted him to drag that besotted, helpless white man to safety before the black arm out of the jungle should snatch.

"We got Kilmartin aboard, and were off. None too soon. Presently, without warning, the pursuit was upon us. A shower of arrows against the deckhouse, and screams of rage from the shore. We pushed well out into the middle of the stream, and the enemy, cheated of its prey, pursued us, winding like a snake through the matted forest that lined the shore, unable to reach us and strike. And again and again there would be those unearthly yells and the patter of arrows upon the deckhouse.

"They followed us the next day, screened by the vegetation on the river-

bank, but seemingly always abreast of us. Once we caught a glimpse of spear heads moving above the bush. Captain Martin, who was studying the shore with a pair of binoculars, suddenly passed them over to me. 'Have a look,' he said briefly.

"I put the glasses to my eyes. I couldn't get the focus at first. Then out of a blur the shore suddenly leaped out at me. I almost started back, it was so close. I could see those spear heads moving along above the tops of the vegetation. One of them caught and held my eye, for there was a dark object impaled upon it and borne triumphantly aloft. It turned . . . and suddenly I recognized it—the head of Thomas Jefferson Quince. The eyes were closed and shrunken, but around their black emptiness were still those vivid lines of white clay. He had paid the penalty for delivering Kilmartin to us."

Blakeslee got up stiffly from his chair, and shook his head sadly. He went over to the window, and looked out upon the drab London afternoon. "And so we saved Kilmartin after all," he said simply. "Got him out of Africa. Got him back here."

"Here! . . ." I exclaimed.

"Yes, didn't I tell you? He's far from being himself yet. He's staying here with me—asleep just now, in the next room."

Blakeslee turned from the window and drew a deep breath. His little figure was suddenly rigid and impressive.

"Veneer!" he suddenly flung the word out at me, with intense emotion. "Do you remember? That was Kilmartin's favorite jibe. Civilization was nothing but a veneer. And to prove it he would show how Quince could be utterly stripped of it."

A gaunt figure, in bath-robe and slippers, was suddenly in the doorway, between the two rooms.

"Kilmartin!"

He looked at me for a long instant, without coming forward. "Has Blakeslee been telling you?"

"Yes, I've been telling him," Blakeslee answered from across the room. "Veneer!" he repeated.

Kilmartin's eyes darkened in his thin and wasted face. "Well, it is, isn't it? Civilization?" he countered with a show of his old-time defiance.

Blakeslee snorted. "You are alive to-day only because civilization is something deeper than veneer. Quince went savage, but did the veneer quite peel off? No, it didn't."

"Some of it still clung to him, yes," Kilmartin agreed. "That was the poor devil's tragic misfortune," He hesi-

tated and turned to me. "Don't think I'm an ingrate because I'm arguing this point. Some of the veneer of civilization still stuck to the poor devil—and it cost him his life. That's what he has to thank civilization for. The veneer did for him, in the end."

"Did for him!" retorted Blakeslee. "Why, it made him transcendent! In spite of those strings of teeth and white-clayed face, he wasn't quite savage. Something still stirred in him that made him risk his life. He went out—inspired to a supreme act. Veneer, if you like. Thank God, we're covered with it."

## BLUEBEARD

BY RUTH FITCH BARTLETT

**W**HO has not been a Bluebeard to himself,  
 Locked up one door and thrown the key away,  
 For fear of something hidden on a shelf  
 That he might find if he returned some day,  
 And, finding it, not bother any more  
 With what his friends were always running after,  
 Nor care if they did mock him and deplore  
 His loss to their security, their laughter?

Who has not hung his dreams with shining hair  
 Twisted to rafters of dark common sense,  
 And gone untroubled by the whole affair,  
 Or, punished only by indifference,  
 Making achievement bitter on his tongue,  
 Because he closed one door when he was young?





## FLORIDA FRENZY

BY GERTRUDE MATHEWS SHELBY

**T**HE smell of money in Florida, which attracts men as the smell of blood attracts a wild animal, became ripe and strong last spring. The whole United States began to catch whiffs of it. Pungent tales of immense quick wealth carried far.

"Let's drive down this summer when it's quiet," said canny people to one another in whispers, "and pick up some land cheap."

Concealing their destination from neighbors who might think them crazy, they climbed into the flivver, or big car, or truck, and stole rapidly down to Florida.

Once there, they found themselves in the midst of the mightiest and swiftest popular migration of history—a migration like the possessive pilgrimage of army ants or the seasonal flight of myriads of blackbirds. From everywhere came the land-seekers, the profit-seekers. Automobiles moved along the eighteen-foot-wide Dixie Highway, the main artery of East Coast traffic, in a dense, struggling stream. Immense busses bearing subdivision names rumbled down loaded with "prospects" from Mobile, Atlanta, Columbia, or from northern steamers discharging at Jacksonville. A broken-down truck one day stopped a friend of mine in a line. The license plates were from eighteen different states, from Massachusetts to Oregon. Most of the cars brimmed over with mother, father, grandmother, several children, and the dog, enticed by three years of insidious publicity about the miracles of Florida land values.

The first stories of the realty magicians

had been disseminated through small city and country newspapers, particularly in the Middle West. Systematic propaganda stressed the undeniable fact that Florida was an unappreciated playground. Yet that was far less effective advertising than the beautiful, costly free balls given by one subdivision in certain cities. Those who attended shortly afterwards received a new invitation, to go without charge and view lots priced from one thousand dollars up.

Lured by the free trip, many went. Those who bought at the current prices and promptly resold made money. Other subdivisions met the competition, offsetting the overhead by arbitrary periodic raises in all lot prices. Whole states got the Florida habit. The big migration began.

Millions—variously estimated from three to ten—visited Florida last year, investing three hundred million dollars, and bank deposits swelled till they neared the half-billion mark in July.

The newcomers found themselves in a land where farming was practically at a standstill. Fresh vegetables were almost unobtainable; everybody uses canned goods. All food brought top New York prices. Railroads and steamships were inadequate to carry enough food, supplies, and passengers. For more than thirty days at midsummer an embargo was effective against building materials because a food famine (not the first) threatened. In September the prohibition extended to household goods, bottled drinks, and—chewing gum!

Many people not equipped for gypsy-ing had to sleep in the open. Until, one

by one, the lower-priced hotels reopened, the overflow spent nights in railroad stations. Public utilities were overburdened. Electric light plants, insufficient last winter, were being enlarged and trying to run full tilt at the same time. Cooking was done by electricity; but lucky were those who had oil stoves and candles, for current was cut off without warning in certain towns for as much as twelve hours at a time. Antiquated telephones, cranked by hand, and over-worked telegraph offices furnished little worthy the name of quick communication. Inundated post offices were bad enough. Worse was brackish artesian water. Worst of all were the recurrent ice famines. Ice plants also were being rebuilt. On a dozen days in our town no ice whatever was delivered. On several days none could be obtained without a physician's prescription, which entitled one to only fifteen cents' worth.

Florida was not to blame. She did her best. But no better prepared than San Francisco for the earthquake was Florida for that dramatic midsummer horde of dusty, trusting, hopeful pilgrims. Conditions are improving somewhat now: if the migration does not increase too greatly in volume people will be fed and housed somehow in mid-winter.

## II

Joining the great migration this summer, I went inclined to scoff. Were the others also confident that they possessed average good sense and were not likely to be fooled much?

Probably. I was lost. I gambled. I won. I remained to turn land salesman. Not only with no superiority, but with defiant shame rather than triumph, I confess—not brag—that on a piker's purchase I made in a month about \$13,000. Not much, perhaps, but a lot to a little buyer on a little bet.

In June an old and trusted friend turned loose upon our family a colony of Florida boom bacilli. It was a year since I had heard from this particular

friend. He was down and out, owing to domestic tragedy topped by financial reverses. Suddenly he bobbed up again rehabilitated, with \$100,000 to his credit made in Florida since November, 1924. His associate made more than \$600,000 in six months.

Had they been successful in 1923 in forming a \$250,000 syndicate to buy the entire Florida part of the coast-wide canal, which included alternate sections of land in what is now a high-priced neighborhood, they would have been multi-millionaires. Failing to do this, they afterwards secured mere remnants of these lands at \$22 an acre, selling promptly at an average of over \$200. Now they wish they had had writer's cramp and had been unable to sign contracts of sale, for the same land is held at ten times the price at which they sold.

Not soon shall I forget the enchanted evening when this and varied other wonder-tales, later substantiated, were told in our quiet living room. Like finding buried treasure were the accounts of fortunes acquired by the big promoters, Fischer, Merrick, Roney, Young, and Davis. They have all sold sumptuous subdivisions for uncountable millions, in some cases before the land was improved, or drained, or even before there was any land at all. Davis at Tampa, and others at Miami, planted real estate in the bay, banked it in by sea walls, and starred shallow harbors with entirely artificial islands. Lavishly landscaped, their lots sold fast enough largely to finance such undertakings as they progressed. Fischer is credited with making Miami as much of a port as it is. Young has employed Goethals to create a real port of shallow Lake Mable—before there is any home industry to furnish return cargoes for ships. More impressive still—to me at least—were the fortunes made by small investors. A coast guard picked up ocean frontage for twenty-five cents an acre and sold for a million. A returning soldier exchanged with a buddy a good overcoat for a deed to ten worthless



acres near the beach, now valued at more than \$25,000. A poor woman bought a lot in Miami in 1896 for \$25 and sold this year for \$150,000. One Ikey sadly took 1,200 acres on a debt ten years ago, couldn't sell at ten dollars, but recently received \$1,200,000, a third of it in cash.

Remembering the painful slowness of saving, I was struck hard by the quick ease with which these fortunate people gained assurance against dependence. The boom bacillus entered my system. When our friend invited my husband and me to visit him in Florida in July we accepted.

"Take your money in a letter of credit, same as cash," he advised.

"We haven't any to invest," we answered honestly. But I scraped about, turning various assets into cash. When we started I carried a modest letter of credit.

We sailed from Philadelphia. On the boat I was amazed to find myself already a "prospect." Brokers on shipboard enviously assumed that our friend, like the usual land-octopus, had encircled wealthy prey in New York. A protectively inclined Philadelphian warned me in private, "Don't be drawn in. I wish I'd never seen Florida. It's a magnificent state. Money is to be made still. But speculation is hog-wild. People do things they'd never be guilty of at home. I've done them myself. I'm sewed up now in a company whose president, I've discovered, is a crook who failed at everything but bootlegging. If you enjoy a good night's sleep now, stay out." His protectorship was rather unflattering. Feeling superior, I thanked him. But when I landed at Miami I saw the significance of his warning. The whizzing pace of the people in tropical heat (for it *is* hot in Florida in summer—dripping hot) showed their frantic excitement. There was a sparkle in every eye, honest or dishonest. At the hotel, humming night as well as day with unwonted activity, a man in the next room took advantage of the after-midnight

rates joyfully to long-distance New York.

"Momma! Momma! Is that you, Momma? This is Moe. Momma! I bought ten t'ousand acres to-day. Yes, ten t'ousand. Vat? Vat you say? Vy—momma! How should I tell you where that land iss? I don't know myself!"

When, in those first days as a prospect, I was rushed by motor car and boat all over the Gold Coast, that millionaire-jeweled strip seventy-two miles long and two to seven miles wide from Miami and Palm Beach, between the Everglades and the Ocean, I was confronted everywhere by evidences of boom hysteria. On a street corner a woman selected a choice lot from a beautiful plat shown her by a complete stranger and paid him fifteen hundred dollars in crumpled carefully hoarded bills. He gave her a receipt, but vanished. There was no land.

On two minutes' acquaintance disciplined men and women boiled over to totally unknown chance companions on purely personal matters. A corner policeman of whom I asked a casual question burst out, "My God, I wish I was out of this! My mother died yesterday in Chicago." The current excitement had undermined his usual self-control.

On one of the innumerable Florida busses, bumbling overbearingly down the blisteringly hot Dixie Highway toward Miami, my neighbor was a young woman of most refined appearance, an exceedingly pretty brunette in white crêpe de chine gown and hat. Only her handkerchief-edge hinted at mourning. As usual, the bus joggled loose all reserves.

"Florida? Wonderful! Came with a special party two weeks ago. Bought the third day. Invested everything. They guarantee I'll double by February. Madly absorbing place! My husband died three weeks ago. I nursed him over a year with cancer. Yet *I've actually forgotten I ever had a husband. And I loved him, too, at that!*" Values and customs are temporarily topsy-turvy in Florida.

## III

What happens to Florida "sour-doughs" on arrival? Few come fortified with even the names of reliable firms. Notorious as well as honest promoters lie in wait for the gambling horde. Like wolves, they stir up the sheep, stampede them, allow them no time for recovery. They must decide instantaneously.

Again and again I declared that I had no intention to buy, but nobody let me forget for an instant I was a prospect. As upon others, the power of suggestion doubtless worked on me. It is subtly flattering to be the implied possessor of wealth. The kingdoms of the world appeared to be displayed for my choice. To help me choose, I, like everyone else, was accosted repeatedly on Miami streets, offered free dinners and bus trips, besides a deal of entertainment, conscious and unconscious, by high-pressure salesmen.

The boom bacillus thrives on prodigality. The price of good food brings many a prospect to the point of spending thousands. Two unusual concerns rewarded only real purchasers *post hoc*. One gave them an airplane ride, the other a free soft drink.

On account of an inherited notion of conduct towards those with whom one breaks bread, I refused all such bait. On my independent investigations salesmen found me unusually inquisitive. One, trying to sell me a \$3500 lot, reproved me. "Those things don't matter. All Florida is good. What you are really buying is the bottom of the climate. Or the Gulf Stream. All you've got to do is to *get the rich consciousness*. There's the dotted line—you'll make a fortune."

Authentic quick-wealth tales, including innumerable lot transactions, multiplied astoundingly. They were not cases of twenty-five-dollar land proved worth one hundred dollars, but of prices which had pyramided high into the thousands. When I saw the sort of people who were making actual money my hesitation appeared ridiculous. I re-

solved to invest. I tried to assume an attitude of faith. I said aloud, indiscreetly, "Resisting enthusiasm and using intelligence—"

I was interrupted scornfully. "That's just it. The people who have made real fortunes check their brains before leaving home. Buy anywhere. You can't lose."

Those last three sentences, boom-slogans, were mainly true in 1924. But I for one refused to credit them in 1925. Clinging to such wits and caution as remained to me, that first week I studied the land itself from Miami to Fort Lauderdale, to Palm Beach, to Jupiter and Fort Pierce. Like everyone else I yearned to own a bit of the ocean rim. But shore acreage was held mainly in parcels priced at a million or worse. Beach lots for the little piker in good subdivisions cost now from \$7000 to \$75,000, according to location. Even on good terms that sort of thing was not for me. Biting off too much leads to acute financial indigestion. Perhaps I could find a doll-ranch—the traditional five acres with orange trees.

I searched. Some orchards still stand. Many have been mowed down by subdivisioners with an eye to front-foot prices. The fields, the wilderness, are side-walked and handsomely lamp-posted. The main ocean boulevard of the little city in which we were staying at the moment has not yet a sidewalk, yet checkerboards of cement, often approached through a showy archway, mark the strangely empty site of many a sold-out backwoods subdivision. The raw land is being laid out as if for an exposition. Surveyors' theodolites are seen everywhere. Roadmaking is a great industry. The available supply of wood is used up for lot-stakes.

Yet houses, usually of hollow tile, pop out like the measles—they weren't there yesterday. Florida's table, I concluded, was being spread as rapidly as possible for an immense population, invited to occupy not only what it is believed will be a continuous pleasure city seventy-



two miles long between Palm Beach and Miami, but the entire state, with twenty-two million acres capable of development.

Searching continually for some deal to fit my modest purse, I found that the only ranch tracts priced within my reach were six or seven miles back in the Everglades. No Everglades for me, I decided, until reclamation is completed.

I then was offered by a reputable firm a great bargain in a city lot for \$1000, an unusually low price. Well-located \$3000 fifty-foot lots are rather scarce. This bonanza turned out to be a hole, a rockpit—and I reflected on the credulous millions who buy lots from plats without ever visiting the land!

But to set against this experience I had one of exactly the opposite sort which left me with a sharp sense of personal loss. An unimportant-looking lot several blocks from the center of Fort Lauderdale (whose population is fifteen thousand) on Las Olas Boulevard had been offered me about a week before at \$60,000. I didn't consider it. It now resold for \$75,000.

"It doesn't matter what the price is, if your location is where the buying is lively," I was told. "You get in and get out on the binder, or earnest money. If you had paid down \$2500 you would have had thirty days after the abstract was satisfactorily completed and the title was approved before the first payment was due. You turn around quickly and sell your purchase-contract for a lump sum, or advance the price per acre as much as the market dictates. Arrange terms so that your resale will bring in sufficient cash to meet the first payment, to pay the usual commission, and if possible to double your outlay, or better. In addition you will have paper profits which figure perhaps several hundred per cent—even a thousand—on the amount you put into the pot. The next man assumes your obligation. You ride on his money. He passes the buck to somebody else if he can."

"But what happens if I can't resell?"

"You're out of luck unless you are

prepared to dig up the required amount for the first payment. You don't get your binder back. But it's not so hazardous as it sounds, with the market in this condition."

Imagine how I felt two weeks later still when the same lot resold for \$95,000. By risking \$2500 with faith I could have made \$35,000 clear, enough to live on some years. Terror of an insecure old age suddenly assumed exaggerated proportions. Right then and there I succumbed to the boom bacillus. I would gamble outright. The illusion of investment vanished.

#### IV

Like most pikers, at home I do not even play penny ante. Buying stocks on margin would never occur to me. Yet, like thousands of others, I suddenly became feverish to speculate.

Some sound truth and much complacent reasoning fortified me. This formerly unappreciated land was rather generally worth more than it cost. Who could tell where the exact level of true value now lay?

On this particular east-coast playground where the Gulf Stream modifies the winter, many millionaires with huge holdings, free from state income or inheritance taxes, find residence especially advantageous. Little fellows with only a sufficiency imitate them and buy homes under those wonderful skies. Hosts of visitors, I argued to myself, will always bask in winter-garden sunshine and bathe in welcoming waters tinted at some hours like liquid rainbows. Certain Newportlike areas will remain in high demand. Acreage or lot values on or near railroads and highways, even if a deflation comes, will maintain certain substantial values.

So I prayed for wisdom and searched for a "sleeper"—a piece still underpriced because its owner is not awake to current values. I would buy only high or "hammock" land, I said to myself, although my old prejudice against water-lots was laughed down. Where

you have to wade to reach sea-level, developers are miraculously transforming the mangrove swamps. Other states can't obtain dredges as usual. They are all busy on the Florida coast, digging ditches and cross-ditches that appear on subdivision plats as canals with romantic names. You see the sand-suckers dumping excavated material upon submerged land until it rises to the point where it may optimistically be called dry. The charm of the canals when planted with coconut or royal palms, with pink or scarlet hibiscus, and the astounding royal Poinciana, is undeniable. If you don't build too soon, the houses won't crack calamitously. Should your canals connect with a little river or the coastal waterway, your own little motor boat can ride at your landing. Judging by the advertisements, it is fashionable to keep gondolas, either single or mated.

But I didn't want to raise gondolas; I was hunting for a gamble which would bring large returns. I regretfully refused eight acres strategically placed in a magnificent new subdivision at \$6500 per acre. I turned down two hundred feet of the Dixie Highway with an acre of land, not even in a town, at \$25,000. I wanted good acreage at a low price. Yet miles west of the Dixie it was selling for many hundreds an acre. Practically no land near the highway was to be found at \$1800, while east of the highway anything less than \$3000 was regarded as a "good buy." Obviously, prices had reached the point where it took money to make money. That is why forming syndicates is such a popular sport to-day.

A letter glibly suggested, "Join an important group to operate in Florida properties in a big way. We have always made our members one hundred per cent or more. No one ever lost a penny through us." This mail-order method of making a fortune through totally unknown men is causing the postal authorities much work.

Some brokers on the ground manage

syndicates honestly. One offered to take me in on the ground floor. But it entailed four years' risk—and it looked dangerous. One broker in Miami made three millions last year on a shoestring by means of five dummies. These were members of his syndicate who put up never-to-be-cashed checks. Three or four strangers were always taken in on the very basement floor to furnish all the actual cash. The broker gave them a profit that looked handsome to them, even if mostly paper. Not knowing prices and not seeing the books, they were never disturbed by the lion's share he retained.

I preferred to venture alone. For varying reasons, I found nothing suitable until a friend and broker recommended thirty-four and a half acres at \$1750 an acre in the old city limits of a town I shall call Tarpon—a \$60,000 purchase.

That did not make me gasp as it would have a few weeks before. We drove out to see it. Fort Lauderdale, now a miniature Miami, was as ragged a little town as Tarpon two years ago. Like small men loving to look tall, the tiniest towns have enlarged their boundaries to take in a whole township. The phrase "in city limits" is deceptive. The land didn't look like much, but then, little of it does. Just palmetto and pine—pine barrens. But it lay only a thousand feet from the populous Dixie and the important Florida East Coast Railway.

Florida is full of rumors, but I had a real tip that the Seaboard was going through probably somewhere in the rear of this property. The public announcement would make prices jump.

"It seems a good bet," I admitted. "It's town property. It looks like a 'sleeper.' Two things I'm not pleased with. This binder is for fifteen days only. And the corner nearest the road has negro cabins adjoining."

"Specify that the abstract is to be sent to the Blank Abstract Company," replied the broker. "It's so busy that



it will probably take six weeks anyhow to get a report. The negro cabins don't matter. Probably the city council will move them out. It's often done."

In spite of the small black cloud, I decided to bet on the Seaboard. Yet I got no thrill whatever the morning I paid my little capital for the binder, \$2500. Rather, I was depressed. Although I signed the check with a flourish, I kissed the money good-by.

Shortly after, newspaper headlines verified our advance information about the Seaboard. I felt I was justified in raising the price. New facilities, new demand.

Our friend listed the land with reliable brokers. I was hopeful of an immediate offer. None came. Repeatedly word was brought that the black cloud scared prospects off. I grew more and more worried. The announcement that a race track was going in there further justified my price. Still there were no nibbles.

"Try raising the price," I was advised. "Usually the more you ask the better it sells." I did. I was unhappier than ever. What my would-be protector had said about sleeplessness was true.

The time came for us to return to New York. My husband, who behaved through all this adventure with exemplary, indulgent, modern discretion, had to leave. We decided that I must stay and see this Tarpon deal through. Kind neighbors put a new bee in my bonnet: "Why not sell lots yourself? You'd get ten per cent commission. Women as well as men make hundreds or thousands a week. One at H—— is said to have cleaned up \$50,000 last winter. Find something you believe in and sell it."

It happened that I knew about the splendid engineering and town-planning of a new super-resort already under way. Without sore conscience I could sell that. The manager of a branch office invited me to join his sales-staff. My husband backed my decision and sailed without me.

## V

Three days later, having obtained the necessary state, county, and city licenses to sell, I went to work. In Miami alone that same week twelve hundred such licenses were issued. Nearly everybody was selling land or acting (illegally, without license) as a bird-dog, on an understanding that he was to split the commission on any sale made to a person introduced. A taxi-driver, a tailor, a drug-store clerk, a telegraph operator, and an art student were licensed at the same time I was. None of them knew how to locate a piece of property from a legal description.

In spite of my confidence in our project, selling lots did not come easily to me. Never shall I forget my first day. I like people. I talk readily enough on appropriate occasions to strangers. But the moment it became to my mercenary advantage to do so, I was self-conscious and tongue-tied. I never mastered my deep repugnance; yet, determined not to prove a dud, I persisted.

Pursuing purchasers, I wore out numerous sets of plats. One reason selling was difficult is that while elsewhere it is possible to guess who has money, down there it is impossible. On the bus I sat between a wealthy looking elderly gentleman and an ill-clad, poverty-struck woman. They disagreed about Florida's virtues and were soon hurling retorts virtuous.

"Tain't a boom at all. It's a *development*," she protested. "I been here six years. The values is just gettin' substantial. I got \$300,000 in the bank to prove it." She waved a deposit book to bear out her statement.

"Law, I been coming here eighteen years," said the man. "There's been three booms. But I'm leaving soon's I can get a train back. I'm a house painter. Wages is good. There's plenty o' comfort for millionaires. But Mr. and Mrs. Working-man's gotta sleep up palm trees. They can't afford nothin' but scenery."

The lady failed to yield to my too-sudden persuasiveness. Another woman who took her seat presently, a supposed prospect, sang for half an hour the praises of a showy Spotless Town, a nearby subdivision. When she paused for breath, I inquired, "Tell me honestly: how high up on your house did last year's 'exceptional rains' come?"

She gulped. "Why—*over the floor.*" I knew that the prospects of that subdivision had been penned up in the central hotel for days. Lake Okeechobee had been on such a rampage that even the Miami courthouse stood in a lake a foot deep. "Why then," I pressed, "do you believe so deeply in your subdivision?"

"Three years ago," said she, "I bought my house and lot for \$8000. I could sell to-day for \$25,000. I have a high-priced beach lot and a fine business site besides. Where else could I have done so well? Besides, streets are now being dug up to put in storm drainage."

But waterway engineers know that such filled land without a natural slope below Lake Okeechobee must be leveed at the back, and that "storm drainage" often fails in the rainy season. Ultimate holders of this particular property may find themselves marooned on their second stories before the State finishes the reclamation of the Everglades. Honest subdivision men must dyke off the Everglades, to keep out even occasional floods. Save for hummocks and the coastal rim, much of this high-priced land lies in the Glades basin, whose muck soil is covered at wet seasons, in spite of the present drainage canals.

As I went about, to offices, private homes, hotels, I found many people who intended to stay in Florida, who had come because they revolted against city life and longed for a chance to enjoy their leisure out of doors, free from congestion and economic pressure; yet plainly the gamblers preponderated. This sort of speculation is far more demoralizing than the Stock Exchange, for it exploits fine deep instincts: love of

home and love of land, the longing for security. The Exchange doesn't uproot thousands of families. There are recognized codes of procedure in Wall Street, whereas all rules are in abeyance in that too-speedy land-game, even the simple elemental honesty of keeping your word.

"That's the sixth binder I've had returned this week," complained the buyer for a syndicate. "Brokers can't deliver if owners don't keep promises to sell at the price set. They told me that when they presented my check the owners hastily excused themselves with 'Oh, I've taken that off the market.' But it was on again in five minutes at an advanced price. All I've done is to help them boost what they own. Now, can you positively deliver these lots?"

I boasted that our development always delivered what it sold. That noon a man and woman, arguing violently, stopped just an instant before the office window. As they were turning away I overtook them, offering information.

The man, in a nervous hurry, said they weren't interested. The little lady contradicted maritally. Had I any business lots on the Dixie or ocean boulevard property? When I pointed out a resale, one hundred feet prominently located on the grand boulevard, she was deeply interested. On the way to Miami, they had only stopped off to get a cold drink.

Directing her to a soda fountain, I dashed back to the office, secured another interesting "buy" and, overtaking them, presented it. I mailed a marked plat that night. Next noon they drove up again to the office, and we went on up the Dixie to the property. Well pleased with the two lots I had chosen, she returned to the office to close. This was not a direct resale, but a listing from a broker near Palm Beach. They put a binder on the bargain and left, supposedly the proud possessors of two fine lots. And my commission was a thousand dollars.

But here we struck the same old snag. We wired the broker the lots were sold.



The broker replied, "Price raised \$1200 on Dixie lot, \$1000 on other."

Our sales manager was furious. Not only do lot-owners often use brokers merely as price-raisers, but often the broker himself, sure of a sale, buys at the owner's price and demands an advance. Whoever raised the price—and I suspect it was the broker—how, if our prospects met this raise, could we be sure the lots would be delivered at the new price? The manager directed me to advise my purchasers that we had a good choice of other lots and counsel them to drop the first two.

The little lady was terribly disappointed and obstinately determined to have none of the attractive first-sale lots that I went clear to Miami to show her. The latter were all west of the Dixie. She declared she would not buy there. She urged me to make every effort to get those resales for her at some compromise price.

"Did you ever keep chickens?" I remember some one asking me about this time. "The land rush is similar. Put down in the henyard a pan full of big scraps. The hens come running. The first of them grab big pieces and depart hastily for the back-country. The others see the pieces in their beaks and, instead of realizing there's plenty more in the pan, they chase the hens who got the first pieces and snatch part of their dinners. That's resale psychology."

Luckily, I finally came to a compromise agreement with the broker. My prospects were to start north next day. We drove direct to the broker. Yet, to close that sale at all and eliminate all chance of the broker double-crossing either my prospects or me, it became necessary to go through a worse midnight ride than Paul Revere's down the speed-mad, narrow, dangerous Dixie to get the sales manager's acquiescence to the broker's terms. But the sale was consummated next day.

At this time I had fresh proof that brokers were working to sell the thirty-four and a half acres I myself owned at

Tarpon. A strange salesman approached me in a soda fountain and tried to sell me my own property. And one morning that Tarpon deal went through in just fifteen minutes. I signed a contract at a price which netted \$3300 in cash for me, a \$3880 commission for the broker and \$10,000 in one, two and three year notes. Of course there is United States currency and Florida money. Most pieces of land turn over many times. A jungle of paper, notes, liens, or mortgages—not merely first and second but third, fourth, even seventh and eighth—may surround a title. So far, a bank president assured, it's all good, and bears the eight per cent interest customary down there. But a possible deflation might make it look more like I O U's than established security. "Count only your cash at face value," advised a friend to whom booms are an old story.

It sets one up to succeed. Everybody congratulated me. Once again I became a prospect. Everyone had a bargain to sell me. I hugely enjoyed this role now, for I was recovering from the boom fever. After my experience I knew much better how to resist. I had my neat profit, my commissions, and a rich experience for so short a time. I had seen dangers invisible to the eye of newcomers. I was satisfied with my adventure.

## VI

I had returned from Florida and had written the above account of my thirteen-thousand-dollar profit, when a telegram from my purchaser shocked me: "Deal off. Title defective."

That thirteen thousand vanished in thin air. Presumably any defect that let him out would also protect me. His explanatory letter showed that this particular land had recently been sold nine times. In each case there was a contract of sale for a different amount. The one, two and three year payments were of different dates. Each buyer held paper drawing eight per cent. There were nine mortgages on this property.

The tenth purchaser must have money to protect himself against them all.

In addition, a woman who had once owned part of this piece had died without an administrator. To get one appointed and to clear up the title so that development might safely proceed would take at least many months.

I was taking steps to recover our binder when a broker who never knew I had sold the property brought an offer of \$3500 an acre, or \$120,000 for our \$60,000 purchase, held on only \$2500 binder. Counting only cash profits, I stood to clear \$20,000 immediately. The commission would have to be deducted from this, but it would leave me a plump check for nearly three times what I had expected to cash out of the canceled deal. In addition I should have \$40,000 of Florida paper, worth whatever time and fate decree.

Had the new buyer definite assurance concerning the Seaboard's right of way which prompted this extravagant offer? Or had Tarpon property values jumped this much in two weeks? Neither could affect my reply: "Will not resell if title questionable. Get binder back."

To come out whole was clearly more than I deserved. I was following a perilous path. Non-marketable titles or the loss of binders are not uncommon. The Florida boast that no money has been lost anywhere is fiction. My experience has led me to agree heartily with Stanley N. Shaw who, predicting in the *Standard Daily Trade Service* a prosperous future for Florida, emphatically warns investors: "In this phase of the boom further amateur speculation is dangerous."

The thing that counts, it should be remembered, is not what the broker or salesman says but what the contract specifies. Furthermore, "the marking-up of realty values to fantastic levels in many sections" (I quote Mr. Shaw) "requires trained, accurate judgment on the ground to purchase with necessary

discrimination and to negotiate a well-termed properly timed sale. When prices and practices were normal, the margin for gambling on resales, considering the pressing demand for land, was amply wide. Amateurs had exceptional chances. Prices are now artificial, although the boom has not run its course. Quite outside the naturally numerous frauds, buyers require highly expert protection from various ordinary practices. Instead of ten per cent to twenty per cent down, with four years to pay the balance, the proportion of cash-down demanded and shortened period to complete payments usually leaves only narrow margin and brief time in which profitably to make resales."

"How long is the boom going to last?" I asked perhaps a hundred people, of whom ninety had come to Florida last November or later.

"Oh, four or five years," was the universal answer.

"You're going to live here then?"

Usually they answered in a whisper: "No, we're getting out next winter."

A lot of people thinking alike make a boom—and likewise break it. In my judgment the Florida boom has many months at least to run. The whole state has violent boom hysterics. Already there have been lulls in significant spots, but they have proved only sloughs between successive price waves gathering to crests in Miami and traveling farther and farther up state before breaking. West Coast prices now rival those of the East. Waterfront lots in Lake County run close behind Gulf and Coast frontage. The big fellows are still making money. But I have never seen prosperity as nervous as that of Florida. When a bear market begins, and the migration of land-gamblers from the North is checked, by what means will the realty market be sustained? Can values be stabilized without letting the blood of millions?





## ON LEAVING GUIDE BOOKS AT HOME

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

**M**Y first attempt to read at sea was a dreary failure. Yet how I desired a way to salvation! We were over the Dogger Bank. It was midwinter. It was my first experience of deep water. A sailor would not call twenty fathoms deep water—I know that now; yet if you suppose the North Sea is not the real thing when your ship is a trawler, and the time is Christmas, then do not go to find out. Do not look for the pleasure of travel in that form.

That morning, hanging to the guide-rope of a perpendicular ladder, and twice thrown off to dangle free in a ship which seemed to be turning over, I mounted to watch the coming of the sun. It was a moment of stark revelation, and I was shocked by it. I could see I was alone with my planet. We faced each other. The size of my own globe—the coldness of its grandeur—the ease with which swinging shadows lifted us out of a lower twilight to glimpse the dawn, an arc of sun across whose bright face black shapes were moving, and then plunged us into gloom again—its daunting indifference! Where was God? No friend was there. There were ourselves and luck. That night a great gale blew.

So I tried Omar Khayyam, which was an act of folly. I could not resign myself even to the ship's Bible, the only other book aboard. Any printed matter is irrelevant when life is acutely conscious of itself and is aware, without the nudge of poetry, of its fragility and briefness. I tried to read the Christmas number of a magazine, but that was worse than noughts and crosses. "You

come into the wheel-house," said the mate, "and stand the middle watch with me. It's all right when you face it." In the still seclusion of the wheel-house after midnight, where the sharpest sound was the occasional abrupt clatter of the rudder chains in their pipes, where the loosened stars shot across the windows and back again, where the faint glow of the binnacle lamp showed, for me, but my companion's priestly face, and where chaos occasionally hissed and crashed on our walls, I found what books could not give me. The mate sometimes mumbled, or put his face close to the glass to peer ahead. They had a youngster one voyage, he told me, who was put aboard another trawler, going home. The youngster was ill. That night it blew like hell out of the northwest. In the morning, so the hands advised the mate, "the youngster's bunk had been slept in, so they said the other trawler would never get to port, and she didn't." I listened to the mate and the sweep of the waves. The ship trembled when we were struck. But it seemed to me that all was well, though I don't know why. What has reason to do with it? Is the sea rational?

After that voyage there were others, and sometimes a desert of time to give to books. Yet if to-night we were crossing the Bay, going out, and she was a wet ship, I should have a dim reminder of the sensations of my first voyage, and much prefer the voice of a shipmate to a book. The books then would not be out of the trunk. They would do well where they were, for a time. The first week, uncertain and strange, the ship

unfamiliar and not at all like the good ships you used to know so well; her company not yet a community, and the "old man" annoyed with his owners, his men, his coal, and his mistaken choice of a profession—the first week never sees the barometer set fair for reading. Some minds indeed will never hold tight to a book when at sea. Mine will not. What is literature when you have a trade wind behind you? I have tried a classical author then, but it was easier to keep the eye on the quivering light from the seas reflected on the bright wall of my cabin. It might have been the very spirit of life dancing in my own little place. It was joyous.

But recently there was an attempt—the time being spring—to cut out the dead books from my shelves, the books in which there was no longer any sign of my life. Then I took that classical author, rejected one memorable voyage, and looked at his covers. When he was on the ship with me I found him meager and incommunicative. Something has happened to him in the meantime, however. He is all right now. His covers, I notice, have been nibbled by exotic cockroaches, and their cryptic message adds a value to the classic which I find new and good. Scattered on the floor, too, I see a number of guide books. They are soiled. They are ragged. Their maps are hanging out. When I really needed them I was shy of being seen in their company, and they were left in the ship's cabin during the day, or in the hotel bedroom. The maps and plans were studied; sometimes they were torn out of a book and pocketed. I could never find the courage to walk about Rome or Palermo with a *Baedeker*. It always seemed to me like the wearing of a little Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes on the coat collar.

Those guide books were most interesting on the wet days of a journey, when it was impossible, or undesirable, to go roaming. They were full of descriptions of those things one must on no account overlook when in a country.

Once, when hunting near Syracuse for "the famous *Latomie*, or stone quarries, in certain of which the Athenian prisoners were confined," and several of whom were spared, so the book said, because they could repeat choruses of Euripides, I met a cheerful goatherd, an old man, with a newly fallen kid under his arm, who told me, in an American language so modern that I hardly knew it, that he used to sell peanuts in Chicago. He did not repeat choruses from Euripides, but even the great dramatist, I am sure, would have been surprised by the fables of the peanut merchant. I forgot the quarries while listening to them. The fabulist and I sat with our backs against a boulder over which leaned an olive tree. The goats stood around and stared at us; and not, I believe, without some understanding of their master's stories.

I am reminded of this because a map of southeastern Sicily is hanging out of a book, the banner of a red-letter day. I rescued the volume from the mass of discarded lumber, and found that inside the cover of the book I had drawn a plan of the harbor of Tunis. Why? I've forgotten the reason. But I remember Tunis, for I had been drawn thither by this very book, which had said that nobody should leave the Mediterranean without seeing Tunis. There it was, one day. From the deck of my French ship I saw electric trams and the familiar *hôtels des étrangers*. A galley with pirates at its sweeps was pulling almost alongside us, and desperately I hailed it, threw in my bag, and directed them to take me to a steamer flying the Italian flag, for that steamer, clearly enough, was leaving Tunis at once. That was the ship for me. There was some difficulty with the dark ruffians who manned the galley who followed me aboard the steamer. There they closed round me, a motley and savage crew. They demanded gold in some quantity, and with menacing flourishes, shattering voices, and hot eager eyes. Their leader was a huge negro in a white robe



and a turban, whose expressive gargoye, with a loose red gash across its lower part, had been pitted by smallpox. I did not like the look of him. He towered over me, and leaned down to bring his ferocity closer to my face. Some Italian sailors stopped to watch the scene, and I thought they were pitying this Englishman. But the latter was weary of Roman ruins, of hotels, of other thoughtful provision for strangers, surprising in its open and obvious accessibility, and of guides and thieves—especially of thieves, shameless, insatiable, and arrogant in their demands for doing nothing whatever. At first he had paid them, for he was a weak and silly stranger who did not know the land; but now, sick of it all, he turned wearily on that black and threatening gargoye while it was still in full spate of Arabic, shook his fist at it, and cried suddenly what chief mates bawl when things are in a desperate plight and constraint is useless. To his astonishment and relief the negro stepped back, turned to his crew and said to them sadly, in plain English, "Come on, it's no bloody good." The gang left that ship as modestly as carol singers who find they have been chanting "Christians Awake" to an empty house. Now, evidently guide books cannot lead you to such pleasing interludes, and may even beguile you away from them.

I mean that the books cannot guide you to those best rewards for travel, unless, of course, they are old and stained. They are full then of interesting addenda of which their editors know nothing, and of symbols with an import only one traveler may read. So when the days come in which, as guide books, they will not be wanted, you may read in them what is not there.

This very guide book to the Mediterranean, for example, under the heading of "Oran," describes it as "the capital of a province, military division, sixty thousand inhabitants. It is not certain that Oran existed in the time of the

Romans." Some people would like us to believe that no place on earth can be of much interest unless the Romans once flattened it into meekness. But we have heard far too much of these Romans. They bore us. To-day we call them captains of industry and company promoters. Oran, or what I could see of it in the dark when we arrived, was as rich in promise as though it were thoroughly impeded with classical ruins. There were lights that were a concourse of planets, and as I lay read in my bunk the ship was so quiet that you could hear the paint crack on a bulkhead rivet. I was reading this very guide book then, and it told me that beyond those calm and mysterious planets were Tlemcen, and Ein Sefra, "an oasis one thousand one hundred and ten meters above the sea-level belonging to the Duled Sidi Sheikh. Here one catches a glimpse of the Algerian desert, which is the fringe of the Great Sahara."

No; such books when you are home again are as good as great literature. One dare not discard the gold of those hours. What would be left to us? There, for another instance, is Baedeker's *Switzerland*. Now the truth is, that book, bought for the first journey to the Alps, was among the things I forgot to pack. It was never missed. It is only to-day that we find it is indispensable. For it was bought in the winter of 1913. Again it was night when we arrived. A sleigh met us, and took us noiselessly into the vaguely white unknown. Pontresina is a good name. In the morning there were the shutters of a bedroom to be opened, and a child who was with me gazed with wide eyes when the morning light discovered to him a field of ice poised etherially on clouds, though the night had not gone from the valley below us; above the ice was a tincture of rose on far peaks. Is it likely that he will forget it? Or I? In any case, there is a diorama of those peaks in that guide book, and what rosy light is absent from that picture we can give to it.

# *Religion and Life*

## CONCERNING PRAYER

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

**P**ERSONAL religion is drawn like an ellipse around two foci: communion with God and service to man. The second involves problems varied and difficult, from casual individual relationships to the League of Nations, but, after all, the underlying principle of human service is easy to see. Communion with God, however, alike in principle and practice, is for many a perplexing matter, and even among professing Christians prayer is often a confused problem or a formal observance rather than a sustaining help.

The effect of this upon vital religion must be serious, for prayer, when it is real, is the innermost way in which any one who believes in God makes earnest business of his faith. It is possible to believe in God as the man upon the street believes in the Rings of Saturn. His confidence in their existence, while he supposes it to be well founded, is second-hand and the evidence, were he to state it, would be confused and unconvincing and, anyway, he does not propose to do anything about them or because of them. That multitudes believe in God with similar inconsequence is clear. On the whole they agree with Napoleon that somebody must have made the constellations. They may have poetic hours congenial to faith in God when like Walt Whitman they walk out into the mystical, moist night air and from time to time look up in perfect silence at the stars. Perhaps they take occasional excursions into philosophy

and return vaguely convinced that for some reason or other mechanistic naturalism will not work, that it is too simple to explain this vast, evolving universe, and that God, or something like him, must be at the heart of creation. Or perhaps they are natural traditionalists and stick to faith in God against all comers because they were taught it by their fathers before them.

There are many ways in which an inoperative faith in God, without effective influence on the one who holds it, may thus exist in multitudes of minds and give the impression of widespread religion. But that is not religion. Religion has not arrived until faith in God has been translated into action, and the most intimate and inward action which emerges when faith in God is real is prayer. That is the soul getting into contact with the God in whom it believes. That is man's spirit making earnest with its confidence that it comes from Spirit and can hold communion with him. As Professor William James put it, a man dealing with his own inward life at its best "becomes conscious that this higher part is coterminous and continuous with a MORE of the same quality, which is operative in the universe outside of him, and which he can keep in working touch with, and in a fashion get on board of and save himself when all his lower being has gone to pieces in the wreck." A man who has no more faith than a grain of mustard seed but who makes that use of it is much more essentially religious



than a prayerless philosopher who can argue the whole case for theism from Dan to Beersheba.

**T**HERE are many obstacles which commonly inhibit this adventure of the soul in praying, most of which are not philosophical but intimately personal. People, for example, do not commonly begin to pray (however much they say prayers) until they rather desperately need to. An English friend who was in the thick of the bad business on the Flanders front tells me that one night behind the lines he had to listen to an astronomer sent out by the British War Office to tell the men about the stars, their constellations, and relative positions, so that soldiers lost at night might guide themselves by the heavens. My friend was frankly bored. Astronomy seemed to him an alien and abstruse affair with no bearing on the mud and death with which they were concerned. One night, however, reconnoitering in No Man's Land, his men were discovered by the enemy, were fired upon, became confused, ran at random, lay down, and then tried to creep home. But where was home? Then my friend remembered the stars. He desperately needed them. In dismay he saw by means of them that his men had been creeping toward the enemy. The stars, he says, were very real to him that night when he got his last man safely back.

Reality in praying is commonly subject to the same condition of urgent need. Communion with God, which through many years has seemed a pious superfluity, may suddenly become a real necessity. A man discovers what all wise men sometime must discover, that life is not simply effort, output, attack, the aggressive impact of oneself upon the world. He finds that strong living is impossible without inward resources to fall back upon. Like a closely beleaguered city of the olden time, he is undone unless he can discover a fountain of living water somewhere within him. Then he may light upon the secret of

prayer. The transformation wrought in those who do is often marvelous. They do more than believe in God. They actually achieve contact with the MORE, in a real fashion get on board of it and save themselves.

**T**HERE are some who are fortunate enough to reach this experience before desperate crisis drives them to it. They recognize before they are whipped into seeing it that the destinies of personality lie in the world within rather than in the world without. That, after all, is the insight essential to real praying, and because this generation in the Western world largely lacks it and is obsessed with the external universe and what can be done with that, prayer has become unreal to multitudes.

For prayer is a poor reliance if one is mainly intent on managing the external world. That is not the realm where praying operates. Prayer will not alter the weather nor harness the latent powers of the universe to drive our cars and light our houses; and so long as the major interest of men is centered in an area where prayer is not effective, it is bound to be neglected and to seem unreal.

This practical obsession of our time in mastering the external forces to do our bidding—as though wealth and worth in human living were attainable by that chiefly or alone—is responsible for more than the decline of prayer. All spiritual values suffer. The American who remarked that Chicago had not yet had time for culture but that when she did get around to it she would make it hum, was characteristically modern. Yet, after all, culture cannot be made to hum. It rises out of deep fountains in the soul of a generation. It is begotten of the Spirit in the hearts and minds of those who love loveliness; and art, music, literature, drama, education, as well as religion, will lag, falter, give ugliness instead of beauty, until we learn once more the ancient lesson that the world without is but the setting for the world within, where humanity's real fortunes lie.

We are fooled by obviousness and size. The world without has visibility, dimension, measurement. The world within is unseen, impalpable. That deceives us. We think the big is marvelous. Athens was less than half the size of Buffalo, but Athens at her best did care about the world within. Seers like Plato taught the people that one real world alone exists, the inner world of ideas and ideals, of which the outer world is but the shadow; and Athens left to history a spiritual heritage unexhausted yet.

Palestine is smaller than Vermont, but at her best Palestine cared about the inner world, from Psalmists who sang, "All that is within me, bless his holy name," to him who said, "The kingdom of God is within you," and we still are spiritual pensioners upon that little place we call the Holy Land. In the long run this is the kind of greatness that mankind cares most to remember. We crucially need a revival of it in our generation. And when that comes, prayer will come back again. For prayer in its true meanings is one of the great indispensables of a rich and fruitful inner life.

WHILE it is true, however, that the inhibitions which keep people from effective praying are more likely to be personal and practical than philosophical, the intellectual difficulties are real. Most children with a devout religious background are taught to pray to a very human God. Their imaginations of him are naïve and picturesque. "Has God a skin?" I was asked by a six-year-old. When in surprise I denied the gross suggestion, she broke into laughter and her explanation of her merriment was ready on demand, "to think how funny God must look without one!" Almost all children who think of God at all begin with some such naïve anthropomorphism. Even in our adult hymns and prayers the old imagery of a flat earth with an encircling heaven still is kept for poetic purposes and God is addressed as though he were a few miles

above us in the sky. This picturesque trellis for the religious imagination to train itself upon easily becomes part of the child's working idea of life. God is thought of as an individual, picturable in some form or other, whose major dwelling is the sky. Sometimes the pictures are very crude; sometimes the imagination soars, as with one lad of five who on his first sight of the starlit sky saw the figure of Deity clearly outlined in the constellations.

To a God so concretely conceived the child begins to pray. He asks for anything he wants. He tries experiments in achieving his purposes by request and checks up his apparent successes and his failures. On into adolescence with varying degrees of earnestness this habit of praying often goes accompanied by an idea of God which, gradually sublimated and exalted, loses its grosser features, but which still retains its picture of Deity off somewhere who mysteriously hears us when we cry.

Then comes the crash. The youth is introduced into a vivid understanding of our new universe with its unimaginable distances and its reign of law. The habitation above us where the gods once dwelt is demolished utterly; we look clean through it into abysmal space. On the bewildered imagination, robbed of its old frameworks and supports, the truth dawns that the anthropomorphic God long believed and prayed to never made Betelgeuse and Antares, that this universe is too vast to have been created in the first place or sustained now by the Deity of childhood's imagination. The youth's prayers begin to ring hollow. He has lost his old imagination of the God to whom he prays. He finds himself talking into vacancy. For him there is no longer any God there, or a God grown so vague and misty that prayer directed to him is a travesty upon the word.

For many people this is the end of praying save in some crisis when they pray instinctively as they might do any irrational and hectic thing. Others, how-



ever, having found real value in the habit, refuse to surrender so easily a cherished help. They shift their basis. They leave God largely out of the matter and interpret praying as self-communion. They retreat into their own souls and exercise themselves in meditation and aspiration. They encourage the ascendancy of their own spiritual life by maintaining seasons of quiet and receptivity when they are hospitably open-doored to the highest that they know. They do find help. But often, when the need is urgent and the crisis sharp, they are oppressed by the isolation in which their self-communion is carried on. Their performance becomes attempted self-hypnotism. They are not tapping hidden resources of Spirit; they are going through spiritual gymnastic exercises to increase their own muscle. They miss the Great Companion of their early prayers. At least they wish that they could obey the injunction of Epictetus the Stoic: "When you have shut the doors and made a darkness within, remember never to say that you are alone; for you are not alone, but God is within."

Between these two false ideas of prayer—clamorous petition to an anthropomorphic God, and the inward endeavor to lift oneself by one's own bootstraps—multitudes are to-day uncertain and dissatisfied. Yet the way out is not difficult. Prayer is not crying to a mysterious individual off somewhere; prayer is not bouncing the ball of one's own aspiration against the wall of one's own soul and catching it again; true prayer is fulfilling one of the major laws of the spiritual world and getting the appropriate consequences.

Just as around our bodies is the physical universe, in dependence upon which we live so that we create no power of our own, but assimilate it—eat it, drink it, absorb it—so around our spirits and in them is the Spiritual Universe. It is really there and it is as law-abiding as the physical cosmos with which the scientist deals. True prayer is fulfilling the conditions of our relationship with

this Spiritual World. We cannot create inward power any more than we create our physical strength. We assimilate it. We fulfil the laws of its reception and it comes. So Spirit, which is God, surrounds our lives, impinges on them, is the condition of their existence, in whom "we live, and move, and have our being." To see the truth of this is to believe in God; to pray is to make earnest with it and avail ourselves of the resources of strength waiting for those who fulfil the conditions and get the results.

Such an approach to prayer, as the fulfilling of spiritual law in one's relationship with God, is bringing back the intelligent and fruitful practice of it to many who thought that they had lost it altogether. Such an approach saves us from the pious blasphemy of telling God what we think he should do, or reminding him of gifts to be bestowed which he unhappily would otherwise forget. Such an approach saves us from the futile and dangerous extension of prayer to realms where it does not belong, as though praying, which is a law of the inner world of personal life and is demonstrably effective there, could be relied on to accomplish results beyond its own realm. Such an approach saves us also from the loneliness of mere self-communion, for prayer is no more than eating and drinking are; like them, praying is receptive fellowship with a real world by which we are surrounded and of which we are a part.

Nor does this view rob God of personal meaning, as though he were blind energy alone. To be sure, God cannot be an individual to whom we cry. The clinging garments of anthropomorphism will long clothe our poetic language about God and, like the words "sunrise" and "sunset," carry over into a new day the imagery of an outgrown world-view. But there is no safety for religious faith among the intelligent until it is plainly recognized that the old astronomy has really gone and with it the old god of a local habitation conceived in picturesque and individual terms. What we are

manifestly dealing with is a vital universe surcharged with Creative Power. Unless we surrender to mechanistic naturalism, we cannot think of that Power in physical terms alone. That Power has issued in spiritual life and in terms of spiritual life must be interpreted. There is more than a *push* in this orderly and evolving universe, as though it were being heaved up from below by blind forces; there is a *pull* also, as though ends were in view and goals being achieved. That far philosophy can go; religion goes farther. It commits itself to this Power in terms of friendship and goodwill. It approaches the thought of him by way of the best we know. It says with Lowell:

"God is in all that liberates and lifts,  
In all that humbles, sweetens, and consoles."

It finds God, not primarily without, but within, rising inwardly as Jesus described it, like a living fountain. It trusts the Spirit by whom our spirits are inspired, and enters into conscious fellowship

with him. That is prayer. At its best it dispenses with words and postures and becomes silent companionship with the Unseen. At its finest it ceases clamorous petition and becomes affirmation—the soul inwardly appropriating its heritage of fellowship with the Highest and growing rich thereby.

Such prayer is not contrary to law; it is the fulfilling of law. Those who faithfully meet such inward conditions of spiritual life find poise, perspective, power, achieve personalities balanced and unified, build characters magnanimous toward others and within themselves conscious of deep resources and reserves. Even Tyndall, the scientist, who notoriously denied what most Christians of his time thought about prayer, said, "It is not my habit of mind to think otherwise than solemnly of the feelings which prompt to prayer. Often unreasonable, even contemptible, in its purer forms prayer hints at disciplines which few of us can neglect without moral loss."

## CHRISTMAS EVE

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

**D**ARK is the hour, long the night;  
Hoarfrost sheds a shimmering light;  
The wind in the naked woodland cries  
A harplike music; the willow sighs.  
But a marvelous quiet dwells in heaven—  
Sirius, Markab, the faithful Seven—  
For the Old Year's sands are well-nigh run;  
This is the Birthday of the Sun.



*No glint of dawn; but Chanticleere  
Is crowing of Christmas, bugle clear.  
In waxen hive, close-wintering,  
Bees a slumbrous orison sing;  
Roused from their lair in dales of the snow,  
Light-foot deer in procession go;  
Cattle and sheep in byre and pen  
Kneel in the darkness, unseen of men:  
For the Old Year's sands are well-nigh run;  
This is the Birthday of the Sun.*

*Now houses of humans with jargonings ring,  
Hautboy and serpent and flute and string,  
Voices in gruff-shrill carolling—  
Men and boys hunched up in the cold.  
Tinkles the ice on the frozen mould.  
Hesper is shining—rime on thatch;  
Stag-borne Nicholas comes—unlatch!  
Children stir in their dream and then  
Drowsily sigh and turn over again.  
Airs of the morn in the orchard flow;  
Lo, in the apple boughs, mistletoe!  
For the Old Year's sands are well-nigh run;  
This is the Birthday of the Sun.*

*Master and Man, the East burns red;  
Drowse no longer in sluggard bed;  
Garland the Yule log; scatter the wheat—  
Feast for the starving birds to eat.  
Mistress and maid, wax warm you shall—  
Boar in oven, burned wine, spiced ale,  
There's quiring in heaven; and Gabriel  
Wings from the zenith his news to tell;  
Shepherd and king fare forth again—  
Peace on earth, goodwill to men—  
For, loving and lovely, in manger laid,  
Dreams o'er her Babe the Virgin Maid.  
Kindle then candles for your soul;  
Shake off the net life's follies bring;  
Ev'n of the innocent death takes toll;  
There is an end to wandering.  
But see, in cold clod the snowdrop blows;  
Spring's inexhaustible fountain flows;  
Love bides in earth till time is done;  
The Old Year's sands are well-nigh run;  
This is the Birthday of the Sun.*



# ENGLAND'S FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEM

## THE CHRONIC DISEASE OF UNEMPLOYMENT

BY A. G. GARDINER

**T**HE fifth successive black winter of British industry has set in. For five years the cloud of unemployment has darkened our sky. It darkens it still, and the visible horizon of things offers small promise of change. That the change will come is the belief of all competent observers, for confidence in the resources and capacity of the country is unabated; but we have ceased to entertain extravagant hopes of the immediate future. The ordeal through which the country is passing is unprecedented, and it is probable that before we emerge from it the whole social structure will have undergone profound and far-reaching changes. Indeed, those changes are taking place visibly and rapidly, under the urgent pressure of the overshadowing disease of unemployment. Relentless as war, insidious as revolution, that disease passes through the land, leaving in its wake a lowered physique, a shattered morale, an embitterment of social relations, and a mass of problems more grave and more complex than any with which British statesmanship has ever been confronted in the past.

A great fear is abroad, like the fear of plague or famine. It is our share of the ravages of the war. Other nations have their devastated areas, we have our devastated industries; and while devastated areas can be restored, we have yet to find that our devastated industries can be revived. Among the shipyards on the Clyde and the Tyne, the foundries of Sheffield, the factories of Leeds and Nottingham, the catastrophe has left its

traces as surely as, and perhaps more enduringly than, it has on the battlefields of Flanders.

This is the key to our post-war history. Unemployment dominates all our politics. It governs both our internal and our external policy. Two governments have fallen on issues connected with unemployment. The fate of a third still hangs in the balance. It will stand or fall according to its success or failure in lifting the cloud that overspreads industry. Unemployment is the unknown quantity in every political equation. Its index is the barometer of ministries. If it falls, they are in the ascendant. If it rises, their doom is sealed.

## II

What then is the nature of this disease?

Before the war it can scarcely have been said to have existed. Here as elsewhere there were recurrent spells of severe unemployment.<sup>o</sup> The problems associated with it engaged the earnest attention of social reformers, economists and politicians alike. But no one regarded them as other than exceptional. They were merely periodic or seasonal disorders which came and went and were not beyond the skill of statesmanship to cope with. No one conceived a state of severe unemployment as chronic. No one questioned our capacity in normal times to provide work for all the inhabitants of these islands. In normal years the index of unemployment fluctuated between four and five per cent of all



occupied persons and even in the worst years it never rose above ten per cent. And with the war unemployment disappeared almost completely. There were a few weeks of uncertainty, and then the huge effort of providing material for the struggle absorbed every ounce of slack that was left in the great industrial machine.

Throughout the war there was more work to do than there were hands to do it, and the need was so imperative that no consideration of cost was allowed to operate. The house of Bo-Bo was cheerfully burned to roast the pig. Wages were abundant, the standard of living rose to a hitherto unknown level, and poverty and distress seemed to be miraculously banished. It was not until the summer of 1920 that the specter really appeared on the horizon. Many had expected it to appear as soon as the war was over and the army was demobilized. In the event these fears proved to be unfounded. After a brief pause in December, 1918, British industry was caught up on the flood tide of a boom of unprecedented dimensions. For the time being, currency inflation and a demand for the renewal of equipment which had been destroyed or worn out in the recent struggle served to bring about a state of over-confidence in our business men and a specious appearance of prosperity in our industries. Prices continued to rise and with prices, wages. Firms were so booked up with orders that they did not mind what they paid for their labor. During the whole of 1919 and the early part of 1920 the index of unemployment never rose above two per cent. It seemed as if the gloomy predictions of the experts were to be falsified, as the war itself had falsified them, and that for the first time in history a great war was to be followed by no disastrous economic consequences.

But a break was inevitable and in the autumn of 1920 it actually came. There had been something unhealthy about the boom from the beginning; it had been a boom of prices rather than a boom of

production—the output of goods produced in many staple trades was smaller in 1920 than in 1923, a year of deep depression. The appearance of prosperity was begotten of inflation and over-confidence. Behind the veil of artificial prices, the impoverishment of our export markets, the diminution of the will to work on the part of our workers, and the inefficiency and unnatural distortion which four years of production for war had brought about in our industries, were stern realities which sooner or later were bound to make themselves felt.

By the spring of 1920, the process of expansion had reached its limit. The Treasury had already announced its intention to discontinue inflation. In the absence of renewed inflation the Banks could not lend much farther with safety. In the third week in April the Bank Rate was raised to seven per cent, and forthwith the whole structure of inflated credit began to tumble like a house of cards. Into the question of the wisdom or unwisdom of the deflation policy I need not enter here; I am dealing with the facts, not with the causes from which they spring.

For a short time employment was not affected. Firms were booked so far ahead with orders that during the next six months they could still work to capacity. But by the autumn the demand for labor had begun to slacken. The first coal strike drove the unemployment index above the normal. A brief rally followed and then the bottom dropped out of the market altogether. In December, 1920, the percentage of trade unionists out of employment was six. By the end of the next quarter it had doubled. Then came the great coal strike and all previous records were broken. In June, twenty-three per cent of the trade unionists making returns were unemployed. Over three million work people were on the books of the Employment Exchanges as either unemployed or on organized short time.\*

\* In the greater part of this article I refer to the percentage of unemployed trade unionists rather than to the returns of unemployed drawing insurance benefit. The basis of the latter returns has shifted so often that it is useless for purposes of comparison.

A slight recovery followed. The unemployment directly caused by the strike was not likely to last once the dispute was settled. But by then we were in the trough of depression, and all through the year the index never dropped below fourteen per cent. By December it was back at sixteen per cent, and so it continued for the whole of the winter.

From the summer of 1922 there commenced a gradual recovery. The flood tide of depression which had overwhelmed all industries now began to recede. By 1924 in many industries unemployment was in a fair way to become normal. But in some industries it persisted. The gradual revival of credit only served to isolate more effectively the more permanent causes of depression. With the exception of the coal industry, which at that time was enjoying an artificial prosperity due to the stoppage of supplies from the Ruhr, the export industries continued in a state of severe depression. And the effect of this upon employment was doubly severe, for many of these industries, notably engineering and shipbuilding, had received large accessions of labor during the war, much in excess of their normal recruitment. In these industries 30 per cent of unemployment was not an unusual figure. In the large engineering and shipbuilding centers unemployment had become chronic. The general tide of depressions had receded, but it had left in its wake these stagnant pools of unemployment, and at no time did the actual number of the unemployed drop much below one million.

It is difficult to describe in measured terms the degree and extent of suffering that these figures indicate. That can only be estimated by those who have lived in it. Only those who have watched day after day the dreary groups of dull-eyed hopeless able-bodied men and women hanging about the doors of employment exchanges or who have witnessed the dismal processions of the workless, carrying their pitiful banners with "we want work" inscribed upon them

which are the common sights of all our great industrial centers, can properly appreciate the toll of hope and happiness which is registered by these statistics.

Of course even here it is possible to exaggerate. It has been well said that if we are to preserve a sense of proportion we should concentrate our attention on the index of people employed rather than on the index of those out of employment. Even when there were 23 per cent unemployed there were 77 per cent at work. At the worst there was employment for the majority. It needs to be borne in mind also that the unemployed are not a standing army of roughly 1,300,000; they are a shifting army composed largely of people who have periods of employment alternating with periods of unemployment. The disease is chronic, but the victims are not always the same victims.

Moreover, even when we turn to the unemployed there are certain allowances which have to be made before we can get a proper perspective. A certain proportion of the people returned as unemployed are in point of fact unemployable. However carefully the figures are compiled, a considerable number of people who by reason of old age, physical disability, or some defect of will or of intellect will hardly ever be likely to get work, are bound to get into the total. According to certain investigations made by the Ministry of Labor, the number of those who from physical disability and the like are really unemployable must be in the neighborhood of thirty thousand; if those who are unemployable for psychological reasons were included no doubt the total would be much higher.

Again it needs to be remembered that at the best of times there is inevitably some unemployment. At every season in the year some trades are not working up to capacity—some workers are out of employment. The mere fact of change in industry, the fact that some industries are expanding while others are on the decline, some firms are going bankrupt while some are increasing their organiza-



tion, inevitably involves a certain amount of unemployment at any given moment. Trades like warehousing and the unloading of ships demand a large floating reserve of labor. Before the war, except in years of exceptional business activities, there was normally a body of some 400,000 unemployed. Since the war this figure of normal unemployment has probably increased; if, therefore, we are to form a true view of the measure of abnormal unemployment, we must start from a datum of 400,000 rather than zero.

But when all these deductions have been made, when every precaution has been taken against undue exaggeration, the extent of the trouble remains unparalleled in our experience and perhaps in the experience of any highly organized modern community. At no time since 1921 has the surplus of abnormal unemployment fallen below 600,000 and for the greater part of the time it has stood very considerably above that total. Even at the best period of 1924, when it was thought we had at last turned the corner, the percentage of unemployment among trade unionists was little better than it was in the worst slumps of the pre-war period. The occasional misfortune of those days has become the daily experience of this generation.

There is a further consideration which adds to the gravity of the unemployment figures. The disease affects most acutely those industries which have been the pillars of British commercial prosperity in the past. In what are known as the sheltered trades—trades which are free from the external competitive struggle—employment is high and wages are high. Everything associated with the luxury life of London is prosperous. The conditions and pay of the railway workers are enormously better than they were before the war. All classes of workmen who can hold the public at ransom, as it were—electricians, transport workers, and so on—have improved their position. All the multitude of people who are employed by the public authorities retain their work and approximately their

standard of pay. The tram conductor and even the street cleaner have secure employment and relatively high wages, while the skilled mechanic walks the street or, if working, works for half the wage that the unskilled man in sheltered employment is getting. It is the great staple industries like coal, iron, steel, shipbuilding, engineering which swell the bulk of the unemployment figures. Take the Tyne-side district as an illustration. Great towns face each other for several miles on both sides of the river, from Newcastle to Shields. The area is famous as a shipbuilding, mining, shipping, and engineering center. Here are the percentages of registered unemployed in the leading local industries:

Steel Manufacturing.....	65.00 per cent
Coal Mining.....	30.40
Shipbuilding.....	34.32
Marine Engineering.....	30.00
Engineering.....	27.90
Mercantile Marine.....	27.10
Copper and Chemical.....	22.50

In a word, it is in the vital productive industries of the country that unemployment is highest and in the secondary and often less important callings that it is least; and it is the fact that it is the flower of the artisan class who have been thrown on the scrap heap that constitutes the gravest aspect of the unemployment returns.

### III

In such conditions had it not been for the system of Unemployment Insurance our position would have been perilous in the extreme. Certain measures of direct assistance to industry in the shape of loans for civic development and guarantees for overseas trading were indeed possible and certain measures were taken. It is a matter of considerable dispute to what extent all the available measures of this kind were utilized. But the roots of the trouble were so widespread and deep-seated that the direct capacity of any single government by itself to revive trade was necessarily limited, and however much could be

done in the long run by a foreign policy designed to bring about a revival of world trade by international pacification, such relief must necessarily be gradual. It could do nothing to solve the immediate problem, and the immediate problem was imperative. Apart from any consideration of justice, the public temper would not have tolerated a widespread condition of poverty and want. The collapse from unprecedented well-being to unprecedented distress, especially in the circumstances of the time, would have brought the country to the brink of revolution if there had been no effective measure of relief. It was inevitable that the main effort of the state should take the form of palliation of the effects of unemployment rather than any radical remedy of its cause. It was almost inevitable that the main force of the depression should be borne by the system of Unemployment Insurance.

Unemployment Insurance in England is no post-war innovation. It was introduced before the war as an integral part of the Liberal policy of constructive social reform, carried through in the 1906-14 period. But in its first form it applied only to engineering, shipbuilding, building, and a few kindred trades, and although it was partially extended to all the munition trades during the war, it was not until 1920, on the very eve of the depression, that it was made applicable to the whole employed population, with the exception of domestic servants and agricultural laborers.

In outline the system is simple though its administrative intricacies are infinite. Every workman is provided with an unemployment insurance book, and so long as he is in employment his employer is under a statutory obligation each week to fix in this book an insurance stamp, the cost of which is met partly by himself and partly by deductions from wages. The moneys thus raised are paid into an insurance fund and a further contribution to the fund is made by the state. When the worker falls out of employ-

ment, he takes his unemployment book to employment exchanges and, provided they have no job available for him, he is entitled to unemployment benefit—so many weeks of benefit for so many contributions to the Insurance Fund.\* If a job is available and he refuses it, he is not entitled to benefit.

Such is the system in its very simplest outlines. In normal times with a fixed contribution from the exchequer and a rigid limitation of the amount of benefit that is allowed in respect of any worker's contribution, the scheme finances itself. But the heavy incidence of unemployment which occurred before the fully extended system of 1920 had time to accumulate a fund and before the insured workpeople had time to accumulate a number of contributions sufficient to entitle them to benefit for any lengthy period of time, has necessitated certain departures from the pure principles of insurance. During the worst periods of the depression, it was necessary to borrow extensively from the Treasury and although this loan has been partly repaid, the Fund is not yet completely out of debt. Moreover, it has been found expedient to allow insured workmen who have fallen out of employment to draw benefit in advance of their anticipated contributions—"uncovenanted benefit" as it is termed in official terminology. But in the main the original principles of the scheme have been adhered to. It is still an insurance scheme. If the unemployed workman has not actually paid for the benefits he draws he will have to pay for them in the future. To describe the relief it affords as a "dole," as is sometimes done in the popular press, is entirely to misapprehend its nature.

On the whole it has worked well. If account is taken of the late hour of its inception—the system as it now stands, as was pointed out above, came into

\* The rate of contribution due from employers and workers respectively and the rates of benefits payable have varied so much that any single set of figures would be misleading. The present rates under the Act of last year are 8d. from the employer and 7d. from the employee in the case of men, and 7d. and 6d. in the case of women. The rates of benefit are 18/- and 15/- per week for men and women respectively and 2/- per head for dependents.



operation only when the depression had virtually started—and the conditions under which it has been administered, its success is very remarkable. Whatever its defects, at a time when governments abroad have been tottering it has tided us over one of the most difficult periods in our history, without serious social disturbance. The suffering it has averted is incalculable. There has been poverty and dull despair—these were unavoidable—but there has been little or no destitution. There has been less actual starvation than during any previous depression in our history. To some extent it has been inadequate and some have had to have recourse to the Poor Law. But in the main it has sustained the physique and the homes of the unemployed without exposing them to the demoralizing influence of State assistance. So far as the prevention of destitution is concerned it has abundantly justified its existence.

Nor can serious criticism be made of the efficiency of its administration. From time to time “glaring cases” of laxity are reported which are made the pretext for an indictment of the whole administration. The *obiter dicta* of stipendary magistrates upon the demoralizing effects of the “dole” are paraded with great importance, as if time spent in hearing police-court evidence were a qualification for generalization about the working classes as a whole. But whenever impartial inquiry has been made into the working of the system, its efficiency has been triumphantly vindicated. Whatever abuses there have been have arisen, not as a result of any laxity of administration, but as a result of the conditions under which administration has had to take place.

It was not to be expected that during so long a period of severe unemployment some evil consequences would not arise from maintaining men in idleness. In the main, those consequences have been confined to a comparatively small class. There is no evidence that the effect upon the greater number of recipients of bene-

fit has been anything but good. It is sometimes said that the system has undermined the will to work of the whole population. There is no foundation for such irresponsible statements. That there are cases in which men have preferred to be idle on the insurance allowance rather than honestly to seek work is true. Laborers with three or four children are inclined to ask when a job is offered them, “What does this mean? The wage is only so many shillings more than I get for doing nothing.” But as a general allegation against the artisan class the criticism is wholly unfounded. If the morale of the working class is being undermined, the fact is due to enforced idleness, with its inevitable decay of capacity, and not to the desire to live on the public funds. One of the tragedies of the situation is that so many of the flower of the highly skilled workers have emigrated rather than suffer what the best of them still regard as the humiliation of living on the insurance money.

It is perhaps true that the existence of the system has contributed to the quite reasonable disinclination of the working classes to accept necessary readjustments of wage-rates. When a man is not in actual distress he is naturally tempted to hold out a little longer than he otherwise would before accepting work at lower wages. It is perhaps true that the existence of a provision whereby a man who refuses work outside his own district or occupation is not thereby disqualified from benefit has tended to retard essential redistributions of workers. But to allege that for the majority of adult British workmen a benefit of eighteen shillings per week (plus two shillings per week for dependents) is a deterrent to looking for permanent employment is an accusation that cannot be substantiated. No one who knows the British working classes can doubt that it is false.

The main difficulty arises with that class of young people who have come on to the labor market since the commence-

ment of the depression. Many of these have never been for any length of time in settled employment, and there can be no question that the effect upon them of the receipt of uncovenanted benefit is often very demoralizing. A generation is arising which looks upon support from the State and contributions by its fellow workers as its natural prerogative. Its self-respect is undermined, its will to work is negligible. If jobs prove to be available it takes care that it stays in them only long enough to qualify for fresh periods of benefit. Cases are even reported of young people who have married on the benefit. There can be no doubt that the existence of this class presents a problem of the first order of difficulty and there are not wanting politicians even in the ranks of the Labor Party who do not hesitate to say that the only way of dealing with it is absolutely to prohibit the payment of benefit to workers below the age of twenty-one unless they have dependents.

But this is a minor blemish. It cannot be held to mar the main achievement of the system—the preservation from destitution of a body of unemployed work-people which has never been less than a million and which for very considerable periods has been very much greater. We may dislike the system. We may groan under the vast burdens it imposes. We may complain of the abuses which arise when men are maintained in idleness. But when all this has been said, it remains true that no satisfactory substitute for it has ever been proposed. It remains true that because of its existence the nation is better off to-day in health, hope, and contentment than it could have been without it.

#### IV

But what of the future? Is the present intensity of unemployment, with its attendant drain upon our resources and the morale of our rising generation, to persist for ever? The partial recovery of 1923 and 1924 has not been sustained.

During the winter of 1924–25 the index of unemployment was stationary or slightly rising and since the spring of 1925 it has been rising sharply. In June, 1924, it was 7.2 per cent. Last June it was 12.3, and there are now many who fear the worst: that the days of our trade expansion are over and that either we are doomed to a progressively diminishing standard of life or a permanent incubus of unemployment growing heavier as our population increases.

Fortunately there is no reason to suppose that these extreme fears are justified. Our position is far from all that we could hope, but it is equally certainly not all that we dread. The fear of a greatly increased burden of unemployment due to a great increase in our population is without foundation. In default of a change in the present tendency of the birth rate that would be little short of miraculous, there is not going to be any great increase in the size of our population. It is now reasonably certain that within a relatively short time the population of Great Britain will have become stationary.\* During the next few years the annual increase of applicants for work will become negligible. In any case our problem is not to find employment for an indefinitely larger population but so to organize our resources as to provide for a population not much larger than the one we have.

And given peace at home and abroad, there is every hope that in the long run we shall be successful. The recent setback to recovery is only in part due to causes that are likely to be anything but transitory. In part it is due to difficulties in the coal mines that were bound to arise when the artificial stimulus due to the closing down of the Ruhr pitheads ceased to be present: throughout the whole world to-day there is depression in the coal industry. But in part it is due—even in the coal mines—to monetary disturbances attendant on our restora-

\* See the remarkable evidence submitted by Dr. A. L. Rowley in *Is Unemployment Inevitable* and the *Economic Journal*, 1924.



tion of the gold standard. The rapid appreciation of sterling has caused a disparity between our price level and the price levels of countries with which we trade, which is affecting our exports adversely. The pound is too dear to make it worth while for purchasers abroad to buy at the prices we offer.

But this cause of depression is bound to be transitory. It cannot persist indefinitely. The process of readjustment may be painful. There are many who hold—and I share the view—that it will be so painful that it would have been wise to have refrained from the restoration of the standard at present. But there is no reason to suppose that we shall suffer indefinitely from appreciated exchanges.

For the rest recovery is likely to be more gradual. But unless we are to assume that the trade of the world is going to remain permanently below the pre-war level there is little ground for ultimate pessimism. For there is no evidence to show that when recovery comes, we shall not participate in it fully. On the contrary, as the investigations of our Commission on Industry indicate, so far from losing in the competition for the trade of the world, we have actually improved our position. The volume of the world's trade has diminished and with

our exceptional dependence on overseas trade, we have suffered in consequence. But of that diminished volume we have actually succeeded in obtaining a larger proportion than formerly. In that fact is the happiest augury of the future. Just as we have been the chief sufferers by the paralysis of world trade, so we may reasonably look to be the chief beneficiaries of world recovery and stabilization.

It is fair, then, on a calm survey of the facts to hold the view that unemployment in England, though prolonged and severe beyond all previous experience, is not a permanent phenomenon. In some industries which were over-recruited during the war, or are suffering general changes in the direction of world consumption, such as engineering and coal, it will take longer to disappear than in others. But in the end, given peace and a recovery of world trade, even there it should disappear. Given peace and a recovery of the world's trade—these are the conditions of escape from the Serboman bog in which British industry is engulfed. They are conditions that are not unattainable, for the world's will to live and to prosper must override, and indeed are at last visibly overriding, the insane passions which brought it so near to the brink of irretrievable ruin.



# I DISCOVER THE NEW WORLD

A STUDY IN REPATRIATION

BY WALDO FRANK

THE most important room at home was the library. Our house was the usual four-story brownstone segment in the unbroken wall of an upper West Side block. There were plenty of windows. Those to the north looked out upon the street where grocery wagons rattled by day and by night the gas lamps dimly slumbered. Those to the south gave a broad view of another wall of houses which at dark became fantastic with lighted windows holding many secrets and black silhouettes mysteriously alive behind drawn blinds. And beyond the houses was the glow of the great city. The library had but a single window; it was too little for so large and low a room. Even by day the library was dark and, since the window opened on a strip of yard choked by an ugly ailanthus, I never looked through that window. When I was in this room New York did not come in; New York stayed distant and silent. The real world became this world of books; and almost all the books had come from Europe.

Among the pictures on the walls were those of two Americans: Washington and Lincoln. But they had little to do with the America outside the window. They spoke to me less eloquently than the novelists and poets of England, than the thinkers of Germany, than the Athenians and Romans all living on the shelves. This library in my father's house in the city of New York was a sanctuary of Europe. It glowed with a secluded quiet and with a life of its

own. And here my childhood lived with an intensity and depth of feeling that not school, not the streets could give me.

My father nearly every year went to Europe. We would go down to the ship often, on the eve of his sailing, board the great vessel, and dine with the captain in his cabin. I was in Europe then: everything, from the food we ate to the words we heard, were strange to America. Father sailed away, and mother bundled us children into a train. We got at last into a shimmer of meadows and of young green trees. But even in the mountains Europe was not far distant. Letters would presently arrive with foreign stamps. They were long letters: page upon page of personal description in which my father narrated his adventures in Hamburg, in London, in Paris. His trips were short—business trips. When he came back he brought Europe still more vividly along; in the air of his clothes, in the scent of his label-plastered luggage. And then mother was always there: and that made more of Europe. Mother was an artist. She sang every day. Beethoven, Wagner, Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Wolf—these were the voices that came with us even to the mountains.

My room in the city home was on the top floor. I was the youngest, a tragic fate since it meant my going earliest to bed. It was not easy, this clambering up from the lighted drawing-room filled with the cheer of guests, through the shadowed house. But the fourth floor



was mine, and already I was a confirmed breaker of laws. I knew that my father would presently sit down at the organ or the piano to accompany my mother. I would then take a blanket from my bed, wrap myself snugly, and seat myself on the stair. My mother's singing came clearly through the house. School was a dim fable beside the reality of those songs; even the strong words on the library shelves were weak by contrast. That lovely, breathing voice with its perfect modulation and its subtle colors brought the lands across the sea miraculously near as I sat in guilt—and in ecstasy—upon the stair.

So when I went to Europe (I went several times before I was old enough for college) I found familiar lands. My upbringing, the library, above all, my mother's profound art had made them mine. The American authors whom I knew meant little. Longfellow and Holmes and Lowell were, in another way, as European as my father. Whittier's poems about slavery were less vivid than the tales of my grandmother who had lived through the Civil War in the South and who told us children of her adventures with the Yankee army that burned her house and robbed her of her goods, or of her running the blockade in a tiny rowboat in Mobile (with mother, a baby in her arms—and the constant fear that if the baby cried, the Yankee boats would find them). Cooper's redskins and sea-rovers seemed more remote to me than the Londoners of Dickens or the Parisians of Balzac. And as to Poe, whose wistful little house my father showed me in a waste of goats and cans way out in Fordham—his land was one of wraiths and silences, in no way kin to this rectangular array of streets that was called New York and that, for me, was all America.

## II

In my fifteenth year I had a great adventure. I picked up a history of American literature which spoke, coldly

and slightly enough, of an unknown poet, of whose curious style there was appended an example called "O Pioneers!"

I procured a green-bound volume entitled *Leaves of Grass*; it had a title page in archaic type and the portrait of an ancient bearded sage, all gray, who signed himself Walt Whitman. I read, studied, annotated, as I might have done with the Bible if I had been reared religiously. Whitman stirred deep voices in my soul; he inspired me. I believe in those early days I understood him well enough. But one so obvious fact escaped me, since I was not ready for it: the fact that this man was an American, and that his experience was related to my own. He was as remote—and holy—as a Hebrew prophet!

That spring there was the annual oratory contest at the High School. The usual bright lads rose before an auditorium of a thousand people and bespoke "The Spirit of '76," "The Blessings of Democracy," and so forth. And then a strange thing happened. A short, black-haired boy stood upon the rostrum and for half an hour harangued the audience about the merits of an unknown, dead poet called Walt Whitman. He must have been eloquent as well as amusing, for the Judges gave him the Gold Medal for his effort. But the whole affair remained somehow outside of his experience as an American. These teachers who had rewarded him for praising Whitman kept on quoting Longfellow. Whitman had so little contact with this reality of New York life that his value seemed well symbolized by the useless medal of gold which the boy's mother put away and which he never saw again. Whitman was an outsider, a myth—almost an outcast.

But Europe came ever closer. I was done with school and too young for college. So I was sent abroad. I discovered myself at sixteen, at seventeen, to be of an age which on the Continent was deemed the age of a man! I consorted with students from every land of

Europe: Russians, Spaniards, Serbians, Jews from Egypt, burly football players from Great Britain. They were not "pretty" fellows. They knew life—women—books. We sat about at night, drinking our tea with rum; and the air was less thick with tobacco smoke than with the thunder of exciting talk. Revolution, art, morality, death: all the old dwellers of the books which I had met in my father's library took on flesh, grew warm, grew pressing. And here at last, so many miles from his Manhattan, Whitman became alive; Poe found recognition. "America?" said my European friends. "It is the place that gave us Poe and Whitman."

I had engaged my room at Harvard. But I wanted to go to Heidelberg. I wanted, like my friends, to make the rounds of the great universities of Germany, England, Paris. I wanted to persevere in this world of midnight tea and rum with its dizzy flights into art and metaphysics. Europe beckoned me on, like some dark, mellow woman in whom the Mother eternally old and the Lover wondrously young were merged. And my father would not have stood against my will. He was an imperious, passionate man, whose prime passion was respect for the personality of others. A tyrant in matters of deportment, he hated all interference in adventures of the spirit. He had watched me, perhaps amused, perhaps with a hidden pang, go about at the age of twelve with my undigested load of Ibsen and Zola and Tolstoi. He had observed me, bored with school, become a truant, frequent the vaudeville shows or barricade myself from furious teachers in the office of our High School paper. Now, when the formal letters came from Heidelberg, telling the young American that he knew enough to be admitted, my father would not have said no, whatever his conviction. But my older brother was less philosophical. He came to Europe; and in a hotel room high up above the Seine we had what for me was a decisive battle.

"You are not going to Heidelberg,"

said my brother. "You are going to be an American, by gum! And what's more, you are not going to Harvard. You're queer enough as it is. You're going to be not only an American, but as *human* an American as I can make you. I'm going to send you to a place that will smoothe out your angles and your crotchets. Yale for you." . . . And to Yale I went.

I suppose I had been ill-prepared for the "dear old Campus." My classmates were engrossed in football, not in ideas; in Greek-letter fraternities, not in secret revolutionary orders. They got drunk on beer and sang sentimental songs, whereas my friends in Europe had sipped their liquor soberly for the most part, and got drunk on Nietzsche. Good, groping, earnest fellows, my chums at Yale seemed children to me. I went through college a rather cantankerous rebel. To amuse myself, I wrote dramatic criticism for a local paper, losing no occasion to belay America's woful "lack of culture"; I played Bach; I wrote a book on the Literature of Modern France; and always my eyes continued to turn east, across the Atlantic Ocean.

Active journalism in New York was a leap from a nursery to a sort of jungle. The academic cloisters had struck me as anæmic imitations of the full-blooded youthfulness which I had seen in Europe. I liked sport well enough; but was there not as well an athleticism in literature and in philosophy? Now came New York once again: a New York of murders, robberies, politics, and visiting celebrities who spent the interviewer's hour telling him pleasant things about America which were not so.

This New York seemed wholly *body*. While the slums reeked with poverty and vice, while the high spirit of youth was trampled out by the thresh of a mechanical progress, the City seemed aware only of problems of traffic, of taxation, of money. A vast town, New York; but since it was concerned only with the mechanics of sheer physical



well-being, of sheer physical growth, it struck me as a baby—a sort of Brobdingnagian baby. If a man proposed municipal ownership of public utilities, or cheap gas, he was treated like a monster. If a woman was suspected of infidelity, it seemed right to drag her to a divorce court; and the important thing—the only important thing—seemed to be to ascertain the *fact*; the deep hidden significances of her character, of her unhappiness, of the subtle treatment of her husband—all these elements of *truth* were ignored, were unguessed at. I could not accept this gross, this infantile America, which was all the America I knew. Being a child myself, I made the same old gross mistake: I imagined that my Paradise existed “over there,” across the sea. I packed a bag at last and went to live in Paris.

### III

When I arrived it was nightfall. I left my bags at a hotel and wandered up the Boul' Mich'—the gaudy thoroughfare of the Latin Quarter. I saw no face that I knew in the thronged terraces of the cafés which made two continuous rivers from the Gardens of the Luxembourg down to the Seine. But I felt happy and I felt at home. I began to write. I found myself in a world where writing—the sheer creative act—was considered a sacrament and a service: not because of what it brought, not for what it did—for itself. It was in the air—this rhythm of *creation*. Life was looked on as a lovely, mysterious adventure, and its true priests were they who sang of it, who pictured it, who revealed its beauty. I made friends. Here, among these swarms of enthusiasts who spent their days arguing about a picture or a poet, I found men after my own heart. And I found a woman, a true daughter of this world who took me in and made me part of it. And then, after a brief year, just as I was beginning truly to be at home, I packed my bags and I went back to New York!

What had happened? I was having a good time and a successful one. Living was cheap here. It was extremely easy for a journalist like myself to send articles and stories to the United States, convert the few dollars into many francs, and live like a young lord in this perpetual holiday town where poverty was no disgrace, where there was as much honor in contributing to certain magazines as in being elected to the Senate! Did not the wealthy ladies of Paris find the same thrill in climbing five musty stairs to the garret of an obscure American author that our own ladies found in dining with celebrities from Paris? Was there indeed not a whole world here fashioned for the artist and ruled by his desire? Paris itself, vast and modern, had the leisurely freedom of an aristocratic village. Here was a huge city in which there were happy people, in which there were trees and gardens, in which there was room for all moods, all liberties—even for a bit of license.

I had more than I had ever had, and yet I gave it up quite simply because I did not want it, and I could not stand it. In several of the cafés of Paris there gathered artists from America. Many of them had not been home in years; most of them came from small places in the interior and had had no contact with Europe until they had come over. They spoke seldom of our country. But when they did, they sneered, they jeered, they swore that they were done with the barbaric land that had given them birth. I could not argue with them; so much of what they said was simply fact. Yet it was in the company of these Americans that I began to feel most sharply my need of coming back. If what they said was true, all the more urgent was the return of men like themselves who claimed to be conveyers of the truth, creators of beauty—men who could endow America with what they accused America of lacking.

But I went little with these expatriates. My knowledge of the language, my love and, bit by bit, my work gained me an

entrance into the true world of France, which was before the War the home of so much of Europe. I was happy here, but I was not *needed*. I was being nourished by what other men, through centuries and ages, had created. I was a parasite. At least, so it seemed to me. I do not believe that I thought further in those youthful days. Certainly, I thought scarcely at all of what I was going to find when I returned. I knew simply that I was going home. I left the best friends that I had ever had, the most congenial home, I left my love (she never understood). I took a boat. I rented a room in Washington Place. I stared at the dirty wall—and wondered what madness had driven me along.

#### IV

The year was 1913 and I was twenty-three. I was alone and miserable as I had never been. In Paris they had not understood why I had left them. But in America no one even knew that I was here. I had outgrown my old friends. I was done with newspapers. Everything that a young man most needs—companionship, ideas, love—was beyond the ocean. Here? I lay on my iron cot and stared at the blank walls; I heard the elevated trains pound past and the arrogant motors shuffle and the crowds press, press in their weary quest for money—in their vast indifference to all which made *my* world. I was unable to eat, unable to sleep—unable to work. At times, in my weakness, I thought of what I had left behind in Paris. But always I knew that I was not going back—never going back until I had proven to my friends abroad, both the Europeans and the Americans, that I was right in leaving.

Twelve brief years ago America was not what the young artist or writer finds to-day. There were no magazines hospitable to their virgin efforts, there were no Little Theaters, no liberal weeklies. The land seemed a hostile waste, consumed by the fires of possession and pro-

duction. Whatever "literature and art" there was had to be imported from Europe in order to find a market. But did not this fact prove that such as I were needed? The very fact that life was hard here, that life did not seem to want me, that America was quite resigned to letting me starve—did not this prove that I was *needed*, and that I had come home?

So I set to work upon the pleasant task of making myself wanted in a world that seemed to be getting along extremely well without me. I soon learned that it was getting on so well, chiefly on the surface. I had a vision then, in those dark impotent days, which gave me light and strength, and which has never left me.

I saw our land as a fumbling giant child, idealistically hungry as was no other land in all the West, but helpless to express its hunger. Our forefathers had come here brimful of religious energy: all of them, whether they were Puritans from England, Catholics from Spain, or Jews from Germany and Russia. And here were material things that must be done: a continent to clear, bridges to build, a nation to house. Our fathers had learned to perform these substantial chores; they had performed them so miraculously well because of the spiritual force which drove them. But now that they longed to express their deeper dreams, their subtler ideals, they did not know how. So that, for want of better, they poured all their poetry and most of their religion into the *business at hand*: made it express their idealism which they could not express otherwise at all!

We spent so much time making money because the poets had not yet come to teach us to make better things. We were so proud of our machines because the builders of more significant beauty had not yet come among us. We were such busy-bodies about the personal habits of our neighbors—keeping them from an innocent drink or even from a cigarette—because the teacher had not



yet appeared to show us better ways of ennobling our souls. And finally, we marched about in white sheets, passed restrictive laws against immigration, grew intolerant of the chaos of creeds and races in our midst because we were not yet strong enough, mature enough to conceive of a unity of inclusion rather than of exclusion.

Now I was ready to see America. I had intellectually or in the flesh been "round the world." I had known personally the men of modern Europe, studied the masters of ancient Greece, Israel, and India. I discovered America last—which was the right way to discover it, since America is to be the last word, the summing up of all the yesterdays which have poured their blood upon the American shores.

I went west. Under the noisy, dirty braggart mood of Chicago I felt a childlike spirit—I found childlike men. I found a fertile and sweet world pushing up in this town which Sandburg called the Hog-butcher of the world—pushing up under the coal and the grime like spring-time grass beneath the muck of winter.

I helped to edit a country paper in the heart of Kansas. I spoke to the farmers, wrote for them, lived with them. And though I had done the same thing with the intellectuals of Paris, I found a warmth here of response which I had not found abroad. Here in this crude corn-grower hungering to "git America and his dream together," and in his overworked wife scheming to give her girls the "culture" she had never had, was a Seed of the spirit which needed only nurture and the sun to flower. And I had talks in the kitchens of solitary farms that moved me in a way mysteriously deep and gave me strength.

I lived with coal miners. I found them hungry for light, possessed of an infallible instinct for the tragic beauty of the world. They too were spiritual Seed long underground and ready to push up. And when a fellow who had mined since he was twelve and who had

never seen his dad by light of day piloted me through a leaky shaft with a care that was loving and paternal, I realized what I had won by giving up salutes of another sort in Paris.

I went south—to the country which my mother had left as a baby. I spent months in lodgings in that slumberous aristocrat of cities, Richmond. Here, too, were aesthetes, weavers of silly images of distant Paradise. I did not see them. I saw a people, stricken still under the curse of a past and under the load of an intricate present: a people hungering for light, for expression—a people hungering and, hence, a people growing. I came to know the negroes in the cypress swamps of Alabama and Mississippi. I lived with them, I spoke to them in their churches and their schools. In these dark breasts was a flame heightened with pathetic ease by the slightest show of understanding. I realized the wondrous wealth of spirit and of dream which America possesses in her negroes.

And I saw the Indians of the Southwest pueblos. In their classic ceremonial dances, in their deeply unselfish religion of nature, in the dignity and restraint of their lives and culture, I recognized an American past—and an American example. Here was a spiritual splendor which America had created. Like all life, it was waning. Would we create it anew in our own culture?

In South Dakota I lived for a while with a Norwegian banker who aimed to enter politics with the Sermon on the Mount as his sole platform. . . . I could go on. Everywhere I found spiritual energy, religious aspiration—ignorance only of the means for their expression. Everywhere I found the same America—*my own America*: an inarticulate land which yet had spoken loud and clear enough to call me back from Paris.

## V

So finally, last year, I went again to Europe. I had put my vision of America

and of its people into books. Many intellectuals had sneered. A large group of them had even come together under the leadership of one of the Americans who spend their time in Paris and had published a fat book to prove that America was hopeless, an altogether unlivable, unbearable place. Much of the response which my books had won had come, not from the intellectuals, but from those very byways of our country—the farms of the West, the cities of the North, the fields of the South—where I had wandered and where I had been nourished. And some of the response had come from Europe. My books had been translated. And now that I was again in Paris the writers of that great city called me to them and told me with warm hospitality that this new America of which I (and many others) wrote was what *they* needed. For, they said, the spiritual power of Europe was declining. Europe's noon was past. Europe, which had created and nurtured us, now needed nurture! If America was indeed to be a land to distil new spiritual values out of our modern chaos it would be the savior of the Old World!

Some of the writers of France and England had been here, and were pessimistic. "Do not believe him," they said. "He and his sort are only importations from Europe—they represent a transplanted dream of the Old World. They cannot thrive in America. They will be crushed out. Their light is a twilight, not a dawn. The future of America is steel, more steel; is gold, more gold; is the triumph of a sordid, ignorant Herd. There is no hope."

But at these men I smiled. They had seen what I saw as a boy: they had

been repelled by the crude, the ignorant surface. . . .

A few days before I left I was sitting in a library infinitely richer than the one in my father's house. It was the library of the great master, Anatole France. There he sat in his red skull-cap by the open fire. About him in manuscript, in illuminated volume, in precious *biblot* ranged wide treasures of European culture, and in him lived the essence of that culture—the exquisite distillation of the thought of a thousand masters, of a hundred ages.

"Make no mistake," he smiled at me, "Europe is a tale that has been told. Our long twilight is before us. But I believe in your American dream. And I will tell you why. It is not because of your books. It is because of the pictures I have seen, in quite common magazines, of your girls and your women. You have said a great deal about Puritanism, about Materialism in America. Those glorious girls belie all that. How could an ugly world produce such women? How could such women produce an ugly world?" . . .

Not long after came the last illness of this last full heir of European culture. And I recalled how prophecy had spoken from that splendid room so full of the past: a prophecy of our future, a challenge for us!

Ours is indeed a magnificent adventure. We must not be complacent, nor too sure. We are a people young and ignorant. Our faults are not shallow, our mistakes are not small. We may fail—but we may succeed! What else so worthy of our effort? To create in America a soul that shall befit America's glorious body! So I mused as I sailed homeward. Europe lay behind me.





## IS BIG BUSINESS A CAREER?

BY ONE WHO THINKS NOT

The author of this article is a young man who has been connected with several large corporations where he has made an excellent record. He has now left (for reasons given in his article) to go into business for himself. He presents a picture of big business life quite different from that found in the conventional story of success.—*Editor's Note.*

FOR the last two years I have been working for a large corporation in a city canyon which is the home of many big businesses. One of the most significant issues which my job has made me face is the blunt question whether I want to make this my life work: does a large corporation really offer an attractive opportunity to the young graduate of a college or a technical school? This, I have found, is not an individual problem. It is being encountered everywhere in the world of large-scale business and industrial organization; and young men seem to be casting their lot outside more often than one would expect.

Here, on the seventeenth floor of a skyscraper on one of the walled streets of lower Manhattan, I sit and look out at the ferry boats and the tugs of the East River. I find myself critical of my steady job and the opportunity which the company has sold me with it—an opportunity which is standardized like an office desk or an inkwell.

I have made a start. I am led to picture myself thirty years from now—should I be patient, industrious, and persistent—as a contented, well-fed man who can and does afford golf and a car. He gets perhaps ten thousand dollars a year, or possibly fifteen, with a chance of twenty before he retires. Over and above this he has saved a considerable sum out of his salary (as urged by the

company's thrift expert) and he has purchased several shares of stock in the business through the company's advantageous plan for employees. He is entitled to a pension when he wishes to retire, and in case of sickness or death the company will make payments to him or to his heirs.

His chief characteristic, therefore, is a sense of security, or rather, the lack of a sense of insecurity. Perhaps this has made him a little smug, or perhaps it has made him simply comfortable. He has an agreeable home and a family. His children are going to a good school and will go to a good college. For friends he has the men who started in the company with him; they are old friends, therefore, and should have much in common.

His title may be Vice President. More probably it is Assistant Vice President, or some rank connoting chieftainship over one of the many major departments. At any rate, he is somebody in the company. True, the business was here when he came and will be here when he is gone; but for the greater part of his life he has occupied a place in it, he has risen to success, and it has ministered to his needs.

I regard this portrait with some interest. All I need do to be this man thirty years from now is to like my job and work at it and to spend my life in a predetermined fashion for a predetermined result. Ability is required, of

course, but it is decidedly secondary to persistence, patience, and a faculty for maintaining pleasant contact with other men. It is no flattery of myself if I regard this future as virtually certain of attainment; in fact, I am invited to do so by the company. Every now and then I am conscious that the company has admitted me into the charmed circle; I am a legateé waiting for an inheritance.

Now I am maintaining that this successful executive with home, friends, family, and competency is a desirable person to be. I have no wish to sneer at him because he takes his ease. Yet I cannot imagine myself in his role. I see the opportunity, but I do not care for it.

Only the other day several of us were called into a conference at which one of the Vice Presidents asked our help in answering a number of questions. He wanted to know, particularly, why young college men do not like to work for large corporations and what the big company can do to attract them. Here was something astonishing—the straightforward recognition by one of the heads of the business that it had failed, that all big business had failed in this respect, despite the glib tradition. I had now an authoritative confirmation of my own more or less casual observations and I set out with the more interest to answer the Vice President's questions.

## II

One reason for my own feeling is obvious. Anyone who has absorbed a little psychology knows that a conception of what the future may be contains an infinity of pleasant possibilities, only a few of which can possibly materialize. The conception is bound to be better than the reality. The company wants me to discard the infinite number of pleasant things which cannot come to pass, and to pursue instead a narrowly limited but agreeable certainty.

This is not a bad bargain, if I consider carefully. It is better to count on being

an Assistant Vice President and be one than to dream of being and doing any number of wonderful things which, in the end, would turn out less pleasant than the worst dream of all. But I object to the very certainty of the future and the life that leads to it. The sacrifice of all the natural anticipations which would be mine during the next thirty years is too great a price for the assurance of a Vice Presidency after the thirty years are over.

All this is necessarily preliminary and subordinate to the question whether I like my work. There are many men around me who are satisfied. I can be fairly happy for the present, but the satisfaction is conditioned on many sides by factors inherent in a big company.

The most significant limitation is that I am deprived of the sense of achievement which follows the successful completion of a task which a man accomplishes himself. This feeling is an essential part of the hygiene of work. From it is derived the will to pitch in and work some more. For example, a man who has finished splitting a load of wood has a sense of achievement; a man who clears a holiday rush from a grocery store has it; a man who negotiates a great contract has it. But within a large corporation it is so attenuated as to have lost its real significance. The individual is subordinated. The accomplishment of any task is a foreordained fact. There is a delay between the initiation of any procedure and the execution, a delay during which many persons are consulted, many changes suggested, and some adopted—until the climax is exceedingly tame. Everything is reduced to routine. Everything is made impersonal.

Imagine feeling enthusiastic in January about the economies possible after an investigation of purchasing practices; the investigation is complete, the memoranda have all gone onward and upward. Nothing happens. In March the memoranda come back, covered with initials and notes and accompanied by a request



for more information. In April the new information has already become old. Perhaps in May the recommendations are adopted, in greatly modified form; or perhaps they are disregarded because they conflict with a general policy, and the advantages have been weighed and rejected long ago.

In any event, exactly the same things happen whether the individual is accomplishing something or accomplishing nothing. He won't know for a long time which is the case. His daily routine is not associated with success or with failure; it is just routine, that is all.

Perhaps a fair comparison is with an ant hill; there is almost perfect correlation, perfect teamwork, and the most direct application of force to the object which is to be attained. But who wants to be one of the ants in either case?

### III

I am interested in what the company has to say to me about my job. The business is so large that it must absorb a great many college men, year in and year out, and a personnel department is charged with the duty of advertising the company and making it seem attractive to desirable graduates.

The words which I see most frequently in the literature of the business are "He started as a clerk." It is, of course, the President of the Company who is usually referred to. There seems to be an assumption that if only young men could be made to understand that the President, with his big job and his sixty thousand or seventy thousand a year, actually started as a ten-dollar-a-week clerk, these young men must perforce become eager to start as clerks for the same company.

I take it for granted that there is a chance of becoming President of the Company, but so is there a chance for any native-born man to become President of the United States. In either case a young college graduate would be considered foolhardy to count on the

honor. Besides, there is the question whether one wants to be President.

The statement so often made not only has no logical force—it seems to me quite irrelevant. A human being is making little use of his faculties if he is satisfied so to restrict his foresight. The things he really wants to know about a job cannot be covered by any company slogan; there is a multiplicity of questions, many of them trivial, which he wants answered.

Again, the company lays great stress on the words "steady job." Apparently the personnel department believes most in this argument, and the prospect of an assured future is put forth confidently.

It is true that large-scale business organization, particularly in recent years, has acquired a stability which is quite marvelous. To a large extent the temporary depressions and inflations are nullified by long-period policies and conservative administration of tremendous resources. This conservatism is inevitable because the great corporation has so much to conserve. All in all, I would not balance the surprise element in this sort of an organization against the certainties, even without the company's assurance that the weight is on one side.

I wish the recruiting officers of the business would stop referring to it as "our company" or "our business." After two years of service I cannot help reading into the words a sort of irony. After trying to consider the matter with an open mind, I am firmly of the opinion that the employees in a great corporation cannot be imbued with a sense of proprietorship, or pride, or loyalty simply through continued use of the pronouns "our" and "your." The reason is simply that there is absolutely nothing in the day's work to suggest any such relationship. The source of authority is far removed. There is no volition anywhere except that which comes in terms of command from unseen directors.

And the personnel department fails to adduce any evidence that advancement in the company is due to anything ex-

cept luck. My own start in the business has been too recent for me to overlook the undeniable fact that chance put me in the direct line to what is known as success.

As I see it, this is bound to be the case. A dozen young men of my acquaintance have started in big business under the same general circumstances and at about the same time. One of them, a technical graduate with an excellent record, is not getting ahead, and apparently cannot get ahead for some time. He has a job in a large research organization, rapidly growing, which handles an enormous amount of important and interesting work. The employment department which had sent my friend, glowing with enthusiasm, into a laboratory office immediately forgot about him, of course. He became a member of the staff of a technical man who needed him to handle correspondence, and for a year he has been writing and re-writing routine letters subject to the approval of four or five junior executives. Men who went to work at the same time in other departments have moved up; but in this particular division there have been no forward marches, there are unlikely to be any, and an eager young technical man doubts whether he can wait ten years or so to discover the possibilities of big business.

Exactly the same thing is true of others among this dozen. A man who starts in the purchasing department, for example, advances quickly and feels that there is no limit ahead. A man who starts in the accounting department seems to have no prospects and is told already that he cannot hope for an increase in salary because "he is receiving as much as men in corresponding positions with other companies."

Work is specialized, and the specialist cannot hope to get more or to go a greater distance than similar specialists in other big corporations.

There is always the chance, as in one instance which I know, that a man of ability will be strongly recommended for an increase in salary by a branch office

of the company, only to find that the Board of Directors declines to incur any additional expense in that territory. The young man may swallow his hopes, petition for a transfer, which is frequently out of the question, or resign. This corporation practice is known satirically to its victims as "making big business small." Incidentally, despite the extent of the company, all salaries exceeding two or three thousand dollars a year are passed upon by the Board of Directors—a fact bitterly complained about by young men who feel that the Directors are not in a position to know much regarding their capacity or the quality of their work.

As I see it, from my desk on the fringe of mahogany row, we who enter the big corporations are all heirs apparent. Once we settle into our jobs we begin to wait to inherit the salary and duties of men ahead; nothing which we can do can greatly affect the inheritance. And woe to us if we have happened into a part of the business family where there is nothing much to be passed along!

I find myself among the fortunate simply for the reason that I happened to enter the corporation at a place where legacies are frequent and copious. This was pure luck; and I cannot see how it can be anything else in a business where tremendous size makes it necessary to govern by general rules and standards of practice, without any real consideration of the individual.

Is this a reason for hanging on to a so-called good job, once one has been lucky enough to get on the inside? Some of my contemporaries believe that it is; they congratulate themselves that they are "sitting pretty" and promise that they will not run any risks of falling from grace.

A white-haired veteran who was pensioned a short time ago told me that he had disliked his job for years and in his younger days he had planned to resign. But he kept postponing the break, then he was married, and for his wife's sake he stayed with the company. When-



ever he was tempted to follow his inclination, he thought of the safety of the big company, his seniority and benefit privileges—but most of all his wife. She said she was willing for him to take a chance, but he read the signs of anxiety in her eyes and played safe.

Of course the company likes married men. Statistics show that they are not likely to quit. But it is the human rather than the statistical side that I know, for I talk every day with young men who still think they are going to step out for themselves one of these days, as soon as they get a little money ahead to protect their families. Their task is difficult. Hostages once given are not easily redeemed, and the married men always make up their minds to stay with the big business just one year longer.

#### IV

What about these men who have taken and are taking the path of the big business? At the top there are some who began work years ago as office boys, but these are of an old school; the type is passing. The order of the day is to recruit college men and, although office boys are supposed still to have the same opportunity, there is no denying that the future belongs to the graduates of colleges and technical schools.

And most of these who adopt the big business career impress me as being "average" men; that is, they are likable, normal young individuals who find it easy to adjust themselves to the routines of the office.

The secret of satisfaction in big business appears to lie in capacity for this particular sort of adjustment. Here is a friendly young fellow, for example. He is one of last year's graduates; he is still working for the initial salary, which is small, but he is living at home and has few large expenses. Most of what he earns is spent in keeping up a pleasant round of social activities. After all, he has about what he wants in the world; his standard of living is high, he has

friends of congenial tastes and commensurate incomes, and he is satisfied to be working for a famous corporation.

The discords of the office are minor to this young man. He often suffers from boredom between the hours of nine and five and he is not much interested in the work he has to do; he thinks most of it is thoroughly unimportant, and almost all his prized ideas and suggestions have been turned down. On the other hand, the work is easily done, life is settled and pleasant, and it is comfortable to sit at a big desk and know that a pay check is coming regularly—a check that will increase with the years. This young man meets other young men around the building; they smoke cigarettes together, run out to lunch, consider themselves amiable and rising young men of business. So they are.

There is something to be envied, maybe, in having made at such an early age so neat an adaptation to life's problems. On the other hand, the very fact that such an adjustment is possible is, to a degree, a measure of a man's character. He cannot be outstanding in initiative, courage, or originality.

My friend the technical graduate is unhappy partly because he craves real work and partly because he does not live at home and must pay his own expenses. The starting salary which makes such adequate spending money for a young man about town is not at all sufficient for the needs of a man on his own resources who has serious interests in life. It subjects him to real privations.

In short, the limitations of young men are the very qualities which make them good recruits for the large corporation; like peas which will go through a sieve.

Again, there is the case of a young scientist who was employed by an exceedingly big business in an obscure and monotonous job in which he had, nevertheless, succeeded in perfecting a rather important electrical device. This invention was one of several which the great corporation handed out piecemeal to its various research departments to

be developed. The young man's name was never heard, for it was company policy to give credit to the company itself and never to an individual. Everything he might invent or discover while working for the company belonged forever to it; for him not even fame. He resigned and started all over again in a small and obscure business because he could not abandon individuality sufficiently to fit into the big organization—which continues to market a valuable product based upon his invention.

The company believes that the day of the eager but impoverished inventor, grinding away by himself in a crudely fitted laboratory, is gone forever. Inventions from now on will be produced by great organizations with tremendous resources and hundreds of laboratories filled with expensive apparatus. Problems will be subdivided and handed out to specialists in different fields, and the researches of these specialists will be brought together into new developments which will be the company's contribution to science and not the contribution of any man, or even any group of men. Therefore, a man who begins work for the company assigns any discovery he may make to the company before he enters upon his duties; he ceases to be an individual and becomes part of an organization, acknowledging in terms which will stand in the law that he owes to the company the inspiration and direction of his labors, the background and the resources which make them possible, and their fruits, whatever these may be. His name may sometimes be recorded on some patents as assignor to the company; but in so far as the company finds it possible, the public will be impressed with the fact that the company itself, and not an individual, perfected these inventions.

Now and then I come across an office boy whom I would sooner back to make a name for himself and a real contribution to the business than any of the college recruits. Despite his handicaps he has pressure enough behind him so that

he must get ahead, somehow and somewhere; it is the pressure, I think, of hard experiences, of starved childhood, and of something in his character due to the environment from which he comes. He is alert, cynical, and master of himself. But he tells me that he is going to leave the company; no big business for him! This is, from another direction, corroboration of what I have observed about the young men in the company; they are to inherit success because they can remain satisfied.

Turning to the executives of the business, I try to consider them fairly. Conditions were different, of course, when many of them started to work for the company. But they are to-day what we are to consider ourselves lucky to be to-morrow.

One of the Vice Presidents interests me. I watched him at a sales conference a short time ago and was surprised to discover that, like all sales representatives, he carried a flask of synthetic gin, which he shared hospitably in his room between sessions. Now the surprising part is that this man twenty years ago would have considered drinking gin with a group of assorted salesmen in a hotel room as rather cheap and uninteresting.

He is himself, I think, when he is in the family circle; a man of considerable refinement who is fond of good books and once wanted to make a hobby of the science of education. I am not shocked that he should have his gin when he is out with the "boys," nor would this seem worth noting if it were just a concession to the worldly good-fellowship of a sales get-together. But it is not that. It is a genuine alteration of character; it is a symbol of what has happened in the course of twenty years to a very nice young man, not morally, but temperamentally and culturally.

For this man has little individuality now. He is a creation of big business, a factory-turned product of the life he has found it necessary—or at least easier—to lead in order to become a Vice Presi-



dent at twenty thousand a year. He made his way by being a friend to everyone; he learned to mix. Now he is a "back-slapper" extraordinary.

Every executive has used some technic to reach his particular eminence, and the technic in each case has greatly changed the man. This back-slapping Vice President lacked force. He thought of no way to revolutionize any department of the company, so he made himself the best-liked man in the general offices. He was quickly known to everyone and he seemed an important personality to those departments which had slight official contact with his. He impressed men in other companies. He built up the tradition that he was a valuable man. The only cost to him was that he found it friendly to play poker and to drink a little, to run around with some of the men whom he disliked or even despised, and to abandon any plans he may have had for his hours outside the office.

One of the Assistant Vice Presidents used a different system for obtaining advancement. He antagonized everyone. He kept all corners on the defensive. Once he had obtained his first promotion things were fairly easy. Everyone who dealt with him felt an implied accusation of incompetence and, conversely, came to look upon him as a forceful and able business man. Perhaps he is. But I am sure that he began by being afraid of his own ability and that he is ending at the top of the ladder because of his effect on other persons and not at all because of any merit in himself. Now his whole character has been changed by the role he has enacted; he too is a victim of his job.

The most common procedure adopted by young men who wish to get ahead faster is to seek for new ways of saying "yes." Tactful assent to the views of the superior officer will have, in time, great results. Therefore, the subordinate who can make his approval strong and still prevent his motive from being obvious is advancing himself.

## V

Certainly the college graduate is justified in asking himself whether he must give up or revise all his interests in life to conform to the big-corporation type, the successful type. He soon learns that, at least, he must acquire a new language and new interests in addition to his own.

The cant of street loafers is more picturesque than that of business executives, yet there are some points at which the two may fairly be compared. A stranger might be lost in attempting to follow the conversation of either. The executive rarely says, "This is what I think." He says, "This is my thought," or "Here's my slant." He never exchanges opinions; it is always "getting together" with him and usually "getting together around the lunch table." Instead of saying "I want your opinion," he says "I want you to be in the picture," and he "tosses thoughts into the ring" and "irons out angles." These phrases were undoubtedly expressive and forceful when they were first used, but the constant repetition, the lack of originality, and the monotony are disheartening. They are symbolical of conventions which surround even the thinking of the business man.

It is not by accident that the business super-culture of a language and golf came into existence. The fact is that the men in the business have little in common except the business itself, and have created for themselves a world in which they can meet on equal ground.

It is a world of golf, the terminology of slants, pictures, and get-togethers, and a conventional attitude toward politics and progress. There is a business baptism into which divergent types of humankind plunge, to emerge good business men who can get on famously together. They leave themselves, their real character and tastes, beyond the pale and perhaps wisely confine themselves to what they can all understand and enjoy, even through a lifetime of office hours and periodic outings.

In the end, what would this life do to me? The environment is as unyielding as a stone wall; it is always the individual who must be altered.

## VI

At times the colors in the portrait of the man I could be thirty years from now are exceedingly bright, but they always fade. I walk through the corridor of this seventeenth floor; the door of the Vice President's inner office is open. There he sits, the man I could be at even less than his age. Mahogany wainscoating, mahogany furniture surround him; a soft carpet is under his feet. A touch of his hand upon the buttons at his elbow will bring to him, scurrying, anyone he wants to see. But this is the smallest and most superficial sign of his power, for the operations which he is supposed to command are far-flung; they include fleets on the farther side of the world, salesmen in distant jungles, machines in huge factories, storehouses in many cities.

In theory he has power, but he will not use it. He will listen to long reports, reconcile differences, confirm decisions, and perhaps dream of the empire, so far-flung, which he can never see. He will sit with the other Vice Presidents and the President in a room which, after all, is not large, and they will try to keep the company at its steady pace.

As I stand for a moment in the hall, I see the Vice President rising from his chair. He yawns. He is going home early; his limousine is below. Perhaps he will have time for nine holes of golf before dark; but I doubt if he cares for that now, for his health has not been good and he tires easily.

There is magic in such a glimpse through an opened door. The wealth, the power, the ease, the peace with fate—all yours, the company is always whispering, all yours—in exchange for thirty years.

But no, it will not be mine. I must refuse to play safe. Weighing the price,

I choose the risks of the outside world. So far as I am concerned, the problem is easy to solve. I shall leave the office in the high building, and even now all kinds of subconscious anticipations are prompting me. It is hard to live with one's subconsciousness in a large corporation!

I may find in smaller companies some of the things I do not like; but in the small business the individual is important. A struggling concern, the destiny of which has not yet been worked out, is by all odds the choice for a young man. If the business becomes big, he may be the one man who makes it big, or he may become big with it. He can identify himself with a fairly small group of men whom he likes, a group which he can influence and help to form. He can have ideas. Perhaps he can pioneer a bit. Whatever happens he can be himself.

There is all the difference in the world between being a member of a football team and a private in an army; team work, co-operation, subordination are necessary in either case, but with what a contrast! Such an illustration is, I think, the answer to anyone who maintains that small business has all the unpleasantness and rigor of big.

A small business may be anything from a corner store to an organization of some size; there is a limitless range and variety from which the college man may pick and choose. He may go where he likes, where impulse suggests, where he sees a vision, or where he divines a fortune. Even the choice is invigorating. The man who is struggling to support a family finds it difficult to turn from big business; the company holds him in many ways. And the man who plays it safe, or doesn't much care, or wants something soft—he, too, is for big business all his days. But to all the others big business seems to be saying nothing of importance when it proclaims "he started as a clerk" and proceeds to paint the portrait of a well-to-do executive, post-dated thirty years.





# THE PERFECT JUROR

A STORY

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THE district attorney, Mr. Harvey Porter, passed his hand back over the sleek, oiled curve of his hair and ran through the formula.

"Now, Miss Monroe," he concluded, "do you know of any reason why, if chosen as a juror in this case, you should not be able to judge the matter fairly on the evidence as presented?"

"No, sir," said the girl.

"We accept the juror."

"The following will be the jurors in this case. The other members of the panel may report in courtroom number three," called the clerk of court, in his even, waveless voice.

He read the list off pompously, and the men and women who had been rejected as jurors rose to go to the other courtroom, a slight expression of chagrin on some of their faces.

"That Miss Monroe was chosen again. She never is scratched," said one woman to another as they went out. "She goes from one case to another. Of course, personally, I am very glad to be excused, especially from a bootlegging case; but I wonder why they always select such a young girl who can know so little of the world."

"Those lawyers are pretty clever. That's the kind they like, Mrs. Dowling. Someone told me they call her the perfect juror. I heard she's been on ten cases this term."

"Well," said the lady in blue foulard charitably, "she's very ignorant. She doesn't know anyone and she hasn't any opinion on anything. Personally, when

I have an opinion I cannot keep it hid. I was glad to tell that Finn's attorney exactly where I stood on prohibition!"

Mrs. Dowling bridled with pride and remembered oratory. She had been scratched on all the bootlegging cases and had been retained on very few of any sort; but still at four dollars a day it was interesting to spend most of the day about the courthouse and pick up bits of news and sort out the women of the panel to gossip with. Courtroom number three swallowed her up temporarily.

Elsa Monroe put her soft felt hat in the locker in the jury room and took the high-backed chair which the bailiff indicated in the jury box. It was in the front row, and she was discovering after five weeks of jury duty that she did not like the front row. One had to stand the direct address of the attorneys who fixed their eyes so devastatingly upon the faces of members of the jury. It was too close to the action which was going on. Any movement seemed exaggerated into restlessness, any whisper seemed commotion.

She was a pretty, red-haired girl with a smooth, white face that told little and yet did not seem secretive, a face in which intelligence was pleasantly adequate without being raised to attack or intensity. The red hair lay in loose waves on the sides of her head and was caught into a knot at the back. She was neat in the manner of an expert stenographer and her dark-blue crêpe dress was firmly built and unwrinkled. From

her place in the jury box she looked across at the profile of the accused bootlegger, a Finn, with an inscrutable triangular face, sloping away from high cheekbones. He was still, still as those who do not comprehend can be sometimes in a kind of self-protection. Beside him sat his lawyer, a fat, heavy man, who made a business of defending such cases. The rest was usual: The tables, the court reporter, blinking under his green shade, the judge wearing the expression of routine and, back in the courtroom, shielded by rows of empty seats, a half dozen peering faces and slouching bodies, ill at ease, whispering now and then to one another and quickly stiffening when the eye of the judge rambled in their direction. There was a gnomelike little man with a queerly shriveled body, several uncouth, tow-headed younger ones, and two women, one of them young, cheaply dressed in country clothes.

It was one more bootlegging case on a crowded calendar. The courtroom was empty of spectators, and the members of the jury settled down in their chairs to positions of as much comfort as was conformable with their dignity. In the back row, as Elsa Monroe knew, some of them would let their minds doze behind their empty eyes.

The prosecuting attorney, rising and moving to the rail of the jury box, began quietly and informally:

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is a very simple case, a clear-cut violation of the laws enacted against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages. The defendant was apprehended in the sale of what is known as moonshine whiskey on certain definite occasions. We shall put the case before you without many words and by calling few witnesses. I only ask you, ladies and gentlemen, to remember that the prosecution of these cases by this office is not a matter of routine. This is a criminal offense!" His voice rang sharply for a minute and the strange green-blue of the Finn defendant's eyes blazed apprehensively.

"A criminal offense cannot be regarded lightly. You men and women have been chosen to sit upon this case because we feel that you think this offense as serious as any other criminal case. I ask you to regard this as a matter of upholding the constitution of the United States to which you, I, and every citizen is personally pledged. I will show you that on certain occasions . . ."

He was brief as he had promised and Mr. Carson, the Finn's lawyer, almost equally so. He appealed to the members of the jury not to forget that a man was innocent until he was proved guilty, not to have or hold prejudice against a man because he could not speak the English language, to consider this case as exactly what it was—not a test of the prohibition amendment, but a question as to whether this man was innocent or guilty of selling liquor.

Both lawyers spoke rapidly, easily. Their words rolled out as if they had been used in the same places before, and their minds might have been on their dinners, salaries, or loves, so glib were the formulæ. The judge paid no attention to them. He looked over some papers on his desk and called the bailiff to him.

"We will call Gilbert Sorenson," announced the prosecution.

From his corner seat a tall shambling man rose and went to the witness chair. He moistened his lips and, finding himself too long for the chair, leaned forward, his hands pressed together between his knees. He was part of the formula too and as he acknowledged his name and his vague occupation, "employed by the county," his eyes roamed over the jury and settled appreciatively on Elsa Monroe's white skin until she stirred as if to shake him off.

"You know the defendant, Pikkanen?"

"Yes."

"When did you first see him?"

"Wednesday, August fourteenth, near Redwood."

"Tell the jury under what conditions you saw him."

"We heard," said the stool-pigeon,



"that there was liquor sold at Lahti's store, so we went up there that day and went in. This fellow was behind the counter there."

"What kind of a store?"

"Soft drinks—on the sign." The stool-pigeon grinned faintly.

"We object to the witness' interpolation," said the other attorney; "was it a soft drink parlor or not?"

"Is Lahti's a soft drink parlor?"

The witness lost his grin and said that it was.

"What did you buy there?"

"We asked him if we could get some moonshine. He said to wait a minute. Then he took us out to the shed and poured us two drinks."

"Drinks of what?"

"Moonshine whiskey."

"A liquid potable as a beverage and, if taken in sufficient quantities, likely to produce an intoxicating effect?"

"Yes, sir."

The answers knew the questions and the questions knew the answers. They almost met each other coming.

"Did you buy any liquor in bottles?"

"Not that day."

"Did you buy any later?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"We went back the next day and Pikkanen sold us two bottles."

The district attorney leaned forward and lifted a bottle from the table after his exhibits had been formally identified. It was a plain glass bottle labeled heavily and the contents had no color.

"Is this one of the bottles?"

"One of them."

"Is this the other?"

"Yes, sir."

He questioned the witness as to the labels, the time they were written, the identification.

"The state offers these exhibits in evidence."

As the attorney walked up to the court reporter to record the entry the Finn's blue eyes again lighted with the flame of interest. But his lawyer paid

no attention. The huddled figures in the back of the courtroom might have been carved of stone by some great sculptor of peasantry, so still were they.

Gilbert Sorenson sat shiftily through the cross-examination, peppered with objections from the district attorney. He'd lived in the county a long time. Yes, he admitted he had been a bartender at one time. Well, for maybe seven, eight years.

"How do you know this is moonshine liquor? Did you taste it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Know the taste of moonshine, all right, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," Sorenson grinned sheepishly, his eyes wandering again to Elsa Monroe, who lifted a scornful chin.

"Just how drunk were you that night you say you went back to buy the liquor?" asked Mr. Carson abruptly.

"Object to the question as irrelevant and prejudicial to the witness and move it be stricken from the record."

Stricken it might be and was. But in the minds of the jurors worked doubt, as the attorney for the defense had known it would work.

Sorenson was followed by a still more unattractive person who had been with him that day, a pimply man with a complexion that looked as if it had sprouted in a cellar, dead white under his pimples. He too recognized the white liquid as intoxicating as a beverage, under the sneers of the attorney for the defense. His story was merely one of corroboration. It all sounded rehearsed to Elsa Monroe. One could see that the two men had been set on the Finn like a couple of hounds, and sniffing at their heels was another witness, the farmer's boy who had helped them, a shifty boy, less of the field than of the crossroads store, the strange product which is half rotten though it has always been exposed to sun and air. He said the Finns out there made liquor. Sure, everybody knew it. The judge turned sharply on him at that careless answer and the boy's words began to stiffen. When

they released him from the witness chair he was purplish red from anger and embarrassment and went to sit beside Sorenson and his friend and seemed to be muttering under his breath. The judge announced adjournment.

The district attorney, resuming the case at two o'clock, remarked briefly that his case was closed. The jury shifted in their seats. It was half over now and they'd finish the case possibly by mid-afternoon and have the rest of the day off.

"We call Oscar Pikkanen in his own defense," said Mr. Carson.

The Finn was taller than Elsa had thought. There was a litheness to his body, a kind of spring in his step that indicated health. He took the witness chair awkwardly and his shining blue eyes were fearful. Elsa felt a strange desire to say something to him, to say that nothing was decided yet, not to be so frightened.

"The witness will need an interpreter," said his attorney.

"If the court please," said the prosecution, "we prefer to see how much English this man can muster up if he tries."

The court frowned but he recognized the right of the county attorney.

"Try him on a few questions, Mr. Carson, and if he doesn't understand we can get the interpreter then. Have you one ready?"

"Just outside."

"Very good."

"What is your name?"

It was different on his own tongue from what it had been on the others. Pikkanen became a used, familiar word, not a harsh thing of quarreling consonants.

"You live where?"

"Near Redwood."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"Three years."

"What do you work at?"

"Farm."

"You own your farm?"

The witness rubbed the chair with his hands in dismay. His English was failing him. He fumbled through a question or two more.

"If the court please," suggested the attorney for the defense, in irritation, "it is quite clear that we need the interpreter."

"Call him," said the court.

But the interpreter was not a man. She was a woman, or possibly a girl, grave and blonde and with the grace of acquired education which comes sometimes to those who regard it seriously. The Finn stayed in the witness chair and she sat beside him, her intent face mindful of his answers and her repetition of them was in an English so pure and careful that it was a pleasure to hear her. The girl on the end of the jury box, whom the lawyers called the perfect juror, leaned forward. She liked to watch Miss Aklan and she was curiously grateful for the ease and friendliness which had come into the testimony through the interpreter.

Through Miss Aklan the Finn said that he had been working on a farm. It was the farm of his friend, who had written him to come to this country. He lived there with his friend. Moonshine, no they did not make it. The word moonshine came out of his own speech, a curious incongruous word in the middle of the Finnish, and the interpreter repeated it gravely though on her lips also it hardly seemed suitable. Sometimes he worked in Lahti's store, behind the counter. Lahti too had been a friend in Finland. He helped him. He was there on the fourteenth of August. On the fifteenth he had not been there. He had not sold liquor to the men who claimed that he had done so. No. He had been making hay on the farm. One must make hay on the farm. The extra help had all been needed. He had worked all day. It was three miles to the store. He drove the Ford of his employer sometimes and went in to help Lahti in the store when his work was done. Not that day. No.



The cross-examination of the witness through the interpreter was difficult. That was why the prosecuting attorney objected to interpreters. The shock of his swift questions was broken as it came through the suavity of the girl interpreter. He let Pikkanen go after establishing the fact that, even after he had made hay all day, there would still be time to get into town with the Ford and be at the Lahti store at the time the stool-pigeons had said they bought the liquor from him.

There was a brief low-voiced consultation of the lawyers on some admissible testimony and Elsa Monroe could hear the whisper of the man behind her to his neighbor.

"That bottle make you thirsty, Murphy?"

Murphy gave a half-hushed guffaw.

"Damned tantalizing," he answered.

The old man who owned the farm, Pikkanen's employer, was called to the stand. He was a gnarled old man whose body had been twisted by weather and ill-tended disease. His English was meager but he had enough to corroborate the story of the defendant and his eyes twisted around as he did it, not so much furtively as like the eyes of an animal in unfamiliar surroundings, fearful of danger.

Two other men, their faces black-brown from exposure, their English halting, testified that no moonshine was made near the place where they lived, and that Pikkanen had been at home on that day.

"Was he home the day before?" asked the district attorney?

They blundered. They did not know.

"Was he home the day after?"

That, too, they did not know.

"Yet you remember distinctly that on the fifteenth of August he was there?"

"Yes."

"You marked that special day off on your calendars, I suppose?"

They could not understand the reason for that query.

"Let it go," said the prosecution. It had been for the benefit of the jury any-

way. Their testimony was too smooth, too organized. The old woman gave the same story.

"How do you remember the fifteenth of August?" the district attorney asked her.

"Yes," she said.

"Do you remember it because you and your husband and these other friends talked it over and decided all together to tell the same story to save Pikkanen?"

"Object," roared the defense's attorney.

The judge grew serious. He meditated.

"Objection overruled. She may answer."

A faint quiver went over the face of the interpreter as she repeated the question and the quiver was in Elsa's mind also. The old woman wouldn't know what the question meant.

"Yes," said the old woman in Finnish. She was a dull old woman and wanted to please and did her best.

The attorney for the prosecution grinned.

"That's all," he said cheerfully, and the jury members seemed to be tempted to smile with him. All but Elsa. She had been on motor-accident cases, trials involving money and bankruptcies, and even uglier things during this term, and none of them had hit deep in her mind like this one. She had an odd feeling that the thing was not quite clear, that someone should clearly bring out the fact that the Finns did not know the language, that from their whole manner they did not understand.

The defense called its last witness. She was the younger woman of the two and she had been in the country just a year. Yet the year had given her time enough to learn a little English. She had a Finnish face too, with a strange touch of Slav, smooth and withdrawn, and her blond braided hair twisted about her head. And she was frightened.

The questions were as they had been

to the others and the answers the same. The stories of the Finns held together almost too well. If they had differed a little it would have been better for them.

"You too remember the fifteenth of August?"

She nodded with a quick monosyllable.

"Was Pikkanen there on the fourteenth? During the whole evening?"

"I think so. I cannot be sure."

"How about the sixteenth?"

"I do not know."

"Yet the fifteenth of August is clear to you?"

"Yes."

"Will you explain to the jury your remarkable memory, which picks days out of the month and remembers them accurately after a lapse of three months and quite forgets what happened on days which preceded or followed?"

She looked at him helplessly. He looked back cruelly authoritative.

"I don't understand."

"Get the interpreter," said the prosecuting attorney.

The two young women sat side by side and into the interpreter's tone had come an unconscious gentleness as she repeated with little limited expressions of her hands what the lawyer had said. Into the face of the Finnish girl came a strange look of comprehension. She swallowed some emotion and her eyes went straight to the face of the defendant, whose blue eyes were fixed on her always.

"She says she remembers because it was a feast day."

"What feast day?"

"The feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin."

"A Catholic feast?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it strange for a Finn to be a Catholic?"

The girl talked rapidly, bewilderingly and yet with a certain reluctance and at last the interpreter took up the drama.

"She comes from the south of Finland and there are a few Finns there close to Russia who are still Catholics. She says that the Finns at the farm laughed at

her, that she never went to mass but she prayed secretly on these days which are feast days. She says she remembers that day because she was asking the Blessed Virgin for a special favor."

"May we ask the favør?"

They were all intent, listening now. There was a pause. The defendant's lawyer, seeing sympathy wake for his witness, did not interfere.

The witness did not speak. The interpreter pressed her. Then the words came slowly as the red spread over the Finn girl's cheeks.

"She asked that the defendant might be able to marry her soon."

"That's all."

Elsa watched the girl go back to her place without a glance at Pikkanen. But she had caught too that glorious look of love which swept his face as he heard her testimony and half rose from his seat. She turned her eyes from him.

"After this little romance," said the prosecution, standing before the jury box and beginning his talk, "we will proceed with the summary of facts. I assume the matter is clear to all of you as it certainly is clear to me. These people, at least old Niemi, owns a farm. They are clannish, these Finnish people. They come to this country eager for its privileges and without regard for its laws. They have taken up land. They are allowed the freedom of the greatest republic on the face of the earth. Yet how do they repay us? Four of these witnesses cannot speak the English language. Four of them have not been naturalized. They have such contempt for the laws of the country that they manufacture and sell liquor. These men who found them out are agents, if you will. We must have agents to maintain this law of ours. But our agents have no grudges. They have nothing to gain by incriminating the innocent. As the farmer's lad said, it is known well that the Finns around Redwood make liquor and that these little country stores market it. Pikkanen did farm. Well and good. He also took the moonshine



into Lahti's store and sold it. Ole Neimi, the farmer, knew that. Back of these farms on waste acres we have discovered stills before. We have tried in the interest of the law-abiding public to break up this notorious traffic and we are succeeding. They oppose us. They have given you this rehearsed cock and bull story about remembering where Pikkanen was every hour on the fifteenth of August. Search your memories, ladies and gentlemen! Where was each of you on August fifteenth? Can you remember? I don't question the honesty of some of these boys. They may be hypnotized into believing that they do remember what happened on that day. But I say it is unlikely, improbable that all of them could. I go far enough to say it is impossible. As for this poor girl, her testimony is that of a man's sweetheart. One must not credit it unduly. Even if she thinks she speaks the truth, do you yourself think it credible that a girl could tell exactly where a man is every hour? Perhaps he went to town for two hours while she was washing dishes, just long enough to help out Lahti while he went home to supper, just to sell this liquor. Ladies and gentlemen, I am not prosecuting the Finnish nation. I have nothing to gain from this case. I am in a measure yourselves, the American people, demanding that the laws enacted shall be respected by foreigners who come to make this their home. The bottles do not lie. They are labeled circumstantial evidence. When you take them with you to the jury room you will personally read the labels affixed by disinterested agents last August and instantly remanded to this office. I ask your support in teaching these people law abiding and law enforcement, and for the sake of a salutary and absolutely necessary lesson let there be no error in your verdict of guilty."

He talked well. The district attorney was noted for his good talks. He was often toastmaster at banquets, orator at the opening or dedication of some build-

ing. He retired with a smile as if he smacked his lips over his own speech, and the judge again adjourned court. It was five o'clock and the afternoon had slipped by so quickly that Elsa Monroe had not dreamed it was so late.

Some of the others felt differently as they went down in the elevator with her.

"Dragged it out, didn't they?" asked a man of Elsa. "Well, we'll get the case before noon to-morrow anyway. And maybe we'll get the afternoon off. Ever see anything like the way those Finns hold together?"

Elsa only looked at him. She couldn't think of anything to say. Her words never came easily. She only knew that she was disturbed and worried and would be glad to see Fred.

Outside the courthouse on the steps she saw the Finns. The men were talking but the girl stood a little apart. Her eyes were turned toward the building across the way where the windows were barred and a look of horror was on her face. In the late afternoon the sun made her hair golden where it showed beneath the lace shawl she wore over it and there was something virginal and enduring about her.

Elsa's friend took her out to dinner. Fred was good-looking in his city way. He wore the clothes one saw in the windows of big clothing stores in the manner the wax figures wore them and he smiled with a cigarette-advertisement smile of pleasure.

"Getting your money easy these days, aren't you, Elsa?" he asked, "pretty soft to pull down four berries a day for sitting and deciding who'll go to jail and who won't."

"It's not always jail and it's not always easy."

"The way I feel about it is that birds who get in courtroom deserve just about what's coming to them."

"But that doesn't mean anything, Fred. There are two sides."

Fred cut his steak masterfully.

"You can pretty nearly always tell

who's right," he said largely; "anyway, as I say, people who get that far deserve to take a chance. People ought to keep the law and keep out of court."

Elsa's plate was neglected. She sat staring at the wall of the little booth in which they were eating.

"Say, you haven't any appetite at all, girlie. You mustn't worry about that stuff. How about a little snort of something to put some pep into you?"

"What?"

Fred tapped his pocket.

"I got some pretty good stuff to-day."

He pulled out a little silver-plated flask.

"This will put the ginger in you."

"No, thanks," said Elsa.

"Better have some."

"No. Where'd you get it, Fred?"

"Oh, from a fellow. It's not so hard. Prices are coming down too, do you know that? I think before long we'll be getting this stuff at pretty near before prohibition prices. Fact." He poured himself a drink in his glass. "Of course the quality isn't what it used to be but it's pretty darn good at that."

She watched him curiously as he swallowed the drink and breathed hard in his satisfaction.

"Who makes it?" she asked.

"You don't really know. The fellow who made that knows his business. Some of these foreigners who made it in the old country have a pretty good knack. Sure you won't?"

"I wish you wouldn't, either."

"Say, girlie, I don't drink enough to hurt me. Ever see me drunk?"

"No."

"And you never will, believe me. I haven't got any patience with these souses. A fellow's got to have control, that's all. A drink now and then is different from steady drinking, Elsa."

"It's the principle, isn't it? Don't the people who make it get in trouble?"

Fred grinned. "That's their problem," he said, "precious few of them get caught and they get their money out of it. Say, dearie, you do look tired. What's the case to-day?"

She shook her head.

"We're under orders not to talk about them, Fred. Not until the cases are over. You know."

"Well, you mustn't let them wear you out or I'll have to go beat up that judge, that's all." He put his hand across the table and patted her and she felt the little usual thrill run through her. "Come, we'll go see the best movie in town."

When the case of the State against Oscar Pikkanen was resumed in the morning it was as if they had all held their poses. Elsa Monroe in a yellow flannel dress on the end of the jury box was like a serene daffodil. The man beside her, a disgruntled manufacturer, serving his time to be done with it, slouched in his seat and on the other side a keen-faced matron lifted an aging chin out of her collar. The judge wore the same tie. The stool-pigeons lounged together in case of redirect examination or question of any sort. The attorneys held their places, the same papers spread out before them, and on the table two bottles, full of a colorless liquid, were standing. In the same places in the courtroom sat the Finns. Elsa wondered where they had spent the night, in what cheaply rented bed somewhere that Finnish girl had lain, perhaps whispering a prayer to the saints she did not worship publicly.

Her eyes were hollowed to-day and the look of patience in her face overcast by fear. Elsa saw the defendant's eyes meet those of the Finn girl and hold them for a minute. How still their emotion was.

There was an air of wanting to get through with it. The defendant's lawyer rose on call of the court and sauntered to the jury box, loose fat hands thrust in his pockets.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I appeal to you in behalf of an unhappy foreigner, a childlike ward of this country, who is misjudged."

He was inadequate. He was senti-



mental and trite. He might have used the same talk dozens of times at fifty dollars a recital, thought Elsa in irritation. The Finn's eyes were on his lawyer, eagerly, devotedly. In the back of the room the other foreigners strained to catch what words they might, sculptured now in the idea of hope. And Elsa could feel with that jury sense of hers, which had developed in the past weeks, how Mr. Carson was failing to convince the men and women who listened to him. She was glad when he was done and the judge, turning formally to the jury, addressed them in short curt sentences.

"You must judge this on the evidence. If you are convinced that this man sold the liquor no sympathy must sway you. This is a serious offense, as serious as any other criminal offense. You must judge of the credibility of the witnesses as best you can. You will retire to the jury room and elect one of your number to be your foreman and deliberate on your verdict."

The jury room, council and judgment room, was warm and bright. Around the long polished oak table were the chairs, comfortable and broad armed. The jury, left to itself, relaxed into that intimacy and amusement which was inevitable, everyone avoiding the chair at the head of the table which might be the foreman's.

"Shall we lunch on the county—that's the question," chuckled someone, half jocosely.

The bailiff, entering, brought in the two glass bottles.

"Here's lunch," said someone and there was a roar of laughter. Elsa did not laugh. One reason she could not was because she had turned to see the girl again as she went out of the courtroom and caught her tragic look of fear, helpless fear. There was nothing she could do, that was what the look meant.

"Miss Monroe would make a charming foreman," said one of the gallant gentlemen.

"No, I couldn't," said Elsa, sharply, "no, I won't."

A pudgy gentleman said he thought the fairest way was to draw lots.

"Takes too much time. You be foreman."

That was the pudgy gentleman's secret notion. It took little urging to get him seated at the head of the table where an ominous air of importance came over him. The others settled into places here and there.

"Well, the first thing to do is to take an informal ballot."

"Look at these bottles. That's the way they do them up." A man lifted and shook them. "Looks like good stuff."

His wink was knowing and furtive.

"Maybe it's just water. Been in the district attorney's office a long while."

"Are we supposed to open them?"

"Sure, we're supposed to open them."

"Say, Mr. Foreman, how about it? Do we open these bottles and decide for ourselves?"

There were three women and nine men on the jury. The two women beside Elsa were the matron with the high collar and a gay, rouged plump young woman who had been on several juries with Elsa.

"I'll bet you men are pretty good judges of whether it's good or not," she said coily.

"The women are getting to be good judges too," said one of the men, and that brought on another laugh.

"Let's get to business, Mr. Foreman," said the impatient manufacturer, eager to be back at his office.

The informal ballot was taken and Elsa, one of the tellers, counted it. Ten for conviction, two for acquittal. She wondered who the other one was.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, in the minds of the majority the case seems to be pretty clear. I wonder if these two who believe in acquittal would just tell us why they feel as they do," said the foreman with a large air of being ready to hear all sides.

No one spoke at first. Then the high-collared matron broke silence.

"I didn't like the look of those stool-

pigeons," she said; "seems to me they're the worst of the lot. Everyone knows what kind of people they are. That man admitted that he had been bartender in Morrison's saloon. I know all about Morrison's saloon. It was two blocks from my home. I didn't like the look of that man from the first, and that Morrison's saloon was an open scandal!"

"Still, Mrs. Dallas, he'd have no reason for framing the Finn."

"I think the district attorney ought not to hire men of that character," said Mrs. Dallas obstinately.

"But we've got the evidence."

That reopened the question of whether the bottles should be tested and a rather heated argument ensued ending by one of the men producing a small bottle opener on a keychain.

"Say the word, gentlemen," he suggested.

"Go ahead," said the foreman.

The top of the bottle was nipped off and the man who did it smelled appreciatively.

"That's not water, believe me. Gosh, that stuff has a kick!"

Elsa saw three men lean toward it interestedly.

"Those Finns know how all right," said someone smelling it.

"Try it."

"Well, in the interest of justice."

"That's real stuff."

"No poison that. There was a fellow down street who had some liquor and it was like dynamite."

The smacking of lips, the air of knowledge, of camaraderie seemed to blend all the men in Elsa's eyes. They did not drink the liquor. It was only a touch of the tongue, a few drops.

"Powerful stuff. That ought to be good for a jail term all right, all right."

"Well, gentlemen, suppose we get to business. I appreciate that Mrs. Dallas' feeling may in a measure be right. But at the same time, it isn't a question of whether we like the stool-pigeon or not. It's a question of evidence. These bottles were bought and dated. The Finns

told too smooth a story for anyone to credit. Don't you feel that yourself, Mrs. Dallas? How could they remember every minute of the fifteenth? Did you notice how the Finn's attorney slid over that point in his final talk? In my mind there's no doubt. Pikkanen sold the liquor and is liable for the penalty."

"The thing I object to," said Mrs. Dallas in a weakening voice, "is the man's character!"

"Waiving that—"

Elsa sat rigid. Her feet were cold and her hands hot. In all the other cases she had been on it had been so clear, so easy to be reasonable. But now—she looked back in her mind desperately. Where had she been on the fifteenth of August? She didn't know except that it was the week before her vacation. The old Finnish woman had said they all got together and talked it over. Yet for these men, sniffing at their liquor, for Fred with his flask, to sit in judgment on this trapped Finn whose girl had prayed and looked at the bars in horror was somehow hideous. It was confused and topsy-turvy.

"Who else felt the Finn was not guilty?"

No one spoke.

"Let's take another ballot and see if the minds have changed after this discussion."

They had. It was eleven to one. Elsa stood alone.

"Now, if this gentleman or lady will discuss their feeling in the case," said the foreman.

Elsa spoke. Her tongue seemed to stick as she did so.

"I can't discuss it. I was the other person who voted for acquittal. I feel it isn't fair."

"Fair?"

"You all buy the liquor, use it—you all break the law—why doesn't everyone go to jail? He doesn't even understand English—he's just learned that prohibition is one law no one obeys. It isn't fair to send him to jail for following the spirit of law breaking that he feels



everywhere. It's not fair to him or that girl to brand them!"

"We mustn't be sentimental, Miss Monroe, you know. You mustn't let your pity for the man's sweetheart sway you."

"Those Finns are pretty tough stuff."

"It's we who are tough!" said Elsa, "it's we who are creating the whole situation."

A man sighed heavily.

"We're not here to discuss the liquor laws, as I see it, young lady. We're sent here to decide whether this Finn sold liquor on the fifteenth of August or not. Personally, I believe he did."

Elsa turned a flaming face on him.

"So do I!" she said, "but I feel more criminal in sending him to jail than he did when he sold it. And so should you!"

There was an embarrassed hush.

"Suppose we take another ballot," said someone smoothly, "if Miss Monroe feels he is guilty, I hardly see how her other opinions affect the issue. I hardly see how she can possibly vote any way except for a conviction."

"You see that, don't you, Miss Monroe?"

Elsa did not answer. She saw. She saw the futility of her protest, trapped in the immediate situation.

"She was a damned good juror on other cases I've been on with her," whispered one man to another, "aren't women funny when it comes to liquor? They don't see straight at all."

"I move we have another ballot."

Elsa's fingers were stiff. The letters she wrote did not seem like her own. There was no use.

"Guilty," she wrote.

"Well, I guess we buy our own lunches. Wish we could take the exhibits along," said a jovial relieved gentleman.

The foreman nudged him to be silent, looking at Elsa, whose head was bent.

When they moved back into the courtroom she tried not to look at Pikkanen but she was driven to do it by some force within her. His eyes dilated a little but he did not move. Only the Finn girl's hands rose in a kind of maddened protest and then her head dropped on them. The bailiff led Pikkanen away.

"You want to be excused, do you?" said the judge who had charge of the jury panel a half hour later. "Well, you've served very faithfully, Miss Monroe. I understand you've been an excellent juror. Tired out or what?" He looked at her quizzically and kindly because she was so pretty. "Don't you like administering justice?"

"I haven't been administering justice," said Elsa, "it was the law—not justice."

"Why, my dear young lady, that's a strange statement!"

"Oh, let me go," cried Elsa, "I'm tired. I'm tired!"

The judge, recounting the breakdown of the perfect juror, said that was the trouble with women, on juries especially. They couldn't stand the strain of a full term.

Fred said indignantly that they had worn her out. He said that when she was his wife she never would be allowed to serve on a jury, on all those dirty cases, listening to things a woman shouldn't hear. He asked her if she would like a little bracer, that he had some real good stuff, and could not understand it when she burst into tears.

But Mrs. Dowling, drifting from courtroom to courtroom, whispered the news that Miss Monroe had been dropped from the jury and that she understood that the judge had refused to let her serve any longer. What could you expect of a girl like that anyway, a girl with no experience of life, she asked.



# CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN FICTION

AS AN ENGLISH CRITIC SEES IT

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

AS A reviewer and literary adviser to a publishing house it has been both my duty, and sometimes my pleasure, to read a great many American novels. They have not been in any way marked off from the English novels I have read, but have simply been part of the common stream of fiction, so that my attitude toward them has not been different from my attitude toward our English novels. Nor is any criticism I may make of modern American fiction the result of a direct comparison with modern English fiction. There must be comparison with something, obviously, but it is a comparison not with modern English fiction but with fiction in general. Actually, I think America is, on the whole, far too kind to English novels and makes far too much fuss of, and gives too much money to our third-rate writers.

An American editor who asked me to write a series of articles on the leading authors of the day gave me an extraordinary list of second- and third-rate persons as his idea of such novelists. On the other hand he frankly confessed, on my putting forward some suggestions of my own, that neither he nor his readers knew anything about E. M. Forster, for example. All this is a great pity because, in the last resort, though there are two nationalities there is only one literature, so that all the literature written in the English language—whether it is produced in Sussex or Illinois, Manchester or New Orleans—is one literature. The holds of Atlantic liners should

be stuffed with literary criticism as well as bales of goods and specie. Criticism is always a risky business, luring a man on to write himself an ass, and criticism at such a distance is nothing less than foolhardy. But it is worth doing, even though the corpse of one's reputation should be afterwards discovered floating on the waves of the intervening Atlantic.

## II

It is precisely because America is such an excellent country for the bad novelist, the mere grocer of fiction, that it proves such a difficult country for the good novelist, the sincere artist. I am not writing now of money and taste, the quality of the magazines, and so forth; I am referring to the country itself. At first sight America seems an ideal place for the writer of fiction. It is at once vast and varied, including within its colossal boundaries all manner of people, scenery, climate, and so on. Whole communities are shut off from their neighbors and they develop manners, customs, tricks of speech all their own. The novelist is free to range from the extreme sophistication of New York and Chicago to the extreme unsophistication of the rural and even primitive communities of the mountains and the deserts. The population itself is the most varied on the face of the earth. Every nationality is represented in the great cities—all rapidly becoming American but all still retaining something of their language and customs—so that New York,



for example, is a fascinating kaleidoscope, a fancy-dress ball of the nations, a new Arabian Nights setting. It is this aspect of American life that O. Henry exploited so artfully. Compared with America, England and France are nothing but mere parishes, and the whole of Europe can hardly show such apparent variety. Here then, it would seem, is the novelist's paradise, for half his work is done for him. So long as he moves about and keeps his eyes open he can never run short of excellent material.

But this variety, while it will help any man to boil his pot, is nothing better than a snare for the more serious writer. It lures him away from the fundamental variety in individuals which is the delight of the dramatic artist. It is, after all, a superficial variety—a mere matter of accent, wigs, and costume. No doubt it is an excellent thing to express, as it were, the soul of a district, but when this is compared with expressing the soul of humanity it is no more than a kind of dramatic geography. It is well to bear in mind the immense difference between a New Englander and a Kentuckian; it is even better, if you are a novelist, to notice the immense difference between your neighbors on either side—Smith and Brown. But why, it may be asked, should we not do both? It is possible to do both, but it is very difficult. We like to take the line of least resistance, and the line of least resistance for the American novelist was the exploitation of what is called "local color," a kind of tourist literature. There was good work accomplished here; the names of such novelists as George Washington Cable, Thomas Nelson Page, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, James Lane Allen, Alice Brown are clearly not to be despised; but the general effect was bad. America made things too easy for her chroniclers, and they suffered for it. Too many turned out the same story dressed in different wigs and costumes and with changed scenery. Their real interest in human beings—human beings anywhere and everywhere, Hamlet and Falstaff and

Madam Bovary and Anna Karenina—evaporated while they were taking notes on the local conditions, remarking the quaint whiskers and the quainter phrases. They concentrated on the wrong things and turned themselves and their readers into gaping tourists.

At this point some indignant patriot, unable to contain himself any longer, will remind us that the cult of "local color" is by no means confined to America; that there exists a topographical school of novelists in England which might, if necessary, claim no less a writer than Hardy as one of its leading members, even its founder. But only his most foolish admirers emphasize the local element in Hardy's work (or in any other author's) and Hardy is a great novelist not because of but in spite of his local color. Hardy more than counterbalanced this superficial appeal of Wessex by deliberately making his work the vehicle of a definite philosophy, showing us very plainly that he was writing about the universe and not merely about Wessex. There never was a writer less likely to be lured away by mere accidental differences—things glittering on the surface of life—than Hardy, who is forever poking about among its roots.

### III

But if the superficial variety of American life and character is bad for the novelist, so too—perhaps even worse—is its real monotony. This monotony is the result of a habit of mind that will not allow free play of ideas. Originality is a kind of disease. Everybody must act and talk and think like everybody else. The class system is swept away but the resulting freedom is nothing but an illusion, because a democracy, disliking everything above its own flat level, has taken the power in its hands and used its weapon of defense and offense as a kind of hard pressure as intolerable as the knout.

It is not my business here to say what this democracy thinks, but it certainly

has a definite point of view. Dr. Frank Crane, I gather, may be taken as its prophet. Actually, it does not matter in this place what it thinks, whether it is largely right or largely wrong; the point is that it has a definite creed, a hundred-per-cent American affair which it tries very hard to make all members of its society accept. If you accept it, as most popular American writers do, then you cease to think for yourself and automatically become a purveyor of claptrap.

But unfortunately there are a number of writers, particularly among the younger novelists, who very decisively reject this creed; who are and have long been in a definite state of revolt. A freer air would have made them critical, but the pressure of public opinion, the tyranny of the mass has made them into rebels. This is a very healthy sign, and if we were simply discussing national life we could afford to applaud such rebellious spirits. Unfortunately we are discussing fiction, and it happens that this attitude of mind is not a healthy one for the writer of fiction. Revolt is one thing and dramatic art another and, though we may hold (as I do) that both are necessary in this world, we must not be blind to the fact that the mood of one is apt to destroy the mood of the other.

The American novelist (particularly the younger American novelist), having come safely past the siren song of the local cult, is faced with the Scylla and Charybdis of crude acceptance and crude revolt. If he is an intelligent, courageous fellow he chooses revolt and no doubt contrives to do some good in the world. But he is far from the attitude of mind which produces great fiction. On a somewhat higher level he is committing the same fault that is discovered in the local colorist: he is sacrificing character to background. And that, to my mind, is the besetting sin or weakness of contemporary American fiction, whose authors have a primary interest in backgrounds of all kinds and only a

secondary interest in human character. Conditions have not allowed them to adopt that attitude—at once passionate, sympathetic, and yet detached—which is the only one for the dramatic literary artist whose business it is to create. Either the superficial variety of American life keeps them on the colored surfaces, or the pressure of the creed with its distrust of free play of ideas compels them to become social rebels. Only a few here and there are able to fall into the mood of the creative artist—to explore human character, to see life passionately and yet with detachment, refusing none of the creatures their sympathy.

The stock intelligent American novel is that, I imagine, of the kind written some time ago by Robert Herrick and now by Floyd Dell. It is a somewhat long and rambling chronicle of a girl (sometimes it is a boy, but more often a girl) who is born and bred in a small town where everyone is very dull and very stupid. Everyone, of course, is not very dull and stupid (as we should discover if a Dickens or a Tolstoy were looking at such personages) but that is the trouble about being a social rebel with a thesis—you have to prove your thesis. The girl has ambition and some glimmering of ideas and these are frowned upon, but finally, after contriving to read in secret a few intelligent books (written by other social rebels—Shaw and Wells are the first favorites), she manages to escape to college. Once there she discovers, to her surprise, that dullness and stupidity still reign. But there is usually one professor who is a rebel too, and is very clearly nothing but the author's mouthpiece, and he is driven away by the college authorities, who also point out to our heroine that she must mend her ways. After leaving college she suddenly decides to marry one of the dullest and stupidest men she has met. They settle in a small town where the young wife is regarded with suspicion because she smokes or plays Scriabine or talks philosophy with the



local doctor. Even her husband, now revealed in his true absence of colors, joins the enemy—at which our heroine draws out her two hundred dollars from the bank and runs away to New York for a career of some kind. We suspect that she will become the mistress of the brilliant and very rebellious short-story writer who met her for an hour or so when he visited college, seventeen chapters ago, and invited her to call on him whenever she decided to “throw it all up and come to New York.” The last words of the story are usually “She peered through the window and saw a new dawn breaking” or “The train roared out into the night.”

There are endless variations, in some of which the girl is defeated and remains at home. But it is more or less the same chronicle—long, shapeless, undramatic, lacking distinction, and hardly containing a single arresting moment or a character that ever seizes hold of the imagination. As social criticism it may not be without value; but as a work of art, a contribution to fiction, it is the flimsiest stuff. Time after time this story turns up—now a boy, now a girl, with assorted states and colleges—but essentially the same egotistical prattle, as much a formula as the stock idiocies and the quaint lovable village or the get-rich-quick stories on the other side. This may be described as the stock fiction of crude revolt, a state of mind in which the young writer is not looking at the show of life with passion, wonder, pity, and delight—living richly with his creatures—but is still, in his heart of hearts, merely anxious to shock the dean of his late college.

#### IV

Even when we leave obvious examples of what one American critic has called “the revolt from the village” school of fiction and come to work of considerable force, we still find the novelist cramped by his topsy-turvy interest. He cannot help becoming excited about the background—it may be of ordinary social

conditions, or of ideas, or of romantic decoration masquerading as historical color—and emphasizing it at the expense of his characters. Even Dreiser, who can create character (after the most revolting birth pangs) is too interested in the grim pageantry of his great cities to be willing or able to focus a clear light upon his central figures.

That this is a specific American weakness can be illustrated by a comparison between two men who have often been compared—D. H. Lawrence and Sherwood Anderson. Both these writers are obsessed by the sexual element in life and, while keeping an appearance of strict realism, really aim at describing a world in which the dark promptings of the unconscious mind are immediately translated into action. The people who like one of them also like the other, and the mass of readers who find one detestable and obscene likewise find the other the same. But considered strictly as novelists, creative artists, there is one plain difference between them. Lawrence, with all his faults, can create character, can give us personages that have enormous vitality and, whether we like them or not, do force themselves into our imagination and live there. It is this ability that is his salvation as a novelist; it enables us to swallow his innumerable pages of bad writing, sloppy thought, nonsensical philosophizing. Anderson, on the other hand, is still preoccupied with background and never succeeds in creating human beings of such vitality. Living in a vast country in which the physical being is but a speck against illimitable plains and the individual judgment is a tiny piece of driftwood on the enormous stream of public opinion, he has had a harder task than Lawrence—he is an individualist in a country of individualists. But the whole purpose of this examination is to show that the American novelist has a harder task, and that when at last he does succeed, his will be the greater triumph.

Even the romantics show the same

fault. Cabell makes his work the vehicle of a certain philosophy and does not attempt to write fiction of the common kind. But even with him the effect would be greater if his fantastic, romantic, highly decorated background did not make his protagonists seem little better than pale flickering shadows. Again, the work of that excellent writer Joseph Hergesheimer reminds me of nothing so much as of those ballets of Loie Fuller, who would group a number of figures on the stage and then have colored lights flooded upon them and their waving draperies. Hergesheimer's figures and situations are nearly always the same; the only difference between one book and another is that provided by the colored lights of his style, draining each period dry of its essence of romantic color and fragrance. So, too, Booth Tarkington when he is not writing (somewhat too easily) about boys, is clearly busy setting the stage for a fancy-dress ball (Eighteenth Century) or a fascinating interior in Indiana, in the hope that his audience will not observe his figures too narrowly. And the irony of it all is that once an American does succeed in forgetting the background and concentrating all his attention upon his character, he immediately achieves all that he ever wanted to achieve; that is, he not only succeeds in creating a work of art—he also succeeds in drawing our attention, in the way he has long wished to do, to the background itself.

Thus Willa Cather, in at least two novels, has been successful in escaping from the curse of American fiction. She has created character first and background afterward. She did it in *My Antonia* and she has done it more recently in that exquisite little story, *A Lost Lady*. This last novel is not only a fine work of art; it is what so many novels have sacrificed everything to be and then failed, namely, a convincing picture of an American background, a whole period of American life caught in a few chapters. It is distinctively American. Almost as much, though it is less

art, could be said of Zona Gale's *Miss Lulu Bett*, in which she succeeds in riveting her and our attention upon her central figure, and having done that all the rest followed—the whole background of American life was suggested and criticized. An even better example is Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt*, which has attracted far more attention than his *Main Street* for the very sound reason that it is a much better piece of work. Sinclair Lewis, like the Wells he so obviously admires, is a creative artist almost in spite of himself. *Babbitt* was begun (and finished, for all I know to the contrary) as a piece of social criticism of the usual kind; the history of *Babbitt* was undertaken in order that we should see the background of Zenith; it is Zenith that is his prey; but Lewis, taking fire, was soon creating in the old way with the result that it is *Babbitt* himself who gives life to the book. Though we may not care a fig for the Middle West and all its cities—may not care whether they are good, bad, or indifferent, may not trouble ourselves one whit whether they hound out all citizens with ideas of their own or promptly make them into local heroes—*Babbitt* himself, a fellow creature, a friend and brother, we cannot resist.

And (this is the secret) once he has captured our imagination all the rest follows; we *do* care about the condition of the Middle West cities and whatever else our author wishes us to care about. America, I repeat, makes it hard for her novelists to approach their matter in the right way, the only way if a work of art is to be produced. She draws so many fascinating red herrings—romantic topography, history, social criticism, and the rest—across the novelist's trail that he is more than likely to turn his back upon his legitimate prey: the individual body, mind, and soul—the human being. If he will only press forward and not turn aside, everything will be granted him. He will express not only the soul of Smith and Brown, *Babbitt* and Marian Forrester, but also the soul of America.





## JUNGLE SURVIVAL

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

**F**OR nearly five hundred years the conquering white races from the north have sought to make empire of the girdle of the world. To-day the failure is still complete. The tropics are still empty and untroubled, except for a few isolated communities that continue to wring a meager subsistence from the land. Angry and disappointed, we have whined excuses for centuries: "The tropics are too hot." "The tropics are unhealthy. White men can't live there." Only the last is true. The sun is seldom so violent as it often is in summertime in New York, and disease is no more prevalent there than in London. There is another explanation—the jungle.

No race can survive within the tropics that has not been born to the ancient ways of forest survival. The white race does not and can never know them. It is a mode of life too foreign to our experience and temperament. But the jungle has been the home of the black always. He will survive there and increase forever. In the tropics the negro is pre-eminently the superior race.

The Dutch colony of Suriname on the north coast of South America is not commercially successful. The home government pays a huge deficit each year for its support. A dozen times momentarily profitable agricultural industries have been wiped out by plague or a changing economic situation. Suriname, of course, has its successful men, but few of them are white. If you would find success there in the general business of life you must not look for it in the coastal towns. You must go back into the jungles where the Bushnegroes live.

The Bushnegroes are the pure-blooded descendants of West African slaves who rebelled against their masters in Suriname in the latter years of the eighteenth century. They returned to jungles like those they had left behind and at once renewed the knowledge and the ways of life that make survival in the tropic jungles successful and happy. Nearly a hundred and fifty years of separation from the memories of Africa had not been enough to sever them. The magic, the mystery, the society, the wisdom, and culture of the black men were reborn and they have continued in unhindered growth ever since. The Bushnegroes to-day are masters of a vast territory of unexplored forest far behind the towns along the coast. Untroubled, they work out their own salvation and they know there is no salvation beyond the day, if the day is spent in laughter and wisdom and peace.

If you would go to their villages you must have their permission and help. The jungles which cover Suriname are impassable, if you except the arduous method of slashing your way through them with a heavy knife at the rate of two miles a day. There are no trails. The only recourse is to travel one of the many rivers that divide the colony. But here again you encounter a difficulty with which white men are unable to cope. A steam launch will carry you back country a little way, but before long the plain of the continent rises toward the brow of mountains far inland and the rapids begin. Though the rivers are wide the torrents they make are fierce and rocky and dangerous. No engine

has yet been devised that will make headway against their current. Even if one were found, your heavy craft would immediately be splintered by the rocks and you would be swirled down to drown. You must either turn back—or ask the Bushnegroes' help.

They can afford to be generous. They know that, whatever Queen Wilhelmina may say, this is their country, that so long as you are there, you exist upon their sufferance. If for any reason they withdraw their help, you are done for. The rapids are simply a detail of the sinister antagonism of a land where they alone have learned to live.

The rivers are the only roads of communication. The Bushnegroes traverse them with as little trouble and concern as we follow a boulevard. They construct their vessels out of enormous trees which are hewn and burnt out until the shape of a long shallow canoe is achieved. This is hardened by fire, warped by steam, and modeled with an adz. When a corial, as it is called, is finished its grace is exceeded only by its utility. Every Bushnegro has his own. All can manage them.

My wife and I traveled in this fashion many times between Bushnegro villages far in the interior of Suriname. It never grew dull. When we were safely cramped amidships on the narrow staves that serve the purpose of seats, the Bushnegro boatmen, naked except for a colorful cotton loin cloth, their sweating bodies gleaming in the vivid sun, urged the corial with their carved paddles into the center of the mud-yellow river. Their splendid muscles would flex and start with the rhythm of their work. As they paddled they talked and laughed, totally unconscious of effort. The talk would not cease nor the easy mood change when white water about black rocks showed we had come to a fall. By common knowledge both men would steer to a certain point at the head of the rapid and send us in with a vigorous movement. While we clung to the almost submerged thwarts and shot down-

ward at express speed, gaunt rocks and deadly whirlpools seemed to loom ahead every instant. But each was avoided by a skillful twist of the paddle and we were carried always into still swifter water. The Bushnegroes continued their conversation uninterrupted.

The return against the rapids is more arduous. The forward boatman stands and takes in his hands a long pole which he sharpens at both ends. He holds an impossible foothold easily and waits until his pole is needed. The stern paddler then selects a certain point and with a terrific thrust sends the corial into the teeth of the current. The place he selects is generally close inshore in the shadow of the high dark wall of jungle that borders either bank. It is a relief from the vicious glare of the straight sun in midstream. Talk stops now and the only sound is the hurried whispering of the torrent and the quick slap of water against the sides. The jungle sleeps in its daytime silence.

The man who paddles in the stern never loses an inch. By constantly changing the angle of the canoe against the current he actually makes the adverse stream help him forward. When the channel is shallow the man with the pole swings it down and, as he turns it like the spoke of a mighty wheel, he forces forward. Once an unexpected path of current caught our bow and flung it with terrific force toward a jagged rock. But the man with the pole welcomed an opportunity. He lifted one naked foot out of the corial, put it against the rock, and with a stride sent us forward out of danger. Then he resumed his stand in the rolling craft. Again, the man behind us sent us under an overhanging limb, ran forward in the canoe till he caught the branch with his hands, then bent backwards till he had walked to his place again and the corial had been sent ten feet ahead. At last the rapid is left behind and conversation is resumed.

No one else can do this. The Bushnegroes are the only people in the world



who can, for this reason, open the way to the vast wealth the jungle conceals. If they desired they could become, in spite of cheating purchasers down the river, enormously rich, even as we reckon riches. The huge trees that throng the country they inhabit are nearly every one some exquisite hardwood for which no price is too great. The ground they walk upon is rotten with pure gold, so it is said. But the Bushnegroes' needs are few. Some iron pots—some strips of colored calico—that is all they want. So each Bushnegro family is content once or twice each year to fell some trees, miraculously, considering their total lack of equipment, drag them to the riverbank, and float them down to town. Hardwood of course sinks like a rock, so they build submerged rafts which they buoy up by lashing their corials to the timbers. In this way they come down the rivers and through the rapids. It is an extraordinary skill, but to the Bushnegro it is commonplace. It is another detail of life. Here again they have mastered a necessity for survival.

## II

Existence in the jungle is more discouraging than anything the white race has ever had to confront and master. There are two ways you may eat. You may hunt for your food or you can make the earth yield for you. But if a village depends upon game for its subsistence, that village must perpetually go deeper and deeper into the jungles. It can never pause or find time for rest. Game is never common. When it has been hunted for a little while the beasts that remain go always farther and farther away. They lead a chase that since the birth of time has dulled brains and broken backs and destroyed whole peoples from very weariness. So the Bushnegroes hunt very little. They prefer to work the soil.

But the enmity of the jungle to any life but its own is unrelenting. Clearing a single acre is a work that occupies a

whole town for many weeks. The trees—many of them two hundred feet in height and so great around that three men with their arms outstretched can scarcely encompass them—must be cut down and dragged away. Then the matted tangle of vines and undergrowth must be weeded out and at last the thick carpet of rotted vegetation has to be scraped away. When the Bushnegroes have done this they know they can plant and reap only a single crop. The next year they must make another field and plant again. The parasol ants see to it this is so.

Parasol ants are one of the forest's surest weapons against the encroachment of humankind. They are the only successful agriculturists in the jungle. Many times while scrambling through the bush I have come upon hillocks as large as a room. Very soon I learned that the longest way round is the shortest way home. In these mounds the parasol ants conduct their swarming agrarianism. They resent trespassers. Still more frequently you see that the path you are following is crossed by two lines of ants. One column is unladen. The one which parallels it, going in the opposite direction, carries bits of green leaf as big as dimes. They are returning to the mound where they will deliver their burdens over to another group of workers who roll each leaf segment into saliva-covered pellets which they bury on endless underground terraces. As the leaves rot they provide a fertilizer which induces the growth of a special type of fungus. This fungus is the only food the parasol ants eat. It is said that their organization is so exact that a new crop of the fungus, which requires forty-eight hours to ripen, is available every hour. The demand for leaves is insatiable and, unfortunately for men, the plant they seem to prefer is the cassava, a type of tuber which is the chief food reliance of the Bushnegroes.

But the parasol ants have one peculiarity. They will not disturb a cassava crop the first year it is planted on any

given clearing. You may harvest safely, but do not attempt a second crop. The ants will wait until it is nearly ripe and then one night they will come and with their scissorlike horns cut every trace of leaf away and, with their prizes held umbrella-wise overhead, return to their mound.

The Bushnegroes make no attempt to combat the parasolants. White planters have told me the creatures seem to thrive on arsenic—that there is nothing which one may effectually do against them. But the whites waste time in trying. The Bushnegroes do not, because since their race began they have recognized the essential fact of the impossibility of any lasting conquest of the forest. It is part of their ingrained philosophy to accept with perfect equanimity every discouragement and defeat—to make provision for the certainty of defeat and to keep on, cling to the day's content, and waste no sun-filled hour in bitterness. They know that man's struggle for conquest of the jungle is vain and will always be vain. Because they can laugh and ignore, they still survive where others have failed and gone away and died.

Though the forest seems a chaos of triumphant life, one thing is curiously lacking. There is no food for man. It lends evidence to the curious, half-mystic sense of the conscious enmity of the jungle that comes at once to dwell forever in the minds of those who venture there. There are berries and roots, of course, but nearly all contain a poison. There is a nut the monkeys eat but it will kill a man. Even the cassava root must first be drained of its juice or it will kill a man within an hour.

Necessarily, the diet of the Bushnegroes is limited. Cassava, which they squeeze dry and bake into cakes, comprises fully ninety per cent of each individual's sustenance from birth to death. Greasy river-fish caught in basket nets, an occasional deer or bush-hog, and rice bought in the settlements completes the menu. It is a dreary enough fare, but

no forest people has yet suffered from the curse of epicureanism. The Bushnegro has not only learned not to be unavailingly particular about food, but he has learned through many generations not to be unduly disturbed if he cannot eat at all for a time. It is not unusual when you take a Bushnegro on a short expedition with you to have him forget to bring any food for himself. It won't trouble him. A banana or two will suffice for a few days. But when he returns to his village again the deficit is promptly made up. He will eat until his body literally stretches and then sleep it off; and the next day he is prepared for a duplicate irregularity. The convenience of this knack is evident. Men who require three meals per day at stated intervals had best not travel far. They will not live.

The Bushnegroes have a like talent in respect to sleep. They can go for several days without closing their eyes if at the end of that time there is an opportunity to sleep the clockless day through. These are not simply physical aptitudes. They are part of the inherent genius for content that is native to the forest negro.

The Bushnegroes are not what captains of industry call a "civilized" people. But if a way of life may be judged by the share of happiness which it brings, by the skill which it has developed in devising ways of survival, by the culture and philosophy which it has brought to being to meet with flawless perfection every aspect and accident of life, then the Bushnegroes are the equals of any race that lives. They would be ill at ease, no doubt, if suddenly set down on Manhattan Island. If we were placed as suddenly in the jungles where they live we should die. It is an accidental difference of geography. There is not a particle of superiority on either side. We have finer things. They have splendid dreams.

### III

A Bushnegro family, complicated though its organization is, with its many



mothers, each of different family from all the rest and each wife quite unrelated to her husband, is one of the most agreeable social units you will come upon in a lifetime.

Children in these polygamous households are not especially numerous. The Bushnegroes have no imperialistic or moral preference for swarming towns. Life is too difficult and, as one Bushnegro reminded me, children are far too great a nuisance to be produced in exaggerated quantities.

Technically, each mother is supreme arbiter over the lives of her own children. They belong to her family and are unrelated to the father. But actually the father is very interested. It is not an uncommon sight to come upon a Bushnegro man seated on a low stool before his wattle house crooning a quiet chant to a restive little brown baby in his arms. When the boys are old enough to get about by themselves—a state they achieve immeasurably sooner than white children do—their fathers assume a share of their education. Although the Bushnegro women are as expert with a canoe as men, they have so many household duties that this important training ordinarily falls to the male parent. The Bushnegro children are familiarized with every rock and shoal and rapid of the ever-changing river. They know it in all seasons. When they are of age they “seem to know the river by instinct,” as the Dutchmen down in the towns always say.

Bushnegro children go totally unclothed until they are seven or eight years old. Then a solitary cotton string is tied about their waists—“to get them used to clothes”—such is the theory. An adult is fully dressed if he wears a bit of bright cloth slightly smaller than a pocket handkerchief, though each man has a more pretentious toga of pied cotton cloth to wear on visits to Paramaribo, the capital. But this is discarded at the first opportunity. Long ages have taught the Bushnegroes that one of the surest ways to commit suicide in the jungle is to wear clothes.

This is not an exaggeration. A young English mercenary soldier who spent five years in Suriname in the latter part of the eighteenth century boasted in the book he subsequently wrote\* that he was the only man in his regiment who never suffered a serious illness. Their experience was superlatively trying. The troops had been imported by the Dutch government to help put down one of the slave rebellions that subsequently resulted in the formation of the independent Bushnegro society. Their equipment was inadequate and their search for the elusive rebels took them into the most unhealthy districts of the colony. Nearly all of the soldiers died. But Captain John Stedman, the author, soon observed that the Suriname negroes were never ill and he asked the reason why. Then he adopted as best he could the negro mode of life. He left off nearly all his clothes, he accustomed himself to going barefoot, he bathed four or five times a day in the river, heedless of sharks, and he drank quantities of water without being too particular of its purity. So he lived to tell his tale, a story crammed with admiration and affection for the negroes who were technically his enemies.

Stedman's adopted way of life is in detail the practice of all present-day Bushnegroes. They know that in a tropical climate the body must perspire continually and without interruption. They replace this evaporation by drinking incredible quantities of water. They bathe in the river never less than five times a day. They vigorously clean their teeth several times daily with sand and granulated tobacco. When the sun comes out after rain it promptly dries their naked skin. Clothes, under this circumstance, white travelers learn to their distress, produce a soggy steam bath that is an almost certain guarantee of virulent pneumonia, or, at best, of a severe cold. Even the missionaries who have invaded one Bushnegro village learned by continued disaster to their

\* *Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition Against the Revolted Negroes of Suriname* by Capt. John Gabriel Stedman, London 1796.

little flock that here was no place to insist upon the Nordic morality of calico. . . . Yet you will find few persons in Suriname, or any other tropical country, who are willing to relinquish the stubborn theory that the nakedness of forest peoples is anything but positive proof of a state of pitiable barbarism.

#### IV

The Bushnegroes' mind and its involved workings seem very curious to the outlander until he discovers that here is a new logic, a conception of life and behavior, which, though it is foreign to anything he has ever encountered, seems curiously adapted to this strange environment.

A white trader fumes with irritation when he remarks that it is impossible to "get down to business" with a Bushnegro. Pressed for details, he admits this isn't literally true but at any rate it takes time. Ask a Bushnegro when he will deliver a raft of hardwoods and he will talk about the rainy season. Talk about the rains and he will speak of the huge snakes that lurk in the streams. I purposely take simple examples. It is the tendency of the Bushnegro's mind to revert to first principles. . . . Of course the hardwoods will be late in arriving down the river—the rains have begun and now the ground is so soft a tree cannot be dragged from the place it is felled. Besides, when the rains come the river rises many, many yards and some of the rapids are impassable for a heavy raft. Talk of the rains, and the Bushnegro remembers that this is the season when the huge anacondas awake from their summer sleep and glide abroad to breed new fears.

Nothing in the jungle has a separate identity. You cannot say "there is a tree," for the thing you point at may have a hundred vines upon it. You cannot say "there is the river." The river is never twice the same. The rocks are the river. So are its fish; your father who drowned there; the corials

that float upon it; the destroying floods and the fresh memory of the drought of three years ago when food was scarce and your new-born baby died.

To the Bushnegro every material thing has its spiritual identity. The spirit of a tree need not always stay within the tree. It may wander far abroad. The *animæ* of the forest have their perpetually mutable relationships. "Thinking straight" is a direct product of a materialistic conception. To the animistic Bushnegro the process is synonymous with not thinking at all. He is indirect because the ways of the jungle are not direct.

But even the most irritated trader is apt to admit a certain admiration for the Bushnegroes. All of them are scrupulously honest and usually fair to the point of obstinacy. When the Bushnegro has something to sell he considers his price carefully and names it. If it *is* a fair price and he knows it is, you can take it or leave it. If you start to quibble he will turn his back upon you and walk majestically away. On several occasions I have been made to feel most thoroughly humbled and embarrassed by just such an unspoken criticism of my character. The Bushnegro is not angry. He is rather hurt and his opinion of you has lowered perceptibly, that is all. You will never stand quite so well again in his estimation. The Bushnegroes, trained at first in the despicable experience of slavery, long ago learned that the white men with whom they had contact were more than ready literally to cheat them to death. They have survived by the method of being more honest than the "superior" race of outlanders. If they had been foolish enough to accept economic subjugation the last Bushnegro would have died a century ago.

They have avoided this enemy of commercialism by stringently limiting their wants. They love color with the devotion of children and artists. But their jungles are colorful with butterflies and passion flowers, so a very little calico will do. Though they are in constant



contact with foreign civilization through the periodic trips down-river to Paramaribo with their hardwood rafts, the Bushnegroes have not copied a single bauble of the town. Their history from the beginning has been a story of passionate attachment to the idea of an absolutely independent physical and intellectual integrity of race. A pair of shoes or a top hat therefore will never be taken too seriously.

Pretty bright-colored seeds make excellent necklaces. Shells that gleam in the sunlight lie along the shores of their own faraway streams. A brown back is charming to Bushnegro eyes if it is tattooed in circlets and lines cut with a knife and filled in with wood ashes so the welts rise. Rich Bushnegroes carry guns they have bought in Paramaribo. But they are seldom loaded. That would be silly, dangerous, and expensive. When the barrel has been laboriously polished with sand so that it shines, the intention of the gun has been realized.

Once a tall, black Bushnegro passed my hut. It was twilight and the rain was pouring down in a steady, gleaming steam. The man held an enormous leaf

in front of him so that it bent gracefully above his head and kept the rain away. Across his back was flung a drapery of scarlet, green, and blue cloth. From one shoulder hung his gun, its wet barrel glistening. The heavy cutlass in his free hand shone like silver. He walked with a long lifting stride, his head back, his body erect. The muscles of his slender naked legs and his powerful back rippled in the rain and pallid twilight like a black pond in moonlight. He was supremely happy.

This above all else is the open secret of the Bushnegroes' successful continuance in a land that has permitted no other invaders. They have known from the beginning that the things one has are good; the things one may not have are worthless. In the jungle their philosophy has taught them content. In a forest of fear they know fear must be forgotten if you would live. When the red sun falls down behind the trees; when the breeze of night whispers in the leaves; when the tigers roar far away, the Bushnegro crawls within his hut and his body sleeps, while his spirit still wanders, adventures, and laughs.





# LA FAYETTE AND THE DRAGON

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

*"Beau chevalier qui partez pour la guerre,  
Qu'allez-vous faire  
Si loin d'ici?"*

Chanson De Barberine.

IT IS the essence of chivalry to interfere. The annals of common men are filled with self-regarding entries; minding, with nervous concentration, their own business, they live their own lives, do their own work, and die in due course their own deaths. But no such unheroic limits are set to the activities of their splendid betters. A fever of altruism propels them into their neighbors' affairs; a passionate unselfishness dictates a lifelong orgy of interference. When they ride out, no dragon engaged in its legitimate avocations is secure from their intrusion, no maiden is permitted to enjoy for long the exquisite agonies of her distress; and drowning men, up for the second time, are exposed to sudden, and frequently distasteful rescues. Born far beyond the age of armor and persisting, by a still stranger achievement, into the age of Louis Philippe, Marquis de La Fayette was all his life an indefatigable member of that busy company. Orphans evoke their highest instincts; stray victims of oppression exasperate them into disinterested, but violent, action; they plunge into protracted adventures on behalf of total strangers tied to trees; and one may be sure, if ever they consent to die for a cause, that it is someone else's. This mood of high endeavor is fed by a continual inquiry into other people's business; and it may be that those flame-pictures of the Hero and Prophet, Priest, and Man of Letters

once brushed by a fuliginous lecturer in Albemarle Street, should be supplemented by a portrait, only slightly less engaging, of the Hero as Paul Pry.

This simple craving may, perhaps, account for the unduly high proportion of heroic types produced by Anglo-Saxon races. For they are, as foreign observers almost uniformly attest, incurably inquisitive; and having once inquired into what does not concern them, they have been rarely known to leave it without setting it right. Intrusiveness is the spring of noble actions; and a temper of wholly unwarrantable interference has often earned a statue. Such is, in almost all recorded cases, the mood of chivalry; and it is gratifying to reflect that (in spite of the Latin, almost Gallic derivation of the term) the mood is peculiarly Anglo-Saxon. It is not, one feels, for nothing that the English have selected St. George for adoration: that unprovoked assault on someone else's dragon was irresistible. For what other race has elevated intervention into a foreign policy and raised meddling into a public virtue? Touched with the District Visitor's pleasant consciousness of the deep depravity of other people, they regard the world of foreigners; and a brutal Tsar, misgovernment in Naples, atrocities performed upon Bulgarians or Armenians stir a deep response. A strange type of Englishmen is even extant which collects foreign grievances as other men collect butterflies. It thrills at the first news of outrage abroad, leaves England in a hurry, and becomes the adopted hero of some foreign land, which honors (but



frequently misspells) its benefactor's name. Marquis de La Fayette was surely a cousin of that heroic family. Extreme instances of this splendid impulse are Lord Byron, who fought a war upon it, and those accomplished brothers Buxton who, designed by birth to play a leading part in the politics of East Anglia, extended their activity steadily eastwards until it included the entire Balkan Peninsula; whilst Palmerston, who built an active policy upon the same emotion, and Mr. Gladstone, who—more judicious—wrote a pamphlet, are milder cases. A flattering hallucination frequently persuades the benevolent intruders that their devotion is to their victims, that the attraction in the adventure is rather in the maiden than the dragon. But this delusion rarely extends to the embarrassed nations which they befriend. For these kindly foreigners name a street after them with simple courtesy and leave them in total oblivion punctuated by centenaries. But their saviors glow with an undying consciousness of virtue achieved, of services successfully obtruded, of one more, yet one more deed of chivalry.

The mood, one feels, is British. Yet once at least it seems to stand most clearly in a foreign instance; and, by a pleasing irony, the heroic foreigner intruded upon a British quarrel. When St. George was French, damsel and dragon were both English. His country had, indeed, a high tradition of chivalry. But Bayard seemed a trifle Gothic; crusading attitudes were most inelegant; and after polite conversation had replaced the tournament, romance was singularly dead in France. It had sought refuge, years before, a little farther to the south, where the carved Spanish hills had once watched chivalry ride out on Rosinante in search of sheep, of windmills, of Maritornes, of the incomparable Dulcinea. So, when an unromantic government frowned upon young gentlemen eager to go campaigning overseas, they wore disguises, made

signs to the inn-keeper's daughter at St. Jean de Luz, and posted off to Spain. Somewhere beyond the sunset there was a war; a brutal tyrant oppressed a virtuous and simple-minded peasantry; and how could a high-spirited young gentleman in the *Mousquetaires Noirs* do less than fly to the rescue? Elderly ministers might spin tenuous webs of neutrality at Versailles. But where the Spanish hills watch the still waters of Pasajes Bay and tall masts look in at little windows, a sailing-ship of two guns was fitting out in the spring days of 1777; until one morning it moved slowly across the bay, glided between the headlands, dipped to the first Biscayan swell, and left that deep fold of the Spanish hills, with papers (exquisitely misleading) for the Islands and Marquis de La Fayette on his first crusade.

## II

It is the way of romantic young men to be transparent; and the impulsive nobleman was like glass. The Marquis was nineteen; and his motives were luxuriously exposed in an ecstasy of explanatory letters to his wife (he had a wife of seventeen), to his wife's father, to the unsympathetic intelligence of M. de Vergennes. Viewed in a colder light, they have a little of that perfect clarity which, poorly armed and oddly mounted, once clattered through the long shadows of a still summer morning in La Mancha. So the tumbled skyline of the Spanish hills faded into the east behind him; and, rolling horribly, the *Victoire* crossed the Bay. He felt extremely ill, and thought hard of his mission. It was the purest, most untarnishable knight-errantry. Knowing little of the cause, he deeply savored the adventure. The maid, the lonely tree, the dragon, the single combat danced in his mind; and as they plowed the *triste plaine* of the North Atlantic, he vowed himself deliciously to the services of his unknown lady, captive beyond the gray seas. No student of politics, he had heard of the

Americans for the first time a few months before. They had declared, it seemed, their independence. Had he not heard an English duke say something to that effect at a dinner table in the previous summer? It seemed a noble action; and before dinner was over, he had resolved to be their champion. The cause was modish; that season even card-tables proclaimed the superiority of *le boston* to *le whist*. A word (through an interpreter) with Mr. Deane confirmed him; and, indifferent to the finer shades of colonial taxation but scenting an indisputable adventure, he sailed. If his companions were a trifle mixed, his hopes were high. The sky was bright, he was nineteen, and his crest had recently received the brave addition of a new Latin motto, which challenged grammar and enemies alike with the fierce inquiry *Cur non?* But his reasons were not wholly selfish. Was it not (as he explains to his father-in-law) *une occasion unique de me distinguer et d'apprendre mon métier?* For the young gentleman was a soldier; and eager soldiers often seized such opportunities of active service, before the happy device of autumn maneuvers obviated the professional necessity of foreign enlistment.

Yet the motives which urged him westwards into the American service were inalienably French. He wrote eloquently of his *amour pour la gloire et pour la liberté* in an inverted order, of which none of his new friends would have been capable, even if they had admitted *la gloire* to their more austere philosophy. Once, indeed, writing from Valley Forge in the hard winter of '78, he made a more significant admission: *l'abaissement de l'Angleterre, l'avantage de ma patrie, le bonheur de l'humanité qui est intéressée à ce qu'il y ait dans le monde un peuple entièrement libre, tout m'engageait à ne pas quitter . . .* So the human race was a good third among his motives. The winning places were held by French patriotism and the defeat of England; and America ran last. In the same temper—*persuadé bonnement que*

*nuire à l'Angleterre c'est servir (oserai-je dire c'est venger?) ma patrie*—he wrote a long dispatch to Versailles, in which he studied the surest way to ruin England outside the American theater of war. *Mon amour pour ma patrie me fait considérer avec plaisir sous combien de points du vue les chagrins de famille de l'Angleterre peuvent lui être avantageux. . . .* That was not quite the tone of a single-minded friend of the United States, or even of the human race. But it was sound French policy, and in a delighted plan for raids on the British factories in the East he seemed almost to forget the struggling colonists. The distant prospect was bright with disloyal sepoys, jealous nabobs, angry Mahrattas, and sunken East Indiamen; and, with encouragement, Marquis de La Fayette might have revived the forgotten part of Dupleix. French policy, indeed, which sought its friends impartially among the enemies of England, followed the lead; and after Washington almost the next ally, with a pleasing variety of color and principles, was Hyder Ali. But it was strange that these sordid calculations should divert Marquis de La Fayette from his crusade, that he should sully the bright dawn of freedom with worldly thoughts of intrigue among ancient races far to the east; perhaps he wished, like an inverted Canning, to call an old World into being to redress the balance of the New.

Yet he crusaded on indomitably. The best traditions of knight-errantry were respected by his profound ignorance of the persons whom he was to rescue. Landing in Carolina, he was impressed by the complete equality of rich and poor prevailing in the United States; and, charmed by southern courtesy, he found it grow perceptibly more southern, as he traveled farther north. The comments of visitors upon those hospitable States are almost uniformly inane. But Marquis de La Fayette had come to rescue, not to write the usual book. The maiden was still in chains; the eager knight was at the foot of the tree; and



he went off to find the dragon. It was, to be frank, a rather sleepy dragon that the young gentleman and his friends pursued from the Hudson to Yorktown; although once at least he did his best to rouse it to a sense of the position by a challenge to single combat. The bold cartel, delivered to one of his Majesty's commissioners to Congress, evoked the dry response that these national differences could be more conveniently adjusted by the British navy. Balked of the field of honor, the young Marquis withdrew to his place in the American ranks; but his detestation of *messieurs les Anglais* burned, one feels, with a brighter flame after this gruff denial of the role of David gloriously matched against a Hanoverian Goliath. But his place in the hunt was always prominent.

Arriving, aged nineteen, with a vague promise of the rank of Major-General, he found the surprising promise honored by Congress. Such promotion (for the boy was a captain of cavalry in the French service) was a trifle sudden. But it was due in part to the fact that, singular among the knights-errant whose hearts beat for the American cause, he asked no pay; and, rarer still in the stream of distinguished foreigners which set towards Philadelphia, he was really distinguished. It was sound policy in Congress to hoist the young nephew of M. de Noailles, cousin of the Prince de Poix, and son-in-law of the Duc d'Ayen, as a bright standard of French sympathy. So he was given rank and rode on General Washington's staff, an exquisite embarrassment to those French diplomats who were still explaining to Great Britain the strict neutrality of France. A little gallantry and a wound bravely borne at the Brandywine earned him a command; and he was soon maneuvering colonial riflemen before Gloucester. At twenty he was promoted general of division; and before the year was out he was of sufficient importance in the army to be moved as a pawn—perhaps a knight—in the jealous game, which a few supple gentlemen in New York were

playing against General Washington. But knights are simple-minded; and knightly as ever, Marquis de La Fayette was loyal to his chief, and spoiled the game. He was a bright, engaging figure, in his white French sash and an American general's uniform, which combined delightfully the charms of chivalry with those of an infant prodigy. Whilst a ragged, freezing army cheered "the soldiers' friend," even the British, with their slower perceptions, were becoming gradually aware of "the Boy"; and after the French alliance had almost legitimized his odd position, he acquired a still higher value as a living symbol of the treaty and, almost, as an ambassador of France.

### III

There was a glorious interlude of leave in France, a twelvemonth's carnival of universal kisses, of respectful ministers, of royal pardon, and sudden promotions. Even the Queen was gracious, and begged a regiment of Dragoons for him. He breathed a feverish devotion to his country—*je l'adore, cette patrie*. Once more his guiding motive was visible through the purer flame of his constancy to America: *l'idée de voir l'Angleterre humiliée, écrasée, me faitressaillir de joie*. In this agreeable mood he spent a few weeks on the coast, attached to a force which waited, waited with hopeful eyes fixed on the English Channel. Armies had waited so before, and would wait again. But the Narrow Seas were unresponsive; and the bold invaders never sailed. In this brave endeavor Marquis de La Fayette was posted farther to the west, near Rochefort. He lived in a high fever of expectation of some *grand coup, qu'il soit longtemps, fera tomber cette grandeur soufflée, cette puissance fantastique*. His task, to be precise, was to emancipate Ireland with his new regiment of Dragoons and a few details of infantry. He had explored the subject, formed (delightful and mysterious process) *quelques rela-*

tions secrètes; and the young liberator found the unhappy island *très fatiguée de la tyrannie anglaise*. It was now, as Washington was promptly informed in an eager letter, *le projet de mon cœur . . . de la rendre libre et indépendante comme l'Amérique*.

So a new maiden, chained to another tree, gleamed vaguely through the wood; but it was still the same incorrigible dragon. Yet he was not inconstant. Late in the year he christened an infant son *George-Washington*, and sailed for Boston in a cruiser with news of six thousand French troops and a loan. "The Boy" resumed his command, lived through the breathless afternoon at Mrs. Arnold's, and served upon the court-martial which sentenced Major André. Followed a winter interlude of tea and harpsichords at Philadelphia. A lady sang, another played, and there was even dancing. But these timid gayeties ended when the British swept disobligingly into the south; and Marquis de La Fayette was detached to deal with them. He fenced skillfully with Cornwallis, and followed close, as he stumbled heavily towards Yorktown. Later, when the event was known, he wrote with the retrospective foresight common to autobiographers that he had always meant *de repousser lord Cornwallis du côté de la mer, et de l'enlacer dans les rivières de manière à ce qu'il ne pût avoir de retraite*. That was not quite, perhaps, the tone of his letters during the campaign. But strategic insight, rare at any age, is almost unknown at twenty-three. It is enough that he played an active part, tired out his enemy, watched him go to ground by the York River, and charged happily against his crumbling redoubts in the last assault. So he could write, a little shrilly, to Versailles after the unforgettable surrender: *La pièce est jouée, Monsieur le comte, et le cinquième acte vient de finir*. For the sleepy dragon was led captive; the maiden stepped lightly from her tree; and the happy knight sailed back to Europe, dizzy with acclamations.

He still, it seemed, had a vague wish to prolong the adventure. It took the rather schoolboy form of a craving to appear before King George in American uniform; and his efforts to obtain a mission for this spectacular purpose evoked from a sullen English diplomat an acrid comment on "that vain and insolent young man." His countrymen, in that confusion of thought with which allies sometimes emerge from wars, believed that they had won it; and the young gentleman was widely celebrated in France as "the conqueror of Cornwallis," "the savior of America with"—generous addition—"Washington." In the last phase he waited vainly at Cadiz to sail with an expedition to the Islands. But the quest was over; and once more he roamed the forest, fancy-free.

Inclined at first to vow himself to the service of another, darker maiden, he plagued American statesmen with strange suggestions about negro slaves. They stood indubitably in need of a rescuer; and Mr. Madison listened politely to his odd confidences upon the topic of abolition, whilst Mr. Adams received a violent denunciation of the crime of slave-owning, "a crime much blacker than any African face." He even made a shy avowal of his views—"mon rêve favori (hobby-horse)"—to Washington, announcing that he proposed to purchase a plantation in Cayenne for the sole purpose of emancipation. In his reply the wise Virginian alluded with grave courtesy to this fresh proof of his young friend's noble qualities; he prayed devoutly that his countrymen might one day share the same opinions, but indicated that the possibility was somewhat remote, convinced that a sudden emancipation would have grave consequences, though something gradual might and should be done. The Marquis persevered. But a paler figure shared with the dusky queen his chivalrous affections. For somehow he had become aware that Protestants in France were subject to gross injustices. By some anomaly surviving from the age of per-



secution, they could not contract legal marriage or even leave valid wills. He burned at this harsh denial of testamentary and matrimonial delights, petitioned ministers, and traveled in the Cevennes in search of Huguenot grievances. Washington was informed beyond the seas of the new adventure and thrilled with his correspondent's detestation of yet another *intolérable despotisme*. But all the while his ears were strained to catch fresh cries for help. The world, in 1786, was exquisitely full of wrongs to right. M. Necker had a new arithmetic; M. de Condorcet had a new penal code; there was even a whole *Encyclopédie* full of new orders on every topic. Yet he had his disappointments. For sometimes a maiden left off calling just as he had got his lance in rest and spurred at the dragon. Ireland, a promising victim, ceased to need assistance—*tout est apaisé en Irlande, et, de ce côté, il n'y a rien à faire pour la liberté*. Even Holland, which had looked a hopeful case of injustice, seemed to fail him: *Je me flattais que la Hollande offrirait quelque espérance de ce genre; mais je crains que non*. It is the cry of Quixote. So he roamed the forest, listening hard. But suddenly, quite close to his elbow, he caught a new, a deeper voice. It rose and fell, hung in the air, and rose again; and slaves, Americans, Irish, Dutchmen, and Protestants were all forgotten in his last adventure. For the voice was France.

#### IV

It thrilled him, when he sat in the Notables, to air his plain American manners and to call bluntly for the States General—*et même mieux que cela*. For France should have a Congress, like his splendid States. It was glorious to scare the Duc d'Harcourt's salon by the calm announcement, *Je crois qu'il ferait bien de commencer l'histoire à l'année 1787*. He was twenty-nine that year; and the world had a strange air of springtime. The forest was full of voices, and he rode firmly to the rescue.

They called a little timidly at first, in local assemblies, in the long ratiocinations of provincial *cahiers*, in the guarded eloquence of the Constituent. But soon the cry dropped to a deeper note, as the sage gentlemen paced the trim alleys of Versailles between debates and caught upon the wind the big voice of Paris. It swelled and came nearer; and as the smoke drifted across the Bastille, it filled the air, and there were shots in it and cries. A sudden turn lifted Marquis de La Fayette into power. The free nation formed a National Guard and put him in command. Knight-errantry has rarely ended in a stranger place. He had ridden out as usual, answered the call, and charged with his accustomed fire. The dragon was duly prostrate. But where was the tree, the waiting damsel in distress? Somehow the familiar charm was not working quite correctly. For this time he had rescued a very large maiden from a very small dragon; and she appeared to insist, in breach of all the rules of chivalry, on completing the rescue for herself. Indeed, in the later stages it was not altogether clear which was the maiden and which the dragon. For he found himself assuring a scared monarch that he was *naturellement républicain, mais mes principes eux-mêmes me rendent à présent royaliste*. And soon the dragon abruptly changed places with the maiden, when he came to an open window in the raw cold of an autumn morning at Versailles and knelt to a royal lady in face of a roaring square. This graceful act abundantly fulfilled the exigencies of chivalry. But how far, how strangely the knight had departed from the first objects of his adventure! For it was a distinctly novel experience to rescue a grateful dragon from a bloodthirsty maiden. So he played on his queer, inverted rôle; and the name, which had stood for insurrection, became a synonym for bayonets. He could see it plainly now: the French were not Americans after all, and one more historical analogy had failed to work.

Once he retired helpless. He was the Lamartine of '89, without the excuse of being a poet. But they sent him to command an army on the frontier, resolved to confront the enemies of the Revolution with *la constitution et La Fayette*. This specific against invasion was strangely compounded; since the General, no longer a Marquis, fumbled dispiritedly among the northern fortresses, and behind him on the sky he watched the glare of Paris. The place scared him—*lui faisait horreur*—as it throbbed and glowed through the hot summer weeks of 1792; and as his infantry waited, a little hysterically, for the Austrians, he watched over his shoulder. He was still watching, when the streets swept roaring through the Tuileries, splintered a door or so, and saw the Queen put a red cap on her son's head. This ill-mannered anarchy was surely intolerable; and with a sudden impulse he drove south down the white dusty roads, saw once again the glaring city, and faced the cold stare of the Assembly. For those exacting men, whose civic virtues grew daily brighter, disliked the impulses of soldiers. With a movement of chivalry he paid a visit to the lonely Court. But they bowed politely; and, lonelier still, he returned to his army on the frontier. One last adventure seemed to beckon. Might they not bring the King to Compiègne, surround him with loyal troops, and give law to France? That last ride—with a smiling Queen, two happy children and a grateful sovereign—would be worthy of any knight. But it never came. So he trailed dis-

mally from camp to camp along that frontier, where the very names—Longwy, Maubeuge, Sedan—were heavy with disaster. *La pièce*, as he had once written from Yorktown, *était jouée*. If any man remained, there was no part for him. Like *Chantecler* he had called the dawn; but when he called again no sun obeyed him and the sky was unchanged. It was red now over Paris; and in the north, suspected and uncertain, La Fayette was in the saddle with his staff. At last he turned his horse's head towards the frontier and rode, despairing, out of history.

A generation later he made an almost posthumous return. The old man (he was seventy-three) became an emblem of insurrection against Charles X. For he was the past, the free tri-colored past of '89; he exhaled an authentic air of the Rights of Man, the sovereign people, and the *Marseillaise*. So he was swept again down the roaring streets and left, a little shaky, at the Hôtel de Ville. Once more the lance, once more the dragon and the waiting maiden. But this time she was far more manageable; and as the monster withdrew in pardonable surprise to England, she let herself be rescued nicely and stood waiting the liberalism of King Louis Philippe, with grateful eyes and neatly banded hair. The state was saved again; and there was to be—his last historical analogy—an American constitution, where an hereditary Washington should preside eternally over a happy nation. So, for the last time, the knight dismounted, lifted his visor, took a demure salute, and hung up his armor.



# The Lion's Mouth



## A BAS LA LIBERTÉ

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

**C**OLUMBUS was a commonplace sort of fellow, so they say, with one idea. Plenty of people have ideas and never get anywhere with them. But folks jeered at him and disagreed with him and got in his way, and so trained and developed the muscles of his will that he was able to carry his idea triumphantly down the field and across the goal line.

Martin Luther seems to have been no one out of the ordinary, with a full supply of human frailties. But men tried to stop him and suppress him, and the more powerful the opposition the bigger he got to be.

The pages of history are sprinkled with the names of men whose convictions fed upon opposition; and it is the contemplation of that fact which is making me dispirited. I feel that the cause of truth is suffering from too much freedom.

Take my own case for example. A teacher, more than anyone else, should have powerful convictions. I have plenty of theories and numberless views and a few solid beliefs. But I live in too gentlemanly a world for one of my temperament. People who disagree with my views just courteously disagree and then let me alone. If only someone would try to stop me I might become a force for truth. Martyrs are as neces-

sary now as ever they were. Yet here comes a powerful organization of university professors which tries in the name of "academic freedom" to do away with martyrization. With well-intentioned earnestness it builds up protections which actually do so protect our venturesome spirits that we soon come to float at ease in a placid harbor. Columbus with the backing of a Research Foundation and a cohort of sympathizers, all socially well established, crying "sail wherever you like," would have talked himself out in some tap room along shore.

What my teacher-spirit needs in order to make a Columbus or a Luther of it is a few old-fashioned college trustees of the sort one reads about. In moments of reviving animation my fancy can still create one. I see him with domineering manner, little beady eyes, and a heavy jowl. He slips into my classroom one day with a hard smile of greeting and listens from a rear seat uncompromisingly. Suddenly he interrupts. "Am I to understand," he barks, "that you are opposed to the Palmer system of penmanship?" I rise to meet the situation and, with one hand thrust between the first and second buttons of my coat, the other resting gracefully on my desk, I answer him in clear tones, "You are. I am."

"Then turn out the lights," he says. "The class is dismissed."

With only one experience like that to rouse me, I could fight against any sort of penmanship, vertical, Spencerian, or backhand; with two or three such trustees dogging my footsteps, I could be a Peter the Hermit.

Circumstances have always been against me in just this way. More than

a quarter of a century ago, when I was a youth in college, some accident set my brain to functioning. Its processes were far from perfect, but still the wheels went around and something ticked with reasonable regularity. I turned my youthful scrutinizing gaze upon the subject of a personal religion and at once proceeded to dismiss a large number of conventional beliefs. When the time for "senior statistics" came along I wrote myself down a Scientific Monist and then awaited the tragedy of a broken home. Nothing happened. "He has not received the pamphlet I sent him," I thought to myself. So I took another copy home with me on a short vacation, feeling that the break must come sooner or later, and it might as well be now. My clergyman father was then preaching from an historic trinitarian pulpit in New England. I faced him in his little study and, while there was love and respect in my feeling toward him, yet I knew that truth must come first. "I am a Scientific Monist," I said firmly.

"So I had observed," he answered me in friendly tones. "I had always hoped that we might have one in the family."

What was the use! Monism, scientific or otherwise, lost a crusader in that moment. But I hurried on, resolved that somehow I should reach beneath the surface of that kindly sympathy. "I find it impossible," I whispered, "to recite most of the Apostle's Creed."

"Then you really ought not to," he replied.

"But," I urged, "I have dismissed so many of the things you consider fundamental, that a serious break has surely occurred."

"I am glad to have you begin thinking," he smiled, "and it is just possible that you and I would still agree on some of the fundamentals."

What chance for a Peter the Hermit after that?

A few years ago I gained new heart. That was when the Lusk Laws—or was it Rusk?—were enacted in New York State. Was I not a New York State

teacher? I assembled in my own mind a number of things that I was sure would cause Mr. Rusk—or was it Lusk?—to distrust me. I formulated some sentences that exalted the rights of free speech and giped at silly legislators who would command the tides to cease their ebb and flow. What though some of my incendiary phrases happened to be from the pen of Samuel Adams, yet I girt up my loins with them. But I could not find enough people violently defending the Lusk Laws—or was it Rusk?—and too many were amused by them. One can crusade against a great wrong or a great injustice and find one's own convictions deepening and intensifying as the fight progresses, unless the thing crusaded against happens to be funny. One may tilt at a windmill, but not at a windmill which sticks out a pink tongue at you.

Some years ago at a famous Eastern college for women there was a ban upon any organization of embryo socialists. So a group of students were wont to meet in a graveyard adjacent to the campus and there carry on their discussions. The result was that graduates of that graveyard—Inez Milholland and others—became militant crusaders in the cause of equal suffrage and made the world respect them for the depth of their convictions. But the socialist club that had thriven in the graveyard actually died of inanition a few years later when the ban was removed. How under more liberal conditions are we going to get that same zeal for truth into these youngsters of to-day?

Here and there in the old endowed colleges they maintain a tradition of compulsory chapel. For want of something better, earnest young zealots tilt at that, calling it compulsory religion. Can't we give them real iron to teethe on? Poor young things, born too late, they don't know what compulsory religion is! What they need is a militantly Calvinistic college president planting himself in the doorway of the campus church, flanked on either hand by strong-



arm members of the Christian Association. Students filing meekly past him toward the dim aisles are questioned sharply, "Do you believe in Jonah?"

"No, sir," stammers a frightened youth, but with a chin on him that suggests the stuff martyrs are made of.

"Out with him," says the president. "Silent meditation on bread and water for two weeks."

"Can you sing all the stanzas of hymn 246 without mental reservation?" he says to the next.

"I am a Christian Scientist," the boy answers proudly.

"Tie him up," says the president, "and tickle his feet."

"How about infant damnation?" he says to a third.

"I don't believe in any of it," is the answer. "I am a Parsee, or Fire Worshiper, and I want to spend these meditative moments lighting matches in the Athletic Circle."

"Firing squad at sunrise," snarls the president.

Under some such regime as that there would be a revolt against the traditional, and a revival of real religion on the college campus such as has not been known since early Victorian days, and young fighters would go forth into the world wonderfully equipped for evangelistic work in modernist pulpits.

I have come to envy those people who are able to build up an opponent of straw and then attack him. If their imaginations are keen enough, the straw man in time becomes very real, and they can fight as earnestly as the best. And if they somehow kill themselves in the struggle, I am sure that a kindly Deity, with a sense of humor, will count them true martyrs.

Yes, the world of ideas is getting to be too gentlemanly. Of course, there are plenty of physical battles going on. One could enlist in the Treasury service and fight bootleggers, or smugglers of Chinese; but that would not train the mind into a spiritual force. I could chalk up on the door of a church "To

Hell with the Pope"; but no satisfaction comes from being jailed as a common nuisance rather than as a martyr. One cannot gain convictions by membership in the Klan; beliefs curdle into prejudices behind a mask.

I cherish plenty of theories, and a number of views, and a few solid beliefs; but the world needs men with convictions, and I fear I shall never have many of those until someone tries to convict me. Just for the good of my soul I think of moving to Tennessee and denying Santa Claus.



## CONDUCT UNBECOMING IN THE PREHISTORIC

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

IT IS always a comfort to rush into print with one's worries—if one can only get there. I can't understand why everybody is not as anxious as I over a series of events which tend to become cumulative and which any day may flame up into a Situation. I refer to the present alarming tendency of the prehistoric to erupt all over the earth's surface. Things are getting to such a pass that you can't pick up a newspaper without running into a caveman or a buried prince or a behemoth or a dinosaur. I didn't begin to be really alarmed so long as all these antediluvian reptiles and all this defunct royalty kept decently remote, in Egypt or Crete or in the picture supplements; but when kings and queens in extensive necklaces begin to break out right under foot in Ohio, I am just plain frightened. I can't help feeling that there is Something Back of All This, something subversive, upsetting. I wonder that people don't write to the editor demanding an Investigation.

For myself I can't help thinking that it would be wise to put a stop to all this uplift movement from beneath the soil

before it gets beyond control, for while the movement in some aspects may appear harmless, it has possibilities that are distinctly sinister. Take merely the disturbing effect upon the imagination of a herd of mastodon romping down the subways of Manhattan. Let sleeping mastodons lie, I say; don't yank them up by their jawbones and reconstruct their skeletons to stare us out of sleep.

Sometimes I query whether these curious uprisings of people and animals from bygone history are not intended to distract us from our work of making present-day history. When I read such impassioned statements as "the past sixty years of scientific research into man's antiquity is a mere suggestion of what lies ahead, a line that entices bold spirits to satisfy their craving for more, while the rest of the scientific world looks on in envious suspense," I feel that these words foreshadow a possible boom in all real estate situated three miles below our knowledge. The rush of would-be excavators to dig in might any day outmatch and depopulate Florida. While such a backing down and away from present problems would undoubtedly be risky, there is the alternative opinion that it might be the best thing in the world, since it may be that we're making such a mess of the present that retirement into the past is about the best thing left for us to do. There is another question that keeps swinging to and fro in my anxious mind. From one aspect I feel that it may prove unsanitary to exhume so many buried civilizations, and then again, I feel that we are destroying our own civilization so rapidly that it might be well to have some kind of civilization on hand—even a mummified variety in a museum—just for use in allusion and reference.

All this upward rush of antiquity to our attention began so casually that it had been occurring here and there over the years and over the continents long before the man in the street found himself caught up in the whirl of returning

cavemen and near-cavemen and trum-peting mammoths and winged reptiles, intermingled with majestic Egyptians fresh from the curling iron, and with their geometrically constructed retinues, as these profile their way to publicity amid the deadly arrowheads and stone axes and across the overlapping glacial periods. All this complexity of ancient life came upon the modern world very recently. Now and then somebody used to discover a buried city, but never on the front page. It was Tutankamen who inaugurated this brilliant yet questionable procession out of the past into the present. Poor Tut is old stuff now, but in coffins, in retinue, in treasure he set a pace that any previous king, whenever discovered, will have hard work to keep up with. I suppose it was because they felt the probable anticlimax of any deceased potentate who should attempt to supersede Tut that the powers which rule down yonder—powers that I can't help thinking hostile to all modern peace of mind—decided to remove dead royalty from the headlines and to substitute dinosaurs instead.

Dinosaurs have now become the *der-nier cri* in all up-to-date excavating. The dinosaurs are the most acutely prehistoric animals we have with us to-day, and for that very reason, the most dangerous. They have showed uncanny deference to the modern prejudice against germs by being served to us in the container, in ovo, that is. One never knows what to expect from an unhatched egg, especially when it's several million years old. Think what might happen to these ancient eggs now that they're exposed to the speed of modern life! They might hatch out any day. And then what? Suppose we had to have a national park to keep dinosaurs from the extinction they've so long enjoyed. Many of us feel that in the matter of preserving native species Uncle Sam already has too many little mouths to feed; but dinosaurs would certainly have a prior claim over reindeer and buffalo, and the grumpiest



taxpayer wouldn't have the heart to turn down a little dinosaur making congressional demand for a public playground. Or suppose, due to his extreme novelty, the dinosaur should become a fashionable pet, and the humble pedestrian on the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue should have to be forever dodging dinosaurs pattering along on leash!

To me the return of the dinosaur is much more formidable than the return of the caveman. Neanderthalian and Pithecanthropus Erectus have proved quite harmless to have about except that they are so exhausting to spell. Besides, the caveman's re-entrance upon the scene was less abrupt than that of the lizard-bird. For years he had been sending his manners on before him, and fiction and the movies had accustomed us to his conduct before melodrama began to stage the gentleman himself. Somehow the caveman, with all his outstanding hair and tusks and bludgeon, seems a rather pathetic figure nowadays. Fancy his butting up all that way from underground to match his methods with those of a Chicago hold-up!

I'm afraid the caveman, poor lad, has a big disappointment coming to him, if he thinks he has anything to teach us. No, it's not the caveman, to whom no one could attribute any underhand intentions, who causes me concern. It's these up-pushing buried reptiles and royalty. No one can tell what evils they may portend for conservative government and democratic institutions. This widespread defiance of the earth's crust by prehistoric forces may be only the advance rumble of an entire social upheaval. Instead of the encouragement now being everywhere given by enthusiastic but unthinking excavators to these fossilized remains and antediluvian beasts and justly deceased pharaohs, I believe in clamping shut with safety fasteners all cracks now appearing in the surface of any continent. It is the only course for security. "Hark, from the tombs, a doleful sound"

should cease to be a slogan merely for rural cemeteries. It now has worldwide significance. There's Something Back of All This excavation. For all one knows, this increasing clatter of men and animals supposed to have been long since silenced may be propaganda of Bolsheviks wishing to distract our attention from their own subterranean boring in our national morale.

Speaking of cemeteries, one question above all others teases my midnight pillow. Every single graveyard anywhere unearthed by any excavator is always composed of aristocratic bones exclusively. All races, both the Nordic and the common or garden races, seem to have entombed only their higher classes. What did antiquity do with all its plebeian corpses? These do not seem to have left a single footprint on the sands of time. It is possible the reason the masses are so very much alive to-day is that they have never been buried?



## STUDIES IN EXASPERATION

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

**A**S THIS is to be a serious and subtle piece of psychological analysis I must begin with a definition. By exasperation, then, I mean the comparative or superlative degree of irritation. Irritation touches only the surface of the mind: exasperation involves the secondary and tertiary layers. Thus, if your fountain pen unexpectedly belches a fat globule of ink upon a fair manuscript, you experience irritation; if, however, (a) it does this a second time and (b) you overhaul the instrument, refilling it, and, in the process, smearing your fingers with ink and (c) you go up to the bathroom and wash and (d) you resume your writing only to have the damned

thing regurgitate two blobs of ink at critical places on the page, *if*, I say, these conditions are fulfilled, *then* you suffer an abrasion of the secondary psychic tissue, or exasperation in one of its milder forms. My object in this brief monograph is to distinguish and describe three forms of exasperation. The first two are familiar. The third has not, so far as I know, been studied by psychologists.

The first concerns the behavior of inanimate objects. Of this I have already given an example above. The most general characteristic of the stimulus in these cases is the inertia of the object, or, in popular language, its tendency to fall back into the place from which you wish to remove it: the thread which evades the eye of the needle, the fire log which rolls back, the tie which jams every time in your collar. It is appalling to think that if Newton is right there is no exception among inanimate things to this law. The lower organisms may be included in the same classification. True, instead of inertia we use the terms persistence or obstinacy, but it is the same thing. The only difference between the matutinal circumvolitant fly which returns again and again to its *point d'appui* on your recumbent face and the oculo-fugient thread is that the fly is, in theory, vulnerable; but, as this distinction concerns the response and not the stimulus, it is here irrelevant.

The second form of exasperation is that induced by the young of the human species of pre-school age, i.e. babies. From my collection I select case I: T. B. Male. Age, One year. T. B. cannot in strictness be said to have acquired the habit of sleeplessness, for according to the available evidence—and there is a lot of it—he was born with this habit. T. B. had a pronounced antipathy to his crib. He would roar when placed in it and keep on roaring. His parents would spend on an average ten hours out of the twenty-four relieving each other every two hours, in nocturnal perambulation, carrying the child in one

or another of the three approved positions: right tackle, left tackle, and horizontal recumbent. After the parent had walked backwards and forwards like a caged animal for forty-five minutes, traversed three miles, and sung a complete repertoire of songs, T. B. would present the appearance of a sleeping infant. Parent murmurs, noiselessly as a thought, "Thank God!" Approaches bed and lowers child into crib with infinite care. Hands withdrawn by inches from contact with infant's person. Parent tiptoes to door. One foot is actually across the threshold and his whole body by anticipation in bed when—the infant emits an eldritch screech.

The defining characteristics of the form under consideration are (a) The exasperating object, though conscious, is as unable to understand the nature of an oath as the inanimate thing. (b) It is vulnerable in theory but not in practice. There is, however, on record the famous case of M. N., an Englishman who, traveling in a third-class compartment was, like his fellow passengers, rendered almost hysterical by the incessant crying of a baby. At last he leaned over towards the distracted mother and, smiling strangely, yet indubitably smiling, said, "Madam, if you would let me have the child for a few minutes I think I could stop its crying." The mother eagerly surrendered the infant, whereupon the man opened the window and threw it out. An exceptional case, but it may be remarked that it is the suppression of desires of this sort that produces the lesion of the secondary psychic layer.

At this point we may consider a form intermediate between forms I and II—the well-known *exasperatio telephonica*. This combines the worst features of the others, for in it two animated and supposedly intelligent beings are connected by an inanimate mechanism. The resultant complex may be analyzed as follows:

(1) Balked disposition or inhibited neural set. The telephoner's assumption is that of intelligent communica-



tion: he expects to be heard and answered. Instead of that he finds himself speaking into a void: inside the world circumscribed by the instrument there is utter silence, silence comparable only to that of a country railway station, a foretaste of that paralysis of all activity when, under the operation of the second law of thermodynamics, the earth will have become numb and dumb and glum.

(2) The omnipotence and the inaccessibility of central.

(3) The imperious yet quite-clearly-seen-to-be-futile impulse to deracinate the telephone and hurl it across the room. In this connection one may recall the case of X. Y., an elderly gentleman who, smitten with *dementia telephonica*, discarded his instrument, walked round to the office of the Telephone Co. and smashed a large plate-glass window. He was cured, but also incarcerated.

I come now to the third and most interesting form, which I propose to call *exasperatio hibernica hibernica* for the reason that it occurs only when dealing with the Irish in Ireland. Before offering an analysis I will give two examples. Since these are drawn from my own experience I can, in relating them, abandon the severe dispassionate scientific style which I have so far employed. Case 43. L. B. Male. Resides in Dublin. The various tram lines of Dublin converge upon Nelson's Pillar as a common *terminus ad quem* and diverge from it as a common *terminus a quo*. It would need a poet to convey any adequate idea of the turbulent chaos there at the rush hours. When a tram arrives the customary procedure has been for the waiting horde to make a concerted rush at it, to battle with and trample down the outclimbing passengers, and then to mount on the human debris to their goal. A few minutes later one third of the victors discover that they have boarded the wrong tram; they struggle out, only to meet a wave of new invaders, the original battle is renewed on a smaller scale—and in the

middle of it the tram starts. Recently the Dublin police have been trying to introduce some order into this chaos by instituting a system of queues. L. B., then, is waiting for a tram, a member of what is trying to be a queue. A loutish youth barges into the line ahead of him. L. B. remonstrates. "Here," he says, "what about taking your place in the queue?" The loutish youth looks over his shoulder and remarks with withering scorn, "You and your queues!"

The second example involves the telephone again. There are telephones in Ireland. The reason for this is obscure, for they are less like modern inventions than like relics of organs atrophied by disuse. Thus four years ago when I was in Ireland we never dreamed of using our telephone unless we wanted to annoy the local operator. The undertaking was too great. About an hour before you tried to put your call through it was necessary to send a messenger up to the village a mile or so away to ask central—a flighty girl of sixteen—if she would please step in off the street where she was colloquing with friends in order to attend to her instrument, or if she would have finished her tea by five o'clock, the hour when you proposed to ring up. However, this summer I was assured that things had greatly improved and that the system was working well. So one morning I clenched an arm of the instrument firmly in my left hand, cranked the bell vigorously with my right, and shouted "Blackrock 37" until finally I crashed through to central. I know I got through, because after a few minutes I heard a cheerful feminine voice say "Right!" Then silence, not even a hum or a quiver or a click. How long it lasted I do not know: there was time for my whole past life to rise before me. I shook myself free from my torpor and repeated the number loudly several times. Then silence again—the silence of the void before the universe was created or time was. Abruptly a voice was born at the other end—this time a gruff male voice. (The

poor girl, I suppose, had been swept into eternity.) "Were you calling?" asked the voice. Was I calling! Well, I liked his infernal cheek! That was in substance what I meant, but it took me about two minutes of concentrated vituperation to say it. He heard me through to the end, and then what do you suppose he said? "Be easy now. There's others have to be served as well as yourself."

These two examples may serve to indicate the peculiar quality of *exasperatio hibernica hibernica*. The Irishman exasperates you, and you know your exasperation is justified and even righteous, yet he manages to put you in the wrong. The Irishman in Ireland is ignorant, inefficient, and without any feeling for form or discipline. Queues forsooth! *He* never heard of a queue, therefore who ever heard of a queue? Ah, go 'long with you, you and your

high-falutin ideas! Under this assault you begin to weaken. Perhaps queues *are* mere artifices of a pampered civilization and the belief in them a symptom of an effete mind. And with that the whole moral basis of your exasperation cracks and begins to crumble. I ask you, is there anything more exasperating than to feel exasperated and yet to realize that your exasperation is uncalled for, that it has significance only as an item in a psychological or physiological record? Moreover, this form of the malady is by its very nature incurable. It is of no avail to kill the Irishman, because you are not sure of your *right* to kill him, and there is no satisfaction in murdering a man unless you can regard it as your duty. No, there are only palliatives: one must try one of the indirect and innocuous forms of relief—such as writing a silly little essay on the subject!







## *Editor's Easy Chair*



### THE MOTOR CARS 'LL GIT YOU, EF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

A HEADLINE in the newspaper announces that "Motor Traffic Chokes Detroit." That city, it seems, is unable to find due street room for cars. The city fathers are widening the avenues and a hundred-million-dollar program, extending over fifteen years, is suggested as a remedy.

That makes a picture in the mind of what is happening in this expansive and, incidentally, very expensive civilization in which we are struggling. We all know that they make automobiles in Detroit. It is a speciality of that town and the city takes its own medicine. The paper which has the headline says, "almost everyone in Detroit drives," and that everyone with even five dollars as a first payment is a potential buyer of a car. About 200,000 persons out of Detroit's population of 1,200,000 are said to be employed in automobile factories, and not only make cars, but ride in them. Naturally, the main streets of the town are congested. The specialty that has "made" Detroit has also embarrassed it. The streets are not wide enough and there are not garages enough to hold the cars, so that "all night parking" is remarked as a growing factor, and high-born and shiny cars stand out in the streets in the night watches with their humbler brethren.

The rulers of the city take all kinds of thought about the situation, and talk about streets 120 feet wide and, indeed,

have actually planned to make some streets super-highways 204 feet wide, which would give traveling room for eight cars abreast, four going each way. There is a Master Plan, the one calling for one hundred million dollars in fifteen years, that Detroit thinks may possibly make the going more comfortable. But would it?

We all know this story more or less; know it intimately in New York. It is a very expensive story. We see the avenues widening, and all extra space won for the cars by squeezing the taxpayers instantly gobbled up by more cars. We notice the habit of parking cars. One recalls that in earlier times in New York one never saw horses hitched in the main streets. That habit prevailed in the country villages fifty years ago and was pleasant and highly convenient, but one does not recall the evidences of it half a century ago in the main thoroughfares of New York. But now the motor cars stand by the sidewalks, not hitched but not occupied, and one wonders at the patience of a public that allows it and pays the cost of it.

As said, it is very expensive, this motor-car detail of current American civilization. To be sure, the one cheap thing in New York is taxicabs. They are an immense luxury and convenience. The whole motor car innovation is a wonderful luxury, a wonderful convenience, otherwise we should not sacrifice

to it as we do; but it is very expensive. The State of New York is considering a bond issue of three hundred million dollars for the abolition of grade crossings in the State. Of course, that means motor cars. Too many are smashed up at railroad crossings; too many people are killed. There must be many, many families in which the leading item in the cost of living is the car, and the other items are adjusted to what is left after item one is settled for. And there is more to be said for this arrangement than average moss-backs would suppose.

Don't you wonder where it is coming out? Don't you wonder where this phase of civilization of which the triumph of the motor car is so signally a detail is leading us all to? How far beyond calculation it all is!

Will something check the motor car, —the autogyro, maybe? Will relief of the roads come by invasion of the air, or shall we merely digest the automobile, expense and all, or become immune to it? Of course, we may do that, but the thought of it all is tiring. And, indeed, that is the fault of this changing world—it is so tiring. An ordered life is a great conservator of strength; and this disordered life that we now experience is a great consumer of it. "We shall try to live quietly," says a bride. (Another headline.) Oh, yes, but shall we succeed?

If you live in a great city it tires you, or at least draws on your strength, merely to walk in the street. At every crossing you have to take notice not to be run over. We live indeed, wherever we are, practically on a railroad track. Country or town, that is much the same. If we cross the road it amounts to what used to be walking on the track, only it is much more perilous because more cars pass on it. To this condition of things one must pay attention; his mind must be on keeping alive when he goes out. If he crosses the street he must think of nothing else while he is about it. All that draws on strength, not unwholesomely if one has the

strength to draw on, but incessantly. What is expected of the rising generation is not only that they shall have the strength to draw upon, but that they will develop an instinctive capacity to handle these things. Meanwhile, all old methods seem slow and the tendency is to drift towards speed in everything. Anyone who lives in the country and is concerned with gardening or agriculture is likely to notice this tendency. A handy man on a farm nowadays will make a garden and run a car. His propensity will be, so far as noticed from this Chair, to drift away from agriculture towards mechanics. Following a horse-drawn plow—weeding a garden—seem tedious exercises compared with driving a power motor or going on the road in a Ford. But the strain of plowing with a horse was less. The strain of weeding a garden was on the back but not much on the nerves. The society of horses and cows and pigs and chickens was as a rule more soothing than the society of motor cars and automatic engines. Nevertheless, we are not going back to the animals for society to the exclusion of our machines. Everything is more imaginable in the way of change than that we should forgo water running in pipes and modern plumbing, or go back from motor cars and smooth roads to horse-drawn vehicles and mud. We may be on the road to destruction with all our mechanisms, but whatever road we are on we shall not turn back. We shall go through to the end of it and get to wherever it leads us.

**B**UT it is a curious journey. Consider crime! So rampant, so prevalent, so very bold. Pick up any newspaper any day and read about the robberies, the killings, the holdups over night. What does all that mean? We notice that these violent crimes are done mostly by very young men—with some assistance, at times, from young girls. They are amazing! How does it come that these young persons who do them are what they are, and can do



what they do? How does it happen that our apparatus of order is so baffled by them; that they are able to get away with so many of these extraordinary crimes? As to what they are, what minds they have, there are all sorts of theories, as that they are products of the Great War, which taught the use of firearms to four million men and made that knowledge so common and prevalent that it passed along down to the rising generation. The war, too, made killing common and diminished respect for human life. Do you remember the bayonet exercises that were taught to the infantry recruits? Naturally, crimes of violence in such extraordinary quantity as we have are related to war. Perhaps, too, they are related in moderation to the movies, but that is only to say that they come out of current life. The movies come out of current life; so does all the literature of the time; so does crime, and especially these crimes of violence. Somebody else will say that they are due to the decline of religion, and the fundamentalists will lay them to Darwin. Drys will lay them to the Wets and to their disregard of law, and tell us that while we tolerate bootleggers we deserve to have our throats cut and our jewels stolen, and had better expect that. Wets will tell us that the reason why the gunmen operate uncaught is that the time and energy of the police in the United States are taken up trying to prevent the citizens of this country from getting a drink, and trying to keep motor cars moving in the streets. All these causes contribute to our crime records. A magistrate says that the education our schools give turns out boys who know how to play and can dress well, go to the movies, play with the girls, and run motor cars, but do not know a trade and have no means of making a living. When these young men come out of school they feel the need of incomes to support their habits of life—and, not knowing how to earn the money, some of them get it as they can.

Something in that, something in all these causes named. But of all the contributors to crime, the one that is most important seems to be the motor car. It is that, more than anything else, which has changed life. The head devil of all the innovators is Henry Ford. Shall we condemn him for that? By no means! We would not part with what he has accomplished even to get rid of some of its awful consequences. If Henry is the dog, and the bootleggers and the gunmen, and the careless drivers and the corrupted youths, and the general increase of the perils of life are the fleas, still we would not kill the dog to get rid of the fleas. Henry is just something that happened to us—like radium. He personifies a considerable increase of fatalities, but he also personifies an extraordinary detail of what we think is Progress; of the mechanistic civilization, in which we live precariously, move with caution but at increased speed, and have such being as by exercise of vigilance we are able to conserve.

What is the outlook for farming? Apparently, old-style farming is a dead duck, and agriculture is to be saved by organization and machinery. Food will have to be raised and undoubtedly will be raised; some of it as a by-product of country living; the bulk of it by large-scale farming, co-operative marketing, and such contrivances for wholesale production and distribution. Pretty much everything in this world that is not already adjusted to mechanism must soon become so. Henry Ford the other day blurted out a remonstrance against the propensity to join everyone to some organization. Master himself of one of the greatest organizations in the country, he still was all for having people think their own thoughts and invite their own souls. That was curious, but encouraging. With all his wonderful exploits in mass production, he is still an individualist. What he has done is the product of his own thoughts and his own mind and, wonderful to say, he seems still to see the

individual mind and the individual will as primary forces and organization secondary and subject to them.

WELL, that helps to give one hope. All these matters that we have been talking about seem to have to do with the material part of life. They are terrific factors in contemporary existence, but still they are all secondary matters. The primary things are those which concern the spirit of man, what it can see, what it can imagine, what it can aspire to, what it really wants. That is the idea that remains in the back of the mind of those persons, of whom Mr. Coolidge is one, who say that nothing can save the world except religion. That is true, but when they say "religion" as a rule they use a word they cannot define. They don't know precisely what they want, but they know they want something, they feel the need of something, and they call that something religion. Some of the New York newspapers publish on Mondays a page devoted to what the clergymen have said the day before in their sermons. Look over such a page any Monday, and you find the most interesting diversity of ideas put out by these reverend men on this urgent subject of religion, which is like everything else that relates to life in its need of being overhauled, re-stated, and re-ex-pounded, and brought into a more effective and truer relation to life as it is now lived.

For this life we are living does not seem to be a product of the Christian religion as it was understood one or two generations ago; it has come to pass without permission of our pastors and our preachers, come out of the increase of knowledge, and the vigor of the human mind, and is going its course as it must, with no particular concern for

what is said in churches, nor for the Sermon on the Mount, nor even for the Ten Commandments. The main effort of the various churchmen has been to try to hobble it with legislation. They have given encouragement to the idea of making conduct good by law; they have supported restrictions of various kinds, most conspicuously "prohibition." Some of them struggle to regulate what the schools shall teach, what plays shall be played, what books shall be read. Most of that effort is beside the mark. This extraordinary mechanistic civilization is a kind of Samson that is not going to be bound by green withs. It is partly good and partly bad, but whatever else it is, it is full of vigor, and is going down the middle of the road considerably regardless of signs put up by the politicians or the clergy. We cannot do much more than watch it. The great trees of humanity will bear their appointed fruits with very little regard to our sentiments as to whether the fruits are wholesome, or otherwise. What will come out of the United States will depend upon what has been put into the United States. What will come out of Britain and France and Western Europe generally will depend upon what has been put into the nations that occupy those parts. What will come out of Russia will depend upon what Russia is—and though she is new in a way, she wasn't made yesterday. So, out of the East, will come what the yellow people and the brown people have in them; groups, no doubt colliding at times with other groups; powers contending; powers co-operating on an unprecedented scale for mutual help and protection, but nobody and no combination of powers likely to be long successful in controlling the destinies of any considerable people on this earth against their will.





## Personal and Otherwise



IT IS a novel idea which *Doctor Joseph Collins* propounds in the leading article of the month: we do not recall ever before having heard Americans accused of adult-infantilism. Yet how he piles up the evidence in favor of his startling diagnosis! Doctor Collins is a New York neurologist of national reputation who in recent years has turned from the writing of technical books about nervous disorders to such excursions into other fields as *The Doctor Looks at Literature* and *The Doctor Looks at Biography*.

If Doctor Collins's estimate of our emotional age proves depressing, readers may turn for cheer to "Sylvia Goes to the City." *Philip Curtiss* often writes for HARPER'S; he made his most recent appearance in our pages only two months ago with "Mrs. Hopple and Daughter." He lives in Norfolk, Connecticut, where he serves, we understand, as a sort of local magistrate—which may throw light on the origin of his story.

*Roscoe Pound*, who declined last spring the presidency of the University of Wisconsin to remain as Dean of the Harvard Law School, is probably the greatest living authority on the history and development of the common law and a profound student of comparative jurisprudence. (Incidentally, he is a botanist of note.) It is not surprising that with his prodigious knowledge he sees in broad perspective the present crisis in American law, and reveals a general condition of which our crime wave and the notorious congestion of our courts may be merely symptoms.

The other day Sidney Howard, the playwright, heard from a friend in Bangkok. The friend had just received his September HARPER'S with Mrs. Howard's (Clare Eames's) portrait as its frontispiece, and reported that the same night he had seen her at the movies in "Queen Elizabeth." Think of it—Queen Elizabeth, Hollywood

style, in Siam! Yet curious as it is that the Siamese should get their English history via California, readers of *Charles Merz's* article will realize that it is much more important that they and millions of others are getting from the same source their mental picture of present-day Western civilization. The problem in distortion with which Mr. Merz deals is a capital problem in international relations. Mr. Merz is one of the editors of the *New York World*. To our November issue he contributed a delightful essay on the filling-station as a national institution.

The second story of the month, "Veneer," is the work of *Lee Foster Hartman*, associate editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

*Gertrude Mathews Shelby*, a trained journalist, went down to Florida last summer to witness the biggest land-boom of our generation and the "biggest popular migration of all history." She did more than witness the boom: she took part in it, both as salesman and as speculator. We present her first-hand account of the extraordinary conditions she found in Florida.

*H. M. Tomlinson*, British journalist, former war-correspondent, and author of *The Sea and the Jungle*, *Tide Marks*, etc., never writes a page without investing it with glamour. HARPER readers will recall that the voyage to the Dutch East Indies which is recorded in *Tide Marks* was undertaken at our suggestion, and that several chapters of the book were published in the Magazine. He now makes a welcome reappearance in our pages after an absence of over a year.

*Harry Emerson Fosdick*, now on a trip abroad preceding his active duty as pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York, writes this month on prayer. Next month he will deal with Science and Religion; many have written on this topic, but few can illuminate it as he does. Our latest letter from Dr. Fosdick comes from Cairo,

and tells of a moonlight sail on the inundation of the Nile up to the very edge of the Pyramids.

Every Englishman who comes to this country, every American returning from abroad, is asked for information on the English unemployment situation. No problem of the England of to-day is more important and on none do Americans find it more difficult to secure reliable information. At our request **A. G. Gardiner**, the veteran British journalist (former editor of the *London Daily News*, author of *Pillars of Society*, *Prophets*, *Priests*, and *Kings*, etc.), contributes a judicial appraisal of the situation and of the "dole"—which he prefers to call by another name.

Until about three years ago **Waldo Frank**, author of *Holiday*, *City Block*, and other novels, spent much of his time abroad. Since then he has remained in this country. His reasons for doing so, which he sets forth in his article, are in interesting contrast to the animadversions of various writers who have recently been regaling the public with their preferences for living anywhere but in the United States.

For obvious reasons, the young man who wrote "Is Big Business a Career?" prefers to conceal his identity.

The author of the final story of the month, **Margaret Culkin Banning**, is a Vassar graduate, a resident of Duluth, the author of several novels (*Country Club People*, *Half Loaves*, etc.), and a prize-winner in the recent HARPER Short Story Contest.

**J. B. Priestley**, whose observations on American fiction follow Mrs. Banning's story, is an astute English critic who writes frequently for the *London Mercury*.

Last winter **John W. Vandercook** spent several months in Suriname, on the north coast of South America. Previous to that time he had spent a year at Yale, two years on the stage, and some time in a variety of editorial positions on newspapers and magazines in this country. He returned from his South American trip with a new respect for the ability of the Bushnegroes to cope with jungle conditions in which white men would be utterly helpless. For our October issue he wrote an article entitled "White Magic

and Black"; this month he defends vigorously his general thesis that as masters of their environment the blacks of the jungle are "the equals of any race that lives."

The final article of the month is the last of a series of American Revolutionary portraits by **Philip Guedalla**, the brilliant Oxonian who became a London barrister and then forsook the law for a career as a historian. His books include *The Second Empire*, *A Gallery*, and *Masters and Men*; the other HARPER articles in his present series have dealt with George Washington, King George the Third, Lord North, King Louis the Sixteenth, and Cornwallis. These and other portraits will appear presently in book form.

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The poets are **Hildegard Fillmore**, a new contributor who lives in New York; **Ruth Fitch Bartlett** (Mrs. Walter S. Bartlett), also of New York, whose poems and articles appear frequently in the better magazines; and **Walter de la Mare**, one of the outstanding figures in present-day English poetry. Mr. de la Mare's most recent contribution to HARPER's was a story, "Mr. Kempe."

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In the Lion's Mouth appear **Burges Johnson**, associate professor of English at Vassar; **Winifred Kirkland** of Asheville, North Carolina, one of the most accomplished essayists in the country; and **Charles A. Bennett**, associate professor of philosophy at Yale, and author of *At a Venture*.

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On **George Bellows**, who died a year ago at the age of forty-two, was recently bestowed the highest honor which can be accorded an American painter—a commemorative show at the Metropolitan Museum. Only nine of our native masters had heretofore won this honor: Whistler, Winslow Homer, Chase, Thomas Eakins, Ryder, Abbott Thayer, George Fuller, F. E. Church, and Alden Weir.

Bellows came to New York in 1904 from Ohio, studied drawing and painting under Robert Henri, first exhibited in 1906, won his first prize in 1908 at the exhibition of the National Academy of Design, became an Associate of the Academy the next year



at the age of twenty-seven (the youngest man ever to be elected), and became an Academician in 1913. His work, which thereafter won him innumerable prizes and medals, was strikingly American in character; he not only was little influenced by current European tendencies in painting, but never even set foot in Europe. From the remarkable collection of paintings, drawings, and lithographs in the Metropolitan Museum we have selected for reproduction in HARPER'S MAGAZINE "Lady Jean," a study of his younger daughter painted in Woodstock, New York, in the summer of 1924, only a few months before his untimely death.



From its earliest beginnings, more than a century ago, it has been a part of the policy of the House of Harper to offer encouragement of every sort to the younger American writers. Our recent Short Story Prize Contest, in which quarterly prizes were awarded, and the Harper Prize Novel Contest, which has become a recognized institution and has already made famous and successful several writers heretofore comparatively unknown, are indications of the purpose of the House of Harper to continue this policy.

With the aim of stimulating the undergraduates in American colleges to creative writing of high quality, Harper and Brothers now announce an Annual Intercollegiate Literary Contest, conducted under the auspices of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It will be held for the first time during the present academic year, 1925-26, closing May 1, 1926.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE offers a First Prize of \$500, a Second Prize of \$300, and a Third Prize of \$200 for the best pieces of English prose, not more than 4000 words long (or not more than 7000 words long if fiction), written by undergraduates in American colleges and universities.

The judges will be Christopher Morley, author of *Thunder on the Left*; Zona Gale, author of *Miss Lulu Bett* and *Faint Perfume*; and William McFee, author of *Command*, *Casuals of the Sea*, etc.

The conditions will be published in detail in the next issue of the Magazine. For the present, suffice it to say that the universities and colleges to which it is open are those on

the accepted list approved by the Association of American Universities, omitting the technological institutions; that each university or college will be entitled to enter not more than five manuscripts to represent it in the contest; that these five (or less) manuscripts are to be selected by the head of the English department or someone authorized by him for the purpose; that the Contest will close on May 1, 1926, and that we hope to be able to announce the prize-winners by June 1; that the contribution which wins First Prize will be published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE; and that it is the purpose of the House of Harper to establish a relationship with the winners of the prizes and with other competitors whose work shows unusual promise, so as to be of all possible help and encouragement in their future development.



The Superintendent of the South Dakota Anti-Saloon League writes us as follows:

*Gentlemen:*

I have a copy of your issue for November, 1925, and have read the article by President Hadley on "Law-Making and Law Enforcement," and it seems to me that the publication of this article is uttering seditious words intended to produce nullification of law in America.

The attention of the Attorney General of the United States has been called to some of these utterances which are believed to be seditious.

Respectfully yours,

H. E. DAWES,  
Superintendent.

It is curious how differently different people will react to the same stimulus. Mr. Dawes's letter was followed shortly by one from Flint Wilson, an officer of the Mississippi State Board of Development, from which we quote:

I have read with much interest the article "Law Making and Law Enforcement," by Arthur Twinning Hadley, in the November issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. I not only read it once, but have referred to it for a week or more. I also referred the article to the directors of our organization.

It seems to me that this article conveys the soundest and most comprehensive treatment of the broad, and at times apparently inconsistent, subject of law-making. I do not know when I have so thoroughly enjoyed or received so much enlightenment on a subject of this kind as I did from this article. . . .

If it is in the province of your policy to permit it, I wish to make the request that you give this organization permission to reprint this article in pamphlet form with due credit to HARPER'S MAGAZINE. We wish to distribute this thought to every member of the legislative body. We also want to put it into the hands of as many citizens and state officials as possible.

It would do considerable good if the fundamental principle so prominently and impressively defined in Mr. Hadley's article were followed by the legislative bodies of to-day.

As these pages go to press the December issue has only just appeared; yet already we are beginning to receive letters about "Living on the Ragged Edge." We have space to publish only one of these here, and have selected the following:

I have just finished reading the article by Anonymous in your December number on "Living on the Ragged Edge." I do not live in New York City but on the campus of a fashionable school in the outskirts of Philadelphia. By reason of our situation my husband and I and our two children must be comfortably and well dressed. We must have a fairly presentable house, entertain occasionally, and in short, keep up our end of the line. So while I am not living in New York City under the exact conditions in which Anonymous finds herself, our positions are nevertheless comparable in many ways, though I probably have an income about one half the size of hers.

I read the article with sympathetic interest until I got to the paragraph in which Anonymous tells of its being necessary for her to keep three maids to do the work for a family of four people. When I read that "economy" I smiled, to put it gently, as hundreds of other housewives in reading it must have done, particularly the women in the Middle West—from which section Anonymous comes—where it is almost impossible to get help except at prohibitive prices. Surely there is something wrong in a scale of living that demands three maids for a small family in moderate circumstances. It has been my experience that a maid costs for her food and the waste she causes just exactly again the amount of her wages. Multiply this with three and it is reasonable enough to suppose that this item alone would be a staggering one.

In solving my own domestic problem, I have considered the cost of living from every standpoint. For most of us in a certain stratum of society, it is necessary that certain standards be maintained, but it is also necessary that these standards be maintained at the lowest practical working cost. I believe a wife and mother can accomplish this best by not having a position herself. The exceptions to this rule are women who by reason of great artistic gifts or unusual ability

of some kind can make large sums of money. For the average woman, and particularly one who for physical reasons can only work half time, the holding of a position is an actual monetary loss. A woman who is away at business is obliged to have more and higher priced help in her home. Many things which she could easily do for herself and children if at home, she must pay others to do for her. Last but not least, working in an office and properly supervising her home so taxes her strength that only the most robust woman can stand it,—just as Anonymous points out. She does not feel so strong physically as she did five years ago, and in the thirties a few years should not make so marked a difference.

In my own problem I have found, after many experiments, that it is best for me to stay at home and keep a sharp eye on everything purchased for the family. I keep one capable maid for general work. We have good food—I give much time and thought to this matter—and our clothes are of good material and well made. We buy some books and for the rest use a circulating library. We entertain mostly at afternoon tea and small suppers that I can manage with my one maid. I should like to go to the theater and particularly the opera more often than we do; but by steady and constant attention to details all along the line I find that we live comfortably, pay our debts, and have a small surplus at the end of the year. This was not the case when I managed my house in a looser way. There is another side to the question of the advisability of a wife's holding a position. This new freedom which women enjoy has not yet been fully digested by men. They do not know just how to adapt themselves to it. Many women who have gone to work, thinking they would thereby lighten their husbands' burden and at the same time gain a little economic independence for themselves, have been dismayed to find they have weakened their husbands and in some intangible way robbed them of their self-respect. Marriage is a contract in which it is necessary to make nice adjustments.

A last word—and this to you, dear Anonymous. I do not believe you are in such a bad case as you think you are. You know that your husband is in a profession in which he is rising. It is also a profession in which there is no age limit. After a lawyer establishes a practice it is his for life. In addition to this, your husband's mother has some money which in due course of time will come to you and him as a protection in your old age. This also adds to your sense of security though you may not be conscious of it. If the spur of necessity were driven deep in you (and God grant it may never be) many of these needs and desires which now seem so vital to you would drop from you as a useless garment and you would find there is a way to have some of the better things of life and a reasonable amount of comfort too, on a moderate income.

A. L. H.







NO MAN'S BAY

*By Paul Dougherty*

*Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries*





# Harpers

## Magazine

### THE ARROW

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

*Author of "Thunder on the Left"*

**I** SUPPOSE the reason why cabin stewards fold them like that, instead of tucking 'em in as bedclothes are arranged on shore, is that if the ship founders you can get out of your bunk so much quicker. The life preservers are up there, on top of the little wardrobe. The picture of Mr. Boddy-Finch, the resolute-looking man with a mustache, showing how to wear the life-waistcoat, is on the panel by the door. Mr. Boddy-Finch's mustache has a glossy twist, probably waxed like that to keep it from getting wet while he's demonstrating his waistcoat. He guarantees that the thing will keep you afloat for forty-eight hours: how can he tell unless he's tried it? Amusing scene, Mr. Boddy-Finch floating competently in the Mersey while a jury of shipowners on the dock cheer him on toward the forty-eighth hour.

So he was thinking as he got into the berth and carefully snuggled himself into the clothes that were folded, not tucked. The detective story slid down beside the pillow. No bed-companion is so sooth-

ing as a book you don't intend to read. He had realized just now that the strangeness had worn off. This was his first voyage. He had supposed of course he would be ill, but he had never felt more at home, physically, in his life. The distemper that had burdened him was of another sort; but now it was gone—gone so quietly and completely that he hardly missed it yet. He only knew that some secretive instinct had brought him early to his bunk, not to sleep, but because there, in that narrow solitude, he could examine the queer delicious mood now pervading him.

The steady drum and quiver of a slow ship finding her own comfortable way through heavy sea. The little state-room, which he had to himself, was well down and amidship; the great double crash and rhythm of the engines was already part of his life. A pounding hum, pounding hum, pounding hum. He invented imitative phrases to accompany that cadence. Oh, lyric love, half piston and half crank! Roofed over by the

upper berth, shaded from the lamp by the clicking chintz curtain, this was his lair to spy out on the laws of life. He could see his small snug dwelling sink and sway. Marvelous cradling ease, sweet equation of all forces. He studied the pattern of honest bolts in the white iron ceiling. Surely, with reference to himself, they were rigid: yet he saw them rise and dip and swing. The corridor outside was one long creak. There was a dropping sag of his berth as it caved beneath him, then a climbing push as it rose, pressing under his shoulders. He waited, in curious lightness and thrill, to feel the long slow lift, the hanging pause, the beautiful sinking plunge. The downward slope then gently tilted sideways. His knees pressed hard against the board, he could see his toothbrush glide across the tumbler. He was incredibly happy in an easy bliss. Now he understood why sailors often feel ill when they reach the dull flat solidity of earth.

The lull and ecstasy of the sea is what man was meant for. The whole swinging universe takes you up in its arms and you know both desire and fulfillment. And down below, from far within, like—oh, like things you believed you'd forgotten—that steady grumbling hum. The first night he was a bit anxious when she rolled: his entrails yawned when she leaned over so heavily on emptiness. But then he had divined something: it is the things that frighten you that are really worth while. Now, when she canted he did not hold back; he leaned with her, as though eager to come as close as possible to that seethe and hiss along her dripping side. It was the inexpressive faces of stewards and stewardesses that had best fortified him. They stood on duty along the exclaiming passages, priests of this white ritual world. Their sallow sexton faces seemed gravely reassuring the congregation that all was calculated, charted, and planned. They flexed and balanced serenely, like vicars turning eastward at the appointed clause. He had barely escaped horrifying one of them, his bedroom steward

who came in suddenly—the door was open—while he was doing a private caper of triumph at realizing he wasn't ill. He repeated his silly chant, smiling in the berth:

Wallow in a hollow with a pounding hum,  
Pillow on a billow with a pounding hum.

Now the Atlantic  
Drives me frantic,  
Pounding pounding pounding hum!

If you ever tell anyone this story, he said to me—long afterward, when he first talked about it—make it very matter-of-fact. I know that some writers have a way of putting things handsomely, picturesquely, full of ingenious witty phrases. That's dangerous, because people get a notion that these affairs are only the invention of literary folks.

The first days were very uneasy. He couldn't read, he couldn't bear talking the gay chaff that is legal tender on ship-board, he dreaded the discovery of a mutual friend in Pelham Manor that thrills adjoining deck chairs. He couldn't write, nor imagine concentrating his mind on cards; besides, he was young enough to be alarmed by the warning notice about Professional Gamblers. He'd have enjoyed more deck tennis, but the courts were usually occupied by young engineer-officers and a group of girls whose parents, in desperation, were sending them abroad to school. They were rather noisily true to type and carried with them everywhere a toy phonograph, the size of a candy-box. This occult machine, busily rotating dark spirals of jazz, was heard intermittently like a pagan refrain. It uttered such cries as Pan might ejaculate under ether. Long after the diligent ship's orchestra had couched themselves it chattered, in dark corners of the deck, against the thunder of yeasty sea. Evidently it was hastening its damsels into a concentric *cul de sac* where they would eventually find themselves blocked. There would perhaps be the momentary alleviation of a picture in the Sunday



paper ("Among the season's interesting brides") after which they would be irretrievable wives and mothers; with friends in Pelham Manor.

He paced the deck endlessly in windy bright September. Weariness is the only drug for that sea-unease. At night the mastheads swung solemnly against clear grainy sky. Even the Dipper seemed swinging. Here and there he paused, in a kind of dream, vacantly studying the log of the day's run, pondering on the chart a shoal called The Virgins, or watching, through a brass-rimmed port, cheerful people gossiping in the lounge. He was too shy and too excited to enter into the innocent pastimes of the voyage. Sometimes he went into the smokeroom for a drink. Brought up in the Prohibition era, acquainted only with raw gin and fusel oils, leperous distillments, he had never before encountered honest ripened Scotch. When that hale benevolent spirit amazed him with its pure warmth it occurred to him that perhaps there is no reason why the glamour of life should not be taken neat. It need not always be smuggled about in medicine bottles or under false and counterfeit labels. But the smokeroom frightened some essential chastity in his mind. It was full of women smoking and drinking. They wore cheese-colored silk stockings, provokingly obvious, and their eyes were sportively bright. Perhaps they were gamblers even more professional than those referred to in the sign. One evening, when he had a bad cold, the doctor gave him some phenacetin and aspirin tablets to take with hot toddy. That night he lay stewing in his warm cradle, submerged in a heavy ocean of sleep, rolled in a nothingness so perfect it was almost prenatal. So he told the doctor the next morning, and caught a flash from that officer's eye. Both put the phrase aside where it wouldn't get broken, for private meditation. Being diffident, he did not tell the doctor what jolly dreams had swum through the deep green caverns of his swoon. His mind lay on the bottom like a foundered

galleon, its treasures corroding in the strong-room, while white mermaids. . . No, they weren't mermaids, he said to himself.

But now I know why the steamship companies arrange so many distractions for their passengers.

As nearly as I can make out, his obscure agitations resolved themselves into a certainty that something was going to happen. But he could put no label on this strange apprehensive sentiment. When you can put your feelings into words, they cease to be dangerous. Now you see, he added, why my bunk was the safest place.

He paused. I think he realized that I didn't see, altogether; and I nearly remarked, in the jocular way an old friend can say things, that if he expected any editor to be interested in this story it was time he got into it something more tangible than phenacetin mermaids. The ladies with cheese-colored stockings had sounded promising. But somehow, with no notion at all of what he was coming to, I wanted him to work it out in his own way. After all, it's only the very cheap kind of stories that have to be told in a hurry.

Evidently it would be wrong to imagine that his disturbance was unhappy. For I got the impression that little by little a secret elation possessed him; on that special evening when he retired early to his berth he was particularly certain that some blissful meaning lay inside this experience. For suddenly, at the heart of that unsteady clamor, he lay infinitely at peace. The dull crash of those huge pistons was an unerring music; the grave plunging of the ship was perfect rest. He lay trembling with happiness, in what he described (rather oddly) as a kind of piety; a physical piety.

I wanted him to make this a little plainer, but he was rather vague. "I felt, more truly than ever before, a loyalty to the physical principles of the universe. I felt like Walt Whitman."

I decided not to pursue this further, but in a determined effort to explain himself he made another odd remark, which I suppose ought to be put in the record. "One day the chief engineer took me down to see the machinery. But before we went below he made me leave my watch in his cabin. He said that if I had it on me when we went by the dynamos their magnetic power was so strong that it would throw my watch into a kind of trance. It would be interesting as a specimen of polarization, he said, but it wouldn't be a timepiece. Well, it was like that with me. I felt polarized."

It appears that he felt himself on the verge of great mental illuminations; but, as one turns away from a too brilliant light, he averted himself from the effort of thinking. He took up the detective story, but it lacked its usual soporific virtue. And presently, still wakeful, he slipped on his dressing gown and went for a hot bath. The bathroom farther down the corridor would be unoccupied at this hour. On that deck all ports were screwed up, on account of the heavy weather, and it was undeniably stuffy. Several stateroom doors were hooked ajar, for ventilation, and as he passed along . . .

"I should have told you" (he interrupted himself) "about the day we sailed from New York, a marvelous warm autumn noon, the buoys chiming like lunch bells as we slipped down toward Staten Island. I got down to the ship rather early. After seeing my baggage safely in the stateroom and looking at some parcels that had been sent me—you know that little diary, *My Trip Abroad*, that someone always gives you; I'm sorry to have to say its pages are still blank—I sat in the writing room scribbling some postcards. You must realize what an extraordinary adventure all this was for me. *My Trip Abroad*! With a sense of doing something rather dangerous I went off the pier to mail my

cards. I remember the drowsy Saturday sunlight of that wide cobbly space; taxies driving up; the old Fourteenth Street trolleys rumbling along as usual, and in a few hours I should be far away from it all. It was then, returning across the street, that I noticed the head of some goddess or other carved over the piers. I wondered why, but I didn't dally to speculate. I had a naïve fear that the ship might somehow slide off without me—though there was still nearly an hour to sailing time.

"A friend had come down to see me off, and we palavered about this and that: he was an old traveler and was probably amused at my excitement. The deck was thronged with people saying good-by, and while my friend and I were having our final words there was a bunch of women near us. My companion may have observed that I was hardly paying attention to our talk. I was noticing a gray dress that had its back turned toward me. It was an exquisitely attractive thing, a sort of cool silky stuff with crisp little pleats. Its plain simplicity made it admirably piquant. Somehow I had a feeling that anyone who would wear so delicious a costume must be interesting. I can't attempt to describe the garment in technical terms, but it was draped just properly flat behind the shoulders and tactfully snug over the hips. What caught my eye specially was a charming frill that went down the middle, accompanied by a file of buttons and ending in a lively little black bow. I saw only the back of this outfit, which included a bell-shaped gray hat and a dark shingled nape. I noted that its wearer was tall and athletic in carriage, but my friend then recaptured my attention. When he had gone the dress had vanished. A visitor, I supposed; it was obviously the summery kind of thing that would be worn, on a warm day, to go down to say good-by to someone who was leaving. But several times, in my various considerations, I had remembered it. I thought particularly of what I called the



Spinal Frill and the impudent little twirl of ribbon that ended it. Did, or did not, anyone who wore that know how enchantingly inciting it was? It must be put there with some intention. But was it the wearer's intention, or only some casual fancy of the dressmaker's? Yet it was there to be admired; and if I had gone to the lady and told her how much I admired it, shouldn't I only have been doing my duty?

"Well, as I started to say, when I went by that partly open door I saw that gray dress, hanging in a stateroom. It was on a hanger, its back toward me. It looked rather limp and dejected, but there could be no doubt about the frill and the buttons and the bow.

"I was hurrying, as you do hurry when you go along a public passage in your dressing gown, and it really didn't occur to me until I was comfortably soaking in a deep tub of slanting hot water that I might have noted the number of the room. Then I could probably have found out from the passenger list who she was. But even so, I was glad I hadn't. I didn't want to seem to spy on the gray dress: I admired it too much for that; and also, just in the instant I saw it, it looked so emaciated, so helpless, almost as if it were seasick. I couldn't have taken advantage of it. I dallied in my bath for some time; when I returned all the doors were shut."

## II

The following day there was that subtle change which comes over every Atlantic voyage about three-quarters of the way across. Perhaps it happens at the place where the waves are parted, like hair. For on one side you see them rolling in toward America; on the other shore they move with equal regularity toward England and France. So obviously there must be a place where they turn back to back. The feeling of Europe being near increased the humility of passengers making their maiden voyage; more than ever they shrank from

the masterful condescension of those anxious to explain what an intolerable thrill the first sight of Land's End would be. A certain number of English ladies, who had lain mummified and plaided in their chairs, now began to pace the deck like Britannia's daughters. Even one or two French, hitherto almost buried under the general mass of Anglo-Saxon assertiveness, pricked up, and showed a meager brightness. The young women with the phonograph, if they had been listening, might now have learned how to pronounce Cherbourg. Friendships that had been still a trifle green and hard suddenly ripened and even fell squashily overripe. Champagne popped in the dining saloon: the directors of Messrs. Bass prepared to declare another dividend; there was a fancy-dress ball. A homeward-bound English lecturer hoped that the weather would be clear going up the Chops of the Channel; for then, he said, in the afternoon light you will see the rocks of Cornwall shining like opals. But the weather grew darker and wetter; and with every increase of moisture and gale the British passengers grew ruddier and more keen. Even the breakfast kippers seemed stronger, more pungent as they approached their native waters; the grapefruit correspondingly pulpier and less fluent. Hardheaded business men, whose transactions with the smokeroom steward now proved to have had some uses, were showing their wives how to distinguish the half-crown from the florin. It struck them oddly that it might be some time before they would see again the *Detroit Free Press* or the *Boston Transcript*. Thus, in varying manners, came the intuition (which always reaches the American with a peculiar shock) that they were approaching a different world—a world in which they were only too likely to be regarded as spoiled and plunderable children. The young women with the phonograph, subconsciously resenting this, kept the records going prodigiously.

In a mildly expectant way he had kept

an eye open for a possible reappearance of the gray frock; but ratiocination persuaded him it was unlikely. For it was not the kind of dress one would wear for dancing—obviously it was not an evening gown, for it had no hospitable exposures; yet it certainly had looked too flimsy for outdoor appearance in this weather. Perhaps it was a garment too tenuous ever to be worn at all in Britain, he pondered, as the chill increased. Then came the fancy-dress ball, for which he was enlivened by the Scotch and the enthusiasm of his steward who admired his tentatively suggested costume of bath towels and curtains. A stewardess pinned him together, loudly praising his originality although she had seen one just like it almost every voyage for twenty years. He found himself dancing with a charming creature who might even, by her build and color, have been the gray unknown. He had intended to be a trifle lofty with her, for he doubted whether she was his intellectual equal; but neither the cocktails nor the movement of the ship were conducive to Platonic demeanor. He decided to try her with a hypothetical question.

"If you had a gray dress with long sleeves and a nice little white collar, on what sort of occasion would you wear it?" he asked.

"When I became a grandmother," she replied promptly.

"There was nothing grandmotherly about it," he insisted. "It had a spinal frill and a velvet bow on the bottom."

She laughed so they had to stop twirling.

"The bottom of what? The skirt?"

"No, at the end of the frill. On the saddle, so to speak—the haunches."

"Haunchés!" she cried. "If you were any good as a dancer you'd know they don't have haunches nowadays. D'you see any haunches on me? I'm sorry I didn't get to know you sooner, you're priceless. This music is spinal frill enough. Come on, Rudolph, step on it."

So they danced. The second-cabin saloon, tables and chairs removed (she

was a one-class ship in her last years), was now called the Italian Garden, a humorous attempt on the part of the steamship architects to persuade passengers they were not at sea. It was used for dancing and Divine Service, two activities so diverse that they canceled out perfectly. The slippery floor swung gravely; every now and then there was a yell and a merry shuffling as a deeper roll tilted the crowd out of step and they slid against stanchions and the potted shrubs that symbolized Italy. The musicians, remembering that to-morrow would be the day to take up their collection, braced themselves on their chairs and played valiantly. Like a drumming undertone came the driving tremor of the hull, pounding hum, pounding hum; the ceaseless onward swing of the old vessel, dancing with them, curtsying stiffly to her partner, smashing her wide wet bows into swathes of white darkness. Then the serio-comic yammer of the tune overcame everything, moving pulse and nerves to its rhythm, repeated again and again until it seemed as though the incessant music must cause some actual katabolism in the blood. You remember the song that was the favorite that year:

When Katie has fits of the vapors

And feels that occasional peeve

That cuts such irrational capers

In the veins of the daughters of Eve,

There's still one elixir

That surely can fix her

Whatever depressions may vex—

Sitting up late

Tête-à-tête

With the So-Called Opposite Sex.

Before quitting they went on deck for a gust of fresh air. He wondered vaguely why he had not enjoyed more of this sort of frolic during the previous eight days. This, evidently, was what life was intended for: he was as healthily and gladly weary as a woodchopper. Would she expect him to offer a few modest endearments? It seemed almost discourteous not to, when the whole world was so lyric and propitious. But as they rounded the wind-break into the full



dark blast of the night they collided with one of the phonograph urchins, embracing and embraced with some earnest young squire. They hurried by and stood a few moments alone forward of the deck-house. There was a clean cold scourge of wind, a bitter sparkle of stars among cloudy scud.

"Oh," she exclaimed angrily, "shall we never be there? I hate it, hate it, this sensual rolling sea."

She cried an embarrassed good-night and was gone. He remembered the head carved on the piers and guessed now who the goddess was.

The next day was the last. At the Purser's office appeared the notice *Heavy Baggage for Plymouth Must Be Ready for Removal by 6 P.M.* The tender bubble of timelessness was pricked. The heaviest baggage of all, the secret awareness of Immensity, was rolled away from the heart. Again the consoling trivialities of earth resumed their sway; though those not debarking until Cherbourg had a sense of reprieve, as of criminals not to die until a day later. The phonograph wenches, regardless of a whole continent of irregular verbs waiting for them, packed the French grammars they had never opened during the voyage and, unaware of plagiarism, made the customary jokes about the Scilly Islands.

He slept late. When he came on deck in mid-morning he could smell England. The wind was still sharp but ingrained with fragrance, motes of earthen savor. Almost with dismay, as they drew in toward narrower seas, he felt the long plunge of the ship soften to a gentler swing. In the afternoon a fiery sunset broke out in the debris of storm they had left astern; the blaze licked along rags of oily cloud, just in time to tinge the first Cornish crags a dull purple. He avoided the English ladies whose voices were rising higher and higher toward their palates, but he forgave them. This was plainly fairyland, and those returning to it might well grow a little crazed. He saw comic luggers with tawny sails,

tumbling in the Channel, like pictures from old books: he imagined them manned by gnomes. He was almost indignant at the calm way the liner pushed on into the evening, regardless of these amazements. He would have liked her to go shouting past these darkening headlands, saluting each jeweled light-house with a voice of silver steam.

It was late when she stole gently up Plymouth Sound and anchored in quiet blackness. There was Stygian solemnity in that silent unknown waterway: the red wink of a beacon and the far lights of the town only increased the strangeness. After days of roll and swing the strong deck seemed lifeless underfoot, while some spirit-level in his brain was still tilting to and fro. The good fabric of the ship was suddenly alien and sorry; stairways and passages and smells that had grown dearly familiar could be left behind without a pang. It was truly a death, things that had had close intimacy and service now lost their meaning forever. Glaring electric lights were hung overside, brightening the dead water; slowly into this brilliance came a tender, ominous as Charon's ferry. He waited anxiously to hear the voices of its crew, the voices of ghosts, the voices of another life. It was called *Sir Richard Grenville*, amusing contrast to the last boat whose name he had noticed in New York, the tug *Francis X. McCafferty*. Then, realizing that the *Sir Richard* was coming for him, he broke from his spell, hurrying to join the drill of departing passengers.

"Stand close about, ye Stygian set," he thought, remembering Landor, as they crowded together on the small tender, craning upward. The ship loomed over them like an apartment house, the phonograph girls and others, making a night of it before reaching Cherbourg, chirping valediction and rendezvous. As they moved gently away a curly puff of flame leaped from the ship's funnel. Some accumulation of soot or gases, momentarily ignited, gushed rosy sparks. He never knew

whether this was a customary occurrence or an accident, but for an instant it weirdly strengthened the Stygian color of the scene. It was as though the glory of her burning vitals, now not spent in threshing senseless sea, must ease itself by some escape. In the hush that followed the passengers' squeaks of surprise he heard the toy phonograph, poised on the rail, tinning its ultimatum.

Later, just as he was getting into the boat-train, he thought he saw, far down the platform, a glimpse of the gray dress.

### III

What he remembered best of those first days in London was an extraordinary sense of freedom: freedom not merely from external control but also from the uneasy caperings of self. To be in so great a city, unknown and unregarded, was to have the privileged detachment of a god. It was a cleansing and perspective experience, one which few of our gregarious race properly relish. He had no business to transact, no errand to accomplish, no duty to perform. Only to enjoy, to observe, to live in the devotion of the eye. So, in his quiet way, he entered unsuspected into circulation, passing like a well-counterfeited coin. Comedy herself, goddess of that manly island, seemed unaware of him. Occasionally, in the movement of the day, he saw near him others who were evident compatriots, but he felt no impulse to hail and fraternize. The reticence of that vastly incurious city was an excellent sedative. Once he got out his *My Trip Abroad* album to record some impressions, but desisted after a few lines. "I felt too modest to keep a diary," was his explanation.

Except for the left-hand traffic, which cost him some rapid skipping on street crossings, he encountered no phenomena of surprise. London seemed natural, was exactly what it should be. At first the dusky light led him to believe, every morning, that some fierce downpour was impending; but day after day moved

through gossamer tissues and gradations of twilight, even glimmered into cool fawn-colored sunshine, without the apparently threatened storm. In the arborescent Bloomsbury squares morning lay mild as yellow wine; smoke of burning leaves sifted into the sweet opaque air. Noon softly thickened into evening; evening kept tryst with night.

His conviction of being in fairyland, when I come to put down what he said, seemed to rest on very trifling matters. The little hotel where he stayed was round the corner from a post-office, and in an alley thereby were big scarlet vans, with horses, and initialed by the King. These ruddy wagons in the dusk, the reliable shape of policemen's helmets and boots, a bishop in the hotel who fell upon his breakfast haddock as though it were a succulent heresy, the grossness of "small" change, and a black-gowned bar-lady in a bodega who served glasses of sherry with the air of a duchess—these were some of the details he mentioned. His description of men in the subway, sitting in seats with upholstered arms, smoking pipes and wearing silk hats, was perhaps, to a New Yorker, more convincing suggestion of sorcery. But apparently the essence of London's grammar was just that there were no shocking surprises. Fairyland should indeed be where all the incongruous fragments of life might fall into place, and things happen beautifully without indignation or the wrench of comedy. London seemed so reasonable, natural, humane, and polite. If ever you felt any inclination to be lonely or afraid, he said, the mere look of the taxicabs was reassuring. They were so tall and bulky and respectable; they didn't look "fast," their drivers were settled and genteel. He even formed an idea that London fairies, if encountered, would wear very tiny frock coats and feed on the daintiest minuscule sausages; with mustard, of course; and miniature fried fish after the theater.

The region where Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road transect in an



X, like policemen's braces, was his favorite resort. There was no rectitude in the union of these highways; theirs was a gay liaison that had begotten huge families of promiscuous byways and crooked disorderly stepstreets. One parent absorbed in literature, the other gayly theatrical, the young streets had grown up as best they could. In the innumerable bookshops of Charing Cross Road he spent October afternoons; the public lavatory of Piccadilly Circus was near for washing his hands, always necessary after browsing along second-hand shelves. Then the cafés of Soho were pleasant to retire to, taking with him some volume he had found. No man is lonely while eating spaghetti, for it requires so much attention. He dined early, to visit the pit-queues before the theaters opened. There courageous eccentrics sang or juggled or contorted, to coax largesse from the crowd.

It may have been some book he was looking at that sharpened his ear. Outside the bookshop a street-piano was grinding, and presently the bathos of the tune, its clapping clanging gusto, became unendurable. It was sad with linked saccharine long drawn out, braying and gulping a fat glutton grief. It had an effect, he said, of sweet spaghetti boiled in tears. It was an air that had been much played on the ship, and for a moment he felt the dingy bookshop float and sway. The verses he had been reading may also have had some effect: poetry, pointed so brutally direct at the personal identity, is only too likely to bring the heart back to itself and its disease of self-consciousness that is never quite cured. The melody ended and began again. It was a tune concocted specially for dusk, for the hour when filing cases are shut and vanity cases opened; for the dusk, dreadful to solitary men; and he fled down Shaftesbury Avenue to escape. But the deboshed refrain pursued him, it lodged in his fertile cortex like a spore and shot jiggling tendrils along his marrow. The

ship, forgotten in these days of fresh experience, returned to his thought. He felt her, rolling the whole pebbled sky and wrinkled sea like a cloak about her wet shoulders; he saw her, still in a dark harbor, gushing a sudden flight of sparks.

I'll wash my hands and go to a show, he thought.

A golden filtration was flowing into the cool dusk of Piccadilly Circus. The imprisoned fire had begun to pace angrily to and fro in the wire cages of advertising signs. Rows of sitting silhouettes, carried smoothly forward on the tops of busses, moved across the pale light. Black against the shimmer was the figure of a winged boy, lifted on one foot's tiptoe, gazing downward part in mischief, part in serene calculation. His outstretched bow was lax, his hand still drawn back after loosing the string. The frolic knave, tilted in airy balance, gauged the travel of his dart. His curved wings, tremulous to poise him so, seemed visibly to spread and flatten in the diamond air. Along a slant of shadow, where light was grained with slopes of sunset, sped the unseen flash.

And having, as he thought, washed his hands of the matter; coming blithely upstairs from the basin, he received the skewer full in the breast.

The shock thrust him backward upon another pedestrian. "Careful how you poke that umbrella about," someone said. At first he felt dizzy, and did not know what had happened until a warm tingling drew his attention. The thing had pierced clean through him, a little aside of the middle waistcoat button.

It was prettily opalescent, with tawny gilt feathers. Sparkles from the electric signs played on the slender wand; the feathered butt projected at least eight inches in front of his midriff. Anxiously reaching behind, he felt that an equal length protruded from his back, ending in a barbed head, dreadfully keen. His first thought was not one of alarm, though he realized that such a perforation might be serious. "Isn't that just my luck," he reflected, "with my new

suit on?" For only that morning he had put on his first British tweeds.

The horns of busses and cars, the roar of traffic seemed very loud; almost like a crash of applause, the great shout of a sport-loving throng acclaiming this champion shot. He stood there, tottering a little, suddenly concentrated full on himself. It was surprising that there was no pain. A hot prickling and trembling—that was all. Indeed he felt unusually alert, and anxious to avoid attracting attention. People might think it somehow ill-mannered to be transfixed like this in such a public place; an American kind of thing to do. He tried to pull out the arrow, both forward and backward, but it would not budge; and tugging at it merely suffused his whole system with eddies of fever. Already several people were looking curiously at him. He hastily gathered his loose overcoat, which had been flapping open when he was hit, over the feathery tail. Unpleasantly conscious of the shaft emerging from his back, and which he could not hide, he set off toward the nearest policeman.

As he crossed the darkening and crowded Circus, edging carefully sideways to avoid spitting anyone with his awkward fixture, it appeared more and more difficult to consult a policeman in this matter. The all-competent, solid, and honorable London bobby seemed the last person to whom one would willingly confess so intimate and absurd a humiliation. And as he was not in pain or weakened, but even strangely exhilarated and feeling a desire to sing, when he stood beside the constable he found it difficult to mention the topic.

Without removing his vigilant gaze from the traffic, the policeman bent a courteous ear down toward him.

"Which bus for Bedford Square?" he found himself asking.

"Number 38, sir." (Or whatever the number was.)

He had intended to remark, as casually as possible, and with his best English lift of intonation, "I say, constable, I've had a little accident; I wonder if you'd help me." But he had a clear vision of the astounded officer halting all the traffic and a morbid crowd gathering to stare while the stalwart fellow placed a huge foot on his chest and hauled out the shaft. He would have to lie down on the pavement; it would be very painful, he might scream. No, it was too public.

"See here, constable," he said nervously, "has anyone been shooting arrows round here?"

Still watching the stream of vehicles, the policeman took his arm in a powerful grasp and held it kindly but firmly until there was a pause. Then he turned and looked at him carefully.

"Not this early in the evening," he said. "Why, the pubs is only just open. Later on, I dare say, the air is thick with 'em. Now you take my advice, get along 'ome to Bedford Square and 'ave some black coffee."

"Well, look here!" he cried angrily. "What do you think of that?" He flung open his overcoat to show the thin pearly shaft and the sparkling feathers.

The bobby gazed unmoved. "Button up your coat," he advised. "Someone'll nip that nice watch-chain." He escorted him to a neighboring curb.

"Here's where your bus stops. Now no more o' your nonsense."

The attentive faces of the throng alarmed the young American into silence. He mounted the omnibus, and sat carefully ajar on the outside of a seat, to prevent the arrow striking anything. But even so, three passengers complained that he was jabbing them, and he was put off before they reached Oxford Street.





## SHOULDER STRAPS

A POST-WAR CONVERSATION

BY H. G. DWIGHT

THE hostess, having given her signal, shepherded her rustling flock into the drawing-room.

I sighed. It had been that rarest of phenomena produced by the Eighteenth Amendment, a dry dinner, and I feared the coffee and cigars would be dryer. The host—a small ceremonious man, full of virtues, no doubt, but if not given to wine, not likely to be given to woman and song—had even taken elaborate precautions to pass around the word that we were to let alone for once that inevitable topic of conversation, the Court Martial. This was on the guest of honor's account—a general, of how many stars it was difficult to divine. He looked sufficiently distinguished in mufti, but somehow did not suggest the war horse of the Book of Job: "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." From my remote post of observation I gathered that something was amiss with the Republic and that, having exposed its situation to the hostess, he would have little left to say to an unworthier audience. Then there was a congressman, rather disappointing in that he turned out not to be a knife-swallower. Also a near-personage from the Department of State: the most promising one of the lot, if one might judge by his yarn about a member of the French Debt Commission, who apologized for his tardiness at a great lady's tea by explaining that he had been to Arlington to depose a wreath on the tomb of his

Unknown Creditor. Likewise a glum-looking man who appeared to know me but whom I couldn't quite place. And the inevitable young man of whom nobody knows anything except that he lives in a dinner jacket and exhibits it in everyone's dining room. Hardly the type to raise the somewhat depressed morale of so correct an entertainment.

The coffee had duly been poured and the cigars lighted—they, at least, happily belied my dark prognostications—when by way of avoiding the Court Martial the young man of the perennial dinner jacket inquired of the General whether he knew Captain Thomason. The General indicated with some finality that he did not. Which might have closed the incident had it not been for the glum-looking man.

"The General is a general," he took the trouble to explain to the discomfited young man, "while the Captain is not only a captain but a Marine. What is worse, he isn't even a West Point man. He's a human being. He's an ex-journalist and an artist who stayed in the Leathernecks because he liked them. But he certainly has written some rattling good stuff about the war."

Slowly the General turned upon the glum-looking man, and slowly turned away again, his distinguished eyes.

"Even if this Captain Thomason is not an officer of the old line," the General remarked to the young man of the dinner jacket, "he may have had time to collect impressions rather more accurate than those gathered by others

whom circumstances brought into the army during the war. Have you read a book called *Soldiers Three*? By a man named—"

"Kipling?" suggested the intrepid host, while the General probed his memory.

Slowly the General shook his distinguished head.

"You don't mean Dos Passos, do you, sir?" put in the State Department man. "I believe he wrote a book called *Three Soldiers*."

The General bowed.

"Yes, that's the name. And a most unfortunate book. Mr. Dos Passos evidently knew nothing of what he was talking about, because he makes the climax of his story turn on the fact that his hero—if so improper a term may be used—while under arrest as a deserter, failed in addressing an officer to salute him, and was disciplined accordingly. If this Mr. Dos Passos had been better informed he would have known from the Regulations, and in particular from the Manual of Interior Guard Duty, that no officer or man of any rank, when under arrest, is permitted either to give or to take the salute."

"Nevertheless, might it not have been possible for Mr. Dos Passos to observe some such incident?" ventured the Congressman. "There must have been a good many young officers in France who had not had time to study manuals very thoroughly. During that period, in fact, I suspect that some rather queer things went on in all the services." And he glanced at the State Department man with a smile.

"Very true," admitted the General. "I fear you are right. But it is deplorable that a man who served with the colors, for however short a time or in however humble a capacity, should deliberately propagate false, unpatriotic, and subversive ideas. With regard to the salute, for example, Mr. Dos Passos seems to feel an actual bitterness, as if it were an act of servility. Whereas it is

purely an act of courtesy, like lifting one's hat to a lady. It is a privilege which every right-thinking soldier should be proud to possess and ashamed to lose."

"The younger officers," said the glum-looking man, who struck me as looking a trifle less glum, "may look upon it as a privilege. To be saluted, that is. The privilege of returning the salute, especially to privates, they are not so keen about. And I have been told by older officers that the curse of going behind the lines during the war was the eternal saluting. Isn't all that polite talk in the Regulations about military courtesy applesauce, sir, to make the soldiers swallow the duty of obedience toward those whose privilege it is to order them about? That's what it sounds like to me. But, of course, I grant you that without orders or obedience to them, battles would be even more ridiculous than they are."

The General raised his distinguished eyebrows.

"I am happy to find at least one civilian who appreciates the necessities of the case. That is why it seems to me regrettable that Mr. Dos Passos should have written a book which conceivably might be true to fact, but which in spirit is not only erroneous but misrepresentative of the American army and harmful to public opinion. Not that I pay the book the compliment of believing that it has exerted any great influence."

At that I felt it incumbent upon myself, not to encroach upon the forbidden ground of the Court Martial, but to take up the defense of American letters.

"That may be true too, General; but I see no necessity whatever of requiring that a novel be representative, or representative in one sense only. Books like *The Plastic Age* and *This Side of Paradise* don't pretend to represent all hobbledehois or all students at all American colleges. If they did they wouldn't represent anything. *Madame Bovary* doesn't represent all provincial



French women. *Hamlet* doesn't represent all crown princes, by any manner of means. Even *Soldiers Three* hardly represents Tommy Atkins. Why should *Three Soldiers* be expected to represent the American Expeditionary Force in France? It merely represents, to my way of thinking very successfully, out of two million members of the A.E.F., three perfectly credible individuals, and three only, who happened to fall under the observation of an uncommonly scrupulous artist. To be sure they were not such types as fell under the most willing observation of Captain Thomason. And I take it that military life appealed less to Mr. Dos Passos, as a career, than to Captain Thomason. But is that a valid reason why one should be any less free than the others to record his observations?"

"Far be it from me," replied the General with deliberation, "to deny any man the right of free speech. It is perhaps as much as anything a matter of taste. But I may be allowed to add that relations between the army and those in civil life seem since the war to have grown progressively less satisfactory. It is hardly too much to say that I mark occasional signs, on the part of civilians other than Mr. Dos Passos, of an actual antipathy toward us soldiers. The army, in spite of its recent services to the country, is at its lowest ebb, and nobody seems to care a rap. Why is it?"

As the General ended his eye rested upon the Congressman, keeper of the purse-strings—who in the absence of more potent remedies fortified himself with a sip of coffee. But the glum-looking man hastened to relieve the statesman of the responsibility of the interpellation.

"Oh, I don't think the army is yet at its lowest ebb, sir," he reassured the General. "After the Civil War, I understand, it dwindled to ten regiments. Even after the War of 1812 it was treated to what Jefferson called a chaste reduction. I fancy you still have quite a distance to go. But wouldn't it be too much to expect us, or even the ladies,

to stick at the pitch of enthusiasm we felt for you in 1917, 1918, and the better part of 1919? Circumstances have changed. That is all. The fire is out—and we have an idea that the volunteer firemen may have had something to do with it. We also have a natural feeling of relief that the thing is over, plus a not unnatural reaction against the expense, discomfort, and general high-handedness of a military regime, plus a possibly hard-hearted yet not ill-founded impression that you are more useful in times of war than in times of peace. You exist, and there can be adduced reasons for your existence. We look upon you as a necessary evil, inseparable from an imperfect stage of civilization—like the tax collector, the undertaker, the plumber, the dentist, the policeman. But we haven't a particle of antipathy against you, sir. It is merely that in our present perfectly intelligible mood nobody cares whether you sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish."

"General," contributed the host, "I hope you are following the good example of General Bullard and General Harbord, and are preparing your reminiscences for publication."

"Thank you," replied the General ambiguously, brushing the tip of his cigar into his empty coffee cup. "I quite understand the psychology of reaction, and I am the last to deny that without the co-operation of those in civil life, whether in khaki or out, the army could hardly have brought home its laurels. But what is more difficult for us to understand is a tendency to deny us our legitimate share of those laurels, and to make us feel that the indifference with which we are regarded is rather more pointed than in the case of those with whom you are good enough to class us, namely the policeman, the plumber, and so on."

"Why not?" inquired the glum-looking man. "We are perhaps less aware of your poor relation the policeman because him we have always with us, and unhappily we do not meet him at dinner.

Whereas you have your hour at irregular intervals, and your social position forces us to comparisons. We accordingly discover that you pay the penalty of the specialist, and of one who begins to specialize rather earlier than the rest of us. West Point and Annapolis are less like the colleges we go to than cloisters, where boys are as carefully guarded as nuns against finding out what the world is really like, and where they spend so much time in saluting, drilling, and learning how most efficiently to destroy their fellow men, that they have an even narrower margin of leisure for the humanities than their football rivals of Harvard or Stanford. The sailors see a little more of the world—at least in a geographical sense—while life in the close quarters of a ship tends to make the relations between ranks and ratings more like those of normal human beings. But you are dragooned into a rigider mold. At the best, therefore, you have the handicap of a second-rate education, which only the most powerful spirits among you can overcome. And at your worst—My God! Far be it from me to mention names, sir; but to achieve the mental outlook and the manners of a type we have both encountered, somebody must have boiled down and extracted the essential juices of the prize sophomore at one of our conspicuous universities, a secretary of embassy carefully picked for his elegance, haughtiness, and freedom from ideas, an active member of our loudest anti-gin or anti-evolution league, the winner of an Atlantic City beauty contest, a couple of prize fighters, and half a dozen pre-war Prussian colonels.”

If the General did not say among the trumpets, Ha, ha, he at least permitted us to taste a moment of lively anticipation. The State Department man profited by it to nudge me in the ribs, and the host to extinguish his cigar. Then, claspings the arms of his chair, that anxious man attempted to catch the General's eye. The General's eye, however, heavy lidded and impassible as

doom, sought his glass. And having taken one sip out of it, he gave it a glare of mingled surprise and disgust, set it down again, and impatiently pushed it from him. After which he bitterly disappointed us by saying:

“Your observations lack nothing in candor, but they seem rather to prove my point than to satisfy my curiosity.”

“My use of the personal pronoun, sir,” the glum-looking man blandly assured him, “is quite impersonal. As you asked a plain question, I took it that you might be interested in a plain answer.”

“Quite so,” the General agreed. “But, granting that my profession is no more exempt than yours from its due quota of imbeciles, has it not perhaps contributed more than its due quota of the world's great men? The histories I read, and the statues I see in the streets, would certainly appear to testify to that effect. And if we pay the penalty of the specialist, do we not also perform, very distinctly, the duty of the patriot?”

“You open so many doors, sir,” answered the glum-looking man, “that I hardly know which way to turn. What, for instance, could be a more mysterious problem in psychology than that there should be men, of whom General Grant was possibly one, who cannot collect their faculties or rise to their full height of character except under the stimulus of high explosives? It might be very interesting to speculate whether it be worth while to provide the stimulant in order to enable the man to find himself. But I shall waste no time in contesting the greatness of the military art or the glory of Napoleon. I shall merely suggest, very modestly, that with all your triumphs you do not hold the patent on patriotism.”

“I did not suggest that we do,” retorted the General, with, it may be, a shade of vivacity.

“Perhaps not, sir,” admitted the glum-looking man. “Yet you might have made it more obvious that with you patriotism expresses itself in ob-



scurer ways than by going to war. That is what you are there for. It doesn't necessarily follow that you are patriotic. Whereas with freer agents like the rest of us the case is a little more complicated—so long as there be no conscription. Not that I mean to imply that we hold the patent on patriotism, either. As I look back to the time of the German War, when so many of us masqueraded in khaki, I suspect that what not a few of us were there for was to follow the fashion, or to see the world, or to get away from our wives, or to collect medals, or to pursue a dozen other designs which have nothing to do with patriotism. It was a time, you see, when one could get the credit of being patriotic without half the risk of crossing the street against a red signal. Which is not saying that you did not run risks. No one can pay a sincerer or humbler tribute than I to the thousands who ran the most terrible risks, at the most terrible cost. But that is not what we are talking about. We are talking about patriotism. And even if you were to say that the patriotic act, for you, lay in dedicating yourself thirty or forty years ago to the service of your country, I should still be troubled by doubts. For patriotism is a virtue which appears to be rather rare, which is excessively difficult to disentangle from other human motives, and which is one of the slowest to mature. It certainly is dormant at the age when school children are taught to wave flags and to mouth phrases. I question whether it be much more active at that when plebes enter West Point. It is conceivable that some of you go there out of a precocious spirit of patriotism—as others may go out of a precocious consciousness that they have no more definite tastes or ambitions than to be 'gentlemen,' and that one of the easiest ways of achieving that most harmless of distinctions is to be an officer. I fancy a good many of you go, however, for the same reason that other boys go to college. Their parents send them there."

"You surely don't mean—" began the host.

"I mean it is not impossible," the glum-looking man continued, "that the minds of most plebes work in the same haphazard way as those of the rank and file. Among the plebes there may not be so many of those more arrant misfits for which the army is a catch-all—hidlers, runaways, sons of Mr. Draco and Mrs. Fuss, to whom a camp means refuge, freedom, change, excitement, romance. For which, if a young rough-neck means more or less what we do, he has other names! But the plebes have their version of the restless youngster who can't sit still, or stay in the house, or stick to one job, and who is more than likely to try a hitch in the army. And then there is the solider type for whom all this rubbish about sales resistance, business personality, and correspondence-school popularity was not written; to whom books or banks mean very little, to whom horses and outdoor life and a spice of adventure mean a great deal; and in these degenerate days the army is one of the few places where a young man without money can find them. And if a war happens to break out, such young men—for all their growls—are in their element. They take charge of us, stave off our perils, defend or widen our frontiers, rise to epic heights of heroism, throw away their lives as I throw away my morning paper, and win for themselves and for us immortal glory. Still, it seems to me too much to claim for many of them that they are actuated by patriotism. Some of them are quite capable of asking for a bonus the next morning. And, as I have already hinted, it is a serious question whether it be desirable to pick quarrels in order to improvise thrills, virtues, and splendors for young fire-eaters—or old ones—who had the ill luck to be born out of their time."

"I note certain inconsistencies in your remarks," commented the General, "as well as certain gratuitous implications;

but from their trend I gather that you are a pacifist."

"No, sir!" the glum-looking man promptly declared. "I am a post-impressionist."

"In which case," put in the State Department man with a smile, "the General must be a realist."

"Well, hardly. The General, if he will allow me to speak for him, is a rosy romanticist. He doesn't belong to the same school of romance as Senator Borah, for instance, because he doesn't believe any more than I do that the millennium is around the next corner, or that you can change human nature by Act of Congress. But he regards patriotism, as you have seen, through spectacles much more romantically tinted than mine. He believes in a millennium not just ahead but just behind, when knight-hood was in flower; also when appropriations were prompt and generous, and nobody asked rude questions. And he finds in the Manual of Interior Guard Duty the miraculous virtues which Senator Borah sees in an Act of Congress. To some, indeed, his scheme of outlawry might appear more picaresque than Senator Borah's."

"I think it is safer to let each of us speak for himself," the General said affably. "What do you know about the Manual of Interior Guard Duty?"

"Nothing at all, sir," confessed the glum-looking man. "I never heard of it until you mentioned it a few minutes ago. I only know that you take a good many thousand perfectly healthy and normal specimens of the male sex, nine out of ten of whom can beat you at poker, at boxing, at shooting, at riding, at swimming, at landing a black bass, at mending a motor or a radio set, at making love or money—at doing any of the things by which men measure one another—and you try to impose on them a perfectly abnormal and arbitrary social system in which the first-class private is better than the second-class private, the corporal is better than the first-class private, the sergeant is better

than the corporal. Then you fix a great gulf, on the farther side of which you set the sprightly sh-econd lieutenant, who of course is a thousand times better than the sergeant. And so on up to the four-star general, who is the best of the lot and in whose presence no dog dares bark. Of course, it's a delightfully convenient way of bringing order out of a world which is disgustingly mixed up and illogical. I don't blame you for liking it—especially if you happen to be nearer the top of the scale than the bottom. The only trouble with it is that life, in spite of its magnificent absurdities and injustices, really isn't quite so simple as that. In real life, you know, we don't find it enough to glance at a man's shoulder straps before making up our minds whether to be civil to him or not. And in a world which is yet far from safe for democracy, but which after all has got rid of a good deal of nonsense since Louis XIV, we begin to find it rather quaint that you should still be standing up there gravely going through those eighteenth-century motions."

"I am reminded," observed the imperturbable General, "of an account a friend of mine gave me of a trip he made on a Caspian steamer in 1920 or thereabouts, when he was unable to find accommodations for the night because all the cabins were occupied by the stokers and their wives. Is it your idea that discipline should be relaxed to that extent? Or would you prefer to trust the defense of the country to Mr. Bryan's armed million who would spring up over night?"

"Very pertinent questions, sir," replied the glum-looking man, not unconscious of the smiles that broke out around him. "I could tell you a story too—of seeing, long before anybody had heard of a Soviet, five Russian officers blithely playing tennis on one court. Five! And in boots and spurs at that! It was a sight to make an American or an Englishman explode. But it was one which casts its small light on several things that have happened in Russia



since, as well as on what we are talking about. The thing is a game and a game has to have rules—and penalties for breaking them, and captains of teams, and a clear field for the players. We are all sports enough to understand that. That is no reason, however, why you should act as if the rules of the game had been handed down from Sinai on two tables of stone. Least of all is it any reason why you should take it for granted that they can never be changed. Baseball and football are now quite different from what they were when we first played them. So are a number of other ancient and honorable autocracies which have latterly been through rather rough water. Discipline and *esprit de corps* and all that are very well. Still, we can't help regarding your power and prestige as less important than the prestige and power of the country to which you belong. And you can't expect us not to be tickled, once in a while, at the precautions you take to protect yourselves against new ideas. Not that we don't envy you too. For what can cause more inconvenience, worry, and lying awake o' nights than a new idea? Yet if it annoys you, and if the man who was so unlucky as to have it is also unlucky enough to have on his shoulder straps that particular piece of tin which requires him to salute you first, all you have to do is to tell him to shut up. And if he doesn't—"

At that the host felt called upon to introduce a new idea. He rose and resolutely cleared his throat.

"Gentlemen," he proposed, "is it not high time for us to join the ladies?"

"They will perhaps be able to throw a little more light on these interesting questions," agreed the General genially. "They may even inspire our post-impressionist to elucidate what he is driving at. For myself, I have the impression that he is not so far as he professes from Senator Borah's school of romance, in that his main point seems to be to disagree with everyone else." With which the guest of honor slowly

rose in turn, pausing to draw the last puff from his cigar.

"Oh, not quite with everyone, sir," rejoined the glum-looking man as chairs were pushed back, vests pulled down, ties straightened. "There are several, perhaps even in this room, with whom I share the old Anglo-Saxon prejudice of which you are the victim, whereby the military has been subordinated to the civil arm of the body politic. We long ago found out that if we wanted roofs over our heads, or roads to travel on, or a few other conveniences of life, it wasn't safe to give you a free hand. Then I must say that I don't altogether disagree with another prevalent, if possibly less concrete or well-established, idea. As a matter of fact, no great attention had been paid to it until 1918 or so. We don't know just how to express it. We don't know just what to do about it. We are perhaps obsessed by the slowness with which habits and institutions change. Still, they do change. And the idea, for all its indefiniteness, is unquestionably there, silently seeping through the world in which you kick up your time-honored dust about preparedness, in which admirals stamp around raising a hullabaloo about the dangers to which we are exposed and putting all manner of unnecessary difficulties in the way of those whose business it is to keep the peace. Of course we are exposed to dangers. Life is a highly dangerous affair. Nobody denies that. But since we all have to take chances, why not consider the chance that our neighbor may not intend to stab us in the back? That doesn't mean that you will be in the slightest danger of losing your job for a long time to come. It merely means that a lot of people, in all parts of the world, are beginning to suspect that war may be an antiquated, inconclusive, and disappointingly unprofitable method of settling disputes—not to say stupid. And that may be why you intimated, in raising these interesting questions, that you had recently become conscious of

an unwonted chill in the air. Isn't it merely that you are sometimes conscious of a quizzical look in our eyes? However skeptical about the millennium we may be, the most matter-of-fact of us occasionally indulge in harmless flights of fancy in which we wonder what a really intelligent world would be like. Well, we aren't very unanimous about it. Nevertheless, when we scrutinize the well-worn furniture of our present world, most of us find it hard to imagine doing without our celebrated friends the plumber and the policeman. They at least minister to certain more or less fundamental human needs. But you—

In spite of Napoleon and all that, we can't help asking ourselves how you would look in a nicely warmed and lighted museum. Stuffed!"

As those of us near the door stepped back to let the loftier members of our hierarchy out first, I found myself next the glum-looking man.

"Weren't you rather rough on him once or twice?" I whispered.

"Rough?" uttered the glum-looking man out of the corner of his mouth. "I wish you could have heard the bawlings out he treated me to in France! But I bet he's forgotten all about them."

"I bet he hasn't," said I.

## ONCE IN A LONELY HOUR

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

**U**PON *my breast*

*Once, in a lonely hour, your head was laid,  
And you had rest*

*From much that troubled you—you were no longer afraid.*

*But now even here*

*No refuge is; you shall not ever lie  
As once in my heart's shelter here,*

*Poor heart, while the great hounds of Time go roaring by.*

*Vain was the strength*

*You leaned on in that hour, you did not guess  
How vain the strength*

*Whereon you propped your ignorant lovingness.*

*And yet—what more*

*Has life to offer life, here in the lone  
Tumult? A little rest, no more—*

*Upon a heart as troubled as its own.*





# THE INTOLERABLE CITY

MUST IT KEEP ON GROWING?

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

**T**HE mouths of our great cities are gigantic hoppers. Into them pour the foods we coax from the earth, the energy we snare from the sun, the metals we disembowel, the men and women we draw from the smaller communities. What comes out of these hoppers? Ordinarily, people think that wealth is increased and life is far more attractive and thrilling; for if this were not so, who would be drawn into New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Philadelphia, and why should any other city boast about its increases in population and attempt to put itself in the same census tables? Surely, this is the best that modern civilization can offer, this New York with its dazzle of pointed towers, this Chicago with its sweep of avenues, this Detroit with its thick pageant of motors?

But let us look at the hopper more closely and see what is actually coming out of it. Census reports, mortality statistics, and income-tax returns do not tell the whole story: there is something beneath all that, the life of the ordinary man and woman. In the long run the things that tip the balance are those that cannot be weighed: they must be seen, felt, handled, endured. Recently, the New York State Housing and Regional Planning Commission confessed that only one-third the population of New York City had an income sufficient to enable the family to live in decent modern quarters. Let us single out Mr. Brown, who is one of this fortunate mi-

nority, and follow him through the routine of his day.

As an inhabitant of a vigilant city, Mr. Brown is proud of the low death rate his health department boasts; unfortunately, the statistician keeps no account of the living rate, so we must make a first-hand appraisal. Mr. Brown usually comes home at the end of a day with that tired feeling, and all the quack medicines in the drugstore do not quite relieve him of it. He is proud of the fact that he keeps books or sells insurance on the eighteenth story of a skyscraper; but so much of the ground was used to build those splendid offices that Mr. Brown works most of the day under artificial light; and in spite of the slick system of ventilation, the middle of the afternoon finds him dull.

The journey home undoubtedly calls forth physical effort; unhappily it is not invigorating. The Swedish massage he receives at the hand of the subway guard does not improve his appetite; nor is it helped by the thick fumes of gasoline when he walks out upon the street. Eventually, Mr. Brown sits down at his dinner table and looks out on an air-shaft or a court where a dozen other kitchens have been busily preparing a dozen other meals: it never varies. No change in color, no hint of sunset or moonlight, no variation from season to season as the vegetation flourishes or shrivels: only the smells that creep through the windows tell the difference between Thursday and Friday.

Once upon a time Mr. Brown used to

stretch his legs and play with the children; the six-room flat was common in Boston and New York; the seven-room house flourished in Philadelphia and Chicago and St. Louis. Now the walls of the rooms have contracted: Mr. Brown pays so much for his four cubicles he is perhaps forced to harbor an ancient aunt or his wife's parents in the same narrow quarters; and, as likely as not, there are no children. When the Browns have put by a little they will have either a baby or a cheap car: it is hard to decide which, for the upkeep is high in both cases; but the car has this advantage—it would enable the whole family to get out into God's own country on Sundays.

This pursuit of God's own country would make the angels themselves weep: it means a ride through endless dusty streets, and along an equally straight and endless concrete road, breathing the dust and exhaust of the car ahead, and furnishing an equal quantum of exhaust and dust to the car behind; a ride with intervals spent at hot-dog stands, and long hours wasted at ferry houses and bridges and main junctions and similar bottlenecks, where the honking of impatient horns reminds Mr. Brown in the spring of the frog ponds he was not quite able to reach. As the main city grows, the country around becomes more suburban and the fields and hills and lakes are more difficult to reach. A generation ago Mr. Brown's father used to catch shad in the Hudson, or he might have spent the Sunday rambling with his youngsters along the bays and inlets of Long Island Sound. To-day a vast load of sewage has driven away the fish; and the expansion of great country estates for the lords of the metropolis has blocked and fenced off the Rambler. Nor does New York alone suffer. Buffalo was forced to jump sixteen miles from the city line the other day to recover a paltry thousand feet of lake front for its citizens. By the time open spaces are set aside, however, the population has multiplied so furiously that, on a sum-

mer Sunday, the great parks are as congested as the city's streets—so much for solitude and natural beauty!

When dinner is over neither Mr. Brown nor his wife is in condition to listen to great music or to attend the theater. First of all, they are not in financial condition to do this because ground rents are high in the amusement district, and the price of seats has risen steadily to meet the increase in rents. Unless the occasion is important or Mr. Brown is willing to scrimp on the week's lunches, he cannot afford to go. Again, he is in no mental condition to participate in play that demands mental activity or emotional response above the spinal cord; and if this were not enough, the prospect of another hour in the subway kills most of the impinging joys. The seventy theaters that exist in sophisticated New York are, really, only one to a hundred thousand people; there are a score of little towns in continental Europe that are far better provided with drama and music. The fact is that, with all New York's wealth, its cultural facilities are *relatively* limited: they would be insufficient were it not for the fact that only a minority can afford to enjoy them regularly.

But Mr. and Mrs. Brown have their amusements? Oh, yes, they have the movies; that is to say, the same entertainment, served in almost the same form, as it comes in Peoria or Tuscaloosa or Danbury—no more and no less. If they are too tired to "drop around the corner" they have another consolation, the radio: this, too, works no better than it does in the despised, backward villages of the hinterland, and if the Browns happen to be situated in one of the mysterious "dead areas" it does not work nearly so well! In short, Mr. Brown travels through the pulping mill of the subway, endures the tawdry monotony of his flat, divorces himself from the natural enjoyments he can never quite recover on Sunday—for what? For an occasional visit to the museum or the opera? He could have as much if he



lived a hundred miles away. His sacrifices are in reality made for a much more mystical purpose: his presence increases the "greatness" of his city. By adding to its population, he raises the capitalizable value of its real estate; and so he increases rents; and so he makes parks and playgrounds and decent homes more difficult to obtain; and so he increases his own difficulties and burdens; and his flat gets smaller, his streets bleaker, and his annual tribute to the deities who build roads and subways and bridges and tunnels becomes more immense.

Mr. Brown grumbles; sometimes he complains; but he is only just beginning to doubt. His newspaper tells him that he is fortunate; and he believes it. He fancies that when another subway is built he will find room in it for his feet—if he leaves the office promptly. I shall deal briefly with this fond hope a little later.

## II

What is true of Mr. Brown is true also of the people who live on the East Side, the South Side, the Hump, the Stockyards District, or "the other side of the railroad track." Since, however, they lack Mr. Brown's snobbishness, they have a touch of neighborliness for consolation, and may occasionally manufacture a little special amusement for themselves in wild dances and hearty weddings and funerals full of pomp and dignity and excellent wine. If these groups, through advances in wages, could be raised to the level of Mr. Brown's station, they would not exactly be in Paradise; but suppose Mr. Brown stood at the apex of the pyramid—perhaps that would be Paradise? Perhaps that would justify Mosshunk's trying to become Boomtown, Boomtown's trying to become Zenith, Zenith's trying to become Chicago, Chicago's trying to become New York, and New York's trying to become like Mr. Hugh Ferriss's picture, *The Future*?

Well, let us consider what Mr. Smith-Robinson, the millionaire widget manu-

facturer, gets out of the great city, with its increasing population, its multiplying turnover, its skyscrapers, its subways—in short, all the symbols of its dominant religion of material expansion.

Mr. Smith-Robinson lives in a twenty-story apartment house on Park Avenue. It is like Mr. Brown's plain apartment, but it has ascended the ladder of evolution: the blastula has become a gastrula, or to speak more plainly, the four-celled unit has multiplied to sixteen units, six of them being sacred chambers devoted to lustration and baptism. To overcome the bare efficiencies of the building, we shall call in the services of a fashionable architect; he will arrange the scenery to persuade his client that he is a Spanish ambassador, an Italian prince, or a medieval English baron—but woe to the poor client if he take it into his head to draw back the hangings and look out the window. The chances are that he will find himself facing directly a blank honeycomb of windows, exactly like Mr. Brown's exhilarating view—only there are more of them. After all, the company that built the apartment was not in business for its health: they covered every square foot that the building laws and zoning ordinances would permit. Though they may call the few tubs of trees and shrubs at the bottom of the court a Persian garden, it is a feeble attempt to confuse the mind: the virtues of a Park Avenue apartment are those of an honest barracks.

So numerous are the lofty palaces and cloud-capped pinnacles where the "emergent minority" live, that the streets are vastly overtaxed by the traffic of their automobiles. When Mr. Smith-Robinson comes down from the country estate he sooner or later acquires, he finds that it pays to leave the car at the outskirts and take the rapid transit into town. The theaters, the clubs, the teas, the dances, the dinners, the concerts, the opera, and all the other devices for "performing leisure" which Mr. Thorstein Veblen has catalogued have, perhaps, a strong appeal to Mr. Smith-Robinson;

but more and more, for all that, he is tempted to adopt the Friday-to-Tuesday week-end in the country. He finds, curiously, that as his income increases, the devices for reducing it become more and more effective. He bequeathes a young fortune to his fellow citizens to buy them a park; his executors are able to get hold of only a small wedge of land. Or he adds a wing to a hospital, and finds that it is overcrowded before the first year is over. As the avenues become clogged, as crimes increase, as he becomes conscious of the danger of merely walking abroad on the streets, our fortunate citizen perhaps grows a little thoughtful; at the least, he reads with great interest the weekly bulletin of plans for doing away with traffic congestion by sinking endless millions into ingenious feats of engineering. These plans are to Mr. Smith-Robinson what new subways are to Mr. Brown; and with the fond hopes that they too embalm I shall deal shortly.

### III

In the meanwhile, neither Mrs. Brown nor Mrs. Smith-Robinson is an altogether happy woman: the city they live in was at best designed for adults, and there is no place in it for the coming generation. So much money is spent in the detection of criminals, in the treatment of preventable disease, in the building of refuges for the mentally unstable and, above all, in the labyrinth of sewers and subways, that there is relatively little left for the more fruitful processes of living and learning. The schools are driven, by mere weight of numbers, to offer an education which caricatures our democratic technic of living; and no pabulum that may be added to the curriculum quite makes up for the impoverishment of educational opportunity in the city itself.

As for play, it is almost out of the question; even generous Chicago cannot keep up with its necessities. The acreage of parks and playgrounds in our metropolitan hives bears no relation at

all to the density of population; for although by crowding people together and piling story on story we may almost indefinitely multiply the normal density, Nature does not permit us to pile one lawn upon another, or one tree upon another; and even if the rooftops were used for playgrounds, too, there would not be an adequate amount of open spaces. Indeed, as our cities continue to grow, and become more deeply in need of parks, the difficulties of holding open the land they do possess become greater: art galleries, museums, universities, art centers, and similar institutions run without commercial profit naturally covet land that need not be bought—and as ground rents rise their demands become more importunate.

So note the paradox. As a city increases in "population and wealth" it becomes less able to afford the things that make life gracious, interesting, and amusing. The difficulties of carrying on mere physical existence are so terrific that a major part of a city's money and energy, which should be spent on making life itself better, is devoted to the disheartening task of keeping "things" from getting worse. For a fortunate and able minority the city provides power and riches—much power and much riches. But the chief benefit of a big income is that it enables the possessor to escape from the big city. Hence the estates that are being planted from Chestnut Hill to Santa Barbara; hence the great drift of the middle classes into suburbia. If metropolitan life were the best civilization can now offer, it would be impossible to explain the fact that the suburbs are increasing in size, number, and population. The smaller cities that copy the defects of New York and Chicago, towns that ache for skyscrapers and apartment houses and pray to heaven for a little traffic congestion—even these cities are in the same boat; for many of them are being engulfed by suburbs which take advantage of the city's business facilities and escape the increasing burden of taxes.



## IV

Manifestly, the suburb is a public acknowledgment of the fact that congestion and bad housing and blank vistas and lack of recreational opportunity and endless subway rides are not humanly endurable. The suburbanite is merely an intelligent heretic who has discovered that the mass of New York or Chicago or Zenith is a mean environment. Is the suburb, then, a "solution"? Will the metropolis of the future cover a radius of at least fifty miles from the central district; will Boston, New York, Philadelphia be merely high points of congestion in a vast belt of suburbs and industrial districts stretching along the coast? That is the assumption upon which many of our city surveys and regional plans, to say nothing of real estate speculations, are being tacitly made. Let us examine this beautiful prospect.

The suburb is an attempt to recapture the environment which the big city, in its blind and heedless growth, has wiped out within its own borders. With the aid of the suburb, business and living are divided into two compartments, intermittently connected by a strip of railroad. For the sake of clearness, let us isolate the case of Mr. Jones, the typical suburbanite, the perennial theme of the cockney cartoonist. Twenty years ago Mr. Jones built a house in Grassmere. It contained some of the closets, rooms, niches, fixtures, furniture which had been oddly missing in his city apartment, and it was surrounded by a garden which, until the garage began to demand space, and the car itself most of the family's time, was well-cultivated. The streets were embowered with trees, the school was small and surrounded by a playing field; within ten minutes walk was Chestnut Woods, a great place for picnicking.

When Mr. Jones moved to Grassmere it was Eden; almost it was. All the suburbs along the line were small, the railroad company was obsequious and kept the fares low; and if the journey

to the office was a little tiresome, the newspaper presently increased in size and reduced the mental distance. The sacrifice of the climax of the third act was a small price to pay, in fact, nothing at all to set over against the children's gain. As long as Mr. Jones had "business in the city" this was perhaps the best possible arrangement for the life of his family.

In establishing himself in Grassmere Mr. Jones forgot only one thing: he forgot that he had not really escaped the city. The very forces that created the suburb moved out, inexorably, with icy relentlessness, and began to smear away this idyllic environment, which had the neighborliness of a small community and the beauty of gardens and parks and easy access to nature. Inevitably, the suburb grew and, growing, it became more like the city it had only apparently broken away from: the market street lengthened into a garish main street, ungainly offices and lunchrooms sprang up, an apartment house was built near the railroad tracks. Land values boomed; but taxes, alas! rose too. Potentially, Mr. Jones was more prosperous; but if he wanted to keep his house as a permanent home every increase in land values and taxes had the effect of making him poorer. If he had a little extra land he was forced to sell it as building lots; that brought neighbors uncomfortably near. The simple dirt road, which had cost little, was replaced by asphalt; traffic increased and it was necessary to widen Main Street: both improvements cost money. The old method of sewage disposal and the old water mains were no longer adequate for the doubled population; Grassmere enlarged them—and that cost money. New streets were opened at the behest of the leading real estate man, who happened to be Mayor during the boom period; while these streets waited for new owners and house-builders, they "ate their head off."

All the costs of sewers, paving, unnecessarily wide residential streets, street lighting, gas, electricity, and police went

up so rapidly that presently the newcomers could no longer afford a roomy, comfortable house like that which the Joneses had built: they put up monotonous semi-detached rows or plumped into apartments. Mr. Henry Wright has pointed out that the cost of these little accessories has been steadily mounting during the last century, and now comes to about forty-five per cent of the total cost of a house. When all the land is covered with asphalt, when all the streets are designed indiscriminately for through loads of traffic, when the land itself is sold by the front foot, the single family house becomes a forbidding luxury, and there is no choice at all for the greater part of the population but to build multi-family houses. The "Own-your-own-home movement" does not recognize that the real difficulty under these conditions consists in keeping your own home.

When his suburb became choked with new buildings, Mr. Jones began to wonder if he might not endure an extra hour's travel each day for the sake of quiet, lower tax rates, a tennis court, and a more congenial community.

Unhappy Mr. Jones! If he moves farther into the country the improvement is only temporary. So long as the office buildings and the lofts crowd higher into the sky, so long as the factories are planted more thickly along the railroad sidings that line the entrance to the great city, so long will the blessings of suburbia be little more than a momentary illusion. The sort of life the suburb aims at is of course only partial: inevitably the suburbanite loses many of the cultural advantages and contacts of a complete city; but even its limited effort to obtain two essential things—a decent home for children and a comely setting for life—is thin and ephemeral in its results. The suburb is not a solution. It is merely a halting place. So long as the big city continues to grow, the suburb cannot remain suburban. Its gardens are doomed, its quiet streets are doomed, the countryside around it is

doomed, a doom hangs over every aspect of its life—sooner or later it will be swallowed up and lost in the maw of the great city. Spring Gardens was anciently a suburb of Philadelphia; Cambridgeport, of Boston; Flushing, of New York—and where are the snows of yesteryear?

## V

The conditions that we have been examining are those that attend uncontrolled and unregulated urban growth. They are not evils which are inherent in the constitution of cities; but neither are they accidental defects which will be wiped out by a little adroit street-widening or municipal regulation. It is true that during the last forty years a great corps of technicians has arisen, city planners, engineers, transit experts, and municipal administrators who devote themselves to easing the burdens of congestion and repairing the more obvious damages. Unfortunately, however, for the hopes that these excellent minds awaken, none of their remedies permanently remedies anything—and they themselves are the first to confess it! Our technicians usually accept the fact of unregulated and unbounded urban growth as "given." So instead of attempting to remove the causes that create our mangled urban environments, they attempt only to relieve a few of the intolerable effects. They exhaust the devices of mechanical engineering and finance to provide palliatives for expanding cities and expanding populations, and they flinch, most of them, from asking the one question which promises any permanent and effectual answer—how can we provide a stable environment for a stable population?

It is quite fatuous to ask what promise there is of reconstructing New York and Chicago internally, to make them fit for permanent human habitation. Our efforts to combat the evils of congestion never get within miles of that: the most Mr. Brown hopes for is that the next subway will give him more standing



room, in New York; or that a series of double-decked streets will give more clearance to his automobile, in Detroit. As urban growth takes place now, Mr. Brown might as well dream of free airplane excursions to the North Pole. Each new transit line opens up new tracts of land, or increases the capacity of the existing areas to bear a heavier load of people. Thus the remedy increases the population in the Central District and at the outskirts; with this increase, land values rise again and, in turn, a still heavier load falls upon the land.

The same principle applies to those marvelous double-decked avenues and underground ways that modern engineering so eagerly threatens us with. As exhibitions in constructive audacity, these schemes are highly admirable; as instruments of business enterprise they are also, perhaps, admirable; in fact, they are altogether delightful for any purpose except for that for which they are intended—namely, the relief of congestion. The reason is plain: the cost of each new bank of streets or each new boring of tunnels must fall back, eventually, upon the land; and in order to meet the taxes and carrying charges of our monster skyscrapers, still greater monsters must be erected. In short, the remedy just adds a little more of the disease. To build streets in anything like the initial ratio to the original density of population would throw an intolerable charge upon the buildings—unless it were possible to increase the height, and so destroy the ratio! None of our current plans for city improvement break out of this vicious circle; for the only way of breaking out is by limiting the increase of population within a single congested area, whereas none of our present improvements would be tolerated, on business principles, if they did not promise just the opposite of this.

Since all this holds for the present metropolis, we might as well put down in the cellar those purely fanciful solutions of our urban problems upon which

Mr. Hugh Ferriss exerts his able and masculine draughtsmanship. Physically, there is perhaps no limit to the heightening and extension of New York and Chicago; the real limitations on city development are not physical but social. They lie in the very nature of a humane life, in the fact that the city is not essentially an agglomeration of houses, but an association of human beings. "Men come together in order to live; they remain together in order to live the good life." Only a megalomaniac imagines that life in a two-hundred story building is in any way better or greater than life in a two-story building, or that air pumped into the city from stations leagues away is superior to air breathed directly, without going through an elaborate mechanical apparatus. The capital objection to immuring oneself in the canyons of the existing metropolis, or the far more colossal canyons that exist in the real-estate speculator's imagination, is that the things that make life tolerable are not a single whit furthered by all this mechanical apparatus. And after all, someone must live at the bottom of these eyries that our bold architects project from Cloudeuckooland; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, life below the fortieth story would be as precarious and dull as it is to-day in those parts of the city that are not on show.

So we come back to the problem: How are we to obtain the physical foundations of a good life in our cities?

## VI

The problem would be utterly discouraging were it not for two conditions. One is that the growth of modern invention has diminished the necessity for urban concentration. The other is that human beings are still, after all, human; and though they would doubtless stand for even worse conditions if they thought their sacrifices and discomforts could not be helped, they are not likely to stay in the same posture once they find that an avenue of escape is open. Without

any great optimism, I think it is now becoming plain that the more intelligent and sensitive part of the population is becoming a little bored by "greatness," and they are beginning to feel towards their skyscrapers the way an Egyptian slave perhaps felt towards the Pyramids. Also, perhaps for the first time, there is the promise of conditions which would favor and encourage a fundamental social and economic change.

All our plans for city improvement have hitherto been based on conditions which existed in the past; the city planner genially assumes that these forces will operate equally in the future. There is this fatality about such plans: they rarely catch up even with the past. Against this school of thought stands another group that has grown up slowly in the last generation: it first centered about Mr. Ebenezer Howard and his garden-city group, and it now has distinguished adherents in every country. These planners believe that we can effectually take care of the past only by preparing for a more desirable future. For them, the congested metropolis is not primarily bad or miserable: it is merely wasteful, inefficient, technologically obsolete. That is to say, it arose out of industrial and commercial conditions which have ceased to operate in full force to-day, and may not operate at all to-morrow.

Let me explain. During the railroad era the favored urban spots were at the terminals of trunk lines: urban growth took place linearly, along the tracks. The result was vast urban agglomerations—it is impossible to call them "cities"—at points where the traffic ended, coalesced, or crossed. Modern motor transportation and modern airplane traffic do not abet this tendency: They favor a more even distribution of population, like that which characterized the wagon and canal period; for the net of motor roads makes it possible to serve any point in a whole area by car or truck, instead of simply those points "on the line." Economically, this works to-

wards regional rather than metropolitan development; towards industrial decentralization rather than toward further congestion.

Now, the first outcome of motor transport has been in the domain of living rather than in industry. All over the land a great body of people, fed up with the life they have been forced to live in the old centers, have taken to wheels: they drive around the country, more or less consciously seeking a better environment. They are no longer content to live where they can work; they want work, rather, where they may have a little opportunity for truly living. They do not make the search, generally, with either imagination or intelligence—for the moment a large number of them think Florida is the paradise of the heart and the end of human aspiration; but at worst, they manage to plant a bungalow in the middle of some deserted field beyond the city's limits—mean and pathetic, perhaps, but a symbol of the desire to recover freedom and a sense of the human scale.

At present this going and coming of motors is as anarchic as the buying and selling of urban lots. Giant power and industry planning are the two positive forces which are capable of turning this loose human desire into socially constructive ends. Giant power, as distinguished from superpower—the mere commercial linkage of generating stations—carries with it the notion of distributing electricity in districts where a balanced day and night load may be carried along the same mains: this requires a community devoted to both domesticity and industry, not a community in which these things are separated, as they are in the big city and its suburbs. Such a development has been engineered through public ownership in Ontario with a deliberate social purpose; but in certain regions it is likewise being fostered and stimulated by the commercial companies. In outlining their policies on power, Governors Smith and Pinchot have emphasized the oppor-



tunities Giant Power offers for building up the rural community, and restoring life to the whole countryside; and in the preliminary report of the New York State Housing and Regional Planning Commission the writers showed how a whole belt of the State, now poorly developed and cultivated, might be opened up, through motor transportation and electric power, for the creation of new communities. Mr. Henry Ford's attempt to lower the vast overhead of metropolitan industry and to restore a smaller factory unit to the old mill sites in the open country is a significant industrial departure in the same direction—and it is a departure, too, in this special sense, that it leaves the great and growing city of Detroit behind it.

The benefits of motor transportation and electric power are, I hasten to add, potential; against their free operation is the drag of habit and routine and business enterprise, which keeps industry fettered to the sites where high land values can be maintained and charged back to the consumer, and where vast private fortunes may be built up through the congestion of population. These new tendencies, however, show that the continued growth of the great city is not merely vicious—it is technologically futile. As industrial processes become more refined, as electricity supplants raw coal, as industrial production becomes planned and socially regulated, as the working population achieves even such relative stability as it has now attained for example in the garment trades, as all these things happen, industry has less and less to gain by haphazard overcrowding. Whereas for a century we have lived where industrial and commercial opportunities seemed greatest, we can now reverse the process, and deliberately plant our industries and our communities in regions where the human opportunities for living are best. In the light of this, our ingenious plans for super-cities, with super-congestion, super-subways, super-tenements, and

super-skyscrapers are, if I may be allowed a pun, a little superficial.

The alternative to super-congestion is not "back to the farm" or "let things go." The real alternative to unlimited metropolitan growth is limited growth and, along with it, the deliberate planning and building up of new communities. Once we abandon our naïve belief in the quackeries of engineering, we shall perhaps be willing to face the wholesale change that this implies; for it breaks entirely with the notion that congestion is a boon, that city growth beyond a certain limit is desirable, and that we can solve our human and social problems by placing them all on the plane of mechanics.

But how can the growth of cities be controlled? Is the flood of population not as inevitable as a river flood? It is indeed; but river floods are not inevitable. The comparison serves very neatly; and it was well put recently by Mr. Benton Mackaye. There was a time when the cities along the Ohio used to protect themselves from spring floods by raising dykes; presently, a great tide of water would rush down the valley and flow over the dykes; and then more elaborate ones would be built. As long as cities attempted river control by this sort of patchwork they were perpetually defeated. Genuine flood-prevention dates from the time that the flood-engineers planted forests in the hills to retain the moisture and hold back the waters; when they dealt with causes, rather than effects.

Need I point the parallel? Effective community planning cannot go on so long as each new flood of population can break down the dykes. Any effective effort to provide good living conditions within our existing cities rests upon achieving a fairly stable population: this can be accomplished only by building up new communities in the hinterland, which will hold back the flood, or, to make the metaphor more exact, will not merely hold it back but also drain off some of the surplus from existing cen-

ters. What we need is a policy of "community afforestation." Our present small towns and villages are unable to retain their young people because so many of them are scrub communities; neither can they, in their present state, attract new industries or foster new homes. If we are to prevent congestion, we must deliberately create communities which will be fully equipped for work, play, study, and "living." Our new communities must be at least as well designed as a Gary school; in other words, they must be, in English usage, complete garden cities.

## VII

How would these new communities differ from existing cities? First, in placement; they would be established in relation to the best remaining water and power resources, and in country districts where land values were still low. They would be surrounded by a permanent belt of agricultural land, to provide a continuous local food supply of green vegetables, and to preserve open spaces without taking them altogether out of productive use. Second, provisions for all the institutions necessary for a community of a given size, say ten thousand or fifty thousand, would be made from the beginning. That is, the land needed for schools, churches, libraries, theaters, hospitals, municipal buildings, associations, playgrounds, and parks would be calculated, platted, and reserved; at the same time, the land needed for shops, factories, and offices would be allocated, with due respect to convenient access, to amenity, and—in the factory district—to prevailing winds and outlooks. The residential parts of the city, instead of being intersected by innumerable streets, would be planned for quiet, safety, and beauty; so that while traffic roads would doubtless be much wider than our present roads, the homeways would be much narrower and much more lightly paved. In general, no houses higher than three stories, and no office higher than five, would be permitted; but that would not

prevent the erection of a single tall building, or a small group, as high as, say, ten stories if the height served some direct purpose, such as the grouping of municipal departments, or medical services. The high building would not, however, be permitted as a mere rent-barracks—any more than it is to-day in most European cities.

The provision of gardens and playgrounds would likewise be made on the initial plan; and since the population would be definitely limited, their adequacy would be permanently insured. The time now wasted in subway travel would, since the area of the city is limited, be available for sport, rest, education, or entertainment. Land values increase in the business district of such a city; but the increase is kept for communal purposes. Hence, the stimulation of land values becomes no ordinary part of the processes of business or industry. If some potent institution, like an expanding industry or a great center of learning, caused such a city to attract more people than originally provided for, the further extension of the city, once it had filled its sites, would be taken care of by founding another city, similarly restricted in area and population, similarly surrounded by a rural belt. Mr. Waldo Browne, in an excellent discussion of our overgrown universities, has suggested that institutions like Harvard, instead of automatically getting bigger, should "swarm," and create new Harvards in Indiana or California. It is an excellent principle: in precisely this manner growth would take place in the garden city.

I have painted only a partial picture of the new community; but I trust no one will think I have been dealing with an imaginary town. On the contrary, I am just translating into general terms the realities of Letchworth and Welwyn, with a touch now and then of other communities—including an interesting housing development where I happen to live, unique among all the urban dormitories of New York in the fact that, promoted



by a limited dividend corporation, it carries with it an adequate amount of garden and playground from the beginning, as part of the normal cost of housing. There is nothing "ideal" in Letchworth or Welwyn or Sunnyside in the sense that the men and women who live there have suddenly become beatified, marvelously intelligent, feverishly public spirited. Let me emphasize, on the contrary, that this sort of community is merely human. What makes it desirable, against the congested metropolis, is that our New Yorks and Chicagos are a little less than human—admirably fitted for the habitation of robots. The planning of a merely human community is a prodigious advance upon our current metropolitan plans to "decrease (i.e. further) congestion." It will be time enough when we have provided humane conditions to conceive of habitations fit for Men Like Gods. At any rate, garden cities call neither for super-human powers, nor for a religious conversion—unless the subordination of speculation and profiteering to the welfare of the community implies, in fact, a religious conversion.

Once the desire for better living conditions is effectively expressed, there is nothing in modern industry itself to hinder its being worked out; for the building of new garden cities calls for no violent departure from normal American practices. For three hundred years we have been planting new cities: it would be strange if, at the height of our mechanical powers, we had suddenly become paralyzed. Every day new factories are founded, or old ones forced to expand and to move: outside of highly localized industries, such as those connected specifically with mines or ports, there is no reason why a fresh start should not be made in the new centers,

instead of adding to the clutter and confusion of existing ones. Finally, every day new houses are built: it needs only social foresight, and financial co-ordination to connect the erection of houses with the spotting of new industries.

Here then is the choice—between growth by the "mechanical extension" of existing urban areas, and growth by the foundation of new communities, fully equipped for working, learning, and living. In the growth by mechanical extension we move inertly towards the intolerable city whose various phases I have described. With a tithe of the constructive power we now spend on palliatives, we might found a hundred fresh centers in which life would really be enjoyable, in which the full benefit of modern civilization and culture might be had. It is not easy, I confess, to translate this alternative into stunning sky-pictures: hurtling masses of steel would perhaps seem far more attractive on paper, especially for minds that are starved for something to worship, and will worship a skyscraper, provided it be big enough. Nevertheless, the alternative is genuine; the "way out" it offers is real. Shall we make the attempt? Perhaps not. The likelihood is that we shall go a little farther along the road of super-congestion, before our disillusion becomes complete, and our physical state odious. Sooner or later, however, we shall find out that, in Professor Patrick Geddes's tart phrase, metropolitan growth means "more and more of worse and worse." When the super-city crumbles in our imagination, I do not think anything will keep us from achieving solid human communities, in fact. They existed once. They will exist again; and by promoting them [we should make life in our present centers more tolerable.

## TWO CHRISTOPHER ROBIN POEMS

By A. A. MILNE

### SNEEZLES

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN  
*Had wheezles  
And sneezles,  
They bundled him  
Into  
His bed.  
They gave him what goes  
With a cold in the nose,  
And some more for a cold  
In the head.  
They wondered  
If wheezles  
Could turn  
Into measles,  
If sneezles  
Would turn  
Into mumps;  
They examined his chest  
For a rash,  
And the rest  
Of his body for swellings and lumps.  
They sent for some doctors  
In sneezles  
And wheezles:  
To tell them what ought to be done.  
All sorts and conditions  
Of famous physicians  
Came hurrying round  
At a run.  
They all made a note  
Of the state of his throat,  
They asked if he suffered from thirst;  
They asked if the sneezles  
Came after the wheezles,  
Or if the first sneeze  
Came first.*



*They said, "If you teazle  
 A sneezle  
 Or wheezle,  
 A measle  
 May easily grow.  
 But humor or pleazle  
 The wheezle  
 Or sneezle,  
 The measle  
 Will certainly go."  
 They expounded the reazles  
 For sneezles  
 And wheezles,  
 The appearance of measles  
 When new.  
 They said "If he freezles  
 In draughts and in breezles,  
 Then Phtheezles  
 May even ensue."*

*. . . . .  
 Christopher Robin  
 Got up in the morning,  
 The sneezles had vanished away.  
 And the look in his eye  
 Seemed to say to the sky,  
 "Now, how to amuse them to-day?"*

## JOURNEY'S END

**C**HRISTOPHER, Christopher, where are you going,  
 Christopher Robin?

*"Just up to the top of the hill.  
 Upping and upping until  
 I am right on the top of the hill,"  
 Said Christopher Robin.*

Christopher, Christopher, why are you going,  
 Christopher Robin?

*There's nothing to see, so when  
 You've got to the top, what then?  
 "Just down to the bottom again,"  
 Said Christopher Robin.*

# *Religion and Life*

## SCIENCE AND RELIGION

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

THE uproar about the teaching of evolution has brought back once more to the center of the stage the old controversy between science and religion. As one reads the many articles upon the subject one gets the uncomfortable impression that, while the extreme fundamentalists are unmistakably definite in their views about an inerrant Bible and the wickedness of evolution, and while the scientists are clear-cut in their attitude about the truth of evolution and the necessity of freedom in teaching it, the position of religious liberals is not being clearly put.

Some vaguely progressive minds take too much comfort in such consoling generalities as that true science and true religion cannot conflict. The proposition is so harmless that no one is tempted to gainsay it but, so far from solving any problems, it serves only to becloud the issue. The plain fact is that, however true science and true religion ought to behave toward each other, actual science and actual religion are having another disagreeable monkey and parrot time.

That this ought not to happen, that, ideally, science and religion move in different realms and should peacefully pursue each its separate task in the interpretation of man's experience, is easy to say, and it is true. Life, like the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, if it is to be fully understood, needs for one thing the grammarian. He will analyze it into its parts of speech, note

the differences between nouns and pronouns, verbs, adjectives, articles, and adverbs, and will formulate the laws by which they are put together to make a complex unity. That is an indispensable piece of business in the understanding of the chapter and it represents the scientists' work on the world at large. But if the chapter is to be fully known, a more comprehensive method of interpretation must be exercised upon it than the grammarian alone can be responsible for. Its meaning as a whole must be apprehended, its lessons understood, its spiritual value appropriated, its author studied through the medium of his expression. That attitude applied to life is religion. Religion is the appreciation of life's spiritual values and the interpretation of life, its origin, its purpose, and its destiny in terms of them. The grammatical analysis and the spiritual appreciation ought not to quarrel. The appreciator ought to thank God for the grammarian whenever he thinks of him.

But, for some reason or other, making the lion and the lamb lie down in peace together has proved no more ideal a dream than getting science and religion to quit their controversy and become partners in the interpretation of life. What is the reason?

IN SO far as religion is responsible, there are at least two explanations of this recurrent contention. One is the association of religion with an inerrant



book. Every one who knows anything about the historical origins of the Bible knows how little it is an artificial product, the result of supernatural dictation, handed down from heaven, as has been taught of the Koran, or miraculously hidden and discovered, like the Golden Plates of Mormon. Modern scholarship has traced the progressive writing and assembling of our Scriptures with a massing of evidence that puts the general outline of the process beyond reasonable doubt. From the earliest documents, such as the war songs of Deborah, up through the long story of growing laws, changing circumstances and customs, enlarged horizons of moral obligation, worthier thoughts of God, through the prophets, and the Master's ministry to the early Christian church—stage by stage the writing and assembling of the documents which now comprise our Bible can be traced. How much of the Bible was in existence in the eighth century B. C. we know, and what each new century with its changing thoughts and insights contributed we can see.

It is obvious that this amazing literature came warmly up out of human experience. That is its glory and its strength. Touch it anywhere and you can feel the pulse of men and women in their joys and sorrows, struggles, aspirations, faiths, despairs. The whole book is "blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity." These were real folk whose spiritual life welled up in psalm and prophecy and whose life stories are told in the most rewarding narratives that literature has preserved. Here also was recorded a development of thought about God, about duty, about the significance of human life, far and away the most valuable that history records. Of course, a Christian who deeply believes in God does not think it was an accident. Of course, he sees in it a revelation, an unveiling of the truth by which man's life is elevated, purified, redeemed. Of course he thinks it was inspired.

But whatever else inspiration may

mean, it certainly does not mean that men in writing a sacred book are lifted out of their own day and provided with the mental thought-forms, scientific explanations, and world-views of a generation thousands of years unborn. It is that utterly fallacious and futile idea of inspiration which causes the trouble. One wonders why anybody should wish to believe it. What good does it do? What addition does it make to the inherent spiritual value of the book? Would the Twenty-third Psalm be more beautiful if the writer had had a Ph.D. from Harvard, or is the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians dependent for its worth upon the supposition that the writer held the Copernican astronomy?

There is no peace for religion in its relationship with science until we recognize that of course the Bible is not an inerrant book. So far as the physical universe is concerned, all the writers of the Bible supposed that they were living on a flat earth covered by the solid firmament of the sky, with heaven above and Sheol beneath, and fiery bodies moving across the face of the sky to illumine man. The Great Isaiah did not have to look through Galileo's telescope to write his fortieth chapter, nor would Micah's summary of the law, to do justly, to love kindness, and to walk humbly with God, have been any finer if he had been able to explain Einstein on relativity.

When, therefore, the Bible is set up in opposition to evolution, the whole issue is ludicrously false. The Bible knows nothing about evolution, just as it knows nothing about automobiles and radio. It knows no more about Darwin and his mutation of species than it does about Copernicus and his revolution of the earth. The Bible antedates all that. The first chapter of Genesis simply took the old Semitic story of creation, purified it of mythology, made it monotheistic, and set it in majestic language. It is the noblest narrative of creation in any ancient literature. But it has no possible connection with evolution, for

or against. It is a picturesque presentation of creation in six literal days, each with an evening and a morning. It is not pro-scientific; it is not anti-scientific; for the simple reason that it is not scientific at all. And the absurd attempt to make Genesis mean evolution by stretching the days into eons never was dreamed of during the long centuries of the Bible's existence until it was ingeniously suggested by some scribal mind, as a desperate device to insinuate geologic ages into Holy Writ.

No armistice can possibly be declared in the recurrent war between science and religion unless this elemental fact about the Bible is clear. To suppose that we must think about scientific problems in the way the Biblical writers did is incredible. Nobody does it. The most rock-ribbed fundamentalist never remotely approaches doing it. Voliva of Zion City comes the nearest to it. He believes that the earth is flat.

The Bible is the supreme Book of spiritual life. There we touch a valid revelation of the character and the will of God. It is a fountain that never runs dry, and the better it is known the better for personal character and social progress. But to use it as a scientific textbook is perilous nonsense which does far more harm to religion than to anybody else. That is indeed hoisting religion with its own petard.

**R**ELIGION'S responsibility for the contest with science can be traced to another source. Religion may almost be said to consist in a sense of sacredness; it makes man feel that some things in his life are holy, inviolable; it reveres them, loves them, even worships before them as the symbols and evidences of God. This attitude of religion, throwing a glamour of sanctity over everything with which it is closely associated—shrines, rituals, holy persons and places, ideas and ideals—belongs to its very genius. No one would want a religion that did not do that. The cleansing of religion from superstition

does not eliminate this powerful influence which inheres in the sense of sacredness; it simply detaches the feeling of sanctity from unworthy and magical objects and reorients it around moral ideals, transforms it into reverence for personality and devotion to duty seen as the will of God.

This consciousness that something in life is sacred, worth living and dying for, is one of humanity's moral indispensables, and religion is the fruitful mother of it. But it is very dangerous. It is one of the things which we cannot get on without but which it is perilous to get on with. I was talking recently with a student of sociology about the strange contrast between the eager welcome given to new scientific inventions and the apathy, dislike, or active opposition that greets new suggestions in the social and spiritual realms. The automobile, the airplane, the radio—how instantly and avidly they are received and utilized! But to alter the ritual observances of a church, to introduce eugenic practices, to get a reformation of theology, or to organize a League of Nations to replace belligerent nationalism—what an uproar of outraged sentiment always accompanies suggested change in such realms!

The reasons for this strange inconsistency are doubtless many, but the sense of sacredness clearly plays an important part. That holds up progress indefinitely in any place where it can get a foothold. Nobody any longer counts a bicycle sacred if he wants an automobile, or regards rowing a boat as holy if he is able to buy a motor. The sense of sanctity does not operate in such realms. We change from candles to kerosene lamps, to gas, to electricity with no struggle against the rebellious sentiment of sacredness. But in the realms of human relationships in general and of religion in particular the feeling of sanctity is one of the most powerful, restraining influences in our lives. Patriotism conceived in terms of *my country against yours* gains sanctity, and when men



wish to change it to *my country with yours for the peace of the world*, aroused patriots resent the new idea as though a shrine were being desecrated. Even such unlikely things as the rules of the United States Senate can become sacred until any alteration seems sacrilege. As for religion, this truth easily explains most of its ultraconservatism. How typical of all religion it is that, long after the stone age was passed and bronze knives had come in for household purposes, the old flint knife still was used to slay sacrificial beasts! Religion had cast over the ancient implement the glamour of sanctity and it could not be changed.

The application of this to the problem in hand is clear. Whatever else religion may clothe with feelings of reverence, it is sure to do so with those forms of thought, those mental vehicles in which it has carried the precious freight of its spiritual experience. Listen to good old Father Inchofer in 1631 as he pours out of a pious heart his outraged sense of sacrilege at the idea that the earth moves: "The opinion of the earth's motion is of all heresies the most abominable, the most pernicious, the most scandalous; the immovability of the earth is thrice sacred; argument against the immortality of the soul, the existence of God, and the incarnation, should be tolerated sooner than an argument to prove that the earth moves." Why this rage? Why should a gentle servant of his fellows thus boil with indignant grief at a new astronomy? The reason is precisely the same that makes the fundamentalist to-day forget the Sermon on the Mount and ransack the dictionary for something bad enough to say about the evolutionists. Father Inchofer, I suppose, had had a deep and beautiful spiritual experience. He had lived on terms of fellowship with God and love for men. He had always visualized that relationship in terms of a stationary earth with the concentric heavens encircling it. On that mental trellis the flowers of his spirit had

bloomed. It was very sacred to him. He revered it as part and parcel of his faith. We ought to sympathize with him. No wonder the idea of a moving earth seemed to him, not an advance of science, but an abyss of blasphemy.

Nevertheless, Father Inchofer was wrong and Father Inchofer's successors to-day are wrong for the same reason. They have let their sense of sacredness run away with them. Their feeling of sanctity has unintelligently attached itself to all sorts of things that are not integral parts of vital religion. A stationary earth is not sacred; a whimsical universe where miracles, not law, are the order of the day is not sacred; creation by fiat is not sacred. Religion has no inherent dependence on such outgrown ideas. Yet all these things, along with many others from the use of anæsthetics in operations to acceptance of the law of gravitation, have been bitterly opposed in the name of religion as though the old science to which the religious imagination had clung, around which it had entwined itself, were a holy thing. There is no peace in sight between science and religion until religion recognizes that the sense of sanctity is too valuable an article to be misused in holding up scientific progress. Once many Christians were scandalized at geology just as now they are scandalized at evolution: they called it "a dark art," "dangerous and disreputable," "a forbidden province," "an awful invasion of the testimony of Revelation." How long shall religious people go on making this lamentable blunder which always reacts disastrously upon the fortunes of religion itself and in the end can do nothing against the new truth?

Always the outcome has been the same: the scientific view of the world at last has triumphed and the seers of the spirit have found the new truth a nobler vehicle than the old for the experiences of the soul. Religion is not dependent on this scientific formulation or that. Religion moves in the realm of spiritual values where the soul does

justly, loves kindness, and walks humbly with its God. Through all the centuries, under every conceivable scientific view of the world, men have found their peace and power in that; and if to-morrow our modern view should be upset and Darwin be outdarwined by some new discoverer, our children's children at their best would find the fountain of eternal life still flowing in their new channels, whereof, if a man drink, he does not thirst again.

ONE does not mean that blame for the repeated contests between science and religion rests exclusively upon religion. Scientists are human also; they are quite capable of making fools of themselves. Especially they display an inveterate weakness before one besetting temptation. They get a working hypothesis in some special science; they rejoice in its effectiveness; they organize by means of it the data in their particular realm; and then, infatuated by their success, they proceed to posit the hypothesis as a complete explanation of the universe and an adequate philosophy of life. Again and again that has been done. One specialist in the effect of sunlight on life was even guilty of the ludicrous dictum: "Heliotropism doubtless wrote Hamlet." To-day some of our behaviorists in psychology are doing the same thing. One might have expected it. This overweening confidence in the adequacy of a working hypothesis in a special science to explain everything naturally

emerges in the early days of the science when the new idea has just burst in all its glory on the thought of its discoverers. Behaviorism is a very valuable working method of investigation in psychology, but behaviorism is not an adequate account of personality, as some of its devotees consider it; much less does it furnish a comprehensive philosophy of life.

Religion, therefore, does have reason to be deeply concerned about some tendencies in modern science. There is a real conflict between those whom science has led to a materialistic philosophy and those who interpret life in terms of its spiritual values. But this is not a conflict between science and religion; this is a conflict between most scientists and all religionists on one side and a few scientists upon the other.

As for the issues now popularly upsetting the equilibrium of the churches in America, let fundamentalism look to itself. It is not fighting evolution with facts, which alone can be effective instruments in such a war. No one who knows the facts is against evolution. It is fighting evolution with authoritative dicta from an inerrant Book and with a horrified sense of outraged sanctity about the disturbance of an outgrown way of thinking. That sort of procedure never yet did anything but harm to religion. Meanwhile, increasing multitudes of devout Christians rejoice in the larger thought of God and the stronger faith in him which evolution has brought.





## PARADISE REGAINED

A STORY

BY HAROLD W. BRECHT

**R**ALPH was of the type of those queer boys who are good in school and fond of books. In the gay society of the children of Beulah Road he was distrusted as a sissy, and it was only during the past summer that they had let him play with them. Prestige, in that society, depended largely on a history of successful combats, and each of its male members felt confident of being able to lick Ralph. This was partly because, perhaps, he was not very tall for one almost thirteen and rather thin—slender, his mother put it. His mother said that he reminded her most strongly of Cousin Foster, his father's cousin, who had also been slender and pale (the Sumners were always pale) but he had filled out wonderfully. And Ralph was just such another dreamy child, and she was glad he had got in (at last) with some boys his own age.

Ralph never thought now of those dreary, unfilled days before that society had permitted him to be one of them. His major happiness was playing with them. In the evenings they raced madly up and down the pavement, their footsteps flying, their voices high and shrill, while their parents sat on their porches and remarked, as they recognized voices in the tumult, "That's Ralph," or "That's Tommie," or "That's Betty." "Hide and Seek," "Kick the Wicket," "Run, Sheepie, Run," "Prisoner's Base" were some of the games they played, and when they became tired of running they lay on their stomachs in the grass, kicking

their legs in the air and discussing which of the games they liked the best. Ralph preferred "Prisoner's Base," though he was passionately fond of all of these games in which he could take so ardent and happy a part, unlike baseball or football, in which his lack of skill forced on him the ignominious role of an unnoticed spectator. Often at supper he was too excited to eat, and his father or mother would have to say, "Ralph, you've got to eat better'n that, or you don't stir out of this house to-night," before he would cram the unwanted food in his mouth, his blue eyes wide with fear that he would be deprived of this so great pleasure.

If you had watched him playing, his high, merry voice clear above the others, his cheeks finally as ruddy as his friends', you would have thought him the gayest and most carefree in that society in which all were so gay, so reckless of worry. Yet, during the past few days, he was playing on the brink of a certain disaster, beneath the menace of a fear which was dire and changeless in the background of his mind. He shrank from admitting it, even to himself. In words, it was that he was afraid. He was only a sissy, and his friends would find out.

He was a sissy because he was afraid to fight. On Thursday last week, going to the other end of Ventnor on an errand, he had met Charley Livingston and another boy. Charley had dared him to fight, and he had been afraid. Charley had said that he was a sissy and when

he got him he would smash his face. Charley was after him, and there was one street in Ventnor down which he dared not walk.

When his friends found out . . . The thought was worst as he lay in his dark, silent room, just before he went to sleep. Involuntarily he would open his eyes, not seeing the oppressive blackness, but what would happen when Charley came finally to Beulah Road to get him. Charley would appear when he was playing with his friends and, at sight of him, threatening and sinister, he would smile like the rest and say, "H'lo Charley."

"Now I got you, you sissy," Charley would reply, scorning this mild propitiation. Then, amid the surprised silence of his friends, Charley would hit him, and he would smile, as if the blow were but a joke of Charley's.

"He's yellow," Charley would say scornfully, "he's scared to fight. Go on, beat it, yellow-belly, before I hurt you."

He would beat it, amid the faint jeers of those who had been his friends. After that, in the evenings when the rest played their mad games, he would have to watch them from a window, an outcast, or stand in the safety of his own yard, disconsolate, like Sidney Cohen.

That society of children would not accept Sidney Cohen because he was a Jew and because he could not be induced to fight. They called him "Izzy." When other games grew tiresome through the long summer evenings they would gather in a taunting semicircle in front of Sidney's house, daring him to come out, shouting "Izzy Cohen, dirty Jew!" in their young, laughing voices. Sometimes Mrs. Cohen came on the porch and cried, in her harsh voice with its foreign accent, "Go away, insolent children. Shame!" At her appearance all but the boldest dispersed into the shadows while these answered her with mock politeness until some other member of the family led her, protesting, into the house.

Afraid to offer more than the passive protest of a noncombatant to the will of the majority, Ralph usually stood silent or slipped away unobtrusively when the rest gathered in front of Sidney's house. He was sorry for Sidney because he was like him, he felt, and it was only by the uncertain whim of fate that he, like the little Jew, was not also banned and an outcast. If Sidney would only turn and fight any one of his tormentors—but he was afraid, and they all knew that he was afraid. Sidney didn't dare, any more than he, Ralph, dared to fight Charley Livingston.

His friends—they would not be his friends when they found out. He had had other worries before, such as whether he had lost his fountain-pen or left it at school, whether he had been caught copying in the arithmetic examination. These had had a quality of variation, or with the passage of time became insignificant, so that he was almost disposed to regret them now, beneath the menace of this fear which was unchanging, and whose harshness time did not soften. Even when he thought of the favor shown him by his friends, of a girl in that society who was always on his side, no matter what the game, and who wrote him notes at school signed "Love and xxxx, Betty," his thoughts, no matter how wide their range, always returned, fettered with the shame of his cowardice, to his impending disgrace. The shadow of that dread was a somber background that could be relieved only ineffectually, and for a little while. They would couple him with Izzy. Izzy Cohen and "Sissy" Sumner.

But the days slipped past and he did not see Charley. Yet he had no hope that Charley had forgotten; it was only a postponement that he was enjoying, not an escape. In the evenings he played with an almost nervous fervor, as though each moment held a final, precarious pleasure to be snatched be-



fore the arrival of his certain disaster. Never, he thought, had the evenings been as happy as these, any one of which might end with Charley's coming and his ostracism. Reckless in the face of calamity, when his friends recounted their personal triumphs he added imaginary victories of his own (over Charley), though he never could feel that they were anything but . . . made-up.

At school it was not hard to avoid Charley, who was only in the Seventh Grade. Ralph went to school now by a roundabout way, which he called "Route No. 3," like the Automobile Blue Book. In the morning he would say to himself, "I'll go by Route No. 3," as though he were starting on a tour.

Betty and her girl-friend also took this route. (In the notes she wrote him the x's were for kisses.) She would saunter ahead, her arm around her girl-friend's neck, as though she were content with this affection, and Ralph, interested and wondering, could only follow, watching them giggle together. Sometimes, subtly irritated, he would chase them, grabbing at Betty's short flying hair until she turned her indignant face to him and cried, "Now you stop, Ralph Sumner." Or she would beckon to him, "Come here, I gotta secret to tell you." But at his approach she would usually laugh and pirouette away, her bare knees flashing. She was a pretty little thing, his mother said, and seemed a nice little girl, too, which was a wonder with her mother gadding about the way she did, and painting her face, at her age.

One afternoon in school he was caught whispering to Betty and kept in. "Ralph," Miss Sensitive said, "this is the first time you have been kept in since school opened." He only smiled, in bravado, for in that society it was considered an admirable thing to raise heck in school. Miss Sensitive liked him and sometimes, when she asked him to help her after school and

no one else was there, she called him "my dear." He hoped that no one in that society would ever get to know that. This afternoon he had to do a long-division problem, but she let him go before he had got it to come out even.

He went home by Route No. 3. As he approached Beulah Road he saw, with a sudden sick sensation, a little knot of his friends on the curb. They had found out . . .

"How long'd she keep yuh?" Walter Meredith demanded.

They didn't know. He smiled . . . Tommie Cochrane, leader of that society, was writing with chalk on the pavement. Betty tried to stop him, rubbing with her foot at what he was writing, but he pushed her away. "G'wan," he commanded, "you know you said it."

"I did not," Betty declared.

Tommie drew a heart, and in it he wrote, "Betty Martin loves Ralph S." There was not enough room in the heart to write "Sumner." "Oh, Ralph," the boys and girls cried, laughing, "Betty's your girl."

Ralph felt ashamed, irritated a little. "She is not," he disclaimed hotly.

"Oh, yes, she is. Oh, Betty, who's your fellah?"

Betty stood defiant, rubbing the tip of her left slipper on her right leg. "Shut up, you make me tired," she said shortly, tossing her head. She walked away, with a flounce of her short skirt.

Ralph watched her, his irritation fading in a pleased, proprietary smile. . . . Tommie Cochrane covered the pavement with descriptions of more of the amours of Beulah Road. The other boys, sitting on the curb, began to boast of their girls and, Ralph, sitting beside them, clasping his knees in his arms, was finally proud to add his boast of Betty.

That night, playing "Kick the Wicket," they hid together, under Ralph's front porch. That was a good

place to hide, though it was hard to get out of in a hurry. You had to crawl under the lattice, which could be lifted a little, and inside it was dark, with an earthy smell. "Children," Ralph's mother said, "you'll get all dirty."

"Ssh!" they answered. Ralph helped Betty wriggle under, though she usually managed capably by herself. They lay on their stomachs, side by side, supporting their chins on their hands. He could just see her in the faint light which sifted through the lattice. But the tickle of her hair on his face and the feel of her body pressed against his gave him a strange, pleasant, almost frightening sensation. . . . In the gloom, with the cool, earthy smell, he had the feeling of being completely removed from the world, from Charley, of release from the bitterness of his fears.

To them floated the voice of someone who had been caught, "Kick the wicket, and let me out." . . . "Ralph," Betty said, "you didn't mean that, what you said this afternoon?"

"No, I didn't mean it," he interrupted. "I was just kiddin'. Look what I got for yuh." With difficulty from his pocket he drew a gold ring, from a nickel peppermint stick.

She was delighted. She put it on her finger though it was too big. On the ring he swore that he would be her fellow and she, that she would be his girl—forever.

The next night, of that society which would soon fill the air with their laughter and the sound of their flying footsteps, Ralph was first on the street. He was often first, not only because he was anxious lest a moment of their common gayety be wasted, but because he liked the street for its own sake. To-night he was not quite so eager, for even as he ran down the echoing steps and out of his own yard he could not help remembering what had happened that afternoon in school. Charley had found

occasion to whisper, while the classes were passing in the corridor, "To-night—I'll git yuh." To-night. He paused a moment on the pavement, stuffing his mouth with the fig-cake that had been dessert, thinking of Charley. His fear was so keen that his mouth became dry and the cake almost choked him. To-night. Yet as the houses and the double row of trees exercised over him their familiar spell it seemed to him that here was a sure refuge into which no alien figure could dare to penetrate. It was so long ago that Charley had threatened first, so many evenings that he had not come. Deliberately he dismissed thought of Charley, as though over this thought he were complete master, surrendering himself to the familiar bright pleasure of the street's influence.

He thought how he would not wish to express his pleasure to any one of his friends, except perhaps, to Betty. He began suddenly to run, playing a sort of gigantic hop-scotch with the shadows underneath the trees, leaping from dark place to dark place. Past Betty's house. From the dining rooms of all the houses shot ineffectual oblongs of light, and through the windows he could catch glimpses now and then of a boy or girl in that society, lips moving in an animated fashion, as though talking.

It was odd for them to talk without his being able to hear them, to see them, and not be seen. He had again the strange sensation of the previous evening, as though he were in a different, removed world. In the other world was Charley, and underneath the trees, the light caress of the wind on his cheeks, the thought of him had faded like an unpleasant dream, almost forgotten. He looked at his legs, in their colored stockings with turn-over tops, at the low shoes his mother had bought for him, and he felt that the legs and feet were not a part of him, Ralph Sumner. They, like Charley, like his worries, belonged in the world behind the trees,



inside the houses. There it was noisy and light. Here it was quiet, and in the darkness he was alone, but in his mind were bright dreams.

He had run up one side of the street and down the other. As he approached Sidney's house the door slammed and Sidney came down to the hedge which bounded what was both his refuge and his prison. "Hi, Ralph," he said diffidently.

"Hi!" He sometimes spoke to Sidney, drawn to see closer the pain that he too must suffer if Charley came after him, though he was always fearful that he would be seen talking—he was the only one who would talk—with him. "It's nice here, ain't it?"

"Aw, you ain't lived nowhere but here. It was nicer in the city."

"Yeh?"

"Sure. There was lots o' lights, and a drug store on the corner. Yuh could get hops off autos." Animation stirred Sidney's moody face. "The fellahs on our block had a club and I was treasurer. I was in charge of all the money."

Ralph tried to picture this other Sidney, getting rides in strangers' automobiles, popular, club-member.

Mrs. Cohen, who had, perhaps, been watching them, appeared on the porch. "Siddie," she called, "ask your little friend to come in and haf a piece of cake."

"Aw, he don't wantta come in," returned Sidney. "Do you?"

"No," said Ralph, grateful to Sidney for realizing that that society would hardly forgive him for entering his house. "No, thank you. I'm just waitin' here a minute for some fellahs. Maybe I will to-morra."

Other doors were slamming on the street, and voices pierced the gloom. "Hi, Walter, where's Tommie?" "Hi!" "Is Tommie out yet?"

"Well, I gotta be goin' now," Ralph went on, anxious to escape association so hazardous. "See yuh to-morra." A last look at Sidney, listlessly pulling off the little green hedge-leaves.

Ralph started to run toward the arc light that was their meeting-place. He began to yell with sudden gayety at the top of his voice, "Ai-i-i!"

Suddenly he stopped, for underneath the arc light was a squat, sinister figure. Charley. Turn around. Go home.

Too late. "Hi, Ralph," one or two of his friends said. With dragging steps he walked into the circle of light. "Hi, sissy," Charley said.

Silence, while the ring of young, bright-eyed faces watched him expectantly. He could hear his heart beating. He looked, with hunted, imploring eyes, at the lit circle, at Charley's menacing, contemptuous figure.

"He called you a sissy," said Tommie Cochrane.

"We don't want no—" began Walter Meredith.

"Shut up," commanded Tommie, unhurried. Perhaps Tommie was on his side, perhaps he would say he didn't have to fight. . . . "He says you're scared to fight him," continued the calm, inexorable voice.

"Sure he is," interposed Charley.

"See." Charley shouldered him roughly and Ralph tried to smile, as though this were a private joke between Charley and him. "Don't you laugh at me," ordered Charley harshly, drawing back his fist as though to hit him. He cowered, raising his hands to shield himself from the blow. "What'd I tell yuh?" Charley laughed, and there were smiles on those lit faces. "Go on, beat it, yellaw-belly, before I hurt yuh."

Ralph wanted, with words, to forestall or prevent the irrevocable finality of their judgment, but he could think of nothing to plead but "Let me stay," and he did not dare speak, for fear he would start to cry. One last look at these boys who had been his friends. It was as though he were a stranger for whom they felt only malice. They regarded him with indifference and amusement.

"Beat it," Tommie Cochrane said.

He turned away from the lit circle into the dark street. He could hardly realize what had happened, but when one or two of the boys yelled "yellah-belly" after him he understood that his worst fear had come true. Like Sidney now. From now on he was the target for their ridicule and abuse, from now on forever. Never, any more, would he be permitted to be a member of that society, but from that paradise of games completely an exile, utterly an outcast, he would have to be only a looker-on of their pleasure. Not even that if they noticed him. Beat it. Play, that was what he wanted to do, what he liked best in the world, and now he was only like Izzie. There was no one who would play with him. Every evening he would have to sit on the porch with his father and mother, waiting for the dull hours to pass, while his father or mother said, "Ralph, do be quiet," or "Ralph, go to bed." The next day would be like that, and the next, in each no fun, nothing to do. Before him was nothing but the gray prospect of those interminable days.

Unnoticed, his feet were leading him down to one end of Beulah Road, where there was a vacant lot which was one of the properties of that society. Each part of it—almost each foot—had had for him its happy memory. Here was the cave they were digging when they said first, three months ago, that he could play with them; here was their hut; here was their furnace, where they roasted potatoes and, seeing himself forever barred from further share in any of these glories, he sank face-downwards in the tall weeds and sobbed openly. His worst fear—Charley had come after him to his street. They all knew, now. He would like to hurt Charley, hit him till he screamed in pain and begged for mercy, make him cry before the others. His hands were clenched as he wiped the tears from his own eyes. But he couldn't. He couldn't fight Charley. Charley was so strong. He could lick him easily. He was the one who would

scream in pain and cry for mercy. He did not dare offer himself as a mark for those fists. He was afraid. Even here, by himself, he was afraid of Charley. To this alien figure who had so lightly spoiled his happiness he had done nothing, except to try to propitiate him, and Charley had done all this to him. Worse than that. Now all the boys would have in him a convenient butt for their cruelty. They'd chase him, shouting names, instead of Sidney. In the sport of persecuting a new victim Sidney would escape, a little. He was the one they'd follow to school now. "Yellow-belly," they would call him. "Sissy Sumner."

There was a rustle in the weeds. He started to his feet, he had no right by the hut now, and a feminine scream of simulated fear greeted him. "Ooh! Ralph! Where've you been? I been lookin' everywhere for you."

Betty. Disregarding his published shame, she had come to find him. Though he was only a sissy, she was still his girl. He thought, with humiliation, that of all that society it was only a girl who remained his friend.

They sat down with their backs against the hut, and the weeds, as tall as they were, brushed his cheeks and hands with their cool, damp touch. He hoped that in the darkness she could not see that he had been crying. She hunched up her legs, and her bare knees had a quality of pale light in the gloom. He had, oddly, a desire to touch them. She tried to pull her skirt over her legs. On her finger the ring wobbled, almost came off.

"Look what I got for you," she said gayly, taking from the pocket of her skirt a crushed piece of candy, as though the purpose of her coming had been to give him that, and not to share his disgrace and grief.

"I don't want it. You eat it."

"Go ahead, take it. It's good. It's got a cherry inside. They cost a dollar a pound."

He put it in his mouth, and the sur-



prising amount of juice it contained spurted on his chin. They laughed. He had thought, just now, that it would be a long time before he would laugh again.

She pretended that his chin had to be wiped off. She wiped it off with her handkerchief, smelling faintly of chocolate, her short hair brushing his cheek. He remembered that in "Drop the Handkerchief" she always stood before him when they sang "Stand before your lover." When he kissed her then it was a game. Now it would be different. It would be for real, like in a book. He grabbed at her hand, tried to snatch the handkerchief but, laughing, she drew it out of his reach. . . . It was funny that she liked him, among all the others. He wondered, would he have to come to her if she were the outcast?

"I like you an awful lot, Betty. Better'n anybody, I guess." The avowal trembled on his lips, and he tried to lower his eyes, but her eager gaze held his, her face brilliant with pleasure.

"I like you, too, better'n anybody."

They sat in silence for a little while, noises of the night surging around them, broken now and then by shouts and laughter from the boys and girls playing on the street. "I guess maybe you'd rather be with them," he said at length, mentioning with difficulty that society from which he was an exile, "instead of just sittin' here."

"I would not. I hate that little Charley Livingston. I think he's horrible."

"I could 'a' fought him if I'd wanted to."

"I wouldn't dirty my hands if I was you."

Calmly she accepted the lie, making a virtue even of his cowardice. He moved his hand over the rough stuff of her skirt until it reached, as if by chance, her leg. The cool bare skin was as though surrendered and waiting for his hesitant touch, as though fulfilled and made valuable only by this contact. . . . "Stop," she cried, "you're ticklin' me."

Her little hard fingers attacked his ribs. Gayly they scuffled, almost wrestled together, seizing handfuls of weeds and trying to poke them into each other's mouths. But as he felt her body tremble and quiver with laughter, he had again that odd, pleasant, tingling sensation, as though this were only in appearance a mere contest of tickling, as though it were more than mere play.

"Oh, Ralph," she said, spitting out fragments of grass, "you're awful ticklish."

He said that, if you held your breath, it was impossible for anyone to make you laugh, unless you wanted to.

Panting and disheveled they sat in silence again. . . . She had come to him when he was despised and forsaken, content to share his loneliness. He would never forget that, he thought. He wished that there were some danger from which he could heroically rescue her, save her from a fire or a robber. But there was nothing he could do. He did not even have words to express his feelings.

The gay voices on the street sounded nearer. He stirred uneasily. He had forgotten for the moment that his disgrace had been proclaimed, that he was only a sissy barred with contempt from happiness. Like Izzie now. If they found him here with a girl. He had no right here, by the hut he had helped build.

"Let's go up to my house and sit on the steps," Betty said.

"Awright." He followed her through the tall grass and weeds toward the pavement.

"Here comes Sissy Sumner. Oh, here he comes." A little knot of boys was on the curb, as though waiting for them. They stood up and danced around him. "Oh, see the ol' sis," they yelled with delight. "Yellah-belly, scared to fight," Walter Meredith said. Others seized on this and made it into a kind of chant, adding, "Out with a girl, out with a girl," laughing immoderately between the lines.

He darted hunted glances around him, looking from one derisive gleeful face to another. Beaten beneath the storm of insults he was ready to sink with shame. He remembered how Sidney had looked, when they had waylaid him once on the way to school.

"Come on, Ralph," Betty said, disdainfully tossing her head. "Take no notice."

Contemptuously Charley Livingston made his way to the front, and stood before them, blocking their way. "Well, Sissy Sumner," he drawled insultingly, "where d'yuh think you're goin'?"

"Just you get out of my way, Charley Livingston," Betty said.

"He gets a girl to fight for him," a boy commented, laughing.

"Just you get out of my way," Charley mocked her, his voice falsetto. She pushed forward. He grabbed her flying hair.

Ralph saw her wince with pain, saw the boy he hated grin at her. Suddenly he forgot everything but his hate. He leaped forward on Charley. There was a hail of blows, but so blind was his rage that he felt nothing, saw only through a kind of red mist this boy whom he hated. He was going to kill him. . . . "Ow, ow, give up!" A scream of pain. "Give up!" Charley was in the gutter and he was on top of him, hitting him in the face.

Someone pulled him off and held him. They had to help Charley to his feet. He was crying. His face was twisted with pain. His nose was bleeding, and he kept both hands over one eye. The boys tried to see his eye, but he pushed them away. "Boy, that's a beaut'," they said, "that'll be a beaut' to-morrah."

"When you get home, put a piece of raw beef on it," Tommie Cochrane said. It was Tommie who was holding him. Ralph could feel himself trembling.

"I guess our ol' Ralphie ain't some little fighter," Walter Meredith said.

Tears and blood were mingled on Charley's face. Suddenly he turned

and started to run up the street, limping a little. The boys shouted derisively after him. "Better stay home where you belong." "Hurry up, Ralph'll git yuh."

The boys gathered round him, congratulating him. They said that they had known, all along, that he could lick Charley. They were glad, because none of them liked Charley. They discussed Charley's eye and how it would look the next day. "Oh, boy," they said laughing, "it'll be black." They said that Ralph was some little fighter. "I hope to tell yuh," Tommie Cochrane said, "I thought you was gonna kill him till I pulled yuh off." They discussed whether or not it had been a fair fight, since Ralph had hit him after he was down. They decided that it was all right to hit someone when he was down if he had not said, "Give up!" They predicted, laughing, that it would be a long time before Charley came again to Beulah Road, where he was in danger of encountering such a tough gang.

They all talked excitedly at once, pointing out to one another where Charley had lain in the gutter, mimicking how he had cried, but Ralph heard them only vaguely, hearing instead a gay voice in his brain which was singing, "I licked him, I licked him." He wanted to dance and shout, let this paean of joy fill the air as it filled his mind. "I licked him." Over the worst of his fears he was conqueror. Charley's face, smeared with tears and blood. He had given him a black eye. He had not been afraid. Izzie would have been afraid. There was nothing about him like Izzie any more. Izzie was a coward, scared to fight. He was not. He would lick Charley the next day. Charley had called him a sissy. He would make him take it back, go after Charley to Charley's street.

He almost swaggered toward Betty, as though drunk with the intoxication of his prowess. "I licked 'im," he said.



"How d'ja give him that black eye?" one of the boys was asking.

"Oh, with my left hook, I guess." He showed the boys how he used his left hook. He looked at their intent, admiring faces, knowing that wordlessly they were welcoming him back to that society, that they were glad he was their friend.

"What d'yuh want to play, Ralph?" Tommie Cochrane asked.

A little later they were in a taunting semicircle in front of Izzie's house, chanting in their high, childish voices, "Izzie Cohen, dirty Jew." In the front was Ralph, his high merry voice clear above the others.

Mrs. Cohen appeared on the porch and most of them scattered into the shadows, but Ralph, with one or two of the boldest, held his ground. "Shame, insolent children," she cried. "Shame on you!"

Gayly he led the jibes that greeted her. He dared to bandy words with her, an adult, adapting a sort of profane hymn:

Missus Cohen gave a party,  
Nobody came but a big fat darky.

spurred on by the laughter and admiration of his friends. Betty was at his side, his girl. He was supremely happy.

## QUESTION

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

**H**OW shall you know the road I am going?  
Can you measure the heat of the sun  
Or the golden cloud thin spun  
Of a meteor blowing  
Into the dark, or be one  
With water's flowing?

How shall you guess the way I am taking?  
Can you span the arc of a hill  
With your timorous hand, or still  
The strident waking  
Of young gulls clamoring shrill  
At the dawn's breaking?

How shall you sense the dream I am holding?  
Can you cleave white rivers of fire,  
Or shatter your heart's desire  
On a stone, remolding  
Shivering fragments, dire  
With love's unfolding?



## THE PLIGHT OF THE GENTEEL

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THIS is not given to all of us to see, in our own lifetime, a real social revolution: by which I mean no matter of barricades and blood, but a genuine re-distribution of classes. I wonder if we Americans are not seeing one now. Certain it is that the middle-classes are passing away before our eyes. Not the devil himself, the "Lord of this world," can destroy natural hierarchies or assemble all classes into one; but he can simplify ruthlessly. The Deity would seem always to have been on the side of a complicated existence; and it is the devil who plays Procrustes. Of all regimes perhaps the most Procrustean is a plutocracy; yet no one will deny, I fancy, that most of America is plutocratic in ideal to-day. One of the worst features of a plutocracy is that it applies so simple a standard as to destroy "fine shades and nice distinctions" and that diversity of Allah's creatures which Kipling has latterly praised. It has, with us, applied its simple standard pretty effectually; and the result is that abolition of the middle-classes referred to above. There are no middle-classes any more: there are only rich and poor. One finds oneself thinking of people as rich whom, on the old scale of infinite gradations, one would never have nominated thus. Also, one might as well admit that large numbers of one's friends—to say nothing of oneself—are poor. Wealth is not wholly a matter of positive figures—it never has been. The philosopher with nothing has been rich because he wanted nothing that money could buy. The person of complicated tastes and a moderate income has al-

ways, in a sense, been poor. But never so poor as now. What our own plutocracy has done is to impose a social standard that, more than at any time in history, takes count only of purchasable things. Its list of essentials is made up almost wholly of concrete items which any rich man can afford. The man who cannot afford them is poor, no matter what intangible goods he may possess. Outside of those material objects, his choices do not come into it.

The very interesting and poignant article in the December *Harper's*—and anonymity has enabled the author to be both more interesting and more poignant than any writer can be who signs his name—called "Living on the Ragged Edge" might serve as a bit of autobiography for most of the members of the professional class. There is not a pang noted, not a reaction which is unfamiliar. The writer comes closest to the heart of the general problem, perhaps, when she says, "We have seriously tried to cut down in every possible way, but we are either too obstinate or too weak to alter our most fundamental ideals of what life should afford us and our children. Perhaps we lay emphasis on the wrong things as necessities."

From the writer's general exposition one gathers that she and her husband do not lay emphasis on the wrong things as necessities—only on things which have ceased to be sanctioned by public opinion as such. What they obviously desire is a civilized background for life: a certain way of doing those ordinary things which must be done. One knows exactly what she means. But she, like



very many of us, cannot afford them. Whatever her husband's income may be, they are poor. Once—or perhaps, as she says, elsewhere—they would not have been. Now, they are. And the reason why they are poor is the reason we were giving above. The plutocratic ideal has so far prevailed that what every man wants is just the things the rich man can buy. Possessions are, more and more, the sole basis for social distinctions. Aristocracy consists in being able to buy the things most people have learned, from the rich man, to desire.

Someone may protest that if we chose to renounce space, privacy, domestic service, books, we too could have the material luxuries. That is really not true. We have less and less, each year, of the advantages we have preferred to the rich man's toys: less leisure and privacy, less service, fewer books, and duller holidays. The high cost of living comes back, very largely, to the high cost of labor, whether on the farm, in the factory, or in the shop. The greed of captains of industry and monopolistic producers is partly responsible, to be sure; yet it must not be given all the blame. Though bricks and lumber are dearer than they were, the great leap in expense for the man who would build a house, is not the brick or the lumber but the wage of the bricklayer and the carpenter. We must live; which means that we must eat and wear clothes and go about our business. In spite of the fact that our generation has been learning, since birth, to curb the imagination, there are such things as necessities. A vicious circle? No doubt! The laborer, too, must live. But being a free citizen in a free country, he is not content with living. He wishes, humanly enough, to live according to his ideal, and the materialist has dazzled him into accepting materialistic ideals. When skilled labor demands a wage-increase, it has its eye on luxuries. One is aware of miserable poverty, of wretched conditions, in some of the national industries. The misery of some groups of people still fills the

pockets of some individuals. But skilled labor is no longer in that boat. And because skilled labor desires tangible goods, all material objects have gone up in price. To the end of time, one pays in kind. It is literally true that for a long while the things of the mind and the pleasures of the imagination could be had for less money than wine and jewels, because one paid for them not wholly in cash. What the plutocratic ideal has done for us is to make the average man desire what can be bought only with cash. Therefore cash is more important to him than any other medium of exchange or barter.

## II

I live in a small town, where I have more chance perhaps than residents of the metropolis, to observe the private lives of the people with whom I do business. For two months, recently, we tried to get our own electrician to repair an electric-light outlet. He always promised, and never came. He told my husband that small jobs did not pay him. Yet outlets have to be repaired; and you cannot make a big job of them. Meanwhile we went without that particular light. Eventually a personal friend of my daughter's nurse undertook to do the job, after hours, as a kindness. Had it not been for her good offices, our lighting scheme in that particular room would still be incomplete. Fortunately, our plumber is a faithful friend of many years, and he usually sees us through promptly when we are in trouble. But we have waited months for a carpenter to mend a leak; only because nothing pays but a big job. Last week a cab driver here tried to send another cabman to an old customer of his whom he could not attend to. "I can't be bothered with thirty-five-cent jobs," the man remarked, and cruised on—thirty-five cents being the legal fare for a passenger within the borough. Our laundress—an excellent one, and appallingly expensive—does our washing as a favor. She and

her husband own a comfortable house and a good car and, having no children, she has not enough to do to keep her busy. Therefore she condescends to our wash—which we struggle to keep as small as possible.

Now, as I say, living in a small town, I know these people, and I know, roughly speaking, their ideals. We and our friends are renouncing luxuries every day in order to pay them for furnishing us with necessities. Being householders, we are the employers, if you like—in however small a way—of butchers, grocers, carpenters, electricians, cab drivers, and laundresses. We want their services and their provisions; they want our money. We might, conceivably, envy them their motor cars, their fur coats, and their bank balances; they envy us nothing that we have. Our intangible possessions, such as they are, arouse no desire and no emulation within them; for these possessions have no prestige value outside our own class—which means that they have no prestige value with the majority. I can think of nothing my husband and I have which the electrician or the carpenter would like to have—unless, possibly, the faculty privilege of applying for tickets to the Yale game. In point of fact, they seem to be as sure of attending the game as we are—more so, indeed, since we sometimes revolt from the expenditure of cash. What, indeed, have we that they could envy us for? They are well aware that social position, in America, depends ultimately on money, and that if they could only accumulate enough of it, they would be able to ostracize us. Probably they could ostracize us already in any but a college town where “faculty” still has an advantage. Travel, the opera, books, and pictures? We do not have them because they cost too much; they do not have them because they do not want them. Are they, then, pure of desire? By no means. They want expensive cars and expensive clothes; they want the best cuts of meat and costly radio sets; they want every labor-saving

device, from the electric range to the electric refrigerator. They want, according to their own conception, the civilized and comfortable life; only they do not mean by a civilized and comfortable life precisely what we mean. They do not mean by it privacy-ensuring space, or intellectual progress, or high æsthetic satisfaction. They mean physical comfort and the ability to purchase costly objects.

In a democracy, where there are officially no social distinctions, one can gauge the situation pretty well by asking and answering a simple question. What is it that the successful citizen has which the less successful citizen aspires to have? The answer is clear: material goods. The man who can afford the motor cars and the fur coats, asparagus out of season, and diamond rings is the rich man. The man who cannot afford them is the poor one. The standard is, as we said, very simple, and takes no account of anything between the two. Moreover, morally speaking, the man who is not exactly rich is more and more forced into the class of the frankly poor. Everyone who shops knows that you hold neither the respect nor the attention of the shopkeeper if you are trying to get good value for reasonable money. You may say that you do not care one whit for the opinion of the shopkeeper. The point is that the shopkeeper learns his attitude from the class that is socially prominent; and the class that is socially prominent nowadays applies these tests.

### III

What becomes of the “genteel”? They are eliminated. They are simply poor and of no importance. In the matter of one’s way of life nothing counts so much as service, and we all know what the problem of domestic service has become. A friend of mine said to me not many months ago, on the verge of a long trip, that she was never going to keep house again in the way in which she always had. “I have been talking it



over with A—B—,” she went on, “and we are agreed. We cannot, either of us, afford more than one servant, and nowadays that means I have so much housework to do that I am physically worn out at the end of the day. I haven’t an idea left; I can’t read a book or talk to my friends. So I shall never again try to live in a house of comfortable size. It will be an apartment or a small house.” Exactly. This friend and her husband have, as my husband and I have, the problem of children—who are very hard to house in an apartment. On the other hand, their children are older than ours, and have a shorter future of being housed by the parents. But, everywhere, “the genteel” are facing the fact that what used to be necessities are now luxuries: chief among them, domestic service and some space to live in. People who are not rich are no longer expected to indulge in them. It has been our theory—even as it has been the theory of the writer of “Living on the Ragged Edge”—that some sort of service and some extent of privacy were necessities, and that one would forego luxuries for the sake of having them. The class of people, however, who find these things necessities, and motor cars and expensive clothes luxuries are more and more discredited. They are of no importance. It is admitted nowadays that unless you are rich you must live in an apartment, and cut out wages, which are prohibitive.

But nothing is more frankly cynical than the kind of apartment they build. Some of them, no doubt, are comfortable—and ruinously dear. They are intended for the restless rich, who do not want the moral and physical responsibilities of a house. The others? Well, they are dear enough, in all conscience; and look at them. Even in our little country town apartments have been constructed during the last years; and my husband and I have inspected them with interest, having, both of us, strong architectural proclivities, though neither of us had the luck to be an architect. The apartments are all odious beyond

belief—and yet, in our non-industrial, academic village, the prospective tenants are presumably educated and cultivated folk. The architect has usually seen no reason why you should not have to approach your kitchen through the living room; he has seen no reason why you should have any private hall, any vestibule even, for access to the same living room. He has seen no reason why any one who is paying only one hundred and twenty-five dollars rent per month should have any room decently large or properly lighted. All you can expect, unless you are rich, is a kennel—a roof over your head to protect you from the storm. You are supposed to take your comfort in electric refrigeration, and wall beds and thermostats. Space that could have been used to make at least one room well-proportioned and dignified, has been wantonly thrown away. Taste is not supposed to operate unless backed by wealth. What is a poor man doing with taste? What right has he to want a broad wash of sunlight on his desk, or a corridor between him and his kitchen? If he wants fool things like that, he must rush out and make a million dollars. Yet this is the kind of place in which, were my husband and I childless, we should probably live, in order that we might, some time before we die, wander beside the Nile or the Ganges. They have built, this year, in this place where I live, a new row of faculty houses—varying in size from a small duplex apartment to a real house. Here the problem was well defined, as no one except University faculty is allowed to live in them. Most of the instructors and their wives will not try to keep a servant: granted. But in the course of human events both illness and hospitality happen to us. No one can say with assurance that his health or his happiness will not, some day of some week of some year, depend on his wishing to house a servant, or at least get “help” in by the day. Not one of the houses has made the slightest provision for the physical needs of any servant,

permanent or temporary. The houses are charming; but they are built on the assumption that service, even temporary service, is, and always will be, quite beyond the tenants. Accommodations for servants are omitted precisely as wall safes for jewelry are omitted. The state of mind which prefers a resident cook to a private motor car is no longer legislated for, no longer recognized. The smallest new shack has its garage, as a matter of course, because it is assumed that every respectable citizen will have an automobile.

#### IV

"The plight of the genteel" (the phrase is not mine) is, actually, prospective extinction. Just what is the significance of "genteel"? I take it that the maker of the phrase meant to indicate that class of literate and gently bred people who were not rich, but who found their slender incomes compatible with a certain way of life which to them was both socially and personally necessary. It meant, usually, a house, where furnishings might be seldom renewed or added to, might even be shabby in spots, but were dignified and good; where there were books, and light, and space, and quiet; where there was the necessary minimum of good service, and where hospitality could be unostentatiously offered. Perhaps a garden; perhaps open fires; certainly a high-shouldered guest-room, and very certainly a separate dining-room. It meant clothing adequate but never in the extreme of fashion; it meant simple food; it meant education for the children, but practically, from year's end to year's end, no material extravagances. Surely it meant a home which was neither so tiny nor so unattractive that every member of the family had to seek all his pleasure outside it. By the exercise of faithful daily frugality, such people were able to have on hand enough money always for the school and college bills, perhaps sometimes a trip to Europe, and undoubtedly frequent relief to the deserv-

ing poor. Such "gentility" was possible only in a world which agreed that these things were necessities to a large class, and considered jewels and banquets and private conveyances luxuries which one could do without.

Where are they now? Empty houses bear witness that they are not where they were. "Sell the house and live in an apartment" is the first counsel their gentility must take. It is not always easy to sell the house, for the rich man wants to build his own, and their own kind have their own houses to part from. To get rid of taxes and upkeep, they sell at a loss. Their refuge, if it is not a near-slum, is a boarding-house or a kitchenette. Not for them the old pleasant ways of dignity, the perpetual victory over vulgar choices, the sacrifices that are good for the spirit. Spontaneity, generosity, hospitality, are all quenched in them. They fall into pathetic acceptance of the new ideals; seeing themselves despised by people they never before had to pay attention to, they spend their days between snobbishness and self-distrust. Since snobbishness cannot endure in America save with a bank-account to back it, self-distrust possesses them at the bitter end.

One may seem to be taking an *Æschylean* note about minor catastrophes. I am not sure that, even from the point of view of society and the race, the elimination of this class is unimportant. One sometimes wonders if a good deal of harm has not been done by these swashbuckling biographies and autobiographies of men and women who sprang from apparently hopeless obscurity to national prominence. True, that America offers such a possibility is one of America's glories. Yet the brilliance of the individual performance dims a fact which is quantitatively more important, holding good, as it does, for a much larger number of people: the fact, namely, that the vast majority of our more useful and distinguished citizens were born of the class we have been describing. The middle-class is usually



said to be the backbone of any country; and in the truest sense these genteel folk were always the middle-class. Not being rich, they had to choose what they would spend their limited means upon; not being poor, they did not have to spend it all on bare subsistence. They inherited certain tastes and ideals that prompted their choices; they had not sufficient wealth to make them lose their heads. Whithersoever the sons and daughters of these households have gone, they have been among the truest and most valuable Americans. They did not have to learn the alphabet of civilization; yet they were familiar with frugality, and honest toil, able to do without luxuries but unable to do without decency. It is this clan and class that has carried civilization with it into the remoter crannies of the country.

"The sons and daughters of these households." These households are having very few sons and daughters to-day. I have seen it pointed out many times, in discussion of the birth rate, that it is only the very rich and the very poor who have large families. If the birth-control advocates get their way in spite of religious prejudice, many of the very poor will doubtless become less prolific. The people (it is a platitude) who decline to have children are the people who know only too well how children should be reared. I read not long ago in a popular magazine an article on "The Price of Babies." The price of babies is appalling; and the price of growing children is worse. The austerer antagonists of birth-control maintain that it is good for the parents to sacrifice their lives to their children, and that the birth-control talk is encouraged only by people who are too selfish to make sacrifices. They forget a few facts of social history. They forget, for example, that for many generations English and Americans have been working towards an ideal of romantic marriage. The marriage of convenience and the marriage of inclination lead to somewhat different conceptions of "the family." To the man or woman who

has married romantically—if romance endures—the mate comes first. The prejudice against having children when the income is moderate is not nearly so often, as the fanatics believe, the outcome of personal selfishness. These men and women are not afraid of being sacrificed themselves; they are afraid of having the beloved sacrificed. Though the result may be the same, the psychology is different. Many a woman would willingly take her own chances of ill-health or dull domestic routine, yet is unwilling to see her husband fail and grow old under the mental and financial strain. Many a man who would welcome children refuses to face, for his wife, the straitened and difficult years. I pass over the pure egotists, for I think they are fewer than the muck-rakers pretend. This factor should be noted in passing, for in America, where the love-match prevails, it is important. More important in the large social sense is the fact we referred to earlier: namely, that it is precisely the people best fitted to produce offspring who are increasingly estopped from doing so by the economic situation. The "genteel" were always the people who should have children, because they had the traditions best calculated to make good citizens of them. They knew the complicated ways of self-denial, and had sifted out the essentials. They had been trained in the knowledge of what was worth paying for. Far better progenitors than the people whose wealth made selective decisions unnecessary, or than those who, living always from hand to mouth, were never free to choose between alternatives. This class is being eliminated, turned into the frankly poor; and it is not passing the buck to the next generation of its own kind, because it is too wise, too sensitive, too conscientious to be prolific.

I have perhaps not proved the poverty of the "genteel" class. It is hard to discuss imponderables in such a way that the man in the street will agree. Yet surely he must admit that when you cannot afford the things necessary to

your proper mode of existence, you are poor. I do not consider myself poor because I cannot afford a motor car—it is other people who consider me poor because I cannot. A motor car is not, to me, a necessity; not even a secret, suppressed desire. But Europe has been, since our earliest youth, a necessity both to my husband and to me. Before, we were married both he and I went to Europe now and then. We have never been there since our marriage; and we see no prospect of being able to afford it. Europe, once, did not cost so much: it was a thinkable indulgence. That, it has ceased to be. One or the other of us might sometime go; but we are still old-fashioned: we want, most of all, to go to places together. A few years ago I expressed surprise to an acquaintance of mine that she should be sending her daughter to another college than her own. "I know," she replied, "but A— would have had to be entered at my own college some time ago. Registration costs ten dollars, and that year—well, you know how it is, sometimes. Ten dollars is ten dollars." I did, indeed, know how it was. Ten dollars is ten dollars; and many times a year I and many of my friends omit such and such a desirable—almost necessary—gesture because it costs ten dollars. Once, in my youth, when I was hurrying alone across the continent to reach home by a given date, I was held up at Albany for need of ten cents. I lacked just that amount of the train-fare to New York, and until I could cash an express check I could not buy my ticket. I lost a few hours and another connection I had counted on. That incident has always seemed to me peculiarly absurd. Nowhere but in the pages of Maupassant could ten cents be so important. Yet it is a symbolic occurrence. One is not held up for ten cents except when fate decides to be humorous; but one is held up for ten dollars, often and often. The solution, which some people have, of rustivating themselves for economy's sake, is of little use to the average professional man, who must

stick by his clients, the context he has made for himself. We must fight our battles in the place where we have our best chance of making a living. We cannot go where living is cheap, because in those places we could not make a living at all.

Once the genteel were peculiarly fortunate, in that their desires marched with their incomes. They had constantly to be renouncing—but the things they renounced were things they could do without and things, moreover, that no one despised them for not having. They had public as well as private sanction for their mode of life, and in foregoing luxury they did not forego dignity. It seems to me that this state of things has changed. Sometimes, indeed, one asks oneself what one is getting for the money one spends—for we, too, spend a good deal of money in the course of a year. Subsistence, yes; but one ought to be able to afford more than that. A few of the amenities of life? Well, yes, a very few. Childless, we could afford to live as we had every reason to expect we were, in middle-age, going to be able to. As our wise young son (then aged eleven) said a few years ago—overhearing, perforce, discussion of a magnificent adventure that might be ours were it not for him and his sister, "Gee, if you've got kids, you're out of luck." To that dictum every impulse and conviction of my being opposes a flat denial. Giving hostages to fortune is the most satisfactory form of gambling that I know. Though year by year children and their unforeseen needs wipe out any financial margin that there is, I am convinced that sterile marriages are not the answer to the problem. The greatest difficulty, indeed, that parents of our class and type experience is a public rather than a private one. We can manage, by sacrifice, to give our children a good chance of health and a reasonable education. It is more difficult, in these days, to give them a sense of essential values, and to teach them to put civilization above success. The materialism by which they



are surrounded influences their plastic minds. They, too, fail to see any prestige-value in what they actually have, because the community sees none. I have, myself, always welcomed for them association with friends much richer in this world's goods than they, because such association in my own youth taught me invaluable lessons: taught me what wealth was good for, and what it was not, and forced me to seek out and appreciate joys that do not depend on cash. I learned that lesson so well that I have never yet subscribed to the familiar American equations of wealth with virtue and wealth with happiness; though as I grow older I see more and more clearly the scope and variety of wealth's purchasing power. To learn young that personalities are more than palaces makes for stability in a rocking world. It is this that—in our increasingly materialistic society—it is hard to teach one's children. Our six-year old daughter, just beginning school, remarked in September, "Well, if I have to go to school, I think the *least* the family can do is to buy a Ford." Our children, and our friends' children, understand much less readily than we did how it is that people on what you might call a lower social scale can afford things that we cannot, since our children are contaminated by the prevalent notion that material possessions alone confer distinction and happiness. It does grow harder, all the time, to make them see that one set of privileges can be set against another; that intangible goods cost money, too, and are by some people preferred. Hard indeed in a world which has come to feel that it is more important to have an automobile to get away from home with than to have a home which you might like to stay in.

## V

The solution is not easy to find. I fear that the "genteel" must make up their minds to poverty, both real and reputed. As long ago as 1918, I ventured a sugges-

tion on this subject, which I see no reason to recall: namely, that we who care about things of the mind and the spirit must learn to live even more simply than we do; must refuse to let the standards of the majority be ours; must, with a certain bravado, if necessary, spend our tiny surplus for things despised of both Labor and Capital. We must, I fancy, strive self-consciously against the physical laziness that has descended upon our generation: make our legs walk, and our hands toil, and bluff ourselves into believing that this is no hardship. It is very recently that this Capuan luxury has invaded America; perhaps we can struggle back. In my own youth the daughters of the rich were expected to walk to school, just as they were expected to dress simply until they "came out." Splurge, for the young, was bad form. People say all manner of things about the famous younger generation: I sometimes wonder why they never mention one of its most salient characteristics—namely, its desperate laziness. It will not walk half a mile if it can help it; it will not work except if it sees, for that work, an incommensurate reward in pleasure. Youth is always restless; I wonder if it did not find salutary outlet for a good deal of its restlessness when it wearied itself occasionally in useful causes. This is not the place to discuss the disintegrating and degrading influence of the motor car—though I fancy the motor car has done more than the War, or religious skepticism, or jazz, or movies, or the Volstead Act, to corrupt and vulgarize the body politic. Certainly a very pretty case, moral, social, and physical, could be made out against the new Leviathan. Both the brains and the bodies of the younger generation have suffered from the automobile.

In meeting simplicity half way and embracing it on both cheeks, shall we accomplish the survival of our class? Only, as we know, if we manage to make the community feel that our class has an importance of its own. If present

tendencies prevail, we shall receive fewer and fewer external aids to survival. There is perhaps no other civilized country wherein minorities win so little respect as in the United States, and where it is so difficult to survive unless heavily backed by public opinion. The present plight of the genteel is due to two facts: the increased cost of living, and the increasing indifference, in the heart of the American people, to the kind of thing the genteel desired. Little sympathy is going to be wasted on them, for the man in the street does not understand their type or their tendency. To great wealth we are, as a nation, fairly servile; and the rich man may adopt the mode of life that pleases him—even though he should choose a mode of life characteristic of this very class. But most of our rich men have chosen otherwise; and the majority—which, in America, would rather be rich than anything else—has simply plumped for the things that can be bought with cash, and, having been bought, are solid evidence of cash.

We cannot—we people for whom the author of the anonymous article speaks—endure as a class, in large numbers, the strain of perpetual living beyond our incomes, of never having a margin, of dreading the specialist as the very poor dread the undertaker. Such a strain is too disintegrating. I read an article not long since—I forget where I read it and by whom it was—describing the solution that one woman, early widowed, had found. She moved into a slum; she sent her children to the public schools, playgrounds, clinics; she availed herself of every public aid to the poor, from the district nurse to the Legal Aid Society. She entered the social class of the immigrant family, and took for herself and her children all the assistance provided by the Americanizers and welfare workers. But the genteel do not all live in New York, with its multiplicity of public resources; nor can people who have an income that looks decent on paper, swear to the extreme

of poverty that makes them eligible for such assistance—to say nothing of the fact that no clientèle is going to trust the competence of any man who is obliged to make this great and public renunciation. Nothing in America so arouses suspicion as inability to make money. Whatever a man's occupation, people feel that if he were any good he would be rich.

Like the lady who wrote the article, we all look about for ways to save. But it is our misfortune and a large part of our plight, as I have said, that the public at large, seeing no need of the "genteel" class, will not help it to live. We cannot save on schooling, for if we wish to send our children to good colleges they must pass the College Board Examinations, and except in very large or peculiarly lucky places the public schools cannot prepare their pupils successfully for that ordeal. "Health" is a much more expensive business than it used to be. If we desire health for our children, we must spend money much more lavishly than earlier generations did, in little, unnoticeable, frightfully expensive things. My husband and I discovered a few years ago that milk—mere milk—cost one-tenth of his yearly salary. I submit that no reasonable budget can be made when the single item of milk absorbs one-tenth of the householder's salary. Sometimes these details of life seem tragic; sometimes they seem colossally absurd, something to stir the Time Spirit to laughter. My own observation of "budgets," etc., squares with the experience of the anonymous writer. They do not fit the case. If I may be permitted to say it, they can be trusted to work only for the people whose futures are glowingly guaranteed by the correspondence schools. They are not adapted to complicated existences, where the wanton extravagance of one year may be the necessary economy for the next.

No; society at large will not help us, for at present it respects only the people who can afford anything they want.



The "plight of the genteel," as we said before, is prospective extinction. I think of a score of individuals as I write, enduring privations, cherishing slim bank-accounts, unfitted to make money, rather hopeless, and grown distastefully mean about little things. I remember the sudden confessions I have heard, in a decade—surprising even me, a friend—of the little, little things that such folk feel they cannot afford. I reflect, even more poignantly, on the silences that fall, the excuses that are made, the vocal denial of the most legitimate desires—for the "genteel" thought it vulgar to talk about money: either the money you had or the money you lacked. I find myself resenting Procrustes the plutocrat.

No one save a Communist or a Socialist resents the man of wealth who is also a man of taste, of spiritual and men-

tal balance. Personally, I do not even resent the rich vulgarian. What one resents is the state of mind that considers wealth in itself significant, that measures a man by his purchasing power rather than by what he actually purchases. All of us have known rich people who were delightful, as all of us have known rich people one would do anything to avoid passing an hour with. For the sacred sake of a complicated civilization, that spontaneous and honest discrimination against the multimillionaire who happens to be stupid or vulgar or vicious, ought to be cherished and perpetuated. Somewhere in the republic other than financial ratings should prevail. The class known as the genteel was the chief preserver of such desirable discriminations. A pity to grind it down below the subsistence-level!





# AL SMITH: AN EAST SIDE PORTRAIT

BY ROBERT L. DUFFUS

**I**F EVER the fates conspired to make a man a great political leader they did in the case of Al Smith. They made him of a race which, because it was so long prevented from governing itself, has developed a talent for government. In the 1870's, they set him down on the lower East Side of New York, where men of a dozen nationalities swarmed and struggled and yearned for someone to follow. They gave him that spark of genius which, whenever it finds expression in a voice, or a face, or a wave of the hand, sets men's hearts beating faster and their feet to marching.

It is frequently said that Al Smith came out of the East Side. But this is a mistake. He has not risen out of the East Side. He still has his residence there and he is still temperamentally a part of it. What he has done is to express the East Side at its best—its humanity, its democracy, the tolerance which keeps it from being a battleground. He is the East Side's gift to America as truly as Jackson and Lincoln were the frontiers'.

His grandparents came from Ireland in the hungry 'Forties; his father was born on Water street, near Oliver; his mother at Water street, near Dover; he himself on South street, under the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge. When he is not governing he still lives on Oliver street. Thus, while the greater city poured northward along Manhattan, into Westchester, into Long Island, while the flood of national emigration deluged the great plains and crossed the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras, while the Civil War was being fought, while the

conquest of a continent was being spelled out in letters of steel and iron and copper and gold, while Europe was emptying its hopeful millions through Castle Garden and Ellis Island, the activities of this particular Smith family were circumscribed by a circle not more than a mile in diameter.

But it was a circle within which the pulse of America beat like a great drum carried at the head of an advancing army. For not all America's pioneering was done in the forests, the mountains, and the deserts; there have been pioneers in great cities, also. American energy expressed itself as vividly in the Brooklyn Bridge as in the Union Pacific Railroad. Life was lived as fiercely and as dangerously in the old Fourth Ward, where Al Smith grew up, as under the shadow of Pike's Peak. Here, too, in the great bridges, the great buildings, ultimately in the elevated railways and subway lines, in tubes, tunnels, and aqueducts, was a victorious struggle with nature. Here, too, were to be heard the throbbing cadences of a hopeful, aspiring nation.

It was a time and an environment sordid and gloomy enough in many aspects, yet with elements which might well set a boy's heart leaping and his imagination afire. A block away from Al Smith's birthplace were deep-sea docks, to which came ships bearing, if not gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks, yet strange enough cargoes from all the ports and happy havens of the seven seas. Sailors rolled lustily about the curving streets, in and out of grog shops, a boisterous horse-drawn traffic filled the cobbled highways from curb



to curb, fire engines roared dramatically behind flying hoofs, and always new tides of humanity poured in through the open gates at the Battery. At first they were German and Irish, then the newer immigration came, Italians, Jews, Slavs; new tenements rose, primitive and desperately crowded; men fought in the streets, vice flourished in all imaginable forms, the municipal government was corrupt; and yet there was a kind of singing note under the tumult—a song of America, Whitmanesque, a lilt that was to find crude expression in such folk songs as “The Sidewalks of New York.”

The East Side was ingenuously foreign, it was also intensely American. It was foreign in its dialects, in its ways of amusing itself, in its thinking. It was American in its hopes. It looked forward, believed in opportunity. Sons of poor and ignorant men were to be poets, musicians, composers, playwrights, bishops, merchants, politicians. Thousands upon thousands were fighting their way courageously through the wildernesses of Manhattan. Anyone who says that genuine Americanism, of the pattern set by Franklin, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln, could not come out of the East Side misreads history. He fails also to grasp the key to the career of Alfred Emanuel Smith.

The East Side nurtured Al Smith and gave him the rudiments of his education. He is the East Side speaking, for the first time, to America. Or he is nothing.

## II

Al Smith first saw the dust-flecked light of South street on the next to the last day of December, 1873, and his first feeble cries were drowned out by the clangor of the work then going forward on the Manhattan tower of the Brooklyn Bridge. He grew up on the streets. Boy life had thrills that country lads never dream of. Youngsters not yet in their 'teens dived off the docks and either drowned or swam like eels; played about warehouses, saloons, and dump

heaps; howled newspapers amid the traffic until they were hoarse as crows (Al Smith is a little hoarse yet); and if they were as lucky as Al was, rode with the firemen coming home from fires. In this boiling flood of life two species of men might hope to come to the top: the great fighters—the roaring bullies with blood in their eyes—and the great conciliators, who could translate humor and good faith into twenty different varieties of patois.

Al Smith, from the first day when he could toddle and make his opinions known in words of one syllable, showed signs of a magic gift for inspiring confidence and affection. When he was no more than a child he could dance and mimic in a manner infinitely amusing, and he had a disarming smile. He could fight with the best of them if need arose; yet he was so plausible and so humorous that even in the riotous courtyard of St. James's parochial school on Oliver street, where his formal education began and ended, he had few squabbles. His view of life was not distorted by rancors and dislikes, and is not to this day. He studied human nature not only tolerantly but affectionately. To say of a man who left school at thirteen and who has never done any general reading that he has a thirst for knowledge may appear paradoxical, yet this is true of Al Smith. He thirsted, like a young Erasmus, though it was not for the secrets of the Greeks, but for an acquaintance with human nature.

In 1887 Al's father, a hard-working truckman, died. Mrs. Smith set up a candy store in a basement on Dover street, and Al spent the next seven years of his life, on every working day from four in the morning till five in the afternoon, in the Fulton fish market. If St. James's provided his elementary education, the fish market was his high school.

“If all the fish I handled,” he once said, in a speech at Albany, “were put into the Capitol building they would pry the roof off, bulge out the windows, cover the lawn, and cascade down State

street hill to the Hudson river in a stream fifteen feet deep. I am the only member of the Assembly who can talk the fish language." But he learned more than the fish language on Fulton street. He learned the dialect of that two-legged land-animal which fights, prays, hates, loves, and votes. He learned, like Bunyan and Lincoln, to translate wisdom, and sometimes a spark of nobility, into the vulgar tongue. And that was better, for his purposes, than the most careful grounding in Greek and Latin.

What he did not learn in the fish market during those years he acquired from a wise and strong-minded mother. No New England home, set behind wide elm-shaded lawns in the fragrance of roses and lilacs, was ever more serene than this humble tenement in the dust and clamor of Dover street. Thanks in no small degree to Catherine Mulvehill, Al Smith was able to sift out the East Side's pure gold and walk jauntily unscathed amid its vice and crime. In unforeseen years to come she was to sit at her son's fireside in the executive mansion at Albany, and he was not to be ashamed, when he had soul-trying decisions to make, to go to her for counsel. When the account of Al Smith's career comes to be set down fully and finally a good deal of attention will have to be given to this Irish mother.

His next teacher was Tom Foley, the Democratic leader—in other words, the Tammany boss—in the district which included Dover street. Foley hardly lived up to the traditions of his position. He did not have cloven hoofs or horns; he did not batten upon vice or plunder the public purse. On the contrary, he was a generous, kindly, hard-working person, with strict views about personal conduct, for all the world like any decent and successful business man. From time to time he selected aspiring youths from his district and put them through a course of training from which they often emerged as accomplished politicians. On a small scale, in fact, he ran a kind of political West Point. He in-

sisted on discipline and on loyalty to the organization. His lieutenants weren't allowed to shirk their work. He expected them to be on hand at the political clubhouse at least four or five nights a week, there to listen to the complaints and petitions of those who had friends in jail and wanted them out, of the jobless and penniless, of those who needed ice or coal, of those who had rows with their neighbors or their landlords. He won people's gratitude, and this emotion expressed itself, when called upon, in the form of votes. Men voted for Foley's candidates because they liked Foley. Thus Tammany reared itself on broad and genial shoulders all over the city.

Foley took Al Smith under his wing as soon as he saw the boy was ready to apprentice himself to politics. He plucked him from a small anti-Tammany club, wherein he seems to have fledged his talents, and he taught him his profession, which is quite as complicated as doctoring or lawyering. Al Smith was an apt and faithful pupil. He sat at Foley's feet night after night, while, like a cad at the gate, Foley dispensed justice. Al learned about human nature from him.

Years afterwards, when Al was Governor of the imperial state of New York, he went back to the old clubhouse one night, whereupon there wandered in a Jewish tailor and his Italian customer, bearing a pair of pants and disputations as to their fit.

"Try them on," said the Governor, coming immediately to the point.

It was done and the gubernatorial decision was that they didn't fit. That settled it, as definitely as though the United States Supreme Court had spoken. That was the way things were done in Foley's district. It was by adjusting problems as simple and human as the fit of a pair of pants that Tammany became powerful and Al Smith a statesman. The same common sense serves in larger matters.

In 1903 Foley looked Al Smith over,



found him sound in wind and limb, and set machinery in motion which landed him in the Assembly chamber at Albany.

### III

Then began the third stage of his education. This was not initiated with a blare of trumpets. Al Smith did not rise to make his maiden speech and sit down famous. For a long while he did not make any speeches at all, and was noticed only because the vigor with which he answered the roll call made some people jump. Tom Foley afterwards said that "he was too smart to be a morning glory." Smith himself put it more realistically when he confessed that he "was as green as they make 'em." The legislative chamber was a strange and even awe-inspiring world for this denizen of the Fourth Ward. At thirty he was still ingenuous.

He was, in fact, so incredibly naïve that he believed it the duty of a legislator to know what was in a bill before he voted for or against it. Every day he sat down to wrestle with the drift of documents which the nightly legislative blizzard deposited on his desk. He read the appropriation bill through, item by item, from cover to cover, arriving like a Columbus at the last page, where none but the printer and proofreader had ever penetrated before. He studied the State constitution, the Federal constitution, the statutes, the testimony before committees. After a while he found that human nature at Albany was the same as human nature in the Fourth Ward. Even the Governor, that august signer of papers and layer of cornerstones, was human. Al lost some illusions, and gained some confidence.

He began to make friends among the up-state legislators. He got into the habit, after the first session or two, of giving little weekly parties to five or six of them at a time, at an Albany restaurant—with a menu of corn beef and cabbage, politics, dark beer, and human nature. He learned that people in the

rural districts, like those in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge, had eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, were fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases—all quite as Mr. Shakespeare has said.

By degrees the greenness mellowed away. From being an ignoramus he became a man to whom others turned when they wanted information. When he spoke the members in the cloak rooms sauntered in to listen. In 1911 he became majority leader (this was one of the two or three occasions in the past century of New York's legislative history when a Democrat could be majority leader in the Assembly), and in 1913 he became speaker.

It would not do him or the truth justice to describe him as a paragon of wisdom and civic enthusiasm in these earlier years. The reports of the Citizen's Union—a supposedly non-partisan body which tabulates legislative records—described him on several occasions in a distinctly catty manner: in 1908 as "inclined to follow the machine in support of bad measures"; in 1909 as having "made one of the worst records of the session"; in 1910 as an "opponent of primary and election reforms"; in 1913 as having "executed the orders of the machine," and in 1914 as having "seldom exerted his influence in behalf of desirable legislation." These comments were the product of average human judgment, not of recording angels.

But it is true that Al Smith was not temperamentally a reformer. Abstractions left him cold. He did not fall upon a man's neck merely because that man rolled his eyes and said he wanted to make the world better. It is probably true, also, that he was wagged by Tammany until he got to the point where he could and did wag Tammany. He might have asked, why not? Didn't he owe his political training to Tammany? Hadn't Tammany sent him to Albany? Was he to bite the hand that fed him?

Two important experiences of those

years led him to climb up on the Tammany fence and gaze over into the great world outside. One was his work as vice chairman of the investigating commission, which was organized in 1911, after the fatal Triangle Waist Factory Fire in New York City, to draw up a new factory code. The same passion for information which had sent him exploring the appropriation bill made him a leader in that inquiry. When he got through he was an authority on working conditions in New York State. The result was one of the best systems of labor legislation in the country. Al Smith helped formulate and pass it, and fifteen states thought well enough of it to copy it.

The other experience was the Constitutional Convention of 1915. But here he was no longer so much the student as the teacher. He was amazingly versatile. "Among the subjects he discussed," says his biographer, Henry Moskowitz, "were apportionment, home rule, executive budget, taxation, water power and conservation, a living wage for women and children, labor laws, the use of the emergency message in legislative procedure, public service corporations, state departments and the literacy test." He never rose without imparting information. He never argued without carving away the non-essentials—an acquirement of the lad making filets in the fish market, perhaps.

When the regulation of public service corporations was under discussion the chairman, Elihu Root, asked if some member would submit a report on the legislative history of this field. Al Smith volunteered. When, asked Mr. Root, would Mr. Smith be able to submit his report? The answer was that Mr. Smith was ready then and there. He was. He spoke for two hours without notes, giving dates and figures to the exact day and the last dollar. When he had finished even the Republicans couldn't help applauding. After the convention adjourned Elihu Root called him "of all the men in the convention the best-

informed man on the business of the State of New York" and George W. Wickersham paid tribute to him as "the most useful man in the convention."

Al Smith had arrived. The road to the governor's chair, perhaps farther, was as plain as the Lincoln highway. His opposition to the new constitution because, in its final form, it did not abolish New York's rotten borough system, did not impair his prestige. He went up the ladder like a fireman at a fire. For two years he was sheriff of New York county, drawing down about fifty thousand dollars a year in the legitimate fees of that office—his only profitable dip into the public treasury. In 1917 he was elected president of the Board of Aldermen, and in 1918 no other Democratic candidate for governor received serious consideration. He won by a few thousand votes, which meant that the vote of New York City overcame an up-state majority against him. He was thus, in a peculiar sense, a Tammany governor, and he had to deal with a Republican majority in the legislature which took an especial delight in making a Tammany governor miserable. It couldn't be said, therefore, that he assumed office under favorable auspices, except as the mere fact of his being Al Smith was favorable.

#### IV

Al Smith took his seat with a sense of responsibility which couldn't have been any keener if he had had a *Mayflower* passenger and half a dozen colonial divines in his ancestry and had been closely related to the Cabots and the Lodges. His attitude toward his job was, in the best sense, Puritanical. He had made up his mind, as he says, that "never again would anybody be able to raise their heads up in this state and say that the man from lower New York that belonged to Tammany Hall could not run the State." But his was Puritanism tempered with humanity. There wasn't



a trace in it of arrogance or self-righteousness. He had announced that he believed it "the duty of the Governor to let the people tell him their troubles," and he did let so many tell him their troubles that he had to sit up all night to do his work. He went down to New York and around to other cities and towns to give poor people who couldn't afford to travel an opportunity to use up his time. He seemed to think of the commonwealth of New York as though it were but an enlarged copy of Tom Foley's political club.

But he broke away from Foley's precepts and practice in one important respect. When he had appointments to make he appeared to forget that he was a Democrat and a Tammany man and to think of himself as an executive trying to get results. He hit the spoils system so hard a wallop that it is still gasping for breath. If the best man for a job happened not to be a Democrat he appointed him just the same. He made a Republican his private secretary. He appointed Col. Frederick Stuart Greene, of whose politics he knew nothing, to the position of superintendant of public works, and gave him free rein to pick his own subordinates. From the old-style politician's point of view this was perfectly terrible. But Al Smith actually believed, in his childish way, that he could get more votes by carrying on the state's business conspicuously well than by peddling jobs among small-fry partisans.

He is a man of sentiment. That showed in his human contacts. He would walk the floor for hours when he had to decide whether or not to let a man go to the electric chair. He would wave the lawyers aside and talk to the condemned man's wife or mother. Criminals, lunatics, and paupers were not merely that in his eyes; they were also human beings. Shocked at the administrative waste, the menace to health and the danger from fire which existed in almost every State institution, he renovated their staffs from top to

bottom, so far as it was in his power, and then got appropriations and bond issues to bring the buildings decently up to date. He got salary increases for the teachers and other public employees. He put backbone into the State Labor Department. He appointed a commission to draft a new child welfare code. He strengthened the workmen's compensation act. All this was the expression of a sense of justice and of a natural kindness, but it was more than that—it was statesmanship. Al Smith thought of government as an institution which ought to do things for people. He didn't care two straws for theories. He thought laws and public policies should be governed by the needs of the present, not by those of a hundred years ago. If an institution didn't fit it was the government's business to re-tailor it and make it fit. But he could distinguish methods from principles. When a Tory legislature passed a set of espionage laws he vetoed them in a message to which Thomas Jefferson would certainly have cried Amen. And he thought the federal government, not the states, ought to take the responsibility for enforcing prohibition.

Al Smith is probably not especially proud of the acts which proceeded from the warmth of his heart. They seem to him, with his Fourth Ward philosophy, the natural and decent thing to do. What he is proudest of is his effort, which now promises to be in large part successful, to make the State of New York a sound, economical, efficient business enterprise. He has been hammering away for years for the executive budget, the short ballot, a ten-year program of expenditures to rehabilitate the State institutions, a reduction of the existing one hundred and eighty-nine State departments, bureaus, and circumlocution offices to twenty. In last November's elections he carried constitutional amendments providing for the two last-mentioned measures. That election was as much a personal triumph as though the shape of his nose or quality of his singing

voice had been an issue. It proved that he could not only induce voters to sign up for more taxes, but, which is more difficult, could also interest them in dull subjects. Al Smith lecturing on the mechanics of government is thrilling. The essential humanity spills so irresistibly out of everything he says that he couldn't be dull if he wanted to. I suspect he could bring an audience up cheering with an exposition of cube root, if he cared to try.

His hold on the electorate grows in proportion to the number of voters who have had a good look at him. His first plurality was small. In 1920, though defeated, he ran half a million votes ahead of a man named Cox (see any political almanac) who was a candidate for President on the Democratic ticket that year. In 1922 he was elected by a little less than 1,400,000 votes, and in 1924 he polled more than 1,600,000, though young Theodore, son of the great Theodore, was but 100,000 votes behind. Last fall he made Tammany drop John F. Hylan, one of the most popular as well as one of the least efficient mayors of recent years, and support Jimmie Walker, who was elected by a plurality of about 400,000 votes.

But votes aren't everything. Those whose radio sets were in good working order in June, 1924, when the Democratic national convention was in session, can guess something of the intensity of New York's feeling about Al Smith. His hold on the public in his own stamping ground is at least equal to that of the late Colonel Roosevelt. If certain sections of our population could forget, for a while, that he is a Tammany man and a Roman Catholic, and that he has a warm, human sympathy with the struggling foreign elements in our great cities, he might sweep the country from coast to coast. If ever he rides the crest of a great national issue there is not the slightest doubt that he will make history. He has grown and learned. He is still growing and learning. He will rise to any emergency.

## V

It is easy to enumerate biographical facts about Al Smith, not so easy to explain him. How can one describe the quality that makes a crowd love and trust one man and remain indifferent to another? We can, indeed, isolate certain details. We can draw a crude picture of Al Smith. We can say that he parts his hair in the middle, that he has quite a large nose, with a curve in it, that his eyes, under narrowed lids, are of a blue which on occasion acquires a steely quality (he had that look at Carnegie hall on the famous night when he tore William Randolph Hearst—his only enemy—limb from limb), that he can be as grouchy as anyone else on a blue Monday morning, and that his flashes of humor break through an habitually somewhat serious expression. Sometimes, especially in his speeches, he really wants to be serious when his natural exuberance and raciness won't let him.

He is married to the girl with whom he fell in love when both were in their 'teens, and he gets as much fun out of sky-larking with his five children as he does out of being Governor. He swims well and goes round a golf course in about one hundred and twenty. He doesn't go to the theater often and, when he does, chooses the more serious dramas; doesn't play poker; is at home in formal society but doesn't care much about it. His main diversion is conversation. He likes, when among friends, to talk things out, and doesn't mind if it takes all night. When he feels like it he can be as entertaining as Al Jolson or Will Rogers. He can tell stories for three hours at a stretch without tapping the bottom of his well of anecdote. He has no more self-consciousness than a baby; he is just as much at ease before an audience or a cheering street crowd as he used to be in the Fourth Ward clubhouse. He doesn't orate—he merely takes two or three thousand people, if there are that many around, into his

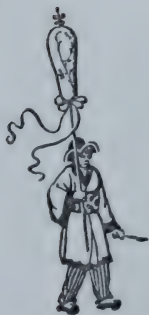


confidence. He makes them feel what it is like to be Governor—makes them see that it is a human predicament, like being a grocer or head of a family.

His memory is phenomenal. He puts a set of figures on a shelf in the back of his head and whenever he wants them, whether it is ten minutes or two years later, he can find them. He never has to guess, is never vague, is never ambiguous, always chooses the vigorous little common words in preference to the silk-hatted up-stage variety. He doesn't pretend to like common people and common things—he really does like them. He'll walk along Oliver street to this day and call everyone he meets by his or her first name, without the slightest trace of condescension. He honestly believes that one man and one race, during good behavior, is as good as another. Let the professional Nordics make what they can of that!

At heart he is as simple as an old shoe. His wisdom is the wisdom of the people. When he makes a new proposal it always rests on some plain old truth or tradition. He has an ingenuous, old-fashioned faith in his church, in his country, in human nature. He is East Side to the core, and yet the essentials of East Side Americanism, as Al Smith reveals them, are the same which dotted New England with little red schoolhouses and white churches, which sent the covered wagons rolling westward, which inspired the Second Inaugural and the Gettysburg Address.

He is Al Smith—not Lincoln. Yet he is as fundamentally American, as unwavering in the democratic faith, as Lincoln was. I think the rail splitter and the fish handler would find, if ever they could meet, that they understood each other's language and shared each other's aspirations.





## “WHITE MAN”

A STORY

BY MARY S. WATTS

IT IS upwards of twenty years since Mrs. Arnold Grantham died, but I remember still the decorously adverse comment roused among the congregation of All Saints' when Doctor Warren introduced into the service, in place of Fifteenth Corinthians, those strong and beautiful lines from the last chapter of Proverbs about the wife whose price is beyond rubies, who *"worketh willingly with her hands . . . looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness."* The innovation was viewed much more seriously than it would be in these facile days; but even at the time the broader-minded of us acknowledged that nothing could have been more apt in relation to Mrs. Grantham. Her whole existence was dedicated to home-making; she was so thorough, so competent in her big, unwieldy household, discharging innumerable duties—her own and others'—miraculously without haste or bustle or display of energy; for these ceaseless and tireless activities were always serene. Somehow this atmosphere and accomplishment seemed to fulfill the Preacher's ideal; at any rate Doctor Warren used to say he was so profoundly penetrated by the analogy between those passages and the spectacle of Mrs. Grantham's varied and vigorous yet essentially sweet life that it became in some sort a duty to set it before us.

My own recollections present her in two of her aspects, vividly opposed. They had a jangling old piano, hammered on ruthlessly by the Grantham young

people and their friends and the friends' friends who frequented the house in droves; you might hear them discoursing scales and ragtime (a novelty then) on it from morning to night until how the harried instrument held up at all was a mystery. Yet Mrs. Grantham could sit down and draw charming melody from its poor, tinny, quavering chords as if it had been in new and dulcet tune! Even the cheap caprices of the ragtime came from her fingers endued with distinction; and between dances (she was eternally playing for them to dance, of course) she had a way of interpolating little voluntaries of her own, sprightly, tender or grave according to her mood—that is, if she ever had a "mood." No one would have believed such tricky and unstable alternations of spirits possible to her. It was interesting; the bits of music did not lack a certain character and finish. Somebody once asked her if she had ever tried writing any of them out, perhaps wondering if she knew how. "Yes, oh, yes," she said indifferently, and shrugged her shoulders and struck into the wild measures of "Rastus on Parade" with that proper heady abandon of which she had the art.

The other time I had gone to the house on some errand and found her in the middle of putting up a preserve of pear-tomatoes that was one of her specialties. The tiny yellow fruit appeared as lucent globules of pulp held in a syrup like melted yellow glass; there were, besides, frail discs of lemon, can-



died ginger in small russet chunks; and one recognized an exquisitely subtle tang of spices. The time and degree the compound should cook were understood to be matters exacting an utter nicety of judgment, the closest attention; but Mrs. Grantham was presiding over the kettle with one hand, so to speak, and helping on Regina's Latin exercise with the other. "That *paratus* isn't an adjective, Jinnie; it's a verb," she was saying; and nodded, motioning me to a chair and deftly manipulating the skimmer all in the same moment, as it seemed, unhurried and unfretted. Regina, contrariwise, looked nervous and peevish enough, chewing her pencil and scowling among the textbooks and scribbled papers sprawling all over the kitchen table. She was a long, lank, angular girl with carrot-colored hair and rather sharp features—bright as the average, I fancied, but also no more disposed to work; and in fact she gave up promptly upon my arrival, lounging in her chair, and lazily scrawling fantastic vignettes on margins and blank ends of paper while her mother and I talked. No doubt among the grotesque studies of Cæsar and his legionaries there were some from models nearer at hand, for, catching my eye casually directed towards them she reddened and crumpled up a sketch in suspicious haste. I said something about her not being very much interested in the language or the history.

"Oh, I'm no good at it," she said, grimacing. "And what good is *it*, anyhow?"

"Well, you have to have it to get through college, whether or no."

"I should worry!" said Regina coolly (that phrase was another novelty). "I can always scrape along at recitations, and mother does the rest."

I remarked that she seemed to me to expect a good deal of her mother. "She does more than anyone else I know already, but she can't do *everything*."

"Oh, yes, I can, though," said Mrs. Grantham in an airily boastful style,

from the pear-tomatoes. "I can do everything all the other women do, *and* play the piano." She slanted me an odd look charged with some feeling not quite to be interpreted unless it was a humorous and contemplative irony; she was smiling—she never took herself and her multiple achievements at all seriously.

This could have been only a short while before her death, for Regina was not more than seventeen when that happened; she was the oldest of the children. It was a tribe! Everybody wondered how they were going to keep together and get along; but they did after a fashion, for some years. For the boys to drop away, one by one, starting out for themselves, was too much in the natural order of things to be especially noted; but Regina was actually the first to go, and that did occasion some talk. She had made a promising beginning, trying to fill her mother's place, and look well after the ways of the household with what seemed to be abundant aptitude and goodwill; but the public presently remarked with head-shaking that these worthy ambitions were not equal to the day-in-and-day-out test. The trouble, it was reported, centered in that disposition to loaf and draw caricatures while somebody else attended to her real work, of which other besides myself had witnessed instances. Within a few months she dropped the care of the house and home, to be shouldered by anyone who would, and went off to study at the Art Institute; evidently she imagined she had a talent and was as conceited, as selfish and conscienceless about it as people in general under that illusion. Winning some trivial prize in a competition got up by one of the comic journals, and an honorable mention at the annual exhibition of life-work in the school clinched matters; Regina's head was definitely and completely turned! After that she never rested until she got herself to New York; and New York speedily gobbled her up according to its

well-known and appalling habit. Except for a vague rumor current at one time that she had gone to Europe, nobody heard anything of her for years.

The other Granthams turned out, happily, to be quite normal, growing up and entering upon life like the average of mankind. In time the family disintegrated altogether; the only one of them left here was the son people still called "young" Arnold. He did well in business, married, and before long there was another mob of children all over the old Grantham place just as there used to be years ago. The second Mrs. Arnold Grantham, however, did not carry on the tradition (now somewhat dimmed) of the other—anything but! She was the most amiable of women, but her house was always in a turmoil; cooks, laundresses, maids-of-all-work arrived and departed in a procession; the plumbing and the furnace gave way periodically; some child was forever falling off of the porch roof, or getting into poison-ivy, or sticking a finger in the electric fan, or being lost or running away—no misadventure was outside the range of their ingenuity or ill-luck. "I simply *never* take off both shoes at the same time. I made up my mind to that long ago," Mrs. Arnold said firmly and conscientiously. "You've got to be prepared. Of course, sometimes there isn't any *way* of being prepared. Like Georgie getting hold of that fly-paper the other day, for instance—no, he couldn't eat it, he just licked it off. No, it didn't seem to hurt him. But *fly-paper*! You simply cannot think ahead that far. As a usual thing, though, I keep ready, if I do say it myself."

She settled back in the rocking-chair at the head of the porch steps whence, as from a conning-tower, she could command the yard and the incessant and incalculable movement of the young Granthams, with a restful sigh; for the moment nothing was happening. The baby slept in the hammock; on the bottom step Phil concentrated every

faculty on cleaning and reassembling his bicycle, sundry of its disassociated members laid out in shining order on a piece of old carpet and tended by the serious, spectacled little chap they had nicknamed "Judge"; Mary Louise, at our feet, was chirruping contentedly to her doll. From the rear of the premises there reached us the flat chime of crockery nested helter-skelter in a pan, and a voice raised in more or less tuneless affirmation of a lack of bananas.

"No, that isn't Flora, she's gone," said Mrs. Grantham, answering me. "This one's name is Sadie." She added defiantly, "Well, I don't care if she smashes every dish in the house. It's peace for a while, anyway."

Mary Louise scrambled up, claiming my attention with prideful insistence. "I got a new dolly! See my dolly? Look—"

"Mary Louise! Don't let her annoy you . . ." her mother began at once with an anxious start.

"She isn't, she isn't," said I, in haste to reassure her; one felt sorry for this Mrs. Grantham, laboring with might and main sometimes, it seemed needlessly, and too often ineffectually, among her cares. "Yes, I see, Mary Louise. Oh, what a beautiful dolly! What's her name?"

"Regina. Look, she's got really hair! Look—" She kept on in her happy treble monotone, but unheeded after I caught the name.

"Regina? Is that—?"

"Her Aunt Regina, yes. The artist—the black-and-white one. Of course you know, though," said Mrs. Grantham in the studiously casual style of those who would have you understand that they consort familiarly with celebrities; but as this was the first intimation I had had that Regina had become one, I was a little taken aback. "She sent Mary Louise that doll—she's always giving the children things. It's a crime to spend so much just on toys. But Regina's absolutely the typical artist, and you know what they all are. The



most generous, hand-to-mouth, impractical lot!"

Recovering, I asked where she was living now. Mrs. Grantham gave me an address in the Washington Square neighborhood and some further details, "She's been everywhere to study and then roaming around, perfectly foot-loose and bohemian, the way they all do. *Artists!*" she ejaculated with large tolerance. "That restless life would wear *me* out. Regina has lovely things that she's collected; her apartment is so interesting. *Different*, you know. Only she laughs herself at her house-keeping; she always acts as if she didn't know or care a thing in the world about everyday, ordinary women's work. That's *temperament*, of course. You can't expect anything else."

I agreed with her; my surprise was subsiding. It was evident that Regina had had talent after all, possibly an inheritance of her mother's artistic turn, developed in another direction, and it might be strengthened by the additional gift of that very "temperament" which Mrs. Grantham patently did not possess; *she* was too sane, too well-balanced.

"We've been at her for ever so long to come out and make us a visit, and she's promised to two or three times," Mrs. Arnold said. "But promises don't mean much to *them*. If she ever does come, I hope you'll — Mercy! Now what *do* you suppose went then?"

"That was a lulu!" Phil observed with detachment, referring to a shattering crash from the kitchen. Profound silence followed. "Anyway she's laid off singing. That's something."

"Oh, *please*, Phil! She might hear. You have to be so careful of their feelings."

Judge summed up his observations in a pithy statement. "Married people are funny. Mom's a whole lot nicer to the cooks than she is to Pop."

"Well, your father won't leave!" said Mrs. Grantham in a tired voice of explanation.

This news of Regina's success spread

to everybody at about the same time and, in the older circles of our society where she was remembered, created a slight stir. Some of us went round calling attention to the fact that they had always predicted a brilliant career for Regina Grantham; those difficult, erratic and unreliable qualities of hers might almost be said to connote genius. We took a zealous interest in her work, most of which appeared in the lively little publications devoted to fun-poking and satire—spirited drawings with an involved monogram R. G. in one corner; they were declared to be distinguished on a dozen counts besides technical excellence. For myself, I was most impressed by their eminently marketable character; Regina's groups and couples of pretty girls, young men, dowagers with lorgnettes, tramps, charwomen, children, and so on were susceptible of an infinite variety of combinations and arrangements to accompany almost any text. This adaptability, however, must have been merely incidental; Regina undoubtedly was too much the artist to have any head for business.

I went to see her the next time I was in New York. The apartment was at the top of an old, made-over house; two or three rooms had probably been knocked into the single high wide one that was Regina's studio. There were spacious gray walls, a floor of broad boards painted black, polished and dustless, some old chairs and chests, Regina's easel in workmanlike array; in a cell opening off, one could see her bed white and rigidly made, a pair of copper candlesticks on a shelf, and a little latticed casement standing ajar to light up the monastic interior. It was strange, almost disappointing, to come into a place that was so clean, bare, and orderly instead of overflowing with the romantic color and clutter one expects of an artist's studio; but Regina herself did not adequately fill in the outline we had all, consciously or not, sketched of

her. There she was, thin and sharp-edged as ever, plus some twenty years, to be sure, but otherwise not greatly changed; her red hair was banded smoothly around her head and she wore a linen dress crisp and tidy with white collar and cuffs like a nurse's uniform. She explained among her greetings that she was engaged that morning upon—upon what of all things under the sun? A cartoon, a portrait, one of those salable drawings? Nothing of the sort. Regina was making pear-tomato preserve!

"You can't get it anywhere for love or money. Pear-tomatoes are not *done*, that's all," she said with smiles. "Come into the kitchen. I can't leave them; there's a crucial moment, you know."

She haled me off with welcoming talk and questions. The kitchen was another cell, neat and shipshape; we were encompassed by clear surfaces of tile and glass rimmed with metal; fresh tea-towels hung, scrupulously folded over a white-enamel rack. On the stove the pear-tomatoes muttered succulently within their kettle; and a file of tumblers on a porcelain slab awaited filling. Regina put me into a chair, hospitably set out cookies in an old pierced silver dish, and insisted on my sampling the preserve; it tasted just like her mother's. She herself began on the tumblers, expertly ladling the rich stuff into them without the loss of a drop; the operation was over in a trice, and she gathered her utensils into the sink, lilliputian but immaculate, pleasantly refusing help. "No, no, thanks just the same, but I have my own system, and besides I want you to tell me about—"

I believe she was genuinely glad to see the face from home—she showed so warm an interest, recalling old times, scenes, memories. "I've often planned to go back—perhaps I might get out this summer. It would be good to see everybody again," she said with sincere feeling. "Of course there will be changes—but I'm changed myself, if it comes to that." She laughed, glancing shrewdly at me, as I began a depreca-

tory murmur. "Oh, yes! You looked so upset at first I realized I must be a good deal different from what you remembered."

I stammered in calamitous embarrassment. The truth was I was upset still; I had been aware of a disconcerting muddle of mind ever since the door opened. Regina was not nearly so different from what I remembered as from what I had expected. Nothing about her or her environment squared with popular conceptions or with the impression Mrs. Grantham had no doubt unintentionally given me; one could not readily adjust this background with its seemliness, its frugal charm, to the improvident, irresponsible, happy-go-lucky figure of the "typical artist," and Regina herself, her pear-tomatoes, her "system," her spick-and-span efficiency reversed all traditions. "It seemed so odd to find you cooking," I got out at last rather lamely.

"Why, why not?" said Regina in amusement. Her eyes brightened as they rested on me. "Oh, you thought I couldn't do anything but *that!*" she said with a light gesture toward the studio-room.

"Well, it seems somehow as if your work—I'm sure most artists—but you remind me of your mother. You can do everything all the other women do, *and* draw pictures—only she said 'play the piano'—don't you remember?"

"*Don't!*" cried Regina sharply. I was amazed to see her face contract; she turned from me hastily, busying herself elaborately with the pan and foaming hot suds and those nice towels. For a second her hands groped; but then she said in a chilly and composed voice, "Mother's life was horrible."

I had an instant of stark stupefaction. "Regina!" I gasped out.

"Horrible!" Regina reiterated unemotionally, holding up a tumbler she was drying, and turning it around against the light. "I can't bear to think about it."

It crossed my mind that here was an



exhibition of temperament sure enough, though Regina's calm of manner in a measure defeated that interpretation; it impelled one to reason with her. "Why, Regina," I said with gathering warmth, "I don't see how you can say that. I don't see how you ever got such a crooked notion into your head. Your dear mother's life was most beautiful. I remember Doctor Warren saying in his sermon—and I remember how *true* we all thought it—that her life was a perfect example of the beauty of *happy* service."

"Service? Oh, yes, mother was useful," Regina admitted drily. "I think she was very intelligent—but not so intelligent as I am," she added astonishingly. *I found out—*" She did not finish, arrested, without doubt, by the expression on my face for an odd and not altogether agreeable smile quivered at the corners of her mouth. It must be temperament, no other way to account for it! All the same, this condescending attitude, this cool assumption of superiority moved me to indignation.

"Well, of course *you* ought to know," I said with—as I believed—equal dryness. "Personally, I remember best how beautifully she played, and those things she wrote. All that didn't count, I suppose, and didn't amount to anything."

"Yes, I remember mother's music, too," said Regina gently; my sarcasm fell on barren ground. "As you say, it didn't count." I thought she gave a brief sigh; she had just emptied the dishpan, and was wiping it round with swift and well-ordered movements, but for a moment her hands traveled mechanically, and she gazed off as if seeing nothing. Then she slipped the pan into what was obviously its inviolable nook and faced me with a smile. "Well, that's all! Now let's go into the other room."

Returning home, I am not sure that I myself did not feel some inclination

to go about putting on those airs of fireside and undress intimacy with the great for which I have criticized other people. But, as it happened, there was no chance for this sort of exercise because almost everybody was out of town for the hot weather; and as the season wore along and they began to come back, the next piece of news from our native-born heroine was that she was here. "Miss Regina Grantham, the well-known artist," had arrived for a stay with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Grantham, according to the *Society Jottings* column. I went over; and at the door encountered Doctor Broderick drawing on his gloves with a thoughtful countenance, just about to get into his automobile.

"Nothing wrong, I hope, doctor?"

"Oh, no, one of the boys stepped on the can-opener and cut his foot," said the doctor absently, and went on to what must have been uppermost in his mind. "Mr. Grantham's sister—she's a very—er—striking personality, isn't she?"

"Well, you know she's an artist—"

"Oh, *yes!*" said Doctor Broderick, smiling broadly. "I would have guessed *that*, meeting her anywhere. Well—" I thought he said something about temperament, but could not be sure of it in the whirring of the motor.

Within doors Mrs. Grantham, on her way somewhere at her habitual high tension, stopped for a hurried word. "I'll be back in a minute, You want to see Regina? I believe she just went into the garden. It's a little hard to keep track of her—one never knows—so temperamental, but *you* understand, of course—" She rushed off, and I got as far as the porch; the apparition of Regina in the middle-distance halted me. There was a lawn-umbrella with a vast spread of cover in startling black and white stripes set up on a grass plot, and Regina was reclining beneath it in a wicker lounging-chair inordinately cushioned; she sat up with a languid effort, seeing me. She had on a straight,

shapeless garment of material resembling bath-toweling batiked all over in serpentine swoops and swashes of color, orange, purple, greens, and yellows that fairly assaulted the vision; it had fringe at the hem and around the holes from which Regina's long, thin arms emerged bare and decked with semiopaque glass bracelets, in faint hues, pink and iridescent. Her head was bound up in a sash of peacock-blue crêpe. In the bright, dusty garden she was as deliberately fantastic as the posters and magazine covers that exploit the recent cult of the perverse and the childishly archaic in design; and she gave me a lackadaisical salutation quite in keeping. Judge, hugging his knees, hunched beside her on the ground. I wondered what the youngster thought of this exotic aunt; I myself did not know what to think.

"Well, Regina, this is a long way from Washington Square, isn't it? You look as if you'd never washed a dish in your life."

"Oh, do I?" said Regina, with vague eyes gazing past me; she waved limply toward the landscape. "That's a good effect!" she murmured to herself.

Mrs. Arnold joined us, fanning, and exclaiming over the heat. "Regina hasn't been here for so long, she's not used to it. We're afraid she'll feel it terribly."

"They don't want me to do anything," said Regina, sinking back among her cushions.

Mrs. Grantham gave me a significant glance; she seemed to balance between a showman's pride in his exhibit, and an indulgent, amused, but slightly fatigued patience. "Well, Regina, you know you *can't* anyway, and it's better for you not to try, even. *We* don't mind." She addressed me in smiling explanation. "Just think, she heard me saying something about Judge having hives, and she thought he would have to be put to bed in a dark room like a *disease*, you know. She offered to go and read to him. With *hives*! imagine!"

"I thought he'd be lonesome," said Regina innocently.

Judge made one of his considered remarks. He said, "You don't get lonesome with hives."

Regina lighted a cigarette, her sister-in-law looking on resignedly. "Oh, I know I can't—er—do things," she drawled placidly. "Everybody puts up with me. I daresay since the beginning of time all the intelligent people in the world have been working themselves to death making it nice for the fools."

"Oh, we don't think—we don't feel that way at all, Regina," Mrs. Arnold assured her in good-hearted concern. "It's just as I say: we don't mind *one bit*." She again telegraphed me tolerance; but that there were drawbacks, as has been hinted by other authorities, about the position of valet to a hero became apparent from some confidences of hers later, as I was taking leave. "Sometimes it's a little trying," she said, lowering her voice with a furtive backward glance at Regina's refulgent figure. "Did you ever *see*—? For a woman of forty—! Some of her clothes, I'm glad to say, aren't quite so — And *helpless*—! The other day I had some preserves on and I asked her to watch them for a minute while I ran upstairs to show the maid—she's new—about something, and when I got back they were burned solid an inch deep! It was pear-tomatoes—"

"Pear-tomatoes!" I echoed dully.

"Yes. I have Arnold's mother's recipe. Burned *solid*! Regina said they smelled so nice and aromatic. I know it's genius—but you positively can't trust her a minute. I got her to give Georgie his bread and milk—I'm always so busy just at the time—and those few minutes my back was turned, he emptied the whole bowl into his father's silk hat! I found him stirring it round and round and eating, and Regina was just looking on and laughing. All she said was, Why, it couldn't hurt the child, could it? I said, 'why, of course *not*, Regina, but you never once thought about the hat,



did you?" Mrs. Arnold's feeling became too complicated for exposition; she made a gesture expressing futility. "Artists!"

Inconclusive as it sounds, this condensed public opinion; in a little while everybody in the Grantham's circle was saying "artists," with inflections varying from mildly and condoningly contemptuous to those of admiring awe, but one and all conveying a deep inner satisfaction as of an ideal fully realized. It was felt that with her bizarre costumes and manner, and Mrs. Grantham's anecdotes—presently supported by more from other sources but in the same vein—Regina was orthodox, besides being not a little spectacular and entertaining. During her fortnight's visit she continued to lounge about the house and garden in gaudy or somber eccentricities of dress, surveying the family activities with incurious and remote eyes, most appreciative of everything done for her, but so terrifyingly inept herself that nobody risked asking her to do anything. Then a day or so before she left there occurred a half-disaster which might easily have been a whole one, that showed her transiently in a new illumination to one spectator, at least.

It was one afternoon as I was coming home that, passing the head of the street, I observed a commotion down toward their end of it, unusual in our aloof and quiet suburb; pausing to look again, I saw that it was in front of the Grantham house—in and out of and all around it, in fact. There was a miniature crowd; traffic had halted on the outskirts, automobiles standing deserted in a backwash of nurses and perambulators and delivery boys with packages and homing work-people. In the middle of everything loomed a fire engine; it appeared to be inactive, but nobody can withstand the lure of a fire engine even in repose. I reached there just in time to see this one move off, helmets, red paint, twinkling nickel-plate and all; externally nothing seemed to be amiss

with the house, and the only Grantham in sight was that philosopher Judge. I caught a glimpse of him in the vestibule among the legs and skirts of half a dozen grown-ups, holding his own though with a troubled aspect, against a battery of talk. The driver for the Mont Blanc Laundry, regaining his wagon, enlightened me and some other late arrivals.

"Naw, there wasn't any real fire," he said. "They was burning some trash or these here dead leaves or something and it kinda got ahead of 'em, I guess. Anyway it kinda scairt 'em when they found they couldn't git it out right off, and the kid he run and 'phoned the Fire Department. But they got busy and beat it out with a spade or something before they got here."

Expressions of opinion arose freely on all sides; the consensus was to the effect that the folks was lucky at that! Because they hadn't oughta started no fire in a dry spell like this; it just et along the ground, seemed like, and you couldn't hardly *get* it out. But that was a smart kid all right! I'll say so!

Advancing, I fell in with two or three acquaintances and accumulated more information, item by item. "They probably supposed the fire was smoldering itself out, for it seemed they had all gone off to the movies. At least there was nobody home—" "Oh, yes, Miss Grantham was there—" "Well, I *said* nobody home, didn't I?" "Sh-h! You don't know who's in this crowd—" "Is that the little boy? Right on the job, weren't you, buddy?"

"Aw, Aunt Regina—" Judge began, his honest little face clouded with worry; but nobody was listening to him. By this time the family had gathered, some arriving all unprepared, some rushing home on being notified; in the midst of them Regina was spread pallidly in an armchair. Doctor Broderick's presence gave me a moment of concern, but it turned out he was there as incidentally as the rest of us; there had been no casualties. The roomful

was conclamantly explaining, describing, rehearsing what had happened. It was true that Regina and the child were the only persons in the house when they discovered the supposedly extinct fire viciously alive and running through some dry, tindery grass and brush only a few yards from the garage. They first flew for the hose which, however, was lost or loaned, or out of repair or lacking the attachments—reports differed. (“Wasn’t that Grantham *all over?*” someone whispered in my ear.) In fine, the hose was unavailable. And it was true that Judge had thereupon run to the telephone, and that Regina had seized a spade providentially handy and attacked the fire so vigorously, spanking it into the ground, helped by the boy fetching buckets of water from the hydrant, that it had finally been overcome without loss or damage or outside aid.

“But a *spade!* Think of trying to put out a fire with a *spade!*” Mrs. Grantham ejaculated, soliciting our forbearance over Regina prostrate in the chair. We all felt that it really was preposterous—still, the fire was out.

“After all, the spade seems to have been an extremely effective weapon in the circumstances,” Doctor Broderick commented cautiously. “A fire of that nature—”

Regina opened her eyes. “I hardly

knew what I was doing,” she said feebly. “Did I have a spade?”

Everybody nudged everybody else. *Artists!*

“Well, Judge, we’ve got to hand it to you!” somebody said to him genially. “*You* knew what *you* were doing.”

“Aw, I never! Aunt Regina told me to!” piped Judge in desperate integrity; but I think I was the only one that heard him.

Regina went back to New York; and I never had a chance to talk over this occurrence with her in private, or to hear her version—if indeed I could have got anything out of her about it, which is doubtful. As I have intimated, it was at this time that I began to have a species of fumbling suspicion about Regina; and this was reinforced by the view of a small drawing of hers that came out in the last number of *Life’s Little Ironies* the other day. One of her pretty and modishly appointed children was pictured under the guidance of one of her fine, old, respectable negro servants—standard subjects, both of them—stopping before the chimpanzee’s cage in the Zoo; and the legend underneath ran: “Unc’ Mose, can a monkey talk?” “Co’s’e, honey chile, co’s’e he kin talk. He jes’ don’ wan’ to. *Monkey knows ef he let on how sma’t he is, white man put er hoe in he han’!*”





# PERVERTED AMERICAN HISTORY

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WHEN the Sage of Dearborn announced some years ago to a gaping jury that "history is bunk," he came closer to telling the truth than even he suspected. If he had limited his remarks to the statement that "*some* history is bunk," his *ex cathedra* assertion would have been true. But perhaps it was not destined to be a description of the existing results of historical research so much as prophecy of what was to come—a premonition of the outcome of a future fray in which professional patriots would unsheath their swords in the defense of embattled American ideals.

The recent war for the "freedom of the world" played many fantastic tricks with current social institutions, but one of the most deplorable perpetrated upon our own land was the impetus given to the Prussianization of American institutions. While we fought the war to crush forever the demon of Prussian Kultur we rendered its devotees the sincerest flattery by laboring strenuously to imitate their methods and absorb their ideals. In this process of imitation and absorption we unfortunately took over much of what was worst in the system and little of what was good. While we fought, if we are to believe our leaders, to make the world safe for democracy, we willingly weakened our own forms of that cherished institution; and while we fought to free others, we wasted in spendthrift fashion our own heritage of liberty.

The military exigencies of the moment may be urged in palliation for this

humble bowing before the shrine of Prussian Kultur; but no excuse, whatever, can be discovered for the effort of the busybodies to impose upon the school system their own interpretation of history and politics. That in an autocratic state the authorities should seek to control the textbooks, the teaching, and the mental groove into which the future goose-steppers should be forced was to be expected, but it was hoped that a certain amount of individuality would be left to develop in a democracy. Such, however, was not destined to be the case. We are not only expected to wear the same type of collar and one-step to the same jazz strains, but we are expected to get our history according to the formula which certain powerful organizations are able to force upon politicians and school boards.

If this formula were a perfect one the situation might be endurable, but unfortunately it is the old moth-eaten, discredited, and dangerous "nationalistic interpretation of history," the same type of exaltation and eulogy which Green lavished upon England, Bancroft upon America, and Treitschke and Nietzsche upon imperial Germany. It is the indiscriminating laudation of the political, military, and cultural development of one's own people, the placing of the seal of unquestioning historical approval upon the thoughts and deeds of one's ancestors and upon the results of their activities. Students of history and international relations are practically unanimous in placing inflated

patriotism and arrogant nationalism as among the chief elements in the development of war-psychology, and among the leading influences working to-day against the restoration of international good will and economic prosperity. Even a superficial investigation into the social history of any one of the modern nations leads quickly to the inevitable conclusion that the "nationalistic interpretation of history" is one of the most insidious influences which have helped to promote this uncritical and unreasoning nationalism.

Obviously such history partakes in no small degree of the nature of propaganda and special pleading, and obviously the most effective time and place to disseminate it is among children at school during their formative years. As the great majority of teachers, particularly in the lower grades, are not specialists, the propaganda may easily be carried in textbooks; and it is upon them that the chief pressure has been brought. Until recently, however, there has been little agitation regarding the textbooks in American history. The old-fashioned text, drawing its inspiration from historians like Bancroft and moralists like Weems, was sufficiently blatant and jingoistic to satisfy the most uncritical. Complaints came almost alone from representatives of sectional groups, and these chiefly from the North and South over the treatment accorded to slavery and the Civil War.

These early books for the most part had been written by professional textbook writers rather than by special students of history. The same man who composed one year a history of the United States might the next year write a geometry or a book on astronomy. This condition, however, had largely passed away by the opening of the twentieth century, and these early books were gradually being replaced by texts emanating from specialized students in American history of proven integrity and scholarship. These texts, as the result of a flood of new informa-

tion unearthed by scores of patient students, became more subdued in their tone, infinitely more judicious in their appraisal of events and movements, and more careful in their bestowal of praise and blame. Likewise, as the significance of economic and social history became more apparent, an effort was made to interpret to some extent these phenomena. In other words, textbooks in history for both grades and high schools had become decidedly better and were improving rapidly.

At this point there broke on mankind the catastrophe of the World War, and with it a new awakening of nationalism and a rekindling of the slumbering fires of race prejudice. Immediately that group of citizens whose occupation in life is chiefly concerned with keeping tabs on other people's business, and in uplifting (according to their own formula) their fellow men, began frantically to search the textbooks, particularly on European history, to see whether some one had not inadvertently said a kind word about our enemies or had been too harsh toward our allies. Having developed the habit of investigating textbooks on Europe, these investigators turned naturally to those on American history.

## II

Here the pseudo-historians and the heresy hunters, to say nothing of the racial groups, found much to interest them. The newer and more scientific historians had been revising the traditional ideas and accounts of our relations with Great Britain, and now upon the hapless heads of these writers descended the whole-hearted denunciation of patriotic societies and Gaelic politicians. These lion-baiters accused them of deliberately inserting in their textbooks pro-British propaganda, and some went so far as to charge that a wholesale plot, financed by Andrew Carnegie as early as 1896, had been launched for the purpose of reuniting England and America.



In its early phases this agitation against the text books was decidedly anti-British. An impetus was given to the movement by certain newspapers which syndicated and printed in 1921 a series of articles by Charles Grant Miller, setting forth in some detail the alleged "organized policy of propitiation toward Great Britain." The subject matter of these articles was later printed in pamphlet form under the title *Treason to American Tradition; the Spirit of Benedict Arnold Reincarnated*, and widely distributed under the auspices of the Sons of the American Revolution in the State of California. The charges were further pressed through a propaganda organization known as the "Patriotic League for the Preservation of American History."

The charges of Miller were as meat and drink to that group of American citizens whose hatred of England transcends all other interests. In particular, it appealed to the pro-Irish element in the Knights of Columbus, and at their San Francisco convention of 1921 they made elaborate plans for the revision of American history. Asserting that their aim was "to encourage investigation into the origins, the achievements, and the problems of the United States; to interpret and perpetuate the American principle of liberty, popular sovereignty, and government by consent of the governed, to promote American solidarity and to exalt the American ideal," they offered prizes totalling seven thousand, five hundred dollars for studies in American history and announced that a million dollars was to be spent to encourage the revision and rewriting of American history; i. e., to oppose errors in history and to encourage their correction. The high-sounding phrases with which the Knights of Columbus launched their campaign did not obscure the fact that the whole plan was pushed through by Irish-Americans, and it was obvious, even to the man in the streets, that large amounts of money were not going to be spent for reasons of pure

altruism and scholarship. There was a bad odor about the whole affair from the start.

Although the anti-English newspapers have perhaps raised the loudest cry and the Knights of Columbus contributed the most in cold cash, the patriotic organizations have probably exerted the greatest influence. In particular, have the Sons of the American Revolution been active in their protests, but many other such societies have taken a cue from them. Among the organizations which have become interested in American history in the schools and have passed resolutions of protest at its alleged un-American trend are the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Descendents of the Signers of the Declaration of American Independence, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the New York State Department of the Grand Army of the Republic, the United Spanish War Veterans, and various groups of the American Legion. In addition to the patriotic societies we find that this villainous plot to "de-Americanize America" has even caught the attention of the historical experts of such learned groups as the New Jersey Council of the Junior Order of United Mechanics and the New Jersey Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias.

Although the committee on Patriotism of the Sons of the American Revolution began to report as early as 1918 concerning their efforts to oust certain textbooks from the schools, it was not until 1922 that the society officially took a stand. In that year at the Springfield Congress the following Resolution was passed:

The Sons of the American Revolution, in National Congress assembled, express their deep interest in the subject of textbooks on American history in use in our public schools. We protest against the use of any textbook which lauds the Tories and censures the patriots, which maligns the memory of any of the great men of the Revolutionary period, or undervalues the services and sacrifices by which our national independence was won.

Textbooks on American history should be written only by those who are in sympathy with the principles for which our forefathers fought. Every such history should adequately stress the story of the American Revolution, portray in colorful outline the heroic incidents of the struggle and teach the priceless value of the institutions which we inherit from our forefathers.

We protest against any textbooks which teach socialism, bolshevism, or class hatred.

The committee on Patriotic Education is instructed to take needful measures to eliminate from our schools all textbooks objectionable on the above grounds.

This resolution was passed with but a feeble protest and has been since reiterated by a similar resolution at the Nashville Congress of 1923, and by vigorous approbation at the Salt Lake Congress of 1924, and at that of Swampscott, Massachusetts, in 1925. In fact, what President Washington Irving Lincoln Adams calls "this constructive patriotic work" has come increasingly to occupy the primary attention of the organization.

It is worthwhile to note in passing that in bygone years the Sons of the American Revolution, as well as similar societies, were chiefly engaged in the laudable work of marking historical sites and preserving historical relics. In this respect their work has been invaluable, and they deserve the unqualified gratitude of historians and all intelligent citizens. It is a sorry result of the war that their best energies have been called away in recent years to the campaign against existing history texts, for their attacks seem invariably to be directed at the most scholarly and readable books. It should also be stated that the agitation has not commanded the unanimous support of the organization. A small minority has distrusted it, but the great mass have been led willingly into the movement by the enthusiasm of a few influential leaders, notably Judge Wallace McCamant of Portland, Oregon, one-time President-General of the National Society and later chairman of its Committee on Patriotic Education.

### III

With patriotic societies passing fiery resolutions in national convention assembled, and "committees on patriotic education" bombarding school boards and legislators, it is not to be wondered at that politicians quickly took notice. The whole affair was of the type particularly acceptable to the professional office holder and vote getter. It gave him a chance to sound sonorous platitudes, to make vague insinuations against the underground machinations of alien enemies, and even to advocate laws for the preservation of patriotism, knowing full well that he would never be called to account or be forced to put his high sounding talk into action. To those politicians whose racial roots went back to Ireland there was a motive provided which gave an element of sincerity to their attacks.

The pressure for action was particularly strong in New York City. Here Superintendent William L. Ettinger appointed a committee in October, 1920 to investigate attacks on histories used in the public schools, the committee turning in its report in January, 1922. While this committee found that there was "no evidence to support the charge that the textbook writers—were intentionally unpatriotic" or that "any of the textbooks examined was written as a result of unwholesome propaganda," still they found that "the usefulness of some of the books examined" was "impaired because the authors have written from the point of view of a critical historian rather than from the point of view of a teacher." Furthermore, they held that the books examined failed "to describe adequately and vividly some of the most inspiring events in our history"; that they included "statements and characteristics concerning our national heroes and our civic leaders which are either offensive, or of such doubtful propriety that they are out of place in a textbook"; that they discussed "controversial subjects"; that



they used "offensive illustrations and cartoons"; and that they had failed "to realize the usefulness of a textbook is determined by the presentation of material that makes for good American citizenship." In other words, the poor misguided authors had tried to write history when what they should have done was to concoct nationalistic propaganda. The findings of this committee, like that of most, was predetermined by its personnel, and its report was quite as expected.

More ludicrous than the activities of the committee of the Board of Education was that of the Hirshfield Committee. In December, 1920, Mayor John F. Hylan requested David Hirshfield, Commissioner of Accounts, one of the most picturesque of his political henchmen, to make a "thorough investigation" of the textbooks "alleged to contain anti-American propaganda." Mr. Hirshfield had no desire to employ experts, but preferred men of "sound judgment" who were "open to conviction," and the motley array who appeared to testify before this committee contained many propagandists but no historians of repute. According to the New York papers the job of writing the report was given to Mr. Joseph Devlin, a lecturer on historical subjects and a staunch supporter of Tammany. Mr. Devlin, to the surprise of the learned commissioner, while admitting that better histories might be written, asserted that the historians were not guilty of the charges made, charges which he declared were designed "to help keep bigotry, dissension, and distrust between this country and England." The Hirschfield Committee thereupon rejected the Devlin Report and turned the job over to Charles Grant Miller, who had been largely instrumental in starting the whole agitation, and who now enthusiastically turned out the kind of report his employers desired. It will go down in history as the crowning absurdity of the Hylan administration.

According to Professor Bessie L. Pierce, who has made the most detailed study of this whole matter, many other cities have gone through experiences similar to that of New York, but accompanied by less publicity. Among these are Boston, Washington, Dubuque, Portland (Oregon), and many smaller places like Florence, Alabama; Leonia, New Jersey; and Danville, Illinois. Furthermore, the pressure upon state legislators has been strong. The infamous Lusk Law of 1918 (since repealed) contained references to textbooks, but it was not until 1923 that the textbook revisors succeeded in really writing their wishes into state laws. In that year Wisconsin and Oregon enacted similar statutes, that of Wisconsin holding that "no history or other textbook shall be adopted for use or be used in any district school, city school, vocational school or high school which falsifies the facts regarding the war of independence, or the war of 1812, or which defames our nation's founders or misrepresents the ideals and causes for which they struggled and sacrificed, and which contains propaganda favorable to any foreign government." As to whether any textbook really does this is left to the state superintendent, who upon complaint of any five citizens must hold a hearing within thirty days. If the superintendent decides to put any book under the ban, state aid is to be withheld from any school using such a book. The laws which well-meaning citizens advocated for New York and New Jersey are even more inclusive and are interesting as examples of those sonorous and sweeping enactments which have become so popular since the war in the frantic endeavor of politicians to save us from some imaginary danger.

No history or textbook or reference book—says the proposed New Jersey law—shall be adopted for use or be used in any of the public and private schools located in the state of New Jersey which ignores, omits or denies the events leading up to the Declaration of American Independence or any other war in

which this country has been engaged, or which ignores, omits, discounts, or in any manner belittles, falsifies, misrepresents, distorts, doubts or denies the deeds and accomplishments of the noted American patriots, or which questions the worthiness of their motives or casts aspersions upon their lives—no such history, textbook, or reference book shall hereafter be placed on the list of history textbooks, or reference books which may be adopted, sold or exchanged for educational purposes, and such history, textbook or reference book shall be withheld from use in all public or private schools.

Concerning the proposed New Jersey law, comment would be gratuitous. If passed, this bill would give the authorities power to debar any American history ever written and would automatically exclude from a high-school reference shelf every reputable history, including the works of Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt. Of the Wisconsin statute J. Franklin Jameson, Managing Editor of the *American Historical Review*, tersely writes:

Of the many excellent textbooks of American history now prevadingly in use, none really falsifies the facts regarding our wars, or defames the founders of our nation, or misrepresents their ideals, or contains what can rightly be termed propaganda to any foreign government. But we all know what is meant. No one can miss the significance of the fact that, under this law, you can say what you please about the war with Mexico or the war with Spain, but must not "falsify the facts" (i. e., modify the sacred one-sided tradition regarding the two wars with Great Britain. Consider the procedure which the statute provides. Picture the scene at the county courthouse. On the one side the five complaining citizens (the statute assumes them all to be of the same county), eager to protect their cherished offspring from the danger of learning any facts or thoughts unfamiliar to their parents, and armed with clippings from the Hearst newspapers and other authoritative texts. On the other side the publisher's agent, reluctant to sacrifice the poor author, but willing to make "reasonable concessions" and nowise bigoted in matters of history. As judge, a school inspector, who very likely had History I when in college. What a method for establishing

historical truth! *Non talibus armis, non defensoribus istis.*

If these laws, like a large proportion of the bills hurriedly jammed through our legislative tribunals each year, were dead letters, the situation would not be so bad. Unfortunately there have been active groups interested in using them, and excellent textbooks have been banned from state and municipal schools. One of the most deplorable features of the agitation is that the opposition to texts has been in almost direct ratio to their accuracy and literary charm. The better the book, the more the "patriots" hate it.

#### IV

When one tries to classify the criticisms of the better textbooks which have been brought forward by the protesting organizations, they may be briefly stated as follows: (1) treatment of the Revolution has become pro-British; (2) there has been a growing tendency to shorten the space given to the discussion of the Revolution; (3) certain of the accepted American heroes have been either too critically treated or their deeds have been omitted entirely; (4) treatment of social and political movements have been of a type to instill "class hatred" and develop sympathy toward bolshevism and communism. To answer these charges in a word is not easy. It may be said in regard to the first that the treatment has not tended to become pro-British but simply more accurate, more fair, and more discriminating. To suggest that the treatment of the Revolution by such careful experts as McLoughlin and Van Tyne is the result of "pernicious and persistent British propaganda," as does Commissioner Hirschfeld, is so absurd that no responsible person could take the suggestion seriously. The second charge is undoubtedly true, but the tremendous significance of events since we have become a nation has necessitated to a certain



extent an abbreviation of the discussion of the earlier years, a condensation which has taken place without in any way minimizing the salient features of an important struggle. A typical and much advanced criticism of this type is the one made against Professor Muzzey to the effect that he devotes but one sentence to the battle of Bunker Hill and two hundred words to the fall of Quebec—the critics evidently unaware that Quebec marked the downfall of the French Empire in North America and the eventual Anglicising of most of this continent, whereas Bunker Hill is significant chiefly as a demonstration of the fact that the Revolutionary militia, although they lost the battle, could fight efficiently and bravely against the British regulars. It is quite unnecessary to remark that “Sons” and “Daughters” of the Revolution and the pro-Irish would naturally be special pleaders regarding the Revolution.

The third charge involves questions of space and proportion of treatment which every author must meet, questions of historical accuracy and questions of pedagogy. If patriotism and nationalism are to be taught by an indiscriminating hero worship, then obviously such matters as proportion of space and historical perspective must be largely sacrificed. A typical criticism of this type is that made against Channing by the horrified McCamant, who says of the historian that “Unfortunately he refers to the Master Masons who participated in the Boston Tea Party as a mob and he uses the word ‘riot’ in characterizing the measures taken to oppose the Stamp Act and other oppressive measures of the crown.” One cannot help wondering in passing how those who object to having their ancestors described as a “mob” or as people who engaged in “riots,” would designate similar uprisings if they occurred to-day.

If it is admitted that in our complicated industrialized civilization there are divergent economic groups who struggle for wealth and political power,

and that these conflicts make up an important part of modern history, it would seem that they should be mentioned at least in a textbook. The fourth charge, therefore, ought to simmer down to the question of treatment. If the textbook writer has been fair and unbiased, and has been careful not to take sides, he cannot be accused of “teaching class hatred.” No textbook writer as far as the author knows has ever attempted this. The most often quoted example of this iniquity is that advanced against Professor Muzzey for describing the campaign of 1896 as a “bitter battle between the Western plowholder and the Eastern bondholder.” It may be possible to compress in a few words a more striking and accurate characterization of this important campaign, but no one has yet done it.

More interesting than the criticism brought against the textbooks are the pregnant theories advanced simultaneously by the protesting parties concerning the role of history in our schools. “The chief purpose to be subserved in teaching American history is the inculcation of patriotism,” says Judge McCamant. In a report presented by the same gentleman we find that the committee “recommend that this Society insist on the use of textbooks which instill loyalty to country rather than to class and which encourage patriots to affiliate with the patriotic societies [sic] and not the I. W. W. or the socialistic or communistic parties.” While Attorney General Connor of Idaho, president of the Idaho Society of the S. A. R. (1923) holds that “Discussion of controversial subjects has no place in a history; it should not be found in a single school in the United States,” the learned Judge McCamant, exemplifying the judicial mind, goes a step farther and insists that when a controversial subject of necessity arises it must be dealt with in no uncertain way. “I want our school children taught,” he says, “that our forefathers were right and the

British were wrong on this subject [taxation]." The New York City Public School Committee condemns the historians for "falling to realize that many of the facts of history should be taught in the elementary grades, not as ends, but as means to ends; such as love for law and order, respect for constituted authority, appreciation of the institutions of the country and its ideals."

Hardly anywhere do we find even the feeblest appreciation of facts for the sake of knowing the truth, and of making the society of the past and of the present intelligible. History is to be taught, not to learn about the past and to understand the present, but to impart racial or nationalistic propaganda and to preach "patriotism" or the "ideals" of the nation as a certain element in that nation conceives them. William Cowper, paraphrasing a much greater prophet, once wrote "He is the freeman whom the truth sets free," but possibly these "historians" of the various societies think that the inculcation of legend and propaganda will more efficiently make us free.

## V

It is contended by many that, although this whole agitation over textbooks is certainly an example of that revival of intolerance, racial prejudice, nationalistic egotism, and the desire to enforce conformity which descended upon us during the war, it is after all a small matter, a tempest in a teapot. It is contended that although the general purpose of the Knights of Columbus Historical Commission was dangerous, in reality the work which they have carried on has been harmless, and in the case of a few books published by them as, for instance, those by Bemis and Nevins, it has been of real value. It is further contended that while certain unfortunate laws have been passed and good texts debarred from many schools, the harm has not been great.

To these contentions the following

obvious answers are offered. In the first place, such activities, even though limited in their scope, are a part and parcel of that effort to throttle freedom of speech and action which has been so much in evidence since the outbreak of the war. The excellent studies of Bemis, Nevins, and others are an indirect result of this movement, but they are small compensation for the damage done. Secondly, instead of subsiding, as might be expected, the agitation has grown to astonishing proportions. Like the agitation against the teaching of evolution, which it so much resembles, it has gathered unto itself the ignorant and intolerant, who make up the great mass of the people in all lands. But, unlike the anti-evolution movement, it is able to cover itself insidiously with the cloak of patriotism and nationalism, and thus command the support of a large number who might refuse to be entangled in a purely scientific or religious controversy. In the third place, we are soon to be treated with what certainly will be the climax of the movement up to the present time—an ideal school history "prepared and issued" according to the announcement "under the supervision of The American Legion, with the support and critical aid of The American Legion Auxiliary, American Federation of Labor, American War Mothers, Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, Boy Scouts of America, Civic League for Immigrants, Colonial Sons and Daughters, Daughters of the American Revolution, Daughters of the War of 1812, Daughters of the Confederacy, Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, General Federation of Women's Clubs, Knights of Pythias, League of Foreign Born Citizens, National Association for Constitutional Government, National Association of Naval Veterans, National Child Welfare Association, National Civic Federation, National Security League, Service Star Legion, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Union Society of the Civil War, United Confederate



Veterans, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Women's Relief Corps of the G. A. R., Women's Home Mission Society, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and other patriotic and educational societies." How these organizations, which include in their membership such a multitude of liberal-minded people, could have been inveigled into the "support and critical aid" of such a project is amazing.

This "American Legion History" as it has come to be known, is notable for three reasons: (1) it represents the culmination of the history textbook agitation of the last ten years. At last we are to see a textbook as it should be written. (2) It represents what is probably the first effort on a large scale to enlist organizations of all sorts and of unquestioned power in a movement to influence in a definite way the teaching of some particular branch of knowledge in our public schools. It is doubtful if such a wholesale attempt to prostitute our most cherished institution, the public school system, to a particular form of propaganda, has ever been made. The list of supporting organizations reads like a cross section of American society. (3) The contents of the book itself invite investigation.

The book, which is to be known as *The Story of Our American People*, is designed specifically for the seventh and eighth grades. It has been printed as yet only in dummy form for pre-publication circulation, but is sufficiently near its final form to allow a definite appraisal. Among the principles which the organizations supervising the work laid down as a guide were; (1) that "it must inspire the children with patriotism"; (2) that "it must build character"; (3) that "it must speak in an earnest spiritual strain, believing in God; and not being afraid to mention him—though of course never in a sectarian way"; (4) "that it must speak the truth, so that no child learns afterward to distrust it. But in telling the truth it must be careful to tell the truth optimistically"; and (5) that "it must

be nonpartisan. It must give to each State and Section full space and value for the achievements of each, not centralizing on any one section." Or, as it is put in another pamphlet, the purpose is "to secure the teaching of the same facts of history in all sections of our country, and thus prevent sectional distrusts and misconceptions." In other words, the book is to teach patriotism, build character, tune one with the infinite, and incidentally tell some history, if the latter can be done in an optimistic strain. All this must be accomplished so as to please all sections and all groups.

The difficulty of filling this big order may be sufficiently large to prevent the infliction of a stereotyped history upon the whole country, but the influence behind the book will be powerful enough to secure wide adoption. No expense has been spared in the mechanical make-up, and the two volumes will be appealing to the eye. Knowing full well that no historian would possibly write the kind of book wanted, and being more interested in patriotic and moral training than in history, those in charge of the work secured a professor of English to write the book. As the book obviously was never intended to be history, it would be unjust to attack it from that ground. It is simply a bombastic eulogy of all things American, a teleological interpretation of the development of God's chosen people. In the words of Professor Van Tyne, "it is so maudlin and sentimental about 'our' virtues and 'our' superiority to the rest of the world that if universally used 'our' next generation would behave like an insufferable cad toward the rest of the world."

This product of the American Legion and its co-operating societies is, of course, nothing new. As already suggested, it is simply a reversion to the textbook style of the early nineteenth century when history textbooks were written to set before us "striking instances of virtue, enterprise, courage,

generosity, patriotism," that we might "copy such noble examples"; when it was presented to show that the vicious were "ultimately overtaken by misery and shame," and to display the "dealings of God with mankind." In those days history was trying hard to make a place for itself in the curriculum, but history for the sake of history was considered the slimmest argument for its inclusion. When James Harvey Robinson a few years ago wrote so optimistically of "The New History," he could hardly have suspected how quickly we were destined, as far as textbooks were concerned, to slump back into the ancient way.

Some seventy-five years ago, before the triumph of political democracy was assured, one of its ablest exponents, John Stuart Mill, already sensed its outstanding weakness. In his essay on "Liberty" he argued vehemently for the rights of the minority, for the tolerance of non-conformity, and for liberty of thought and action, and he pictures in no uncertain terms the evils of a universal acceptance of stereotyped dogma. His words give us every reason to believe that in his mind's eye he could picture the future state in which little Babbitts, like so many sausages, were ground out of the educational machinery, the levers of which were manipulated by powerful organizations to insure similarity in the social, economic, and political thinking of the product. Mill's warning comprised one of the noblest documents ever struck from the pen of man, but his advice has gone unheeded.

As recently as last November the Commissioner of Education of New Hampshire, Ernest W. Butterfield,

sounded the alarm from the viewpoint of the schoolman. As quoted in the *Boston Herald*, he said, "I believe that the attack upon the public schools has never been so insidious as it is to-day. Sinister demagogues and zealots, organized societies, great commercial houses, would use the schools to advance their propaganda, to emphasize their policies and plans." Among these influences he placed certain commercial bodies, organizations for national relief, the temperance leagues, the army, the navy, and societies for universal peace, and he might well have included the professional patriotic societies. The field of history seems to be a fertile ground for sowing the seed of all types of propaganda. The renewed effort to have histories rewritten for the sake of patriotism, if it has any results at all, will produce a bigoted and stereotyped nationalism which is far from being good citizenship. It is, moreover, a deplorable subservience to the rule of ignorance. Every thoughtful believer in democracy since Mill has been troubled by the question as to whether the rule of the people means inevitably the rule of the ignorant. Surely in our educational institutions at least we have the right to expect that enlightenment and not ignorance will reign. Shall our textbooks in history, then, be supervised and written by historical scholars whose labors are devoted to the search for truth, or by political aspirants and partisan propagandists? Shall the accuracy of complicated historical phenomena be decided by experts, or by laymen? Have not our children in the public schools a right to the priceless heritage of truth?





## “THE BETTER I LIKE DOGS”

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

**H** E WAS a disreputable old man, grouchy, dishonest, a pest to the rural region where stood his woodland shack. His one companion was a blear-eyed collie, some fifteen years of age, as crotchety and rheumatic and unpopular as his derelict master. The two lived together. They had lived so since the man had fished the dog out of a mill pond fifteen years before and taken the month-old youngster home with him.

There came a winter day when all cash and credit were all gone and eviction papers were served. The rheumatism was unbearable. Penniless, sick, crippled, the old ruffian gave up the fight for independence. He hobbled to the poorhouse, three miles away. At his heels, as ever, hobbled the ancient collie.

Gruffly, the derelict explained to the poormaster his miserable plight. Still more gruffly, he asked refuge for himself and his loved dog, in that last resort of the hopelessly destitute. All he wanted, he said, was bare food and lodging for the two of them during such few days as might remain to either or both.

The poormaster replied that the man could come in and that he would be made as comfortable as possible. But the collie was another matter. There was a rule against pet animals in the poorhouse. The dog must be left to shift for himself.

Long and sourly the old man glowered at the smug poormaster and noted the brightness and warmth beyond the open doorway. He sniffed frying food. All these things might be his—but

at a price he could not or would not pay.

Snarling, he limped away. Snarling—because his human god had seen fit to snarl—the asthmatic old collie limped away. Down the frozen road they hobbled, side by side and out of sight.

Next morning neighbors found them, again side by side, in the fireless woodland shack that had been their home. With a rusty army rifle the man had put a bullet through his collie's head; then another through his own. He had solved their parochial problem in the only way it could be solved.

This story is true. The newspapers, a few years ago, printed it in much detail.

I have told it here, at perhaps needless length, not as a bit of pathos, but to point the maudlin idiocy of a man who chose to give up a life of comfort for the sake of a useless old dog that loved him. It is one of only three incidents I have been able to verify of an adult human who gave his life voluntarily for the sake of a dog.

I have verified no fewer than three-hundred-and-seventeen instances of dogs throwing away their lives for humans. By a little more research I might have swelled the three hundred-and-seventeen to many times its sum.

Of these two other cases where a man has died for a dog both sacrifices were as foolishly useless as was the disreputable old pauper's. One was of a youth who dived into a canal to drag out his Newfoundland puppy that had fallen in. The pup swam to safety. The rescuer was drowned. The other was of a man who ran out on the railroad track to

drive his two dogs from the path of an express train. The dogs escaped. The man was killed.

Those were ultra-rare exceptions to the everyday rule. Perhaps all three men deserved what they got for hazarding the rich gift of life for a mere dog. Countless dogs have chosen poverty and ill-treatment sooner than desert the human who was their god. Countless dogs have leaped into the water or dared death under trainwheels for a like cause. But that was because they were on a lower plane of animal life—soulless and mindless brutes that knew no better.

"*All that a man hath will he give for his life.*" The Bible, being inspired, was too wise to make the same claim about a dog. From the beginning of time, dogs have taken it upon themselves to guard the humans they have accepted as their deities and to gamble life, right blithely, for those humans' sakes.

That is the chief reason why I am silly enough to wonder if dogs are not better worthwhile, fundamentally, than are humans. If it is supremely senseless to toss life away that a loved one may live, then most of the rank and file of us humans are anything but senseless. We leave that to the dogs.

Nothing is news which is not unusual. The newspapers made much of the story of the man who chose death rather than desert his helpless old collie for such comforts as the poorhouse afforded. But seldom is there more than a brief line or so to chronicle the pluck of a dog that dies in a blazing house in an effort to save life, or of a dog that dies fighting a bull or a boar or a poisonous snake for the sake of an imperilled human. Such tales are far too common to have much news value.

There are a score of other reasons why I am inclined to put the dog ahead of man, in all but brains and speech. One of them is the dog's genius for forgiveness. If he is your pal, if he has elected you his god, there is nothing he will not forgive you. The closest human friendships can be smashed forever by a flurry

of hot words or by a real or fancied slight.

Kick your dog all over the lot—if you can find no better way to prove your inferiority to him—beat or starve or swear at him. If he has learned to recognize you as his *master*—not merely as his *owner*—his forgiveness is instant and complete. He cannot harbor ill-will toward his friend and overlord. As to revenge for such treatment—revenge is a word whose meaning he does not know when applied to his master.

This is pure forgiveness, not stupidity. He can carry rancor and repulsion and the longing for revenge—he can carry them sometimes for years—against some human outsider who has harmed him. But never against his master-friend.

In a world of grouchiness and of misunderstandings and of involved resentments, this dog trait shines forth as refreshing. Or perhaps it shines forth only as unusual.

## II

I have a queer belief that there is not overmuch difference in the natures of puppies and of very young children. It is we adults who force them to sharply divergent paths as soon as we try to make either of them understand and obey. We rob a child of his oddly dog-like honesty by teaching him not to tell impolite truths, and by training him to mask in courtesy his primal emotions and desires and antipathies. Bit by bit we give him the ethics of society, at the same time ripping (or whipping) from him the simple ethics he was born with. We teach him to be cordial to grownups whom he thinks he has reason to dislike. We teach him to eat what we, and not Nature, want him to eat. We ordain his sleep-hours and his times for exercise. We thrust from his mind the instincts Nature gave him and we school him instead in man-made knowledge.

It is his instinct to point with his finger at what he desires, thus concentrating mind and eye on it. We slap the out-thrust finger and tell him it is rude



to point. By instinct, he seeks to smell everything he picks up. From babyhood we scold him out of that, thus robbing him, by disuse, of the miraculous sense of smell which once was as keen among humans as the sense of sight. We strangle his every atavistic instinct and we shape him to our own clumsy mold.

On the contrary, when we have taught a puppy the few and simple things which make him a house-companion, we let him grow up as Nature meant him to. His hereditary instincts are unimpaired. He is allowed to maintain the ruggedly selfless honesty that we have taken away from the child. He is allowed to stop eating when no longer he is hungry; and to avoid the foods his instinct tells him are bad for him. He may sleep when, and as long, as he wishes. He may ramble at will during the long hours when a child is forced to stay indoors for study or because of bad weather.

As a result, he is gloriously healthy, alive with wise instincts, and capable of non-remunerative devotion. Never having been taught to smother his preferences or the mysterious guide which prompts them, he forms his likes and his dislikes, and he abides by them. For either of the two he will risk death.

In brief, he is what psychologists used to call a Primitive. He is so because he was born so and has been permitted to remain so. Luckily, his brain will carry him only a short distance along the road of human mentality, so he has not learned better than to be as God made him.

There is another likeness between children and puppies. When I see an illbred brat of a child who makes me remember Herod as a Benefactor—when I see a mean or cringing or thieving or cowardly or incurably vicious dog—I realize that neither child nor dog is to blame. The fault lies with those who trained them.

I have trained both children and puppies. There is no vast difference in the general outlines of the treatment needed to make both of them credits to their upbringing or to make them

scourges and nuisances. There is no magic or mystery about it. Common sense, firm gentleness, infinite patience—these are the keynotes for the training of baby or of pup. Start early enough with either, and there is no need for kick or blow.

Yet there is the point of divergence, even then. Whenever you see a worthless dog, you may be certain he has been badly reared. But I have seen well-reared children who grew into men and women so worthless that a special Act of Congress would have been needed to make them any worse. The reason is that a dog will carry through life the lessons he has learned in puppyhood. Man often forgets early training or refuses to profit by it. This is another white mark for dogs over humans.

Solomon built up a lasting repute for wisdom on a wabby foundation of high-sounding phrases. He evolved a mass of proverbs which have a fine ring to them and which therefore are taken as true. One of them is: *“Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.”* Solomon’s own children, and his brothers and half-brothers, presumably, were trained up in the way they should go. And a precious lot of scoundrels and nincompoops they were. Not one achieved fame or even a noteworthy goodness.

If the preacher had written “dog” instead of “child,” his reputation for wisdom would have been far better justified and his proverb would have been waterproof instead of shot through with exceptions.

Yes, canine instinct is allowed to develop as it will. A child’s natural instincts are buried beneath an avalanche of rules and foursquare facts. The dog, I think, has the better of this matter as well as of others.

### III

Speaking of instinct—it carries your dog far, but not to the absurd lengths

attributed to him. For example, you have heard fifty times that a man is to be distrusted if dogs and little children dislike him; and, conversely, that you can trust anyone whom children and dogs like. That is as ridiculous as is the aged maxim about trusting a man who looks you squarely in the eye.

Dogs and children—or the other way around—like or hate people for the same reason we grownups like or hate people. Namely, for no logical reason at all, but for some occult attraction or its opposite. In my reporting days I came across criminals whose children and dogs adored them. I have seen many a blameless man who, to save his soul, could not win the affection of a baby or a dog.

Governor Baxter of Maine sent a collie to a local prison, as a cheering influence on the convicts. The dog made friends, eagerly, with some of the most hardened wretches there. There are two clergymen who come sometimes to my house—splendid and godly and manly, both of them—with whom my dogs refuse most insolently to associate.

I am glad to have exploded the old lie about a dog's infallibility in knowing good men from bad. It makes dogs seem so much more human. I recall one odd exception though—if it was an exception—to a theory of my own that dogs as a rule like only men whom other folk like. Here is the story:

When I was a boy there was a smug little bandbox chap in my father's church whose very name (let's call him Smith) was good for a grin, from man and woman alike. Men regarded him as a sissy. Women declined to regard him at all. Dogs worshipped him. This canine affection made little Smith nervous.

"I do wish those great horrid brutes wouldn't follow me around everywhere I go!" he said to me once in falsetto peevishness. "I'm afraid of them. In fact, the only pets I really care for are my goldfish. Goldfish are so gentle and orderly. Hardly one of mine ever gets really boisterous. Dogs are rough and noisy and—and, well, terrifying!"

Smith, as my father said of him, was feminine without being effeminate. He had the smallest hands and feet I have seen on a grown man. Also, he wore rippling side-whiskers. It was said he put the whiskers in curl-papers at night. In spite of his funny sissiness there was not a dog in town that did not love him. One summer, he went to Europe, on a Cook tour. There he was burned to death, rescuing children from a flaming orphanage. He carried five babies to safety when the blaze had driven back the firemen. The roof caved in on him while he was rescuing the sixth. . . . Perhaps the dogs had known more about his character than did we snickering fellow-humans. Or perhaps not.

With all their hedge of limitations, dogs learn from us with a speed we could not hope to equal if we should be tossed down among a race of different and more highly developed creatures on some other planet.

Let me pick up my hat and coat—and every dog at Sunnybank knows at once I am going for a walk. They crowd around me and make rackety dashes for the front door. How do they know a coat and hat betoken a walk? By observation, of course. But should we read as quickly and correctly an action as reasonless to us as the donning of a coat must seem to a dog if it were performed by a Martian?

I had a collie that was allowed in the dining room only when dinner was ended and while we sat over the coffee. Presently I found that he came into the room, unsummoned, the moment the coffee was served,—never ten seconds earlier or later. I figured it out and I guessed the reason. As the coffee came in I always lighted a cigar. At sound of the match, thirty feet away in the library, the dog got up and came into the dining room.

I proved this by striking a match once while we were in the middle of dinner. In hurried the dog. He took one look at the table, then slunk out. Nor, for a week thereafter, would he



come into the dining room, match or no match, unless he was called. I had shaken his faith in his own clever reasoning. (By the way, there are twenty people who can attest to the truth of this trick of his. I used to tell guests to watch for his advent at the striking of my cigar match.)

How did he study out the subject and discover that the lighting of my cigar was synchronous with the coming in of the coffee? It was clear reasoning, not instinct, even though wise folk say a dog cannot reason. I doubt if a human could have picked up a Martian trait so quickly and infallibly.

Sometimes a human mother will risk life for her young. Sometimes, not always. (Note the police annals of innumerable deserted babies.) Almost invariably a dog-mother will take such risk. I have been able to prove, again and again, in my own Sunnybank kennels, this extreme of sacrificial mother-love among dogs. Here is a single instance, culled out of many:

Gael was a fierily temperamental little collie. Lion-brave in all else, there were two things which filled her with mortal panic. One was a hurricane and the other was a thunderstorm. At the first gust of a heavy wind she fled for the nearest shelter. Thunder and lightning drove her half-crazy with fright. It had been so all her life. When she was nearly two years old Gael had her first litter of pups. There were eight of them. One day she escorted the pudgily tottering six-weeks-old youngsters on a ramble over the lawn. There she and they cuddled down for an hour's nap in the shade of a rose-clump.

Across the lake from the north came a swirl of heavy wind, the precursor of one of the furious thunderstorms that infest our lake country. At first slap of the wind Gael was awake and on her feet. On the wings of the hurricane rushed a spectacular electric storm.

Shivering and whimpering with fright, Gael waked her pups and began to urge them in frenzy toward the refuge of their

distant kennel. But it is not easy to drive or lead a litter of eight baby collies. The pups could not get the idea. Some of them wanted to go to sleep again. Others thought it was a good time to lure their pretty little mother into a romp. Frantically she nosed them along, ahead of her. But she made scant progress. Her stark excitement confused them.

Then the wind and the thunderstorm smote the unfortunates. There was ample time for Gael to flee for shelter if she were willing to desert her babies. But she saw there was no hope of making them go with her. Calling them to her she stood stock still, huddling them under her shaggy body as best she could and trying to shield them from the torrent of rain that lashed her. There she crouched, steady and motionless, her head raised to the storm. At each recurrent flare of lightning and bellow of thunder she would growl fierce defiance to the elements she dreaded and before whose onslaught she had always shown pitiful cowardice.

"*Perfect love casteth out fear!*" The text struck home to me as with two of my men I hurried to gather up the rain-soaked babies and carry them indoors. Even when we were bearing them to shelter Gael did not relax her vigilance but trotted slowly behind us, turning to snarl savage threats at the pursuing storm.

Could human mother have been braver, faced with her innate life-terrors? Would one human mother out of three have forgotten her own supposed peril in seeking to protect her young? I wonder.

#### IV

The incident, and others along the same line, have added to my own store of reasons for thinking dogs could teach us far more than we can teach them.

When I say dogs, I refer to the average well-trained mongrel or thoroughbred—and a mongrel is sometimes finer than a thoroughbred, in the myriad traits that

make a dog an ideal pal or guard. I do not refer to lap dogs—those excuseless excuses for caninity which childless women overfeed and underexercise. Yet, even the lap dog has his points of superiority over man.

We keep lap dogs indoors, robbing them of their right to exercise. We stuff them with foods their systems abhor, yet which they must eat or starve. We deprive them of every natural doggy right and make them thoroughly abnormal—though a dog is by nature the most gloriously normal creature on earth. Somehow, they survive it. Often they live on for many years, despite the asthma and kindred ills born of their cruel cossetting.

Yet, give man a drastic change of food and of water, deprive him of his wonted mode of life, cram him with non-digestibles foreign to his capacities, keep him in a breathless tropic atmosphere—for such a hot room is to a dog whose ancestors lived wholly in the open—maul and pamper him. What will happen? He will die from the first or the second of the immediate diseases with which outraged nature may choose to pelt him.

Again, score one for the dog's superiority over mankind. This time in hardihood and adaptability.

If you want a living simile of what such false conditions must mean to a dog, watch some newly arrived human tourist in Cuba or India—a tourist who has inaugurated his stay by a hearty repast of native dishes and of native fruits and by deep swigs of native water and who has walked briskly for an hour or two under the tropic sun.

Yet, that is the kind of thing we force on our dogs under the more or less sacred name of Kindness to Animals. We do it day after day, year after year. They live on, most of them. They must be

lined with steel or copper. My hat is off to their miraculous powers.

From childhood, I have had dogs around me. For the past thirty-odd years I have made an intensive study of them. The more I learn, the more I find I have yet to learn. But it has not taken me that time, nor a tithe of that time, to discover that they are our superiors in nineteen things out of twenty. Intellect (not intelligence) and the dubious blessing of speech—in these two matters we are their betters. In a hundred others—in swerveless loyalty, in forgiveness, in foursquare honesty, in humor, in stamina, in adaptability, in conscience, in pluck, in sacrifice, in all five of the so-called "senses" (except vision) in normality, and in many another fine detail—they are immeasurably beyond us.

To an endless line of notables, from Thomas Heywood to Thomas Carlyle, has been attributed the hackneyed plaint: "The more I see of men, the better I like dogs." (When the toastmaster brings that loathly epigram into his preamble I know always by sad experience that I shall be the next victim called on to speak.) The old wheeze is as foolish as the one about distrusting men whom dogs avoid. There is no more reason why a knowledge of men should increase one's innate normal liking for dogs than that a sojourn in Southern Italy should beget a fondness for Irish folklore.

Just the same—we might learn *much* from our dogs, had we the patience and the wit to learn it. But I should be sorry to have dogs learn too much about us. For Man thus might lose his canine godhead and his staunchest chum. We remain our dogs' gods only because our dogs know no better than to choose us for that unmerited job.





# TREESHY

A STORY

BY ADA JACK CARVER

THERE are many tales told of our fragrant old town, and most of them are true. There is for example an incident my mother recounts that goes back to the incomprehensible days when her turbulent children were not. It is a pretty happening as she tells it, and during its recital my mother wears the wistful, insufferable, adorable air which a woman (if she be happily married) flaunts when recalling her girlhood.

It concerns a young man from Gascony—a wayfarer and charming adventurer—whom, because his name was forgotten (although his eyes were not!) and because it suits our purpose so to do, we shall call Prometheus.

It was Springtime in Natchitoches. Now, I am well aware that Spring goes round the earth. Indeed I have been told that she is fair in England and fairer far in France. But she is born down here, in a corner of the Southland. And here she spends her precious cradle days. And when my mamma with a rapt look says, "It was a white, immaculate night in early April—" I know what she means.

And so it was Spring in Natchitoches, a season given over to the devastating business of falling in and out of love. My mamma, home from school for the Easter holidays, was but just turned seventeen and, as the saying goes, not yet on the carpet. She must have worn a bustle, I think, being a very fashionable young lady and freed for a time from the prim, watching eyes of the

nuns. Her hair hung in curls and she had learned (where or from whom in truth I do not know!) how to say "I love you." Indeed, that she might not be found unprepared when the time should come, she practiced this phrase every night before her little mirror. There was once a very great actress who for the sake of her art spent forty years of her life learning to say "I love you." At the end of that time she could say it as a Southern girl says it in her teens: "I love you"—just like that.

It was an easeful and most felicitous life in Natchitoches those days. Plenty to eat and plenty to wear, and Cotton always King. It was my grandpapa, the Colonel, agreeably eccentric and most dearly beloved, who discovered Prometheus. It was, it seems, the old gentleman's custom to take a walk in the late afternoon; and on this particular day he approached the coffee-stalls in front of the courthouse at precisely fifteen minutes after four. There was usually a crowd of genial loafers, you may be sure, hanging around to hail him and accept his proffered treat. But on this particular afternoon the idlers had other fish to fry. They were crowded three deep about a young man, a stranger, who sat painting before an easel. He was painting the church, an it please you, and the mossy graves of the priests. The watchers were awed and their mouths hung open.

"But look, there is them dome—you

see? Sweet Jesus, but don't it look natchal!"

And yet in a way it didn't look natural. The fine old oaks about the church that were hung with gray Spanish moss—he was painting them *purple* and the golden domes red. And over the church his brush went splashing a careless saffron sky. "Them grave, too," the watchers said, "he paint them mustard-color, yes, when everyone know they is green . . . this time of the year." A few giggled behind their hands, but with appreciative delight at the gay effrontery of this amazingly cool young stranger. "*Mais non* . . . I don't never seen no color so pretty like that in the sky. It make goose-flesh pop out on your skin."

My grandpapa joined the watchers, who made way for him. He bore about in his body the marks of his dear Lost Cause; and he walked with a stick. It was said of him that he not only walked with this stick but talked with it. He gazed at the red cathedral domes; and suddenly with his stick he struck the brick pavement a resounding whack that made the on-lookers jump.

"Well, dammit all," my grandpapa said, "there *are* times, sir, when those domes are red. And if they ain't they ought to be. As for the sky, I've seen it like that. In my youth . . . Come, young man, and go home with me."

My grandmamma Whitlock, walking in her garden as was her wont to await the return of her lord, saw them when they were yet a great way off, hobnobbing along together. She was accustomed to my grandpapa's vagaries, having lived with him nigh on forty years; but when she gazed on his guest who, in addition to his painting paraphernalia, had a fiddle slung over one shoulder—her heart (being a woman's heart) misgave her. The young man, she could see, was in rags; but he walked as if he owned the earth. And even at this distance she could

feel his scorn and the charm of his Gascony eyes. She was troubled. She had in trust for the night, it seems, not only her own comely daughter (her youngest and dearest child) but two delectable, budding girl cousins. It was highly probable—so closely guarded were the precious young hearts of that day—that the eyes of these three had never beheld so dashing and handsome a lad.

Ah, well . . . forth in the grand manner my grandmamma stepped, and before her the scamp of a Gascony swept his torn hat to the ground. . . . After dinner that night (a dinner, I wager, that was fit for a king) my grandpapa and the ragged young painter sat long over wine and cigars. The intense and lovable Colonel admired extravagantly what he termed The Arts; and in his youth he had been himself a painter of sorts.

"You've got a touch of the fire, my boy," he said, scowling and knocking the floor with his stick so that above stairs my grandmamma trembled. "Some day it will light the world, sir. Stay here with me and I'll guard it. I'll help you take care of it."

My grandmamma said afterward that she knew all along he was not the kind to stay. There was, she said, a touch of madness in the sapphire blue of his eyes. But at my grandpapa's invitation these same mocking eyes that had so disturbed the little girls at dinner grew suddenly wistful—as if, my grandpapa afterward said, he felt somehow that his fire had already been quenched.

"I . . . wonder," Prometheus yawned and smiled.

It is needless to say that, although there had been no opportunity to exchange a word with him, my mother and the two girl cousins had fallen in love with Prometheus. And that night it appears they could not go to sleep. It was a Spring night touched with the delicate odor of clouds, but the moon, pinned up in the magnolia trees like



a giant pearl brooch, shone broad and full. My grandmamma had assigned their guest to the company-room across the hall; and the three little girls, leaning out of the window into the full, breathing night, could not bear to think of it. *He* was there in the house . . . just across from them. They leaned out in their nightgowns until the great milky blossoms were cool against their cheeks. The floor of Heaven was swept with the fresh perfumed clouds like a bride's veil, and from the garden beneath them clouds of perfume came from the cool beds of violets and tuberoses and the thick and urgent white hyacinths.

Suddenly, incredibly, from the direction of the orchard where the moon lay like frost on the trees, there came the sound of music—stealing, enchanting sounds that seemed to be shaken out of the very heart of the night. It was a love song—trust a Southern girl to recognize a love song when she hears it. The three blessed demosels—can you not see them?—looked at one another, and their straying hands clutched at the broad window sill. It was *he*—Prometheus, playing. They knew it with their hearts. They listened . . . and my mother says they had the most extraordinary feeling of magic, a sense of miracle taking place; of things abroad . . . oh, wings, you know. Holy things.

Their young eyes were cloudy, enraptured. Once, listening, they heard a girl laugh. They were startled—you know how a girl's laugh sounds in a blossomy, dappled orchard. They held their breaths. My mother, feeling a certain responsibility in her role of hostess, was the first, I think, to recover. "Don't be alarmed—she is merely a dryad," my mamma announced soothingly, albeit with conviction, as one who is sure of her trees.

"Yes—it's nobody really," the others agreed, disdainful, relieved.

At daybreak old Aunt Nancy, my grandmamma's cook, toiled upstairs

with the morning coffee (grandmamma's Sèvres cups, of course, because of a guest in the house). It was dark in the company-room and Aunt Nancy called softly. But from the bed there came no sleepy grunt of response. She put out her old black hand, tentatively. *There was nobody in the bed.* Prometheus, it was discovered, had taken French leave. But he had left a message for my grandpapa, a little note pinned on the parlor lambrequin:

You have been very kind, and I shall not forget. I go . . . but I am leaving a gift for your town. Something you may claim in the years to come, when you may sorely need it. It will be interesting to see what you do with it, and it—by the way—with you.

My grandpapa read this note and chuckled over the waywardness of genius. There was just a hint of mockery in it, he thought. Or was it a challenge?

The town was agog by breakfast time. What had the young stranger left? Not the picture. That had of course been thought of, but the young man must have taken it with him, for it could not be found.

My mamma and her two girl cousins, had they so desired, might have thrown some light on the subject. But the three hid their young eyes and went into a discreet and elaborate secrecy concerning what they knew of the stranger's nocturnal revels. Moreover they did this: as soon as my grandpapa, important and forbidding in his morning dressing-gown, had read the note to the family assembled—the three girls looked at one another and as if moved by a common impulse they slipped upstairs and opened the door of the company-room.

The magnificent old four-poster that had been brought from France before the war *had not been slept in*. The high feather mattress, beaten and smoothed the night before with a broomstick, was just as my grandmamma had left it;

the shining fluted shams were unwrinkled; and the pretty patched quilt lay just so. . . . The girls looked at one another, awed. "Perhaps," my mamma suggested, with a little laugh, "he was just one of those fauns or a god or something out of mythology." . . . They considered. In a little while the housemaid would come up to strip the bed and air the room. . . .

And so these three, for what reason they could not have told, fell to and rumbled the sheets and pulled down the covers and arranged the feather mattress to look as if a tired and dreamless young man had lain there all night long. Then, blushing (as well they might) they tiptoed out and closed the door; and kept their secret years and years and years. . . .

They were tempted, of course, to search the orchard that morning. But they did not. My mamma went back to school and the other girls shunned the orchard for days. They were afraid of finding something tangible in the long sweet grass—a little dropped rose, or a scented fan. And they felt that they could not have borne this. . . .

Whenever my mamma has finished this tale someone invariably asks, a little breathlessly, "And did you ever discover what the young man left for the town?"

Whereupon my mamma looks thoughtful, inscrutable. "No," says she, "we never have."

Theresa, the sewing-woman (or Treeshy, as everyone called her) was coming to us that day; and so, because of Treeshy's light-fingeredness and because there were no keys to anything, my mamma arose early and went about hiding in out-of-the-way places our stockings, our underwear, and our pretty childish jewelry.

"I hope I shan't forget where I'm putting Mary's silk hose," mamma said, stopping to laugh a little as she stuffed my cousin's long, grown-up stockings inside the grandfather clock.

Then she added, anxiously, "I wonder if Treeshy will find them. I shouldn't like Mary to go home to her mother with anything missing. But I'm told she's taking silk stockings this week."

Again my mamma laughed, a young laugh that crinkled her eyes. "Imagine," she said, "silk stockings! I should think they'd be the last things poor Treeshy would fancy." But the next instant mamma looked penitent, remembering the pity of Treeshy's wooden leg; remembering also that, so far as we knew, Treeshy never used for herself the pretty things she stole.

Mamma looked out of the window, where, in a few minutes, up the long brick walk bordered with shining little pointed trees, Treeshy would come, stumping and wheeling her baby-buggy.

"What *does* she do with the things she takes?" my mamma questioned, musingly, and laughed again.

The whole place was in a stir because of Treeshy's coming. To begin with (the house as always being filled to the brim with children), the company-room upstairs, dim and forbidding with its heavy mahogany and the musky smell of its rose-jars, had been converted for the time being into a sewing-room. It was pleasant to open the door suddenly and see the flowers bright on the old French wallpaper and the pretty lace curtains blowing out like a lady's party dress. The sewing-machine had been rolled in from the hall; and arranged in neat piles on the stately bedstead with its carved French roses were yards and yards of fine domestic and thread lace and dainty embroidery. For mamma liked a little girl's underclothes to be sweetly trimmed. "It makes spanking less difficult all around," she would explain, with her laugh.

In our town, where children were as plentiful as weeds and grew as fast, Treeshy was in great demand. For she could turn out an enormous amount of work and she sewed with tenderness. I can see her now, her false front askew,



snipping the last thread on a little joyous petticoat and giving it a pat and a good-by kiss.

"There!" she would say, folding it—just so!—and putting it safely aside; "there! Not another stitch, though you do look sweet, like a morning-glory that's been turned upside down."

But we had learned this about Treeshy: you could make her do anything if there were music playing. How her fingers would fly to a nocturne, to a pretty old-fashioned waltz! Mary, I remember, played beautifully; and when during the day it came her turn with Treeshy she would slip down to the piano in the parlor and play out her heart on the yellow old keys—with the result that at night when we viewed our little finished piles, Mary's things were the prettiest—with little wreaths of Chopin and embroidered bits of Beethoven.

Another thing about Treeshy: she had for each of us a sort of trademark—so many tucks, so many ruffles, so many bands of insertion—so that one little girl's petticoats differed from every other little girl's petticoats in glory—which, when you consider that Treeshy turned out garments like a factory, was most amazing and highly gratifying to the fortunate children for whom she sewed. We all knew our brands. It was not uncommon during recess hour at school to behold on the playground a group of fastidious maidens deeply and frankly engrossed in comparing petticoats, turning up the hems of their dresses like the curled-up petals of flowers. And if, as sometimes happened, your petticoat "passed," it was no disgrace—provided it bore the stamp of Treeshy's fingers. "That's nothin'," we would say when some observant one whispered the direful message, "Treeshy made it. Let it go on and show."

There were many things in our childhood that sweetened life for us, and Treeshy was one. She was the most delightfully fantastic character in all

the galaxy of our fantastic childhood loves. She was a rather large woman with big rocking breasts and the funny false curls in front that slipped dolorously to one side when Treeshy waxed merry, and stood up in startling disarray whenever she chanced to be sad. Treeshy wore (except on Sundays, when she blossomed out in appalling watered-silk) — queer, drab-looking dresses with enormous pockets in which she stored her gleanings, and which no doubt accounted for her knobby and lumpy appearance. But it was, I think, her peg-leg which made her so fascinating: like a splendid grotesque sort of female pirate. Who was it—old Peter Stuyvesant—who stumped through the pages of all our American histories? Treeshy was like that, stumping arrogantly through my childhood and wheeling her baby-buggy. I don't know whether the association with Peter Stuyvesant had anything to do with it or not, but there was actually something sort of Dutch about old Treeshy, something sturdy and reliable for all her moods and her knavery. But then there was about her something Irish too, and something Spanish and French. She was, in a town largely Spanish and French, of every land and clime and yet of none. She was engagingly and disconcertingly herself.

And what a self! She was possessed of great poise and tremendous *savoir faire*. Indeed there was a puzzling surety about old Treeshy (we thought of her as old), a provocative high-handedness as if she knew things beyond the common ken. Even her grievous and astounding thieving had about it a purposeful charm, a certain fearful directness. She would say, guilefully, "I wonder now is there a girl in this town what happens to have some red boots—size three and a half. I needs some terrible." And if you were the proud possessor, well might you shake in those shoes. For what Treeshy coveted she procured, though the very heavens fell.

She was a darling when she approached you with the tape measure. Snugly around your flat little chest the slick yellow lengths were drawn, and Treeshy would say, wheedling, "Be still now, honey, and let old Treeshy see how much you is grown since last fall . . . Such a big girl . . . and a little fairy I'll sew up in your new underbody, a Irish one with pink eyes."

How still you would grow; and snap! went her thumb to mark the place, and click! went the sound of her scissors—and a fairy was yours forever. How wonderful afterwards it would be when this particular garment came out of the wash, stiff and smelling of sunshine. And how proud you would feel as you walked about with a fairy next to your skin!

The baby-buggy which the intrepid Treeshy trundled about our streets had nothing whatever to do with a baby. In fact, everyone knew that Treeshy had bought it secondhand from the Javels when they moved to New Orleans. There was about it, when I knew it, nothing to suggest a baby, for Treeshy had lined it with some heavy leathery stuff; and it served her in her shady pursuits as a sort of carryall or wheelbarrow. Take for instance the problem of a supply of winter wood. Of a crisp afternoon in early autumn when the town was splashed with a glory of yellow, and smoke curled crookedly from all the chimney tops, you might behold Treeshy—a shawl about her head—set out with her baby-buggy, quite openly and aboveboard, to make a round of the woodpiles. In these backyard visitations Treeshy was no respecter of persons, although she made it a point of honor to take only a stick or two from each pile.

"Of course," she confided to me once, "of course it's harder on me and makes me take more steps than is necessary, seein' your mamma's woodpile out there so handy-like. But I got to consider other people, to some extent."

I can see her now after an afternoon's gleaning, wheeling home her incongruous, dilapidated old vehicle, while behind her a rose-red sky was heavy with early stars. . . .

The old Javel house (where Treeshy, without so much as a by-your-leave, had taken up her abode in a rather questionable relationship with Tim, the town drunkard) was just across the street from our side kitchen door. And from my post at a window I could follow Treeshy into the house and behold her, with the help of Tim, store the wood in the wide chimney corner. And in a few minutes, flattening my nose against the pane, I could see the cheerful firelight spread about the room where Treeshy lived. (It had once been the Javel dining room and, so my grandmamma said, the scene of much lavish festivity.) And as Treeshy, with her wooden leg propped against the wall, sat there in vast content and spread her hands to the blaze, presently out of the deepening twilight they crept—the maimed, the halt, and the blind—to toast their toes at Treeshy's fire and hark to the tales she related. They came to roost, too, like so many buzzards; for the old house was full of spacious, empty rooms and there was always straw to be had for a bed. How often I, in my warm bright house full of lovely shabby things and joyous children, wished I might be one of the goodly company which assembled nightly in Treeshy's room—where the wind howled through the cracks in the wall and the windows were stuffed with old quilts!

I must now confess something that my mamma has never known: on several different occasions when the vigilant eye of our "mammy" was directed elsewhere, I ran across the street and hid in the little cubbyhole next to Treeshy's room. I simply had to know how the other half lived. They lived very well, as I learned. I can see the broken-down cobwebby chairs drawn round the fire (Tim's with a



grease spot where his head always rested); I can see the rain-stained ceiling with its fresco of fat little cupids and full-bosomed beautiful ladies; I can see Treeshy bending over a pot and stirring a savory stew that smelled like Heaven. And the things they discussed! They talked of ailments and immortality; of the devil and the Republicans; of cabbages and the President. And once near Christmastime when the tall candles were burning in the church around the little wax Christ Child, they talked reverently, with beauty, of the Babe and his Mother.

"They's *this* that I know regardin' the Virgin," I remember Treeshy saying (she was at the time engaged in scrubbing her wooden leg with soap and warm water), "she knowed things she couldn't talk on. It says: 'and them things she hid in her heart.'"

Carefully Treeshy set her leg against the wall and sank into silence. And her eyes (have I mentioned her eyes?) looked straight at me and beyond me till I trembled for fear of discovery. I have never forgotten how Treeshy looked, with something holy and muted in her face. And then suddenly, rather desperately, her bangs rushed up and Treeshy reached for a whiskey bottle and took a long swallow. And before long, as I watched frightened and fascinated, Treeshy in her chair was reeling and rocking.

I don't think my mamma or anyone suspected that Treeshy drank, although they often wondered what she did with the things she stole and the money she made as a seamstress. Some said she was saving it to buy for herself a limb—one of those terrible pink doll-shaped things. But I knew better. Once I had heard Treeshy say (and had shivered), "I wouldn't have one of those false things to heave along through life ahead of me. Something you got to put *stockings* on, same as your own flesh and blood."

The old Javel house was set flush

with the pavement, a lopsided, sagging old pile when I knew it, with its lower floor French and its upper floor Spanish. The Spanish part overhung the French part and was dark and treacherous with its windows like mean little eyes. And here in the night, I had been told, the ghosts held high carnival. But the French part on the ground floor, where Treeshy presided, was gay and friendly with its fine old doorway still intact and its brick court grown up in grasses. It was said (and I have no doubt it was true) that old Major Javel came up from New Orleans once with the avowed intention of ridding his house of its disreputable inmates. But coming unexpectedly upon Treeshy—pridefully watering geraniums in the ruin of a garden—his purpose failed him; and he stopped and inquired gallantly as to her health and proposed some much-needed repairing.

On this particular day, I remember, when Treeshy came to sew, mamma left me upstairs for a bit while she went down to receive a caller. There must always be someone on guard with Treeshy, else the minute she was alone she would strap on her leg and be about on a tour of inspection, stumping (quite audibly) into cupboards and *armoires* and closets and chests and boxes. It was a sweet, sweet day and I too sat and sewed a fine seam. But presently, with distress, I observed Treeshy eying my long stockinged legs. I therefore and with precipitate haste sat down upon them.

"What size you wear, honey?" Treeshy inquired.

Her eyes were uncommonly fine. They had the liquid, melting softness of an Easter beef—if you know what I mean—which, garlanded, is being led through the streets to the slaughter. Crucified eyes. She peered with these eyes at my legs. I was wearing, I remember, my first silk stockings, being eleven now and too tall for socks. They felt dear and amazingly soft on my

thin little legs, and I loved them. They were white, and I wore a blue linen frock because, after dinner, I was going a-visiting with my Greataunt Agatha. A panic seized me.

"Treeshy!" I implored her, "please don't take these. I couldn't bear it. They cost two whole silver dollars."

Treeshy sniffed and drew herself up. She was, as I have said, spiced with French (as who of us in Natchitoches are not!) and I had a sudden fear that she'd scold me in this most proficient tongue. But with her bangs pushed up she looked merely doleful. "For shame," she reproached me; "who said I were goin' to take 'em, right off your legs that-away! And besides I can see they is much too small for my own special needs right at present. . . . Say, let's have a look, child."

"Treeshy, I couldn't bear it. I really couldn't—"

Suddenly I had an inspiration. I arose from the floor.

"Treeshy," I said, "if you promise you won't take these I'll tell you something. I have only one pair, you see, but my cousin Mary has lots of them, because she is older than me and boy-struck besides. They're stuffed in the grandfather clock."

She took two pairs, I remember.

That night at prayer-meeting old Treeshy stumped in and sat near us, her wooden leg stuck out in front of her. The minister, as was customary, I remember, changed his text when he saw her and delivered a little sermon on thieving—tactfully, of course, so as not to hurt Treeshy's feelings. But he might have spared himself for Treeshy sat unmoved through it all, her bangs askew under her hat. I remember once that mamma stuffed her handkerchief to her lips, overcome with laughter. "Why do we do it?" she whispered to papa; "every one of us—even the ministers!"

Silk stockings old Treeshy was stealing one year, and books and music the next. Had we cared enough and had

we been astute enough to figure it out we should, I think, have discovered a certain significant sequence in poor old Treeshy's thieving. For there was a time, I had heard mamma say, when Treeshy stole bottles and nipples and cunning little kid shoes. And Mary could remember well when she stole the dolls from their cradles!

When I was fourteen, one day I remember a heroic Treeshy. She was in the very act of apprehending Mary's first real dancing-frock when I came upon her. She was not startled. She turned upon me with grave and speculative eyes.

"Oh, Treeshy!" I entreated her, "not Mary's new dress—" (I had always felt since my treachery that I owed Mary something.) "She adores that dress more than her life."

Treeshy gave a sort of moan. "Yes, it's that kind of dress," she said. "It's crêpe, ain't it? It feels like the petals of magnolia blooms."

Poor Treeshy was sorely tempted. Suddenly she placed the dress in my arms and covered her eyes with her hands. "Well, take it and hide it quick!" she said.

I was up and gone, fired to the heart by her tone. But I turned before I reached the door and saw her peeping through her fingers at me, her curls going this way and that. "You dropped the sash!" she called in an agonized whisper. And her fingers were itching to be at it. I turned, grabbed it, and fled. This was one of Treeshy's big moments and she was always proud of it. She used to remind me of it. "Christ!" she would say softly, with a terrible shaking reverence, "'t'were a dress just made for a girl. Pink. It actually *smelt* pink. And it felt like magnolia petals that turn brown if you so much as flick 'em."

It must have been about two years later, I think, that the old Javel house caught fire one sultry Spring night and was burned to the ground. It was in-



evitable, of course, as everyone said, for it was a place that ran to rats as well as romance, and was filled from top to bottom with rubbish. At the time, I remember, mamma and Aunt Agatha were discussing poor Treeshy's shortcomings; for only two days before, Treeshy, happening by, had walked off with mamma's amethyst pin, a pink-silk camisole of mine, and Greataunt Agatha's prayer-book. This was cheek indeed. Aunt Agatha—who was the salt of the earth, of course, but was not French and had been reared in St. Louis and was most depressingly practical—was greatly incensed.

"This town draws vagabonds," she said, "as a stagnant pool draws mosquitoes. You actually take pride in keeping tramps fat and well dressed; but it will come to no good, I assure you."

It was twilight after supper and we sat in Aunt Agatha's room where mamma, like oil on the troubled waters, soothed and cajoled. Among ourselves we might lament Treeshy's besetting iniquity, but if an outsider condemned her—and by "outsider" we meant anyone not born or reared in Natchitoches—we were up in arms to defend her. If Treeshy had taken a prayer-book, mamma said, she felt there was some urgent reason why Treeshy should have a prayer-book. My Greataunt Agatha blinked. She always wore emphatic, glittering beads; and they moved now in a bright indignation.

"I'm quite willing to concede she needs a prayer-book, as well as prayers," my aunt observed; "but a brooch, my dear, and a silk c—c—camisole—" (Aunt Agatha sputtered and stumbled over this alarming and wicked new word that had crept into people's vocabularies.) "She's a thief and a terrible woman, and I should think you'd fear for her influence on the impressionable lives of your children."

Mamma sighed and glanced at me a little anxiously. Treeshy erred, of course, mamma admitted; but she was

not contaminating, because she was Treeshy. She then proceeded valiantly to explain the unexplainable: the absurd, adorable psychology of people in Natchitoches town.

Outside, the fields freshly turned from the plows sent up in the dusk a warm fragrance. The land spread out like a lady's fan. In the morning it was open and gorgeous with color and in the evening it closed . . . now open, now shut. Those were the long, waving days. . . . Life was so full and so rich, mamma said. And if Treeshy gleaned, she gave in return—pressed down and running over. Somehow, mamma explained, we felt in Natchitoches the truth of this concept: that reputation is what the world thinks of a man, and character what God *knows*.

Aunt Agatha had been listening, stiff and unyielding. I remember that she always laundered her own linen handkerchiefs and kept them pasted on the looking-glass to dry. It was the only way she ever used a mirror. There was a row of them on the looking-glass now—white, precise little squares without any trimming. "Well," my perplexed aunt observed, "you presume then to know a lot that the Almighty knows."

"Why, yes, we do." Mamma's face was thoughtful. There is a way she can look which makes you feel she is gazing straight at God. "I hadn't thought about it like that, but we do. Now, I feel that what we do for Treeshy is not done for her . . . but for something bigger and better than Treeshy, something *inside* of her. As if—" mamma floundered and threw out her hands with a laugh—"as if Treeshy's stealing were not exactly stealing, but a tithing she takes for a purpose."

Perhaps we were perverted, mamma admitted. But another thing we believed, she said, was this: that all things work together for good to them who love God. And assuredly we loved Him. The Catholics loved Him; the Episcopalians loved Him; the Jews and

the Baptists and Methodists loved Him. The children, leaping and running in the streets, praised God with their very youth. . . .

Suddenly outside the window there was a strange, deepening glow. It was, as I have said, a sultry night—moonless this time and filled with a vague unrest. I remember how as mamma finished speaking, a shutter somewhere downstairs banged in the rising wind. And the next instant black Chloe, our cook, stood in the doorway. "Praise de Lawd!" she shouted with uplifted hands. "De ole Javel house is on fire!"

I remember that mamma laughed as we scrambled downstairs, her little throaty excited laugh, and she grabbed me and pinned something around my shoulders that I discovered afterwards was the piano-cover. When we reached the street the Javel house, in a tremendous rocking blaze, was stretching its tawny fingers to the sky. I remember that somebody plucked mamma's arm and told her to look at the tramps, coming from under cover like so many blind bewildered moles.

Suddenly Tim, the half-witted old man with whom Treeshy lived, stood at our side blubbering. "The ole gal . . . she sent me to git you."

"Who? Treeshy?" mamma cried, her eyes frightened.

"She's safe, ma'am. But the ole gal . . . she's burned, just a little."

He led us to where Treeshy was lying on the soft, long grass in our orchard. She was lying there and moaning. Suddenly she half raised her body and spoke to my mamma, "Honey . . . tell 'em to go find my buggy."

The dilapidated old carriage was found a few minutes later, safely moored in our garden. It was the sort of absurd and cumbersome thing that always gets saved in fires. But Treeshy seemed strangely relieved. It was mamma who told them to bring Treeshy into our house. They brought her, the men's feet bumping on the stairs; and mamma, with that little gesture I knew

and loved so well, threw open the door of the company-room.

We knew from the first, even before the doctor told us, that there was no hope for Treeshy. Her hips were burned and all down her side. And it seemed to us terrible and gruesome that her poor wooden leg was scorched and black. Treeshy, with a white, caught look in her face and her false curls mussed and disheveled, lay in the big bed with the carved French roses. . . . There were moments during the night, mamma said, when she seemed free from pain; and during these times the great bulk of her lay still and she smiled at the wallpaper with its tight little Frenchy nosegays.

It was two days later that Treeshy told us the thing she had always hidden.

My mamma took my papa out into the hall and said, "Treeshy has something on her mind. Something she wants to confess."

"Well, she would have," papa agreed, chuckling.

But mamma silenced him with one of her looks. Treeshy had been trying to tell it all morning, mamma stated; but apparently it was something that must be told with delicacy. And she was of course in such pain. . . . Oh, the moaning and crying of Treeshy's mind, and the things she said in her pain! I had slipped in and had heard her. I can see mamma's white face as she bent over Treeshy, her futile gesturing hands, and the pretty distress in her eyes.

"Run away, dear—" (this to me, imploringly. It was indeed no place for a girl). "Treeshy, what is it? We'll make it all right. Poor old Treeshy. . . . Oh, have mercy—" (This last to God.) "Help her, please God."

Perhaps this would be one of Treeshy's lucid moments. "It's the pain, ma'am," she would explain. "I can't tell nothin' right because of this hurtin'. It's all down my leg. I wishter God it was wooden, too, same as the other one.



I wishter God I was wooden, all inside of my heart."

My mamma, shuddering over Treeshy and motioning to me (I stood rooted to the spot and you could not have pried me away, although at intervals black Chloe stuck her head in and wheedled, "Fo' shame, lil' Miss, wid Miss Treeshy on her dyin'-bed and seekin' grace")—mamma, I remember, was praying . . . with something behind her soul, something as deep and as big as God. "Oh, this is terrible. Treeshy, poor darling, are you trusting Jesus to save you? And forgive you all of your sins?"

I remember mamma casting frantically about for the right verses out of the Bible; and, since Treeshy was a Catholic in a vague sort of way, wondering distractedly if there shouldn't be a priest and extreme unction and candles around in the room.

But Treeshy had no time to think of her soul. She waved her soul away as unimportant. It was somebody else's soul that seemed to concern her. Oh, whose, Treeshy?—mamma besought her.

Now and then poor old Treeshy exploded into pantomime, waving her hands and rolling her lovely eyes that had a sort of flat look now, like eyes in a picture. I am sure that the Lord's bright angels came for her again and again, and she just would not go. She was keeping them waiting. You had a feeling somehow that at the last they would bear her off, resisting to the end . . . as a child is carried kicking up to bed.

Once that morning, I remember, as I sat in the hall stiffly in a chair, my hands clenched in my lap—mamma passed with some cloths and a pitcher of water. She stopped suddenly in her tracks, stricken. "What day is this?" she asked. "I've lost all trace of time. Is it Thursday? . . . This is the day the governor comes."

She had forgotten the governor, so preoccupied were we with Treeshy's going. And now there was no turkey,

no cake, no anything. She laughed a little, breathlessly, and rushed to the telephone and reminded my father to meet the governor and bring him home to luncheon. "Isn't it amazing what we do for Treeshy? It really is," mamma said, wondering.

It was a strange household that day, with terror and pain upstairs and laughter down in the parlor where papa and the governor were. I remember mamma plied back and forth from Treeshy's room to the parlor. She would be with Treeshy one minute, her eyes heavy with tears; the next she was on her way downstairs, pausing outside the parlor door to put on the smile and the graciousness due a governor's visit.

It was, I think, the whiskey at last that did it.

Treeshy had been begging for whiskey and, after lunch when the governor had left, papa came upstairs into Treeshy's room and held it ready, a dark rich gleam in a wineglass. His face was grave, as if he were sorry for Treeshy, but sorriest of all for mamma. "It will lessen her pain," he urged.

But mamma protested. "Whiskey?" Her swimming eyes looked up at him. "Oh, but think how dreadful for Treeshy to go to Heaven *drunk!*"

My papa smiled. He adored mamma when she was like this. I remember that my big French doll—which was always kept in the company-room because it was too big and too fine to play with—lay on the bed with Treeshy. It was dressed like a bride; and at intervals, as Treeshy lay there sucking at life, she would stroke the doll's yellow curls. . . . Presently mamma, unable to stand it, reached for the whiskey and held it to Treeshy's lips. And for weeks afterward I was haunted by a vision of Treeshy reeling and rocking up to the gates of Heaven. . . . I had seen her that way, you know.

She told us then, half in French and half in English. The heart-breaking part was in French: how long ago when

her poor little baby was born she herself had taken it to New Orleans to a beautiful Catholic school . . . and had kept her there. She had been sly about sending the things she stole. Often, Treeshy said, she would go to some neighboring town to despatch the boxes.

It was all bewildering and piteous and terrible. Mamma sat breathless and listened, her heart already reaching out to Treeshy's daughter. (She must be about Mary's age, mamma was thinking.) Once she whispered to papa, "Isn't it odd? I somehow felt it was something like this." And then to me, her child, to whom she had taught the unimpeachable "beauty of conduct"—"It's sad, darling. It's awful. And you must pray for Treeshy . . . but it's wonderful, too."

Mamma's hands fluttered over Treeshy like white butterflies. There was so much to be seen to, and so little time. "Treeshy, would you . . . would you like to say who her father is, darling . . . so we can—"

Mamma stopped, uncertain how to proceed in such matters. And papa smiled. I remember how Treeshy, lying there, looked up at mamma, a strange look as if already her eyes beheld the other world.

"It don't matter 'bout *him* any more," she said; and her voice had a little singing place in it. "Nor me, neither. I've even forgot how he look, sort of. But she . . . she's different. I always knew she was different. She's made out of magic. I went down to the city and heard her once . . . heard her play. But I knew from the first she was different—"

Mamma, with Treeshy's hand in hers, whispered to papa to go down and send a telegram to this girl who was Treeshy's daughter. And when he had gone she sat wondering if this were a Mortal Sin—this thing that Treeshy had done so long ago—and what should be done about it in case it were.

"Run quick," she whispered to me, "and tell him to bring the priest!"

And so old Treeshy lay dying; and out in the garden the sweet peas were in bloom, the pretty sudden things in their gay little bonnets. But inside there was the choking smell of medicine and the priest in his somber robes absolving Treeshy . . . and the doctor going softly down the stairs. And yet with all its sadness it was a sort of comic death, like the bustle and confusion that attends getting a child off on a trip. For Treeshy at the last, having given into our keeping this child of her heart, was eager to go.

The next thing that happened was when I heard mamma telling Aunt Agatha something strange in the parlor. "It's rather—astonishing," mamma said (almost she had said wonderful). "That girl in New Orleans—you know that young violinist the papers have been so full of? Well, she is Treeshy's daughter."

Aunt Agatha was startled at the shock of it. "But that girl—she is *great*," my aunt protested.

"This will make her greater," mamma said.

I remember another incident of that long quiet twilight when Treeshy lay dead. Black Aunt Chloe intercepted mamma downstairs in the lower hall. Her old face was working with some strange emotion. "Hit's Miss Treeshy's baby-buggy, missis. Ole Tim told me to tell you. Hit . . . hit's oozin' all under de linin'."

Mamma had a haggard frantic little look. "Well, tell him to go out and burn it," she said. "I'm not surprised. That old house must have been reeking with vermin."

But Aunt Chloe had sunk to the stairs and sat rocking her fat old body, her head in her hands. She was laughing. "No'm. Hit . . . hit ain't what you think—hit ain't no *bedbugs*, missis. Hit's greenbacks, honey . . . hit's money what she lef' fo' her chile."



When I saw Treeshy next morning (it was just before train time when her child was expected) she lay in a blanket of flowers. There was the cool flesh of magnolia blossoms against her cheek. She looked horribly respectable, not like herself. Her eyes were closed and her false curls smooth and glistening, as she had abhorred them in life. . . . It was a beautiful, still morning. And then outside under the quiet trees there sounded the whir of a motor.

I was at a window to see the priest escort her up the walk between the little pointed trees. . . . I had once heard mamma say that one of the loveliest things in all the world is a girl with dignity. And now I knew what she meant. She was years older than I was—Treeshy's daughter—and she was silky-skinned and beautiful. She had the smiling eyes and the praying hands of a young, young nun; and we saw (and were glad) that she wore my mamma's amethyst pin and carried Aunt Agatha's prayer-book.

We took Treeshy's daughter into the parlor and exhibited Treeshy with pride.

"Here is your mother, dear," my mamma said, gently. And it was as if she had whispered, "This white calm woman is the one who has made you."

In a week the old town settled down again, having taken Treeshy's daughter to its heart. She is a very famous woman now; for as Treeshy said, she was made out of magic and there is about her the white immaculate beauty of magnolia blooms in the moonlight.

Not long ago she wrote to me from Paris. She goes to and fro in the Earth, you see, and up and down in it—her music helping the world forget its ancient woes. She told me this in her letter:

I was browsing around in an old studio about a month ago, and I ran across some really lovely paintings—the work of an old man, it seems, who died here a pauper and crazed. It is most extraordinary, for one of these canvases is a painting of our little cathedral at home, and they both bear the name of "Natchitoches" down in one corner.

When the canvases came—for she sent them to me—I unpacked them alone in my room. One is, as she said, the cathedral with red domes and big purple oak trees and the mossy graves of the priests. And the other is a painting of Treeshy as she must have looked as a girl. There is no mistaking it, even if there were not that ultimate peg-leg of hers. It is an astounding, audacious picture: the portrait of a fullblown young woman with a grotesque wooden leg; she is sitting in the crotch of a blossomy tree and there is a touch of the moon in her soft brooding eyes.

Now in this tale I am not condemning Treeshy, or her poor misguided Prometheus, for ever and ever enchained. I am merely narrating a story, just as it happened. But I am in a quandary: what shall I do with these exquisite things . . . these paintings that go back through the long, long years? If I reveal them, they will know—my naïve fellow-townsmen. And then *she* will know. And this would be rather a pity. . . .

But in the meantime mamma, adorably, is telling her pretty story—"It was a white, immaculate night in early April—"

And when she has finished someone asks, a little breathlessly, "And did you ever discover what the young man left for the town?"

Whereupon mamma looks wistful. "No," says she, and her voice falters just a little. "We never, never have."



# THE LADIES' NEXT STEP

THE CASE FOR THE EQUAL RIGHTS AMENDMENT

BY EDNA KENTON

**L**AST January Governor Miriam A. Ferguson was inaugurated first woman governor of Texas—inaugurated with pomp and dignity.

But the stately January ceremony was preceded by a December one, so humble, so devoid of dignity and pomp as to have passed ignored. It was nevertheless necessary. For the numerical condition of the Governor-elect of Texas was in doubt. Mrs. James Ferguson, as a single individual, responsible and capable, could vote, could be nominated, could be elected Governor. She could do a few other things on her own responsibility. Otherwise, her numerical status was that of every woman married and living in Texas—a sort of living shadow of—not herself, but her husband—and, like a shadow, incapable of contracting or otherwise acting on her own responsibility. She was Governor-elect, First Citizen-elect of the Lone Star Commonwealth. But, prior to all this, she was a married woman living under the laws of the Lone Star State.

So, three weeks before her inauguration, Miriam Ferguson, wife of James Ferguson, having first obtained the necessary consent of her husband to her action, presented herself as a suppliant before the District court of Bell county, Texas, petitioning for the removal of all legal disqualifications in making contracts that might arise from her status as a married woman, in order that no contract or document she might make while Governor could be attacked as invalid because of the legal disqualifica-

tions imposed on married women in Texas. Before she could carry on as Governor, two "consents" were necessary: her husband's and a Texas court's. As a man or as a spinster she could have walked into her high office on her own feet. As a married woman she went in on two beneficent legal crutches.

It is the gayest law of life that there is always something left to fight for, particularly when—to gain a single point—everything else is renounced for the moment. The Nineteenth Amendment gave women, as a matter of legal fact, just one thing—the power to vote. It relieved them of not one of the other disabilities whose removal they have been more or less feebly requesting since 1848, when the whole matter of "equal rights" was first clearly formulated in a series of direct demands. That was more than three-quarters of a century ago and, although the face of the world has changed incredibly since 1848, its courts of justice have not kept pace. When Mrs. Ferguson filed that grotesquely mediæval petition before the District court of Bell county she brought the old Adam and the new Eve face to face, staring mutely at each other across the miry gulf of Common Law.

The political teaparty of 1920, when the Nineteenth Amendment was passed and the old war hatchet presumably buried, was suave and gay. But the political teapot poured very weak tea. The smiling hosts who had settled everything never mentioned it, however, and the smiling ladies who had renounced—



for a time—all else for the vote quaffed it down with perfect dignity. Then they retired, to rest a while, to vote a little, and to deliberate a great deal. The League of Women Voters busied itself with presenting various bills to various state legislatures, calling for the removal of certain laws “discriminating against women.” Some of these passed, many did not. The National Woman’s Party did a little of this, but its own particular task, begun in 1921 under the direction of Burnita Shelton Matthews of Washington, D. C., was to make a prolonged, painstaking, thorough survey of the laws of all the States, to find out exactly what woman’s standing actually is in the law courts of a free democracy. These women found out. They reread the Nineteenth Amendment, and then, coolly, and with the sureness that comes from having studied the documented whole of a case, they wrote another.

The ladies have taken the next step. On December 2, 1923, the National Woman’s Party appeared in Washington before the Judiciary committees of both houses bringing their new amendment (proposed) with them—a simple little matter of eighteen words, only three of them more than one-syllable words. “Men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction.”

## II

“No more wear and tear with incoming and outgoing state legislatures, with postponements and repeals,” they say. “No more attempts to modernize by specific legislation the Common Law for modern women. It has been the great legal puzzle, and we’ve solved it—it isn’t one; for it won’t add up. It’s like trying to tell fortunes with an imperfect pack of cards—nonsense from beginning to end. Woman’s ‘number’ to-day before the law defies mathematics and common sense. When is she ‘one’? When is she one of two? When is she zero added to one and making one—

the husband? No woman knows or can know, or often her lawyer either. We’ll pick no more bits out of the puzzle and go on trying to work it. If women can vote, they are individuals, single or married. Put eighteen clear words into the Constitution and settle the matter for all time. What the laws happen to be to-day we don’t particularly care. What does concern us is that, whatever they are, they shall apply equally to every adult human being, man or woman, married or single. Where a law now predominately favors men, let women share in that favoritism. Where a law predominately favors women, let that favor be extended to men.”

Or it may be that a law predominately favoring one of the sexes will, in the light of “equal rights,” suffer painless death by the simple process of being reduced to the lowest level of absurdity. Husbands and wives who are citizens of Maryland or Rhode Island should read certain statutes of their states and reflect upon them. Under the old Common Law in Great Britain, English husbands used to swing from the gallows for murders committed by their wives; and, since murder seems still a crime that should bear with it a certain amount of punishment, the married women of Maryland and Rhode Island will have to surrender a fine old exemption from “responsibility” if the Equal Rights Amendment passes. For it is still assumed in Maryland—and to a lesser degree in Rhode Island—that a wife is not responsible for a felony (other than treason or homicide) committed in the presence of her husband. Being “under the dominion of her husband” and in subjection to him, she acts “under his coercion and consequently without guilty intent.”

Maryland is also one of the states which says, in most matters relating to the custody of children, that a mother, “as such, is entitled to no power, only to reverence and respect.” It is also one of the few remaining states where it is possible to-day for a father to will

away, or "bequeathe," a child, born or unborn, from the mother. Up to 1910 this was permitted in Delaware, Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Virginia as well—a patriarchal practice that went back to the time of Charles the Second, to the customs and manners of 1660. It can be seen that there will have to be a tolerably large amount of sharing on both sides, when equal rights begin to work their way through the Maryland statutes. Maryland women who are "bad" will have either to surrender their immunity from crimes committed in their husbands' presence or shoulder responsibility for the crimes husbands may commit in their presence. Maryland women who are "good" will be compelled to divide their legal quota of "reverence and respect" with the paternal parent—in return for an equal share in the paternal "power."

### III

Laws, as laws, lack human interest. It doesn't mean much to point out that almost every married woman in the United States to-day is still liable to any number of astonishing checks on her individual, altogether reasonable, acts as a free citizen with a vote, when those acts and she herself, as an economic unit, come into conflict with the old doctrine of "coverture." It doesn't mean much merely to prove legally that there is not a state in the Union where men and women live under equal protection of the laws; that in every state the husband practically owns—that is the exact legal word—the services of his wife in the home and either owns or controls her services outside it; that in a number of the states the father is still the sole natural guardian of minor children; that in the twentieth century and in two of these states he can still control their custody from the grave.

But laws, shown working in the particular case, can be gilded with interest. Let us consider the general law of paternal power and, opposed to it, the widely

separated cases of Mrs. Naromore of Coldbrook, Mass., and Mrs. Tillman of South Carolina. These two women had nothing at all in common except that they were wives, mothers, and citizens of two states where the common law prevailed. They had, that is, no power. And yet Mrs. Naromore's case, duly considered after she herself had judged it, passed the Equal Guardianship law of Massachusetts. Mrs. Tillman's case, fought out before a court literally trapped between two trends—trend forward of the twentieth century and trend backward of the Common Law—changed the statutes not only of her state but of others.

For, in 1910, young Mr. Tillman, son of United States Senator Tillman, executed a deed which was absolutely legal in South Carolina. He might, by law, by deed executed in his lifetime or by last will and testament, "from time to time and in such manner as he may see fit," dispose of the custody of any legitimate child under twenty-one and unmarried, whether born at the time of death or afterwards. He, therefore, at war with his wife and without her consent—that being unnecessary—made a deed in which he gave his children (by common law children are his, not theirs, and never hers) to Senator Tillman; transferred them by sole power of the father from their parents to their paternal grandparents.

Then followed the famous case of Tillman vs. Tillman. Mrs. Tillman went into court, praying that her children be restored to her. The law was read by her husband's lawyers, and she had no refuting law to read in reply. She could only say that she had borne these children, that they were hers also, and that she wanted them back.

The Supreme Court of South Carolina decided the case. Mr. Tillman had the law—all of it—on his side; but Mrs. Tillman had public opinion—a voice mightier than the law—on hers, and before the case came to trial the united public opinion of a nation had destroyed



the power of an antiquated state statute. The Supreme Court threw the state law aside and searched through law books until they found another. They found it in the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of The United States written in for the protection of an enslaved race; an Amendment which, among other things, insures to any person within any State the "equal protection of the laws." That, said the Court, disposed of the Tillman case. The Fourteenth Amendment superseded the state law, and the state law, therefore, would not be enforced. The Tillman children were to be returned to their mother.

Mrs. Naromore, of Coldbrook, Massachusetts, had no family or wealth or any prestige back of her case. She had nothing in the world but a shiftless husband and six children for whom she toiled tirelessly without ever "getting ahead." For Mr. Naromore was what Mrs. Tillman's colored Carolinian servants would have briefly termed "white trash." But he was a man and the father of six and so, by the laws of his state, sole arbiter of his family's destinies. Mr. Naromore saw no future for eight together; for one alone life might offer better chances. So, as the only natural guardian of his children, he proceeded to deal out their fates. Five were to go to strangers; the sixth, with its mother, to the poorhouse.

If Mrs. Naromore had talked with a lawyer he might have given her a little hope—the courts might have held that Mr. Naromore, as guardian with full powers to dispose, was slightly "unfit." But she did not take her story to a court; she took an ax instead and with it seven lives, her children's and her own. After that Massachusetts passed an Equal Guardianship law. There are a few discriminations against mothers in it still: mothers' rights in Massachusetts aren't yet "equal." But where the Naromore type of father is concerned she shares rights of custody to-day.

"Keeping boarders" in the United

States seems hardly a matter that could come under the eye and voice of a law dating back to the Dark Ages. But let us look into the matter of keeping boarders as it concerns women—and it concerns mostly women. Time and again boarders' cases come before the courts of the States—not because the boarders don't pay, but precisely because they do pay—to the husband.

For, generally speaking, in most states the husband is entitled to collect from them for services performed by the wife. These are "services in the home," and, said an Alabama court "... such services would include attendance upon visiting guests as well as boarders in the household, and to all such services the husband is entitled." The Michigan courts say the same thing: money earned from the boarders belongs to the husband unless he makes the wife a gift of it—she hasn't earned it. Gifts, incidentally, from a husband to a wife, are not "legal" in many states; are often, by the most lenient court construction, "misdemeanors." Since, under Common Law, the wife's legal existence is merged in that of the husband, he cannot steal from her, or contract with her, or give unto her; for, by the magnificent logic of that law, one cannot steal from, or contract with, or give to oneself. An agreement by a Michigan consort to pay his wife two hundred and fifty dollars a year for her services as housekeeper reached the Michigan courts and was declared invalid. Said the Court: "The promise to pay for services which the very existence of the relation made it her duty to perform was without consideration." And a Mississippi Court has held that a promissory note—a thing sacrosanct in all law—made and given by a husband to a wife before marriage becomes a nullity on marriage and is not revived upon the death of either.

A husband owns his wife's services in the home; he owns them also in his shop or place of business. There are the interesting cases of the Rogatskys and the Roots in Michigan.

Richard Rogatsky owned a bakery in which his wife Matilda worked as a clerk for more than twenty years, keeping her house—his house—in addition. If Richard had paid a clerk fifteen dollars a week for twenty years, he would have paid out for services more than fifteen thousand dollars. But he paid nothing to anyone. He did, however, promise Matilda, in consideration of loyal service, to convey certain properties to her and, the day before he died, he did this. Then his creditors came in, and the Court set aside the conveyance; her services would not furnish a consideration for it, at least not as against the creditors' claims. "The services which she rendered were those of a clerk in a bakery waiting on customers, and they were rendered for and belonged to the husband."

The Roots had a sheet-music shop in Ann Arbor—not as partners, since that is illegal in Michigan. To be exact, Mr. Root had the shop and his wife's services in it. Domestic clouds gathered and, after a time, a legal separation was effected; whereupon Mrs. Root opened a sheet-music shop of her own, and entirely at her own risk, as later history was to record. For she was still a wife, legally separated from her husband, to be sure, but with a husband still "owning her services"; and she was, furthermore, a wife in business without her husband's consent. For this matter of "services" owed by a wife to a husband is a far-reaching one. Always the husband owns them in the home, in two states he owns them outside the home as well, and in almost every state he has this lien on them, that, before she can share them with herself for her own benefit, he must "consent."

Mrs. Root, however, opened her sheet-music shop without asking Mr. Root's permission. Whereupon Mr. Root petitioned the Courts to restrain his wife from "competing" with him, and he obtained two decisions on his case. The Lower Court, in denying his plea, said: "One does not often witness a more

puerile and cowardly act on the part of a husband toward a wife than this attempt at coercion." But the Higher Court, reversing this decision and putting Mrs. Root out of business, decided that by law the husband was entitled to the services and society of his wife; that with his consent she can conduct a business of her own; that no Court affirmed this right as hers when her husband withholds his consent; that, since husband and wife cannot be partners in business ("commercial partnership would destroy connubial bliss") it is illegal for them to be competitors.

If a single woman, owning her own services, as single women do, is seriously injured in an accident she can sue and collect for "pain and suffering" and for loss of services. What happens when a married woman is injured and sues?

In Pennsylvania a florist's wife, working with her husband in his shop, was injured in a railroad accident. Both brought suit. The wife recovered \$5000 for "pain and suffering"; the husband collected \$10,000 for "loss of her services to his business." "Her" services have an astonishing value—decisions in damage suits show this frequently—but unless she is single or divorced, the compensation for the loss of services does not go to her. For just as easily as Mr. Root of Michigan reached across the minor gulf of separation to close his wife's "competitive" shop, a deserting husband of Washington bridged two years of abandonment and made himself a party to a suit for damages his deserted wife had brought. She was suing for injury—an amputated leg—and permanent loss of services, and she was suing for \$10,000. In one brief hour her husband settled out of court for \$350 and again departed. She had no redress; she had been deserted, but she had not divorced him, and he still held a husband's lien on her services. "For," said an Alabama court in such a case, "the right of a husband to recover for injuries to the wife is analogous with the right of a parent to recover for injuries



to a child. . . . Both are founded on the basic idea, as it were, of a right to possession and services of the wife or child."

At least, one would think, the husband cannot recover for a wife's "pain and suffering." That is her very own, and is she not always entitled to compensation for that, even under Common Law? Not always. The apotheosis of a husband's "right to possession" comes when he can sue and collect for an anguish not his own. In Duval county, Florida, a child was thrown from a train and killed. The father filed suit for damages on three counts: the loss of the child's services, which he owned; his mental pain and suffering on account of the child's death; the mother's mental suffering and pain on account of the child's death. The railroad company fought this last count, but the Court ruled that the father was empowered to recover for his wife's anguish as if it were his own. Damages on all counts were made payable to the father and to the father only.

#### IV

Where does a married woman—now a voting woman—live? Not actually, but in the fiction of the law? Where does she live for voting and holding office, for taxation, for divorce, or for any other cause? The Common Law again obliges, in no uncertain terms. She lives where her husband lives, whether she does or doesn't. "This results from the general principle that a person who is under the power and authority of another possesses no right to choose a legal domicile."

One state at least has settled this old myth regarding a married woman's domicile. Before Wisconsin passed its Equal Rights Amendment in 1921, a Wisconsin husband might, for business reasons, establish his voting residence in, say, a Montana mining town, while actually living most of the year with his family in Madison. His wife might

never have entered the State of Montana, but there none the less she "lived" and there she must vote, if she voted at all. After 1921 Common Law was superseded in Wisconsin by common sense. A Wisconsin husband may still have his voting residence in Montana and live with his wife in Madison. But the question of where she lives is no longer decided by her husband's business affairs. She lives where she lives, and she votes, unquestioned, from that address.

There are a few cheerful signs that men have felt the burden of their imposed responsibilities too onerous and are slowly agreeing with women that times have changed and that a few laws should change with the times. In Iowa, Wisconsin, Georgia, and several other states we may find husbands here and there suing for, and adjudged entitled to, certain forms of alimony. Up in North Dakota Claus Hagert, destitute, infirm, and at outs with his wife, sued not long since for separate maintenance. He won his case. Mrs. Hagert had an annual income of three thousand dollars, and the Supreme Court of the State decided that an infirm and penniless husband had the legal right to compel a propertied wife to support him.

They are sharing jury duty, too, in half the states, with women. Seventy-odd years ago this was seriously suggested during some long-vanished "crime wave," not to be sure, as a right of woman, but as a cruel, unusual, aggravated and possibly deterrent form of punishment for criminals. "The absurdity and degradation of a trial before a female jury, to be followed by a punishment such as to cover the offender with added ridicule, would not be without its effect." This was argued during the days when the recalcitrant women of 1848 were giving the world a new shudder with their demands for Equal Rights. New shudders are rare to-day. And enough has already happened in the courts of this land to make the proposed Equal Rights Amendment seem no more than the direct step towards

making all voting citizens equal before the law. The direct step may be a debatable one, but to-day it is not a shocking one.

It will not pass too easily into the Constitution, but time—three-quarters of a century of a world with women in it—has changed the *temper* of a nation's mind toward a demand that in 1848 started the whole organized woman movement. If anyone doubts this, let him no more than compare the current editorial comment on this question with the editorial comment of yesterday: some of the old epithets used then of the women who signed that early document are unprintable to-day. To-day epithets are not applied; adverse comment concerns itself chiefly with the question—and it is worthy of consideration—as to what Equal Rights will do to woman's privileges; and it is highly interesting to note in this connection that there is slight concern with her old "privileges"—separate maintenance, alimony, breach-of-promise suits, and so on—but that the gravest concern centers about her new privileges—the hard-won special legislation already enacted in many states for the benefit of mothers and of women workers.

Will not, for instance, women wage earners who now have the benefit of the statutory eight-hour day, rest at night, and one day's rest in seven lose these advantages? The women who have worked for years to obtain laws to protect the health of wage-earning women are convinced that the Amendment would wipe out, or at least expose to the great risk of nullification, all this legislation.

What will happen to the minimum wage law for women, one of the urgently advocated safeguards against the disadvantages they everywhere tend to suffer in competing with men, i.e., longer hours and lower wages?

Will the Amendment destroy the Sheppard-Towner Act signed by President Harding in 1921, under the title, "For the Promotion of the Welfare and

Hygiene of Maternity and Infancy"? This law, say the objectors to the Amendment, creates an inequality in favor of women—no identical appropriation for fathers being thinkable, since maternity does not apply alike to both sexes. Certainly the laws providing for widows' pensions are clearly discriminations in favor of women. Shall widowers have pensions—or shall widowed mothers be deprived of them?

Some legislation has already been enacted in favor of women workers during pregnancy, their industrial overwork during this period having been recognized as a great contributing factor to the shocking death-rate of women in childbirth. What will happen to this form of legislation under Equal Rights?

Many other questions concern marriage and maternity. Will illegitimate children have the name of both father and mother; will they inherit from both as legitimate children do; or will they be nameless and disinherited? What will be the penalties for seduction and rape under an Equal Rights Amendment, or will there be none? Will husbands continue to support their wives? Can deserting husbands be brought back and compelled to support wife and children? May not mothers be compelled to work for the maintenance of children as the fathers must do? What will be the effect upon the age for marriage—will girls remain minors to the twenty-first birthday, or will boys become of age at eighteen?

The reply of The Woman's Party in general to all of these questions and whatever others are asked is, first of all, this: "We are striving to remove every artificial handicap placed upon women by law and by custom. . . . The amendment would at one stroke compel both federal and state governments to observe the principle of Equal Rights. It would override all existing legislation which denies women Equal Rights with men, and it would render invalid every future attempt to interfere with these rights. It would establish the principle of Equal



Rights permanently in our country, so far as anything can be established permanently by law. This principle is so important that it should be written into the framework of our national government as one of the principles upon which our government is founded—not left to the states for favorable or unfavorable action, or for complete neglect.”

Regarding the existing labor legislation, they affirm that the Equal Rights Amendment would not affect it, except to establish the principle that industrial legislation should apply to all workers, both men and women, in any given occupation, and not to women workers alone. They point to Oregon, where there is a ten-hour law for both men and women employed in mills, factories, and manufacturing establishments; and to Florida, which requires seats for both men and women employees in stores. These identities of working conditions, they say, can easily spread, if men are alert to take advantage, for their own sake, of some of women's existing legal “privileges.” Health legislation for women can determine health conditions for men.

On the matter of “rest-at-night” legislation for women they are equally clear. What began, they say, as a safeguard against overwork and for so-called morality is fast becoming an instrument for closing many occupations to women. They point to Ohio, which passed a drastic law in 1919, closing almost a score of occupations to women workers that they had successfully filled during the war. If a legislature may exclude women from night work on the score of health, it may exclude her from many forms of day work—on the score of health. In Ohio a woman may not handle freight or be employed in any task “requiring frequent and repeated lifting of weights over twenty-five pounds.” But neither may she be a bell hop or a taxi driver, nor a gas or electric-meter reader, occupations which are not onerous. This tendency, The Woman's Party feels, should, and can, be checked

by an Equal Rights Amendment. They are asking no more and no less than economic equality for men and women. That laws protecting both men and women against overwork, disease, low wages, and the like are needed to-day and will come to-morrow, they have no doubt. But their immediate concern is with establishing a principle on which to legislate.

As to the minimum wage legislation, they take no stand except upon their well-recognized principle that wage legislation, if enacted, should be upon a non-sex basis; that there is no more reason for a minimum wage law applying to women only than for a minimum wage law applying to one particular race or creed. They quote with approval the United States Supreme Court which, in discussing this law for women in the District of Columbia, said in 1923: “We cannot accept the doctrine that women of mature age, *sui juris*, require or may be subjected to restrictions upon their liberty of contract which could not lawfully be imposed in the case of men under similar circumstances. To do so would be to ignore all the implications to be drawn from the present-day trend of legislation, as well as that of common thought and usage, by which woman is accorded emancipation, from the old doctrine that she must be given special protection or be subjected to special restraint in her contractual and civil relationship.”

With regard to the Sheppard-Towner Act—which provides Federal co-operation with the States in promoting the welfare of maternity and infancy—the mother's pension acts and legislation of any sort whatever concerning expectant mothers, the Woman's Party points out: first, that all these laws are, in their essence, for the benefit of the child; second, that a child has two parents, either one of which may be, at certain times, in need of aid for the child. It points to Colorado as an existing example of easy solution for confusions arising from an Equal Rights Amend-

ment superimposed on these laws. Colorado grants a pension—that “un-thinkable identical appropriation”—to any parent, father or mother, who is unable from poverty to support the child.

On all the moot questions and laws relating to illegitimacy they suggest first establishing a principle—equal rights—and then working in all future legislation from that principle. In every state the unmarried mother has rights of custody, control, and maintenance that no married mother has over her children. In one case she has too much responsibility; in the other too little. They call both of these states of being before the law discriminations against women. As for penalties for seduction and rape under an Equal Rights Amendment, it is claimed that such an amendment would not endanger such penalties; it would merely establish the principle that they shall apply to the person committing the offense, regardless of whether the person is a man or a woman. Colorado is again cited as an example of a state which already provides a penalty for both men and women who commit rape.

On the question of the husband's support of the wife, of a deserting husband's being compelled to support wife and children, of a mother's being forced to work for maintenance of children as fathers do, one hardly needs to refer to The Woman's Party for an answer. A little clear thinking, in the light of the long list of damage suits brought and won by husbands for “loss of services” of a wife through injury, will supply the answer. If that is not enough, a cool, mental, unsentimental comparison of parallel household budgets will help; the first, the modest outlay where the wife and mother is also cook, nurse, housekeeper, gardener, laundress, and housemaid—and sometimes unpaid clerk in her husband's shop as well; the second, the other budget, where all of these services are set down in terms of money paid for work done. No confusion need exist as to a wife's “support” of her husband or her children when she is

once recognized for what she is, an economic unit in a family; when her services in the home are conceded to be just as valuable while she is performing them as they seem to be after she is incapacitated by some harsh accident.

Three or four generations of women worked seventy-five years by the indirect way for suffrage. Specific legislation through state legislatures is the indirect ways to remove laws discriminating against women. But no amount of specific legislation can ever take care of the hidden, unsuspected myriad arms of the Common Law as they reach slowly out after some particular, unprovided for instance. It is not without the logic born of experience, this direct attempt to write into the Constitution a principle that kills at one stroke the Common Law as it affects the married woman.

For, as things stand now, with the old cramped bottle asked to hold new and ever newer wine, with the ancient garment patched and repatched instead of being thrown away, with the miry swamp not filled tidily in but merely dotted with makeshift paving stones (if the metaphor is mixed it is at least not as mixed as women's laws), anything can happen.

Texas, for instance, is not Wisconsin, where a woman's political status is determined by her own, not her husband's, address. If to-morrow Governor Ferguson's husband should decide to move to New York City, the Lone Star State would suffer the crucial ignominy of finding itself governed, not by a Texan, but by a citizen of the Empire State. Or would it? No man knows, nor any Court. This much is sure, that, without some broad enabling act which can be depended upon to take care of the modern event before the act as well as after, and thus remove woman forever from the often flaccid but ever ready grasp of Common Law, her mythical disabilities can descend upon a woman ruler of a sovereign commonwealth in ways astonishing, disconcerting, alarming, and grotesque.





# THE CANDLE OF ASTRONOMY

WHICH LIGHTED US OUT OF THE GREAT DARK

BY HENSHAW WARD

**A**n astronomer thinks we are a queer lot because we thrill at the picture of "stout Cortez" discovering an ocean some centuries ago, while we are languidly indifferent to the discovery of new universes in our own day. To an astronomer we must seem like clams: very much excited at the conquest of a pebble that impedes us, but calmly heedless of an earthquake that has let in sunshine upon our shells.

Some time it is going to occur to a poet that the feats of Prometheus and Pocahontas are mere bits of tinsel in the panorama of liberating the soul. Through all its history our mind has been a slave to terrifying fancies about its home. It always had to grovel in its dread of the Great Dark that surrounds it—until astronomy lighted a candle.

The poet will see his theme as a flickering of scientific curiosity, very faint and blown by all the winds of illusion, in the murky darkness of the mind. His first glimpse of it will be about six thousand years ago in the valley of the Euphrates. To be sure, all the early watchers of the skies were ignorant of what they were about, and the knowledge gained by fifty centuries of the efforts of the best intellects would not be sufficient for a nursery rhyme to-day. In their myths and guesses there was no more than the spark that could light the candle of science.

The dramatic heart of the poet's theme will be the learning of the *regularity* of the stars' and planets' motions. Thus he will be a greater innovator than

any the muses have supplied since Homer set a standard. In this way of stating the plain fact there is no playful paradox. Indeed, we shall never sense the reality until we conceive it as an exultant song about the first realization that the heavens are not capricious, not peopled by malicious powers. For all the happenings of our lives on earth appear so wanton that we might not yet have learned about invariable natural law if the stars had not given us the clue.

## II

For thirty centuries before the time of Christ the Chaldeans and Greeks had reasoned about the regular cycles in the heavens and had concluded that our earth might be only a globe in space, like other globes that swing there, invisibly suspended. A Greek had guessed that the stars might be at infinite distances. Mankind had begun to peer beyond its confines and to see the light of day, the light of mental freedom.

But astronomy was almost snuffed out by a monstrous Logic that crept upon our senses like so much carbon dioxide in a cellar. This Logic of theology argued that all our powers of eyesight were false, that knowledge of what surrounds us must come from the visions of men's brains.

So the world remained a flat square, under which were fiery caverns, over which was a crystalline floor of stupendous weight and solidity. The stars became little lights, managed by angels,

as if they were so many lamps in a ceiling. All spaciousness vanished. The outdoors became a vile heresy. Men once more cowered in the terrors of the dark and felt the satanic wings of the monsters of evil.

You may, without much stretch of the imagination, feel the darkness thickening upon the intellect as you read in any sketch of astronomy something of this sort: "The study of the heavens became confined to Alexandria by 400, A.D. and the last glimmer of this was extinguished in 641, not to be lighted again for a hundred and fifty years, and then at the place of its origin."

During the eight centuries from Haroun-al-Rashid to Milton the light of astronomy was of no more use in the world than a will-o-the-wisp in a tomb. Only a handful of speculative men in each generation knew that such a phosphorescent shimmer existed, and they did no more than to bend over it suspiciously and whisper about it, fearful that they would be made outcasts if their curiosity was known.

Practically the whole learned world during those centuries agreed that our earth was the center of the universe and that about it revolved ten spherical shells of transparent crystal, bearing the heavenly bodies. If you smile at this invention of Ptolemy's, you are not prepared to understand the story of liberation that I am going to sketch. Ptolemy was a more powerful observer and reasoner than most modern astronomers, as they would be the first to insist. He examined with complete candor and acumen the question "Do the stars revolve around us?" And there was no possible way to tell whether the motions in the sky were caused by our movement or by the movement of the stars. A brilliant mathematician has recently declared that even to-day, when Einstein newly raises the question, there is no way to tell.

The overthrow of Ptolemy's theory was about the most extraordinary feat ever performed by the human intellect. It was begun by Copernicus, who in 1496

went from Poland to join the small band of radicals in Italy who were peering at the queer, uncanny glimmer of a thought that perhaps the earth is not the center of the universe. His thirty years of calculation came almost to nothing. Most instructive for all who desire to think straight is the reason for this failure: he *assumed* that the orbits of planets *must* be circular. The circle, you see, is the perfect curve; all other curves are inferior; and it is impossible to conceive that God should have set His creations traveling on blundering paths. Men have always assumed, and to-day as much as ever, that their reason will inform them about what God would not do and what His ideals of architecture are for a sky or a society.

Sixty years after Copernicus died Tycho Brahe completed his treatise on celestial motions. Here was an observer of the highest ability, who made instruments of far greater precision than had ever been used before, whose only ambition was to find out the form of the universe. He examined the reasoning of Copernicus, recognized its advantages, and wished it might be true. He found it false. Though he conceded that the planets probably revolve around the sun, he had to conclude that they and the sun revolve around the earth.

The principal reason for his judgment was entirely scientific. It can be illustrated by what happens on a racetrack if a person who rides around it observes a telegraph pole which is a mile away to the north, and is outlined against a long hill. The pole is seen to *move along the hill*; at the east end of the course it is outlined against a small clump of trees, while from the west end it is seen against a house that stands a quarter of a mile east of the trees. As a person rides around the track he sees the pole "displaced" against the hill. "So," Brahe reasoned quite sensibly, "if I am really riding around a stationary sun once a year as Copernicus thought, my position in January must be very far from where



I was in July; there must be this race-track effect of 'displacing' the nearer stars against the background of the more distant ones. I will observe with the most accurate instruments; I will find out whether there actually is any displacement, any 'parallax,' as we astronomers call it." His closest scrutiny revealed no parallax whatever. So here was proof that the earth stands still.

### III

The book that contained the demonstration was seen through the press by a young assistant, Kepler, who proved to be the most original mathematician that ever lived. In 1600 he set himself the task of figuring out why Mars had such an eccentric orbit. With never-flagging zeal he computed for nine years, and then found, contrary to all previous convictions of the human intellect, that planets do not move in circles, but in ellipses. Now he could substitute these ellipses for circles and show that the calculations of Copernicus corresponded closely to the facts. In 1621 he issued a very persuasive defense of the idea that the earth moves around the sun.

But this was as difficult a proof then as Einstein's calculations are for us to-day, and there was then no Associated Press to give such a novelty a boost. Even to the eager Galileo, who believed in the Copernican idea and corresponded with Kepler, the proof meant little. It had furnished new wick for the taper of astronomy, but the kindling of it had to be done by another kind of genius.

It might be said that Kepler's proof had not brought much understanding even to himself. His way of thinking was still the groping of fancy in the cellar of the Great Dark. So mystical were half the operations of this marvelous mathematical mind that we can hardly credit them. He expounded the harmonies of the planets as caused by the soul of the sun; he seriously speculated about comets as a kind of living beings traveling with a purpose; he was con-

vinced that the universe is framed in accordance with laws of æsthetics; and as for stars, he could not suppose that they were suns, but let his thoughts soar into the sheerest metaphysics.

It was Galileo who did more than all the mathematicians to show us where we live. He worked by the only method that has ever brought conviction—by showing us sights. As soon as he heard a description of the new Dutch glasses for looking at distant objects he fashioned one and looked at the moon and the planets. He showed others how to look. With his own hands he manufactured hundreds of telescopes which were sent all over Europe. Everywhere people could *see* that Jupiter was sailing through space attended by some satellites which revolved around it without being left behind. There was a picture of a miniature planetary system in operation. Then for the first time the Copernican theory became a reality to those who were willing to trust their eyes.

Still the first computation which really proved the revolution of the earth was that published by Newton in 1686. And during the next century and a half the idea that the earth moved seemed to have only a slight and speculative foundation. The idea was generally considered "degrading." Just as Darwin had to recognize that his theory was "revolting to our pride," so the astronomers had to concede that a moving globe was a mean, belittling conception compared with the nobility of an earth that stood fast in the center of all and was served by the spacious firmament on high. Conviction spread with exceeding slowness. Even by 1800 the Copernican theory remained a dubious and dangerous doctrine of materialism to most professors in American colleges.

Not till Bessel measured the aberration of light in 1838 was there any certain proof of the parallax of stars. Even by 1900 there had been telescopic measurement of parallax for only forty of them. No measurement of the diameter of a star was made till 1920. How re-

finest achievement this was can be appreciated if we realize that it was equivalent to finding the diameter of a quarter-dollar at a distance of seventy miles.

#### IV

The modern astronomer does not rely on his telescope for measurements. He uses the spectroscope and interferometer, instruments of unrivaled subtlety and sureness. By looking at the bands of light that they furnish, an astronomer can read descriptions as detailed as the reports of a ball game. He learns the temperature of any particular star, the elements of which it is composed, the density of the materials, the atomic conditions of gases which are in states unknown in our solar system, whether the direction of its motion is away from or toward us. In bands and fringes examined through a microscope he can see that a star is double and can calculate the orbits of the two suns about each other. By interpreting such knowledge he has recently learned that all stars go through the same course of life, from a thin gaseous giant of moderate heat to a more compact state of maximum heat, and then to states of decreasing heat and size. Within the last three years he has learned to read the distances of certain variable stars, the Cepheids, and thus has been able to estimate the distances of some nebulae. There are now spectroscopic wizards who give out matter-of-fact information about the speed at which the hydrogen electron revolved around its proton when it started toward us from its distant sun a thousand years ago.

There is no way of conceiving the distance that separates us from that sun. If we use as a unit for expressing it the distance from the earth to our sun (93,000,000 miles), we shall find it inconveniently small, for this petty yardstick must be applied 260,000 times to reach the nearest star.

Another way of regarding the distance is to use the speed of light as a measure.

Light travels from the sun to the earth in 8 minutes and 20 seconds. When it has traveled for a year it has covered nearly six million times a million miles. This distance that light travels in a year, a "light-year," is large enough to serve as a unit of measure in astronomy, though it is now being supplanted by a unit 3.3 times as long, the "parsec." The nearest star is 4.2 light-years from us. Only four stars are within a radius of ten light years from us.

Another way of trying to imagine stellar spaces is to diagram them. Suppose that the sun is a tennis ball lying on a court near New Orleans. The earth would then be represented by a grain of sand at a distance of 23 feet. The nearest star will be another tennis ball—how many yards away do you guess? You cannot reach it in an hour's walk. You cannot drive to it in a day. You must journey northward through the whole length of the Mississippi valley, 1100 miles, to the neighborhood of Duluth, before you come upon it. And even this utterly unimaginable distance is less than the average between stars in the universe. Such is the space which the astronomers now explore—a vacuum in which three-inch globes and specks of dust occur at intervals of thousands of miles.

For our sun is not far below the average mass of the stars. The brightest star, Sirius, has a mass only two and one-half times as great. Our sun is not a dwarf compared with even such a monster as Betelgeuse, which, though it may have a diameter 250 times that of the sun, has a mass that is only ten times as great; for it is composed of an excessively thin gas.

Suppose, for an illustration of average conditions in the universe, that we are in the center of a sphere of space that has a diameter of 33 light years—that is, nearly two hundred trillion miles. In this region there are probably not more than thirty suns. If we reduced this sphere to a ten-foot globe, the thirty suns would be molecules. Now a mole-



cule is not comparable to a gross "speck" of matter; it is so small that if it passed through a microscopical pore in the skin it would be like a man passing through an aperture seven miles wide. In a ten-foot globe the suns would be no more than thirty *molecules*. So inconceivably rarefied is the star-gas in our bourne of time and place.

Astronomers have calculated the speeds and directions of these molecular suns that float about in a vacuum. If you look toward the bright star Vega, you will see the direction in which our sun is drifting. Its rate is excessively slow—only twelve miles a second. We shall be half a billion years in reaching the neighborhood where Vega now is—and then Vega won't be there. All the stars are swinging gently along on courses that appear to be straight lines, but that are presumably arcs of magnificent ellipses which can be determined in the future. Very few move sufficiently fast to have distorted the chart of the heavens within historic times. The most rapid one has a rate which carries it in 220 years across a space in the sky that is no wider than the area occupied by the moon. The slow ones will gradually shift positions as the centuries pass; in the course of millions of years the present constellations will be replaced by other configurations. The "fixed" stars are as wandering as so many motes in a beam of light.

They move in all directions. Collisions are possible and doubtless occur at times, but must be rare. The universe seems to be, in the main, a peaceful, happy-go-lucky concourse. Yet the motions in it appear to be far from random. Already there have been determinations of decided "drifts" of large proportions of the total population of the billions of inhabitants of our Galaxy, and the next important announcement of novelty from the observatories is likely to be some generalization of the Quo Vadis of the groups of stars.

The whole region occupied by our Galaxy is lens-shaped; its size is esti-

mated to be more than 100,000 light-years in diameter and 10,000 in thickness. And this vastness is now supposed to be only a small portion of the total universe. So frequent are the bulletins which stretch the limits of stellar space—each so staggeringly surpassing the previous ones—that if I report the latest, the details may be antiquated before they can be printed and put on a newsstand.

Some examples of how astronomical knowledge soars year by year are really comical. In the new *Britannica* volumes of 1922 it was grudgingly conceded that in our galaxy (the Milky Way) there might possibly be as many as three or four billion stars; in June, 1925, Doctor Abbot of the Smithsonian Institution calmly stated, "The telescope *proves* that there are thirty or forty billion stars in the Milky Way." In 1924 Hale, the director of the Mount Wilson Observatory, startled us by speaking of the most distant stars as 220,000 light-years away; a few months later it was reported that Major Hubble, of that very observatory, had *proved* the spiral nebula of Andromeda to be a million light-years away.

When I first saw the statement by a popularizer of astronomy that perhaps there are in the entire universe "thousands" of galaxies like our Milky Way, I was scandalized by such a flighty perhaps. But Professor Russell of Princeton, who says we may safely conclude that Andromeda is as remote as Major Hubble reckons, now admits the likelihood of the thousands. "This possibility," he says, "makes even the case-hardened astronomer gasp." He is now prepared for the worst that the Hubbles and Shapleys and Leavitts and Lundmarks and Kapteyns may do in the next three years. We must all make ready to accept the utterly incredible.

While I am typing this article, Doctor Luyten of the Harvard Observatory states in the press, "That the whole of sidereal space is strewn with thousands of separate universes, comparable in size

to our solar system, is now the view accepted by most astronomers." He is probably speaking cautiously, for already there is in print an estimate of hundreds of thousands of "island universes." Our Milky Way, which we proudly referred to only a year ago as "the" universe, is now seen to be only one of a swarm of countless similar universes that constitute the whole of matter. The Harvard Observatory has estimated that a slight hazy spot is shown by the spectroscope to be a starry system a billion light-years from us. Pannekoek has announced that our insignificant local Galaxy is far from the center of the whole cloud of galaxies, so far out that light would need 2,300,000 years to reach us from there.

This looks like the beginning of an infinity of space and matter. Strangely enough, the mathematicians say not. They reckon that the universe is finite. As for the total amount of matter, Eddington calculates that a sphere of water with a radius of 354,000,000 miles would be more than the universe could stand, for it "would cause space to curve back into itself." Hence he can comfort himself by figuring out the limit of the number of galaxies, with the average complement of stars, that are possible in the universe. This is reassuring. The astronomers may have to stop some time.

As for the total extent of space, it is estimated to be that of a sphere with a diameter not less than seven trillion light-years. And that is very cozy quarters compared with infinity. A mathematician feels positively cramped in it.

## V

So there is the daylight to which astronomy has finally shown us the way. As we look around in it we can wonder, like gentlemen unafraid, what the full noon of knowledge will reveal to the explorers of the skies. It is a glad prospect, in which we should rejoice. Perhaps we may properly feel some pride in what the best minds of the race have been able to accomplish.

But we should make no mistake about the basis of our pride. It is more wholesome for us to keep in mind the Great Dark of pure reason where we used to cower, and to reflect that our escape was due to *noticing what the eyes could see*. Though a small fraction of our race has learned to live in mental daylight, most of us are befogged and do not know where to look for the source of further light. We can know if we will keep forever in view the picture of Brahe when he tried to find the parallax of stars. He was a proud man who wore fierce viking mustaches and had for his workshop a castle given by an emperor. His arrogance never suspected that he was a subatomic creature on a grain of sand "thinking" about some tennis balls that were thousand of miles away. Yet he was a humble and teachable person compared with all the infinitesimal intellectuals who made it a crime to question our central and dominating importance. Such is the intellect in comparison with the power of observation. When astronomy has fully taught its lesson we shall have a new wisdom in the world.

It is a terrific lesson. There are fearsome corollaries to it. Poor Bishop Brown, for example, when he learned of stellar spaces and that nothing can travel faster than light and that our souls would have to speed through an absolute zero of cold for millions of years before they could reach any destination where a heaven could be—poor Bishop Brown gave up his faith. If the millions of years had not been sufficient to cause such a tragic loss of belief, the trillions that are now reported would have done the work. So the bishop came to regard his religion as mere symbolism that applies only to our earthly life. Here is an example of the destruction that science can do; here is the conflict that disturbs the Church to-day.

It is also a perfect example of how only ignorance and folly can be thus easily persuaded to abandon religion. I say "ignorance" because if the bishop had been just a little patient, had bided



just a few months and consulted a mathematician, he could have found out that his reason was nothing but the mechanism of our three-dimensional life. Even the reason of a scientist could have told him that heaven may be just round the corner in a fifth dimension and that souls may be able to slip thither in a moment. I say "folly" because science cannot destroy reality. It attempts nothing but to report material facts that are seen by material eyes. Science can never

make a report about any spiritual reality. The only religion that science can destroy is some false and materialistic one.

The candle of astronomy has shown that specters do not exist and that we can live in the daylight of natural law. In its sunshine we have nothing to fear except the disregard of that law. So obscured is the impersonal regularity of nature that we might still be living in the Great Dark of imaginary fears if we had not observed the stars.

## FOR ANY LADY'S BIRTHDAY

BY LAWRENCE LEE

*SPRING'S silver poplars stand apart,  
Most ladylike of trees,  
And mortal ladies should take heart  
From gentlefolk like these.*

*They watch the blue days pass along,  
They see the nights go by,  
But keep forever morning's song  
And nighttime's starry sky.*

*They know the maiden spring goes soon,  
But their wise hearts are still,  
For they have seen the quiet moon  
Above a wooded hill.*

*The poplars wear in halo-guise  
Their silver crown of years—  
And if all ladies were as wise  
There would be fewer tears.*

# The Lion's Mouth



## A HAPPY SOLUTION

BY MARGARET SEARLE

**A**S A young writer, I have been faced until recently with an unfortunate situation. When I first began to write, my friends, who had theretofore seemed harmless, came to take on a new and menacing aspect. They began to give me advice.

Of course, they meant it well. They were full of the milk of human kindness, Grade A. It was just that the writing game has that fatal way of inspiring conversation. At once glamorous and fairly untechnical, it is a subject anyone can enjoy; and my friends, while awed to humble silence by the mysteries of etching or chiseling or counterpoint, were inspired to high loquacity when it came to advising a young writer.

In this capacity they fell into three groups: the ones who suggested subjects, the ones who told me how other writers worked, and the ones who harped on Experience.

Of these the first was probably the most remarkable—the group which had Ideas. This was made up mostly of the friends who in the sultry and soulful intimacy of midnight confidences were in the habit of saying that “you know sometimes they thought they could have written themselves.” And now they thought they could be vicariously literary through me!

There was one girl who had fully intended to become a writer but had un-

wittingly stumbled into matrimony and motherhood instead. And now her only contribution to the literature of nations was the bedtime story . . . to all of which she seemed to resign herself gracefully enough, and was the kind of mother the tenors sing about.

But whenever she saw me coming she would immediately revert. Her eyes would light up once more with a thousand-watt divine spark, and she would avidly return to the peculiar joys of creative art.

“My dear,” she would cry, “I have the most wonderful idea for you! And it really happened—this girl was a close friend of my cousin Fred’s fiancée. You see, she’d been going with this man for years and then she threw him down and then, months later, she decided she really loved him after all, so she called him up. And my dear, it was his wedding day—he was being married to someone else! Just think what you could do with that! Imagine the telephone conversation with her trying to act casual and everything, but afterward just sort of—you know. . . .

“And here’s another one,” she would go on. “I made it up this morning while I was dusting the radio. See—this man and girl are in love, but they quarrel or something, and the girl runs away from the little home town and seeks a career as an opera singer. And the man looks for her all over the world and everything, but just can’t find her. But when he’s just about to give up, he turns on the radio one night in his lonely little room—can’t you just see it?—and the announcer speaks the name of a certain big opera star—then what should he hear but the voice of the girl? Of course, he can tell it right away and rushes to her. And she’d



been longing for him too all these years—careers are really so empty and everything—so they get married right away. Now, honestly, don't you think that's a glorious story?"

And there were others just like her.

...  
Ceaselessly the suggestions would pour in until, following them all, I should have written enough to make the Five Foot Shelf look like a pamphlet.

Now and again I would try to change the subject. "I did the course in eighty to-day."

But—"By the way, why don't you do a story about golf? The tired business men would eat it up."

I'd bring up bridge.

But—"Why don't you try something for the bridge magazine?"

I remembered a story about Chekhov, who once when a young friend insisted upon talking about his work, broke off wildly, "I—I like candy, don't you?"

But trying the same expedient, I met with the same old failure. They suggested that I write up Page or Shaw for the success magazines!

Then there were those whom I designated in my mind as the Biographical Group: those who made a practice of citing other writers' lives. They picked up their information here, there, and everywhere, and its range was really astonishing—from Tacitus to Tarkington, from Milton to Millay. All of this they were fond of storing in their memories until the next time I should come along. Lives of great men all reminded them—of me.

"Say, I read somewhere that Shakespeare—or was it Shaw?"

"Neither would care to be confused with the other," I would murmur in my most discouraging manner.

But my informant would go on undaunted—"Well, whoever it was, he found he could write best sitting up very straight in a hard chair as though in a business office."

"But just yesterday," I would remon-

strate, "you said that Descartes doped out all of his ideas lying flat on his back in bed."

I need not have been surprised, however, as such contradictions were an every-day matter. One friend told me that Fanny Hurst was reported to write best on a typewriter; while another had heard that Booth Tarkington reached his highest points of inspiration when manipulating a soft lead (No. 2) pencil. Someone else told me that H. G. Wells found himself most productive when surrounded by friends; and another that Hugh Walpole absolutely secluded himself. Rupert Hughes was cited as patronizing the best interior decorators; and another successful fictionist as occupying a home with no more distinguished period than Late Macy. Arnold Bennett was said to write down his tales in carefully bound books; and Francis Thompson to have scribbled his most exquisite lyrics on the backs of dirty menu cards in sordid restaurants.

Each of these methods I was in turn urged to follow. I should drink tea for breakfast like Arnold Bennett and coffee for breakfast like Sinclair Lewis; smoke cigars like Amy Lowell and opium like De Quincy; stay in America like George M. Cohan and stay away from America like George Bernard Shaw; get tuberculosis like Stevenson and keep physically fit like Bernarr Macfadden; live in Minneapolis like Scott Fitzgerald, in Baltimore like H. L. Mencken, in India like Kipling, in Indianapolis like Tarkington. In each of these formulæ success was assured.

Then finally there was the Experience Group. In talking with each of its members I had a similar fate: wherever the conversation started, it would end in the same place—"If you're going to write, you ought to have lots of Experience." Their talk was repertoire, not repartee.

If you had asked them just what they meant they couldn't have told you exactly. In general, Experience vaguely connoted a combination of nights in

Paris and days in Russia and an apartment in Greenwich Village. And I should seek it as the knights of old sought the Holy Grail.

Privately I disapproved of the self-conscious pursuit of experience, for my natural tendency was to enjoy life spontaneously. But how was I to remain so with everybody's treating my mind as something to be filled as carefully and cautiously as a flask; calling my friends "contacts with human nature," and referring to all my activities—from finding my soul to buying a stick of gum—as "grips with reality"?

No matter what I went through, there was always someone to say, "You'll be thankful someday that you had that experience." I think even if I had died they would have said it.

In the end, between all of these people, I was becoming fairly exhausted. I began to think I could stand it no longer. And I was right; one day the crisis came.

I was going to have tea with three friends; and as it was a rainy, snowy, sleety February day, I had no small trouble in reaching them. I slipped on the sidewalk and turned my ankle, and slipped on the street and wrenched my back. I was spattered by passing taxis and swabbed by passing raincoats. And my umbrella, getting into the spirit of the thing, turned inside out.

When I reached my friends' house I sank heavily into a chair. Damp and exhausted I recited my troubles.

But—"Why don't you do a little sketch about it for one of the humorous things—the Lion's Mouth in *Harper's* or some place like that?"

I opened my mouth to protest—but—"It's those little human trials and tribulations that O. Henry used to notice—it was the secret of his success."

Then—I held my breath, I felt it coming—"Every experience counts, you know, if you're going to be a writer."

I arose slowly, walked over and opened the desk drawer. There it was—a loaded revolver.

Quietly but firmly I raised it. "I'm sorry, my friends, but it can't be helped."

And I shot down the three of them.

Since then I have had very little trouble. I have been left comparatively alone.



## A SOCK ON THE JAW—FRENCH STYLE

BY JAMES G. THURBER

"WHAT I should like to see," said the mild, gray-haired American gentleman sitting next to me in a *brasserie* on the boulevard, "is someone get a good sock on the jaw." He folded his tiny Paris edition of a great New York newspaper, and took another sip at his demi of beer.

No one ever gets a sock on the jaw in Paris. No one ever gets a sock on the jaw anywhere in France. And though you may be the most pacific of creatures, this failure of the French to come to blows will eventually unnerve you and when watching a street argument, you will cry out, "why doesn't he punch his nose?"

There are certain epithets, which, if unsmilingly uttered, demand in America a sock on the jaw. Judges, police—even doting mothers and presidents of W. C. T. U. locals concede here the validity of an unwritten law. We make a careful distinction between a brawl, row, or riot, and a fight. The first three should come under the head of assault and battery or disturbance of the peace. But the good old American fist-fight has, by inalienable sanction, to be carried to a decisive issue—preferably somewhere off the public highways, back of a barn, riding academy, or old mill. And the American public is willing at all times to give the combatants air and hold their coats.



This ancient form of settling disagreements has even attained the dignity of an art in Anglo-Saxon countries. In our own no schoolboy's youthful mettle can be properly tempered without recourse to it; it is an honorable tradition at West Point; it is part of the bulwark of American civilization. An American father assumes that his son will not pass through the grammar grades without giving and receiving an occasional black eye.

But in France an overt act leading to a sock on the jaw would entail Heaven knows what unexampled consequences—perhaps a further fall of the franc, the levying of additional imposts, the increase of the gendarmerie, a nine o'clock curfew, and an official manifesto from the Minister of Public Instruction. If it did not lead to an actual crisis, it would at least call forth long editorial prophecies of grave national disturbances. For example:

The case written upon the docket of the Mairie of the 7th Arrondissement yesterday, in which one Armand Mahieu, during the course of a public quarrel, struck with his closed hand the person of one René St. Jean, a chauffeur, reflects a critical emergence in our national life of an evil spirit of unrestrained aggressiveness, smacking of a new form of bold lawlessness. What avail our conferences and our pacts and our protocols in the face of this unregenerate display of brute force? Whither are we drifting?

Americans look upon a good fight as a natural, healthy climax to a necessarily dull preliminary—the exchange of provocative epithets; but the immutable difference between the two races is shown by the fact that the French regard the argument as the best part of the fight and feel it a sort of public duty to join in and take sides with one disputant or the other. There is no such thing, therefore, as a private fight in France. They more or less resemble a forum. Anyone is eligible to get in on them, and it sometimes takes a newcomer ten minutes to discover who were the original aggrieved parties.

In Chalons-sur-Marne, some months after the Armistice, I witnessed as terrible a "fight" as two Frenchmen ever had. A soldier had thrown himself down upon a baggage truck to rest, and refused to move when a station agent demanded the truck. There were many others trucks in the room, but this was apparently his favorite. In response to the agent's entreaties and commands, the soldier never so much as twitched a muscle. The station attaché thereupon began to abuse him in round, flat terms, which were alternately addressed to him and then repeated, after the manner of Frenchmen in argument, to the bystanders. And the bystanders, after the manner of French bystanders during arguments, began to take sides, some agreeing with the agent and others expressing approval of the attitude of the soldier.

"Why should he move if he doesn't want to?" demanded one. "He's a soldier of France."

"Since when has the Ministry of War commandeered baggage trucks as barracks for the army?" asked another, sharply.

This led to a bitter debate on the subject of the extent of the power of military right of eminent domain, into which the agent cut with the remark that, soldier or no soldier of France, it wasn't the poilu's truck, neither was it his station.

"I suppose it's your station?" insinuated a supporter of the recumbent infantryman.

"It's his station in the sense that he is in charge here," came back a defender of the agent.

This emboldened the station man to manifest his authority by picking up empty trucks and slamming them against the wall, a procedure in which he was helped, in the case of the heavier trucks, by several of his partisans. Whereupon adherents of the soldier began to tear posters and train schedules from the walls. And over and above the racket rose a crescendo of debate upon the relative rights of public utilities and

the military branch of the government. When the affair reached its crisis, the agent kicked the handles of the truck and the soldier flung his helmet against a wall. That was all.

And so it goes. A taxi driver grazes the hub of a wagon, and calumny gushes forth. Sometimes it proceeds for half an hour and through several miles of Paris streets, one of the warring vehicles accompanying the other far out of its way to prolong the verbal battle. Auto-bus drivers keep pace with the disputants in order that their passengers may spur on their favorites. In the best of these word-battles the government is invariably dragged in, and there is heated attack and defense of M. Cailaux, M. Steeg, former Minister of Justice, and the late René Viviani. Finally, however, it veers sharply back to the grazed hub and the pro-German proclivities of the chauffeur and the fact that the teamster's children will grow up to be acrobats. In other words, opportunity invites the blow direct. But it is never given.

I saw a horrible street "fight" grow out of the unfortunate fall of a horse in a quiet street on the left bank. The driver cursed the beast roundly. "Pardon," cut in a strange chauffeur's voice, "but if you knew anything about wagon driving that horse would be on his feet now." The teamster came back with some nasty verbal crack and the passersby began to congregate. They considered the situation carefully and chose sides. Half of them went over and lined up with the chauffeur. Bitter invective about the cruelty of unskillful harnessing began to fly. The driver, who had begun to uncinch the bellyband, rose to defend this operation against the claim that the shafts should first be unloosened.

"He knocked the horse down; I saw him!" cried one passionate old lady, who had just arrived and was carried away by the chauffeur's indignant arraignment of the driver's lack of technical hitching knowledge.

"It was the horse's fault; a fool could see that," insisted a butcher, stepping out of his shop where he had been busy when the accident occurred.

"That's why you see it, eh?" demanded a pale little clerk, who was thus automatically arrayed, by the gift of repartee, on the side of the old lady and the chauffeur and the horse. The horse, who had made several unhappy efforts to get up, and would have succeeded with a little help, relapsed back upon the asphalt and closed his eyes. At this point the driver picked up the animal's head and was about to heave him to his feet, when the chauffeur came out with a particularly sinister innuendo. The driver let the horse fall back on the asphalt again, and returned to the argument.

Late that night I heard my concierge and her husband—for my hotel was near at hand—convicting and acquitting in turn the teamster and his fallen beast.

"It was the driver's fault!"

"It was the horse's fault!"

"You should uncinch the bellyband!"

"You should unloosen the shafts!"

One reason why no one ever gets a sock on the jaw in these terrible French street fights is doubtless because an ill-timed right swing would abort the free exercise of community debate in France—a privilege highly prized and a practise which serves roughly as the French substitute for outdoor sports as we know them in America.



## THE PHILOSOPHY OF CEILINGS

BY DAVID McCORD

**I**T IS about time that something was said on the general subject of ceilings. Hour after hour, as a child, I lay in quiet and profound contempla-



tion of a number of them, for they were practically the only thing that I could view continually with any degree of composure. They never annoyed. Their uniform blankness was one with my state of mind. I cannot say now with any certainty how much those ancient plaster surfaces influenced my early life. A great deal, though, I expect.

I remember one in particular. It supplied the top to my nursery. Right above my crib appeared a curious combination of two or three cracks and a large water-stain dating back to a Saturday night when Delia overdid it in the bath on the floor above; a beautiful calcimine creation with four humps and prominent elbows, trekking across a fly-specked desert. It was a good thing, in its way, and diurnally came in for a bit of solid contemplation. To-day, no doubt, I should call it a camel, but at that period of my interesting life camels were wholly unknown. I had never been to Arabia or Ringling, nor was I permitted to indulge in the æsthetic and gastronomic delights of animal crackers. Practically speaking, I had no teeth.

Dimly associated with my yellowing friend is a less important stain. In the light of modern science I should suppose it to have been a spot of casual gravy, but at the time I accepted it as a part of the Eternal Pattern of things, especially ceilings, and immediately adjusted it in my memory as a rather creditable if malicious face. I can still recall it. How dreadful it was! It used to leer at me over my bottle, and had a nasty habit of forming the basis of the most horrible nightmares whenever the old digestion decreed a slack day. It seems incredible that I should remember so much of a season when I was scarce a year old. But who can disprove me? When the memory is cross-examined for the real facts of our childhood there is a delicious backsliding and a fine conflux of years. I find it quite as easy to pull up recollections of the so-called bottle era as of the most ambitious college days. Easier, in fact. . . . When I

was three the ceiling was redone; and the presence, along with him of the several humps, passed damply away under the glistening swaths of the calcimine brush.

We pay a lot of attention to our hats. And yet they cover only one head at a time. A ceiling, on the other hand, simultaneously covers several (without imposing the least restriction on anybody), and often a lot of atrocious furniture as well. But who cares about it? A ceiling is no more to us than a necessary partition in space. Necessary to keep the feet of the fellow higher up from treading on our ears, and (once) a kind of buffer and free target for champagne corks. Who (I repeat), beyond babies, cares for ceilings? Not the artist. The nearer his picture comes to being skied the madder he is. Not the advertiser. Visually (but not otherwise) he will meet you on the level. And not you; and not I.

For my part, I have always felt that ceilings were made, more than anything else, to exhibit the strange capacity of the fly to walk upside down. Before there were any ceilings where did the common house-fly obtain that exquisite exercise which keeps him fit to dash round the rim of the cream pitcher and explore the difficult area of Uncle Arthur's whiskers? I confess I do not know. But as things stand now, ceilings are the proving-ground of flies. Squads of them may be observed there any hot, June morning, maneuvering about in great solemnity; learning new tricks, I dare say, practicing approach shots for the jam pot, and the proper cadence for use on a bald head. The ceiling is also their refuge, and a wounded or disappointed fly will seek it quicker than the flypaper. He seems assured that none will pursue him there. And certainly I shall be the very last to do it. Almost anything in its proper place is an *ornament*. A bear in his den, a foot in a shoe, a fly on the ceiling, for example.

Of course, some ceilings are more at-

tractive than others. Italian ceilings are situated somewhere up in the vicinity of the clouds, and by their mysterious isolation inveigle us into looking at them. I have often tried, but with only partial success. When the opportunity comes I shall visit an Italian villa I know, steal softly up the stairs, and cut a nice hole through the floor of the guest chamber. Then I shall stick my head through it and have a long look at an honest-to-goodness Italian ceiling. I see no other way. Of course, too, there is "the vault of heaven," and "the canopy of stars," and all that sort of natural covering which the poets talk about. No one is fonder than I of a good, cheerful summer sky, if my hay fever isn't too bad and I can find a white duck hat around the house that will fit me; nor of a starry night, for that matter, if you'll stick to the main road. But I was speaking, rather, of the artificial ceiling, such as King Alfred sat under; the common sort, that has for centuries covered impartially emperor and clown. There's the one in the kitchen. Nobody in his right mind, to be sure, would look twice at that. But consider the one in the bathroom, which is no more than one-tenth the size. That is the one ceiling in the whole house with which I am quite familiar. Lying in a temperate bath, I have made a study of it. I have played (mentally) a game of chess on it; and once, when I was younger, I hit

it with a wet sponge, trying to kill a mosquito. I missed him.

Public places have the decorative instinct toward ceilings. You have surely noticed it. The dome of the Grand Central Station in New York is simply littered with stars of various magnitudes and lively representations of the Olympus family in striking poses—all in all, one of the most satisfactory blue-prints of the heavens I have ever seen. The motive there is a simple one. It is the generous desire of the officials to make the traveler perfectly at home with the universe, so that a small journey in Upper Five (and porter, call me early!) to Chicago will seem like nothing at all. Or relatively nothing. And there are the hotels. I have seen hotel ceilings (in the dining rooms especially) so incrustated with cupids and cherubs and Rubenslike damsels reclining heavily on thin air that I have buried my face in the soup in sheer confusion. Not for the world, in some places I know, would I turn my eyes aloft. "*Look up, not down.*" Poppycock. A good wall is enough for me. My crib days are over. If there is something to be seen, don't hang it over my head like a sword of Damocles. Put it where I can view it face to face. Even the Bible will bear me out in this. Belshazzar saw the writing on the wall, not on the ceiling. You don't want a stiff neck, do you? No? Well, neither do I.



### THE INNER MAN WHO SPEAKS IN US

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IN AN essay of John Jay Chapman on Non-Resistance he says of the sayings of Christ—"The state of mind in which Christ lived is the truth he taught. (His) most powerful means of conveying his thought was neither by his preaching nor by his parables, but by what he himself said and did incidentally. This expressed his doctrine because his state of feeling was his doctrine. The things Christ did by himself and the words he said to himself, these things are Christianity. If he had lived longer, there would have been more of them."

Christ spoke out of the plane in which he lived. He expressed *himself*. So, no doubt, everyone does. We all speak out of the planes in which we live. We all express *ourselves*, however little we intend to. It is all we have to express. If we try to cheat about it and express something not really in us, that is self-expression and detectable as such.

William Allen White, known familiarly as Bill White, has written a book about Calvin Coolidge, not known familiarly by any one, but called Cal by irreverent people and no doubt by early acquaintances. The present moralizer has got far enough ahead in that book to be impressed by the picture Mr. White makes of the inevitableness of Coolidge. He brings out vividly and impressively that whatever comes out of Calvin Coolidge is self-expression, and tries to tell us what it is that is in Coolidge and how he came by it. It

leaves one with the sense that our President is a man of very definite qualities, that he is not trying to fool anybody about anything, not even about himself; that he is good of his kind whatever his kind is.

One thing about him is especially interesting—his attitude about money. He believes in business; does everything he can to help business; believes evidently in the industrial development as part of the great job of progress. He seems to believe in money, to admire it, to respect it, to think of it in some of its relations as something almost sacred, so much it goes against him to have it wasted. And yet for himself he has never gone an inch out of his way to get money. Money has not only not been first with him, but he has never allowed it to be important to him. What seems to have been important to him was to follow a line of political service in this world. He seemed to follow it instinctively rather than by judgment. One calls him shrewd—a shrewd politician. Well, he *is* shrewd; but it is a shrewdness inherent in the very materials he is made of, that comes out of the soil and society of the State of Vermont, and Heaven knows what hereditary qualities in the Coolidges. This sense of a President who has been held to a course by some inward compulsion—by something a little more than mental, a little more than choice—is very interesting. That is the impression Mr. White has given forth.

One said about that book, now Bill White will tell us all about how Coolidge got on, but will he tell us where he gets off? We all know the facts about how he got on, but the other thing nobody knows, and many would like to. Mr. White faces this question and discusses it and is highly intelligent about it, but, of course, he does not answer it except to suggest that when the wave which Calvin has ridden breaks and subsides, Calvin will get a respite.

Yes, of course.' But meanwhile the fitness of the man for the times is very impressive. Here is the country running after money and exulting in it with loud cries! Here are people by the hundred thousand spending millions in adroit entreaties to other people to come and buy what they want to sell; here is mass production doubling itself every little while, things going as though the production and distribution of commodities were the things that would save the world—and behold a President approving of it all and yet for himself never bothering about money, never concerned to accumulate commodities, but always valuing life, liberty, intelligence, and self-respect, which for him seem to stand for that Kingdom of God which he must seek first, leaving the "all other things" to be added to him or not, but as to that never seeming to care.

It is proper however to remember—and White brings it out—that the Coolidges were rich people in the community in which they lived, that they valued intensely the maintenance of a moderate provision between them and fate, that they always saved money and always kept it, handing it down from one generation to another, but never very much; never enough to change the current of their lives and twist them from frugality and the day's work

**BRUCE BLIVEN**, in the December number of this Magazine, after searching the minds of the people back and forth through the West, said that

the two matters in which the voters were really interested were Prohibition and Fundamentalism. He found a willingness to go to the mat on these issues, but as to other matters not much more than a languid interest. Most of the other matters—taxation, foreign debts, and even coal—seemed to be the concern of experts, but about Prohibition and, increasingly, about Fundamentalism Mr. Bliven found in the voters a disposition to think that they knew enough themselves to form an opinion.

Now that is interesting. Undoubtedly an opinion on Prohibition is gathering strength all over the country. It would be rash to say what it is, but time will tell and probably rather promptly. In many minds is forming the resolution to vote with emphasis on this subject the first good chance that offers.

As to Fundamentalism, there may be growing a like resolution to vote, and that is rather an appalling thought because of the feeling that so many voters will vote out of insufficient knowledge, vote out of an instinct that is sound but on details as to which their information is not sufficient. A great many of them will really go it blind. All the same, the earnestness of their concern is so much more evidence of the rising interest in religion.

The papers quote Bernard Shaw as saying in a lecture to the Fabian Society that the Bible is oriental literature and sets up a code of morals which to a large extent is inapplicable to modern times. He did not think it should be forced on school children. We have, he said, a literature of our own, occidental literature, and a corresponding code of morals, and that should be taught in the schools. He also told of the idealistic socialist state in which four hours for work, eight hours for sleep, eight hours for leisure, and four for meals, dressing, and rest would be the division of the day. Everyone in Mr. Shaw's socialist state must have the same income and every child a communistic education.



Bernard Shaw must have his joke and perhaps this is part of it. Certainly on this platform he could not run successfully for office in the United States. His suggestion that the Bible is played out as a guide for our conduct does not yet perceptibly prevail anywhere in this country nor, for that matter, does it prevail in England where as here, Mr. Shaw has many readers but few followers.

The question hereabouts is not whether the Bible contains the necessary information about the conduct of life, but to what hands the authority to interpret and apply that information is entrusted. Bishop Brent the other day at the consecration of Bishop Stires preached a strong and stirring sermon about the boundless scope of the authority over the world which Christ bequeathed to his disciples. Many readers who would accept all he said about that would still wonder in what precise hands that authority was deposited. Bishop Brent told Bishop Stires to grasp that authority and use it; which was all right, but he did not insist that the authority belonged preponderantly to bishops. Lots of people who believe profoundly in Christ are very uncertain how much they should believe in bishops. A large part of Bishop Brent's audience, both lay and clerical, were descended from Puritans who came to the United States considerably to get away from prelates and church organization. They immediately started an organization and mastership of their own about as stiff as the one that they left, but still they held considerably to the idea that the authority derived from Christ was available for use by anybody who had the understanding and the grit to use it.

Most of the great religious movements of our modern times have been in defiance of bishops. So was the mission of George Fox and so was that of John Wesley. They went in and took hold, catch as catch can, without more than very ordinary credentials. Many of the

bishops are splendid men, Bishop Brent for one; Bishop Stires will probably be another. Almost all of them are valuable servants, but the authority that they exercise seems to be more individual than official. One observes in them disparities of attitude very similar to those of persons on whose heads the hands of consecration have not been laid. One reads in the papers how Methodist Bishop Cannon, Bishop Brent's colleague at Stockholm, wearied the assembled delegates at the all-churches convention there by too protracted an exposition of the merits of Prohibition in the United States. Having that in mind, one picks up the newspaper and finds Roman Catholic Archbishop Curley blazing forth at Baltimore in eloquent denunciation of "the madness of attempting to club men into morality by laws that have no place in the life of any nation save to wreck national respect for law and Constitution." So when Bishop Brent supports, as he did, the claim of Christ to be the Ruler of the Universe, he will have a large agreement with that suggestion; but if he suggests that the authority of Christ is to be interpreted and applied by the clergy, about nine-tenths of that agreement will melt away. For government by ecclesiastics has been tried and we have the record of it, and nobody wants it to prevail again, not even the clergy. Their mission is a different one from that, a great mission beyond question, but not the regulation of secular life by ecclesiastical authority or laws procured by it.

WHERE shall we look for authority in religion? Where shall we look for some constituted source of interpretation of the Christian gospel that we can trust and follow? Where, indeed? Shall we look to bishops to tell us what is sound Christian doctrine? Which bishops? Here are Methodist Bishop Cannon and Roman Catholic Archbishop Curley diametrically opposed about the usefulness of the present propensity to pass laws regulating human

conduct in matters that have heretofore been left to individual conscience. Which is right?

There is a party in the Episcopal Church that repudiates Protestantism. Representatives of it held a meeting in New Haven on November 3rd. It was called an Anglo-Catholic Congress. One of the clergymen who spoke at it declared that "there is only one valid ministry and that is the Catholic ministry of the Apostolic Succession." In his estimation all other credentials were no good, and Protestant ministers who lacked them were "regarded as laymen pure and simple and must be confirmed and ordained before ministering in his Church." That assumption is no novelty, but it has not a strong following among Protestants in these States. The preachers at New Haven rejected Protestantism, but Episcopalians generally regard themselves as Protestants though they are not all much excited about it. But even the bishops of the Episcopal Church, who have as good a claim as can be made to mechanistic Apostolic Succession, do not claim infallibility in the interpretation of doctrines. Even their conventions do not claim it. They seem to do the best they can to define true doctrine and indicate what is right and what is wrong by Church standards, and let it go at that. The Roman Catholics, as everybody knows, go farther than that in claiming infallibility for the head of their church. Where then shall common Christians in these States and in these times look for assurance as to what is right and wrong and what is Christian doctrine and what is not?

It looks as though they would have to continue to inquire of their own minds, search their own Scriptures, say their own prayers; observe, contemplate, reflect, consider. That large body of pious people who think the Methodists and some of the Baptists have strayed away from the true philosophy of Christ's teachings in their efforts to

regulate habits will have to go to the polls with their opinions, for there is no other place where they can get an effective decision on them. Opinions in religion nowadays are very much like opinions in politics. The line of division between politics and religion grows fainter and fainter. Our political opinions come in curious ways. A certain frame of mind becomes epidemic, sweeps everything before it, turns a lot of men out of office, puts another lot in their places, makes laws or rejects them, goes on for a time so, and then there comes a new emotion born of a new state of facts, requiring different policies, and the public mind catches it, and new majorities send the country along on a new course.

So it is going to be with religion. New facts, new conditions of life are going to modify old statements and produce new interpretations of what the Gospels contain. The great facts of Christianity remain. The prospect is that confidence in them will increase and spread. The impression one gets is that the assaults on the facts of Christianity have done their worst, that the new knowledge of our day, the new understanding of life, is all on the side of those facts, but the interpretation of the facts, the understanding of them and the application of them to human life is quite another matter. That will change.

These are times when the impossible happens. On this day of writing seven nations have just signed the Locarno pact. The world is neither going back to the Middle Ages nor to what it was before the war. It is being made over new, out of old materials to be sure, but not by old patterns, and it is going to be better, a great deal better, much more religious than it has been this long time and freer too, freer especially for all who see truth to go out and get what they can of it, get it for themselves and for their fellows.





## Personal and Otherwise



**A**FTER an absence of one month, **Christopher Morley**, author of *Thunder on the Left*, returns to our pages with a newly completed fantasy in two parts, of which we publish the first in this issue. For new readers unacquainted with Mr. Morley's work, we add that he used to be a columnist for the New York *Evening Post* and now contributes a weekly column ("The Bowling Green") to the *Saturday Review of Literature*; that he lives on Long Island; and that previous to the appearance of *Thunder on the Left* he had written several volumes of fiction, essays, and verse, of which the best known is *Where the Blue Begins*.

Some ten years ago **H. G. Dwight** won an enviable reputation with *Stamboul Nights*, a collection of Turkish stories. After the war he was attached to the State Department for several years and found no time for writing. Now, happily, he has begun again; he wrote "The Washington Express" (in our October issue) and "The Horrors of Washington" (December). This month he deals deftly with the curious ways of the military, or (if you prefer) with the curious opinion of the military held by civilians when there is no enemy at the gates.

The attention of New Yorkers, Chicagoans, Detroiters, Philadelphians, and residents of Los Angeles or any of our other rapidly expanding cities, is directed to **Lewis Mumford's** clear-sighted article on the portentous problem of the overgrown metropolis. Mr. Mumford is the author of *The Story of Utopias* and *Sticks and Stones* (the latter a brilliant study of American architecture and civilization). He lives at Sunnyside, a new housing development at Long Island City: "taking some of his own medicine," he calls it.

To all readers of *When We Were Very Young* it will be good news that **A. A. Milne** is writing a new series of children's verses. They will be a regular feature of HARPER'S

for many months to come; the first two poems appear in this issue. Mr. Milne is also an able dramatist (witness *The Dover Road*, *Mr. Pim Passes By*, etc.); he has written an ingenious detective story, *The Red House Mystery*; and it is a pity that more Americans are not acquainted with the amusing sketches and essays (collected in *The Day's Play*, *The Holiday Round*, etc.) which he wrote when he was assistant editor of *Punch*.

**Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick**, now a regular HARPER contributor, speaks vigorously and freshly this month on a topic in the forefront of public discussion.

In our September issue appeared an unusual boy story by a new writer, **Harold W. Brecht**, of Philadelphia. Mr. Brecht now makes his second appearance with another small boy, another fight with a bully, but a quite different theme.

We have been deluged with replies to "Living on the Ragged Edge," the anonymous paper on family income vs. family expenses which we published two months ago. (Some of the comments are printed in later pages of this department.) Before the article appeared, we sent it in proof to **Katharine Fullerton Gerould** and asked her if she would not express her views upon the significance of the struggle on the part of innumerable middle-class families to keep their heads financially above water. As the wife of a college professor (at Princeton) and as an incisive commentator on present-day social conditions, Mrs. Gerould is peculiarly fitted for such a task. She adopted the title we suggested: "The Plight of the Genteel."

Estimates of Governor Smith of New York State differ, but it will hardly be denied that he is both a political figure of national importance and a man of singularly engaging personality. We asked **Robert L. Duffus**, former editorial writer on the New York

*Globe* and New York *Herald*, now a free-lance journalist, to make a thorough study of the Governor and his career, and after doing so, to set down what he thought of him. Mr. Duffus, as will be seen, has arrived at no uncertain opinion.

**Mary S. Watts**, who contributes the second story of the month, is a well-known novelist: she is the author of *Van Cleve*, *The Rise of Jennie Cushing*, *The Rudder*, etc. She lives in Cincinnati.

Should history textbooks tell the truth, or distort it to satisfy super-patriots? **Harold Underwood Faulkner**, associate professor of history at Smith College, who wrote *American Economic History* and the article on "Colonial History Debunked" in our December issue, speaks up for the historians.

**Albert Payson Terhune** is a successful writer of fiction, especially dog stories, and breeds prize-winning collies at his country home at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey.

A prize-winner in the recent HARPER Short Story Contest reappears in the Magazine this month. "Treeshy" is our second story from **Ada Jack Carver**, whose first, "Redbone," won first prize in one of our quarterly competitions a year ago.

**Edna Kenton**, who argues the case for the proposed Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution, is the author of numerous magazine articles, chiefly on feminism, and the editor of a new book, *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*.

After writing several fascinating articles for the Magazine on botanical and biological subjects ("The Clover Leaf," "The Ways of the Weevil," etc.), **Henshaw Ward**, of New Haven, turns his attention to astronomy. He used to be a master at the Taft School, and is the author of *Evolution for John Doe*. Few men share his knack of making the miracles of modern science vivid to the intelligent layman.

In addition to Mr. Milne, of whom extended mention is made above, the poets this month are **John Hall Wheelock**, a member of the staff of Charles Scribner's Sons and the author of *Black Panther* and several other volumes of verse; **Henriette de Saussure Blanding** (Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich), a California poet who has frequently appeared in

HARPER's; and **Lawrence Lee**, of New York, a newcomer to the Magazine.

The writers for the Lion's Mouth are **Margaret Searle**, a recent Vassar graduate now with Harper & Brothers; **James G. Thurber**, whose manuscript (as might be guessed) comes to us from Paris; and **David McCord**, who since his graduation from Harvard has been assistant editor of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*. All three are new HARPER contributors.

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**Paul Dougherty**, one of whose magnificent studies of the Cornish coast is reproduced as the frontispiece of the Magazine, needs no introduction to those acquainted with American art. He won election to the Academy in 1907, at the age of thirty, and has held ever since a preëminent position among our marine painters.

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There is no space in these columns this month to publish the complete conditions for HARPER's Intercollegiate Literary Contest. Already it is apparent that over fifty colleges and universities will be represented. Copies of the official statement of conditions have been sent to the English departments of these and other institutions; we shall be glad to furnish them to individuals who may be interested.

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If there had been any doubt that "Living on the Ragged Edge"—the anonymous article in our December issue on family income vs. family expenses—dealt with a matter of intense personal concern to a wide circle of readers, that doubt would have been removed by a reading of the comments and replies which it provoked. As this paragraph is being written, less than three weeks after the appearance of the article, the number of replies has already reached seventy-two; and the majority of them are not brief comments but lengthy and considered statements—either of advice to the anonymous author, of personal experience in solving the problem of living on a moderate income, or of comment on the whole social question involved.

The replies represent an extraordinary diversity of points of view. Some of the



writers have no sympathy with Anonymous in her plight. Says J. H. N., who lives in a town in New York State:

To those of us accustomed to economy, to making a game of it, breaking loose once in a while for a change or "thrill," making little effort to keep up with Lizzie, going our own independent way, not feeling that the "quality of our food and clothes and house furnishings must be, while not luxurious, at least never cheap," Anonymous's predicament is little more than a joke.

A judge in Nebraska says he feels sorry for Tom, but not for his wife:

No wonder his life is embittered and he is crushed with the appalling sense of failure! What is the idea in burdening a man in his financial condition with a cook, a maid, and a nurse? Plain snobbery and nothing else. If the neighbors kept an elephant this woman would want one also. . . .

The principle of the complaint of Anonymous, says "Carbolic Acid" (writing from Iowa City), is illustrated by an incident he saw the other day:

A neighbor's little boy was playing with a bucket. He sat down on it without removing his fingers from under the rim. There he sat and howled, without making the least effort to escape the predicament, when the simple matter of tumbling over, provided he had no wish to exert himself in getting up, would have simplified the matter and left him little worse off. . . . It's very evident that that particular boy is not destined to be a remarkable president.



Most of those who have written us, on the other hand, agree with Anonymous that the problem is a real one and not to be solved without difficulty. Most of them sympathize keenly with her. Many declare that their plight is similar. One, a college professor's wife, is as bitter in her sympathy as "Carbolic Acid" is in his disapproval. Yet not all of these are unhappy. One college-bred woman, married to a college-bred man, says that they have had hard luck, that their business ventures have been unfailingly disastrous, that for ten years she has been living "well over the brink," but that she and her husband are "amazingly happy." She sets forth her philosophy thus:

At present we live in an ugly, rented house in an industrial city in western Pennsylvania. I am not strong enough to have any occupation that requires regular hours. Besides, could I secure

employment and afford a servant, I should have to entrust the care of my boy to her, and I do not wish to have him largely influenced by a person with whom I myself would not associate on terms of equality. I do my housework and plan all my expenditures so that they are as low as is consistent with good health and decency. Probably I should be an unhappy woman. I am not. Our debts have not been incurred by extravagance and we are doing our best to reduce them. Doubtless there is something about me less fine and fastidious than about "Anonymous." I should like to maintain certain standards of living to which I was accustomed in my girlhood; but as long as we can keep our standards of thinking I shall not allow the lack of well-trained servants and beautiful surroundings to dim my spirit. In a shabby house on a dingy back street it may be hard to have a proper regard for the amenities of life, but I shall not cry out against our poverty, for then I would know that poverty had beaten me. . . .

With other readers of moderate means stoicism takes other forms. L. P. M., in a suburb of New York, thinks that those who stoop to pick up money can have lots of it, but that those who prefer the finer things of life should not let petty matters like bills deduct from their satisfaction. "I find," says he, "that however numerous my debts, my creditors are almost always courteous gentlemen and willing to wait a little longer." Several readers, on the other hand, point out that allowing bills to run up is hardly fair to the grocer, the tailor, etc. "Not long ago," testifies E. G. A. (writing from a town in Michigan), "Mrs. D. in our neighborhood was selling some china of her mother's and giving the money to the church. She knew that I wanted some of it and asked me if I would like it then. I said, 'No, I never buy anything until I can pay for it.' Now, I care a great deal for her good opinion. She looked at me and said, 'Good for you.'"

To a number, New York City is the villain of the piece. Westerners seem especially convinced of this: there are even a few invitations to move to California! Others feel that the problem is essentially the same anywhere: that the high costs of New York are matched by high salaries.



In all this diversity, however, a majority verdict emerges. The consensus of opinion among HARPER readers on the case of Anon-

ymous may perhaps be summarized as follows: 1. She has three servants. She should give up at least one if not two of them, and if this means giving up her job, then she should do so. If it means moving to a smaller or more easily managed house, she should do this too. 2. She should pay cash and do her purchasing in person instead of by telephone. 3. She should adjust herself psychologically to thinking in terms of a smaller income, and should try to secure her happiness from things whose value is not measured in terms of money.

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We should like to be able to quote from every letter, and to quote at length from many of them; but even with the addition of two extra pages to the Personal and Otherwise department this is impossible. We have therefore selected a few letters for more extended publication. The first is from a well-known essayist now living in a Pennsylvania city:

At supper just now I was telling the family about the financial problems set forth in the interesting article about "The Ragged Edge." As I wound up the account with a list of those things which the article set forth as among the needs of life, finishing with cook, maid, and nurse-girl, my audience grew hilarious.

"I don't call that the ragged edge," said my husband. "That's the embroidered edge."

Five families of my acquaintance are living in New York, each family with a different income-scale; and all but one of those families is living on its own particular Ragged Edge. The lowest salary among them is, I should judge, about two thousand dollars below the probable income of the lawyer and his wife described in the HARPER's article. The highest income in the group is probably more. But it makes not a whit of difference what the arithmetic of the matter is. It is algebra that counts. Let  $x$  equal the income: with four out of these five families, the expenditures will always equal at least  $x + 1$ , regardless.

The fifth couple, the only one in the group with any financial peace of mind (and not the wealthiest), took account of stock before their marriage day, and decided that whatever their income might be from time to time, they would dock it. These expenditure limits are arbitrary anyway; most people nowadays allow the arbitration to be done by the extreme top limit of what they can earn. Knowing this, a young couple *starting out* can accomplish much. (Personally, I consider the particular couple described in the article past praying for. They are already committed to too much. It is the standard they set that I would

try to explode.) Docking one's own income has to be done at the first of each month, not the last. You have to save your money when you get it; there is no other way. In the experience of the fifth couple, it was the wife who had to keep this custom firm; her husband's half of the budget displayed savings only to the amount of his fixed life-insurance premiums—even before marriage he had never saved. The wife, entrusted with the administration of all household expense, lived as if her husband's salary were twenty-five per cent smaller than it really was, and banked the residue. When his income increased, she also salted that away. She had an object, of course, to spur her on—education for the children and the future building of a house. But her methods were simply such as I describe.

To young couples starting out, it may be of interest to know the line of reasoning she followed to persuade her husband into tolerance of this plan. Surveying their salary and their tastes, in the delicious conferences of an engaged-to-be-married pair, they learned that they could not possibly hope to satisfy their standards in material and external things. They both had exquisite tastes, not only bred of "college" (save the mark) but also of long generations of artists and globe-trotters. The setting that would precisely have suited them would have been a luxurious estate in a parklike corner of Old England, with a retinue of servants.

Since they could not have many servants, they had none, except an occasional woman by the day. If your tastes are high enough, you can eschew them with a better grace. When you once cut out resident servants, you have at one fell swoop a new heaven and a new earth, one in which you work like everything, but pay your tradespeople honorably every month, not "a little on a big bill."

The wife in this particular family had been earning about three thousand before her marriage; she and her husband together decided that she could best drop all that. This sounds like the cave-era, but in my experience, the more successful the woman, the more calmly she can eschew the dear delights of hastening off to business every day. Except with the permanently childless pair, it does not add to the family surplus for the wife to work out. The scale of expenses, all up and down the line in every item, jumps up to eat the surplus. In a household run by cook, maid, and nurse-girl in the winter and by two maids in the summer, the money earned by both husband and wife is being put into a sieve. It takes brains and concentration to keep within any income nowadays, short of the inherited coupons of the idle rich. A man's salary goes twice as far if his wife, instead of trying to eke it out with her own earnings, makes a highly skilled specialty of keeping her own house.

Everything hangs on the choice of the wife; shall she stickle for the maximum of suitability in equipment, service, environment, and material



supplies that combined outside efforts can attain, or shall she use her resourcefulness to keep within a dignified margin, self-imposed, preferring hard work and certain material makeshifts to risking her husband's feeling of not being quite up to her standards of expense? No wife can afford to let her husband suffer from the creeping sense of failure that comes over him when he sees his generous earnings sinking out from under him like quicksand, and his wife wildly scrambling together half-time wages to piece out. You can give a man this sense of failure on a salary of twelve thousand just as readily as on a salary of three. Any woman with a particle of initiative and two children can easily spend every penny of twenty thousand a year in New York City to-day, and still be wondering how to pay for "straightening a set of teeth."

The most pernicious item in the entire modern standard of living is the theory that certain types of expensive material equipment are "matters of character." We have all gone mad for the fitting stage-set and have forgotten the lines of the parts we are supposed to play. Even the colleges are full of it; millions for new buildings, and not one cent to allure a more distinguished faculty. Small wonder that the graduates are insisting that their material equipment shall be "never cheap," but are quite unabashed about teaching their children to play the piano in an amateurish way. Parental piano-instruction is a farce; parental home-making even with the most meager raw materials can be a work of art. Children are better trained for life, and much better grounded in matters of character, if they have not seen all manual labor and basic industry delegated, but have helped in some of it themselves.

Many a woman is not strong enough to keep house; but then she certainly is not strong enough to dissipate her energies in doing outside paid work under difficulties. Except for a Madame Schumann-Heinck, it does not pay. A part-time mother leads a nervous life. No maid can fill the bill, and absolutely *no* maid will cut the bills. Since, with modern expenses, you will be desperately verging on some limit anyway, set the limit yourself, and set it well below the sum your husband earns. Dock your own salary (you could live on it if it were docked) and save your nervous system—and trim the ragged edge.

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Similar is a bit of advice from G. M. A. of Henderson, Kentucky: "They must make a radical change. Let them take one-third of Tom's earnings and properly invest them, and live on the other two-thirds. Can't do it? There are those who are living on one-tenth of your earnings, and they eat just as wholesome food, wear just as warm clothing, and sleep under just as tight a roof as you do."

Can it be done? Listen to one of the older generation, the mother of a writer whose stories are enjoyed by thousands of HARPER readers:

For more than sixty years I have been a reader of HARPER'S. The reading in its December issue of its article "Living on the Ragged Edge," and the failure (as it seems to me) to solve the problem by the two writers whom the Editor called to his aid, have impelled me to give my testimony.

Unless New York City is the trouble, I see no reason for the financial stress of "Anonymous." Having never lived there, I do not know its demands, but certainly "a cook, maid, and nurse" are enough to wreck one financially and spiritually—anywhere. To be worried about the next month's bills would have the same effect upon me, but I never had that sensation.

Like "Anonymous," I was reared by parents who gave me every advantage, and also my "financial inheritance was negligible" in the years when it was needed. Similar also was our desire for a rich and gracious existence. This can be found outside a great city.

When married, my husband, a university and theological school graduate, was a clergyman with a \$600 pastorate. Three years later, when our first child came, he had \$800 a year and parsonage. Three years later came a second child and a salary of \$1000. At longer intervals two more children. The last of these was born in Germany, where my husband was taking a three years' course in theology as preparation for a professorship in a theological school.

It may be said that those were cheap times. True, but in those fifteen years of married life we had so far lived within our income that we had a good cottage at the seashore, where we spent our summers, and enough money laid by to enable a family of five to go to Berlin for three years. When that fourth child arrived, we employed a maid for part of each day, and my husband for six months toured Palestine and the Orient.

For the next thirty years he received \$2000 and upward, until the years of his retirement at the age of seventy by law of the institution, he was receiving \$3000. During those years we lived in our own eleven-roomed house, and I did the work with the help of the children—except the laundry. All of the children went through the university with honor, and then took special work in Europe, and the three now living are important factors in their communities.

An ardent suffragette would say that I was a "slave." *Au contraire* I was the freest of women. I governed my own time in my own way. I studied the college textbooks and read largely during those years.

I believe that the economic independence of wives threatens our homes. Children are less welcomed than formerly. If there are children, they

need the mother (not a nurse) to respond to the cry of "Mother!" as it rings through the house. Perhaps it doesn't ring nowadays. If so, one of the sweetest sounds of home is missing.

How a mother can leave her baby or her children, at their most impressionable age, for a large part of the day, I do not understand. Of course there are mothers who must earn money, but we are not discussing that class of wage-earners. "Anonymous" writes: "I have been able with half-time work to earn more than enough to pay the wages of the children's nurse." During the war—alone with her first baby—she had a nurse in the same way, spending seven hours away from home. I could not have endured that work for an employer, nor the tedious trolley rides, but at her present age I could have done my housework, with her family of four, in five hours a day, leaving time for rest, reading, literary work, and entertaining.

"Anonymous" speaks of the schools outside cities. As far as children in the grades are concerned, I did not worry about the schools, for I knew that I could supplement them. I knew what books my children read. I read aloud suitable books, and I found that they would listen to talks on history and even learn dates, if I put it all in story-form. Their interest was greater because we had spent fourteen months in England, France, and Italy, seven years after we came home from Germany, and they were familiar with the great, historic buildings which I had explained to them when visited.

Finally. The time to save money is *at the start*. Money at interest grows and grows. Safe investments help, and we can give our children every advantage without lowering our standards of life.

Both "Anonymous" and her advisers seem to scorn the thought of money, but they are compelled by outstanding bills to agonize over it. My scheme leaves one free from all that, and has also given all of us great opportunities in our later years.



And can it still be done nowadays, by those in their twenties and thirties? Many an explicit report of income and outgo, among the letters we have received, shows that it can. Here is one from Dedham, Massachusetts:

I do not know what there is in A's home that holds her to it. Certainly she seems unhappy,

restless, and dissatisfied. And what pleasure is there in living in a city if one has not the money for enjoying its advantages? What do they all get out of it? Surely they spend their comfortable income with a pitifully small return. Strange, for a woman with three maids to be unable to afford theater tickets; to spend a thousand dollars for bringing a child into the world and have nothing left for "extra educational advantages." The account of this family's life seemed to me like a sojourn in Topsy-Turvy Land, and must seem so to them.

The answer, I think, is to decide what essentials we will buy without money. We can't most of us have everything. Why pick city streets, three maids, a nervous breakdown, and an inferiority complex? Anyone with a reasonable salary and a small family can do better than that.

My husband and I are a case in point. We live, as most of my married college friends do, on an income well under five thousand dollars a year. We have a new seven-room house (which we are buying through a co-operative bank) in a Boston suburb. It is only ten miles from the city. I do my own work, with a cleaning woman one day a week, and take all the care of the baby. We see much of our families and friends, who come to us for informal meals and visits. We are always well.

Our house is pretty and simple, and we are happier in it than anyone at all modern would believe.

Of course, we have just heaps of unsatisfied longings—for far countries, for a car, for many delightful luxuries, for lazy vacations, for more theater parties, more music, more books. Still, we are not dull. We see more than three plays a year, and find books and friends more absorbing than ever. Usually, I am humble with a sense of well-being. We have some money in the bank, our own open fire, many friends, and more joy in our baby than people ever had before. My husband enjoys his work. There are occasional financial difficulties, but he is not harried continually by the endless struggle to keep ahead.

After all, what good are our college educations if they have not taught us how to get happiness from life? How foolish to have studied Art and Philosophy and Literature and Psychology if we have none of these things within us! When we are old, we may come to realize that most of life's loveliest treasure was not after all so costly in dollars and cents. Is there not some way for us all to take some course in Adult Economics that will teach us what to buy?







CANDIDA

By Maurice Fromkes

*Courtesy of the Milch Galleries*





# Harpers Magazine

## WHY SHOULD THE MAJORITY RULE?

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

Should the doctrine of the divine right of the majority go into the discard along with that of the divine right of kings? Is the rule of the majority more than a pacific substitute for civil war? What reason is there for thinking that wisdom rests with the vote of fifty-one per cent of the public rather than that of forty-nine per cent?

The principle of majority rule—the fundamental principle of democratic government—is seldom questioned save by those who have little sympathy or respect for the common man. But in the following article its universal applicability is challenged by a liberal, an enemy of tyranny and privilege, an astute political philosopher.—*The Editors.*

**D**URING the Dayton trial there was much discussion about what had happened to Mr. Bryan. How had a progressive democrat become so illiberal? How did it happen that the leader of the hosts of progress in 1896 was the leader of the hosts of darkness in 1925?

It was said that he had grown old. It was said that he was running for President. It was said that he had the ambition to lead an uprising of fundamentalists and prohibitionists. It was said that he was a beaten orator who had found his last applauding audience in the backwoods. And it was said that he had undergone a passionate religious conversion.

No matter whether the comment was charitable or malicious, it was always

an explanation. There was always the assumption that Mr. Bryan had changed and, that in changing, he had departed from the cardinal tenets of his political faith. Mr. Bryan vehemently denied this and, on reflection, I am now inclined to think he was right. We were too hasty. Mr. Bryan's career was more logical and of a piece than it looked. There was no such contradiction, as most of us assumed, in the spectacle of the Great Commoner fighting for the legal suppression of scientific teaching.

He argued that a majority of the voters in Tennessee had the right to decide what should be taught in their schools. He had always argued that a majority had the right to decide. He had insisted on their right to decide on war and peace, on their right to regulate

morals, on their right to make and unmake laws and lawmakers and executives and judges. He had fought to extend the suffrage so that the largest possible majority might help to decide; he had fought for the direct election of senators, for the initiative and referendum and direct primary, and for every other device which would permit the people to rule. He had always insisted that the people should rule. And he had never qualified this faith by saying what they should rule and how. It was no great transformation of thought, and certainly it was not for him an abandonment of principle to say that, if a majority in Tennessee was fundamentalist, then the public schools in Tennessee should be conducted on fundamentalist principles.

To question this right of the majority would have seemed to him as heretical as to question the fundamentalist creed. Mr. Bryan was as true to his political as he was to his religious faith. He had always believed in the sanctity of the text of the Bible. He had always believed that a majority of the people should rule. Here in Tennessee was a majority which believed in the sanctity of the text. To lead this majority was the logical climax of his career, and he died fighting for a cause in which the two great dogmas of his life were both at stake.

Given his two premises, I do not see how it is possible to escape his conclusions. If every word of the first chapter of Genesis is directly inspired by an omniscient and omnipotent God, then there is no honest way of accepting what scientists teach about the origin of man. And if the doctrine of majority rule is based on the eternal and inherent rights of man, then it is the only true basis of government, and there can be no fair objections to the moral basis of a law made by a fundamentalist majority in Tennessee. It is no answer to Mr. Bryan to say that the law is absurd, obscurantist, and reactionary. It follows from his premises, and it

can be attacked radically only by attacking his premises.

This first premise: that the text of the Bible was written, as John Donne put it, by the Secretaries of the Holy Ghost, I shall not attempt to discuss here. There exists a vast literature of criticism. I am interested in his second premise: that the majority is of right sovereign in all things. And here the position is quite different. There is a literature of dissent and of satire and denunciation. But there exists no carefully worked-out higher criticism of a dogma which, in theory at least, constitutes the fundamental principle of nearly every government in the western world. On the contrary, the main effort of political thinkers during the last few generations has been devoted to vindicating the rights of masses of men against the vested rights of clerics and kings and nobles and men of property. There has been a running counter attack from those who distrusted the people, or had some interest in opposing their enfranchisement, but I do not know of any serious attempt to reach a clear understanding of where and when the majority principle applies.

Mr. Bryan applied it absolutely at Dayton, and thereby did a service to democratic thinking. For he reduced to absurdity a dogma which had been held carelessly but almost universally, and thus demonstrated that it was time to reconsider the premises of the democratic faith. Those who believed in democracy have always assumed that the majority should rule. They have assumed that, even if the majority is not wise, it is on the road to wisdom, and that with sufficient education the people would learn how to rule. But in Tennessee the people used their power to prevent their own children from learning, not merely the doctrine of evolution, but the spirit and method by which learning is possible. They had used their right to rule in order to weaken the agency which they had set up in order that they might learn how



to rule. They had founded popular government on the faith in popular education, and then they had used the prerogatives of democracy to destroy the hopes of democracy.

After this demonstration in Tennessee it was no longer possible to doubt that the dogma of majority rule contains within it some sort of deep and destructive confusion.

## II

In exploring this dogma it will be best to begin at the very beginning with the primitive intuition from which the whole democratic view of life is derived. It is a feeling of ultimate equality and fellowship with all other creatures.

There is no wordly sense in this feeling, for it is reasoned from the heart: "there you are, sir, and there is your neighbor. You are better born than he, you are richer, you are stronger, you are handsomer, nay, you are better, wiser, kinder, more likable; you have given more to your fellowmen and taken less than he. By any and every test of intelligence, of virtue, of usefulness, you are demonstrably a better man than he, and yet—absurd as it sounds—these differences do not matter, for the last part of him is untouchable and incomparable and unique and universal." Either you feel this or you do not; when you do not feel it the superiorities that the world acknowledges seem like mountainous waves at sea; when you do feel it they are slight and impermanent ripples upon a vast ocean. Men were possessed by this feeling long before they had imagined the possibility of democratic government. They spoke of it in many ways but the essential quality of feeling is the same from Buddha to St. Francis to Whitman.

There is no way of proving the doctrine that all souls are precious in the eyes of God, or, as Dean Inge recently put it, that "the personality of every man and woman is sacred and inviolable." The doctrine proceeds

from a mystical intuition. There is felt to be a spiritual reality behind and independent of the visible character and behavior of a man. We have no scientific evidence that this reality exists, and in the nature of things we can have none. But we know each of us, in a way too certain for doubting that, after all the weighing and comparing and judging of us is done, there is something left over which is the heart of the matter. Hence our conviction when we ourselves are judged that mercy is more just than justice. When we know the facts as we can know only the facts about ourselves, there is something too coarse in all the concepts of the intelligence and something too rough in all the standards of morality. The judgments of men fall upon behavior. They may be necessary judgments, but we do not believe they are final. There is something else, which is inadmissible, perhaps, as evidence in this world, which would weigh mightily before divine justice.

Each of us knows that of himself, and some attribute the same reserved value to others. Some natures with a genius for sympathy extend it to everyone they know and can imagine; others can barely project it to their wives and children. But even though few really have this sympathy with all men, there is enough of it abroad, reinforced perhaps with each man's dread of his fate in the unknown, to establish the doctrine rather generally. So we execute the murderer, but out of respect for an inviolable part of him we allow him the consolation of a priest and we bury him respectfully when he is dead. For we believe that, however terrible was his conduct, there is in him, nevertheless, though no human mind can detect it, a final quality which makes him part of our own destiny in the universe.

I can think of no inherent reason why men should entertain this mystical respect for other men. But it is easy to show how much that we find best in the world would be lost if the sense of equal-

ity and fellowship were lost. If we judged and were judged by our visible behavior alone, the inner defenses of civility and friendship, and enduring love would be reached. Outward conduct is not good enough to endure a cold and steady analysis. Only an animal affection become habitual and reflected in mystical respect can blind people sufficiently to our faults. They would not like us enough to pardon us if all they had to go on was a strict behaviorist account of our conduct. They must reach deeper, blindly and confidently, to something which they know is likable although they do not know why. Otherwise the inequalities of men would be intolerable. The strong, the clever, the beautiful, the competent, and the good would make life miserable for their neighbors. They would be unbearable with their superiorities, and they would find unbearable the sense of inferiority they implanted in others. There would be no term upon the arrogance of the successful and the envy of the defeated. For without the mystic sense of equality the obvious inequalities would seem unalterable.

These temporal differences are seen in perspective by the doctrine that in the light of eternity there are no differences at all.

### III

It is not possible for most of us, however, to consider anything very clearly or steadily in the light of eternity. The doctrine of ultimate human equality cannot be tested in human experience; it rests on a faith which transcends experience. That is why those who understood the doctrine have always been ascetic; they ignored or renounced worldly goods and worldly standards. These things belonged to Caesar. The mystical democrat did not say that they should not belong to Caesar; he said that they would be of no use to Caesar ultimately, and that, therefore, they were not to be taken seriously now.

But in the reception of this subtle

argument the essential reservation was soon obscured. The mystics were preaching equality only to those men who had renounced their carnal appetites; they were welcomed as preachers of equality in this world. Thus the doctrine that I am as good as you in eternity because all the standards of goodness are finite and temporary, was converted into the doctrine that I am as good as you are in this world by this world's standards. The mystics had attained a sense of equality by transcending and renouncing all the standards by which we measure inequality. The populace retained its appetites and its standards and then sought to deny the inequalities which they produced and revealed.

The mystical democrat had said, "Gold and precious stones are of no account"; the literal democrat understood him to say that everybody ought to have gold and precious stones. The mystical democrat had said, "Beauty is only skin deep"; and the literal democrat preened himself and said, "I always suspected I was as handsome as you." Reason, intelligence, learning, wisdom, dealt for the mystic only with passing events in a temporal world and could help men little to fathom the ultimate meaning of creation; to the literal democrat this incapacity of reason was evidence that one man's notion was intrinsically as good as another's.

Thus the primitive intuition of democracy became the animus of a philosophy which denied that there could be an order of values among men. Any opinion, any taste, any action was intrinsically as good as any other. Each stands on its own bottom and guarantees itself. If I feel strongly about it, it is right; there is no other test. It is right not only as against your opinion, but against my own opinions, about which I no longer feel so strongly. There is no arbitrament by which the relative value of opinions is determined. They are all free, they are all equal, all have the same rights and powers.



Since no value can be placed upon an opinion, there is no way in this philosophy of deciding between opinions except to count them. Thus the mystical sense of equality was translated to mean in practice that two minds are better than one mind and two souls better than one soul. Your true mystic would be horrified at the notion that you can add up souls and that the greater number is superior to the lesser. To him souls are imponderable and incommensurable; that is the only sense in which they are truly equal. And yet in the name of that sense of equality which he attains by denying that the worth of a soul can be measured, the worldly democrats have made the mere counting of souls the final arbiter of all worth. It is a curious misunderstanding; Mr. Bryan brought it into high relief during the Tennessee case. The spiritual doctrine that all men will stand at last equal before the throne of God meant to him that all men are equally good biologists before the ballotbox of Tennessee. That kind of democracy is quite evidently a gross materialization of an idea that in essence cannot be materialized. It is a confusing interchange of two worlds that are not interchangeable.

#### IV

Although the principle of majority rule derives a certain sanctity from the mystical sense of equality, it is really quite unrelated to it. There is nothing in the teachings of Jesus or St. Francis which justifies us in thinking that the opinions of fifty-one per cent of a group are better than the opinions of forty-nine per cent. The mystical doctrine of equality ignores the standards of the world and recognizes each soul as unique; the principle of majority rule is a device for establishing standards of action in this world by the crude and obvious device of adding up voters. Yet owing to a confusion between the two, the mystical doctrine has been brutalized and made absurd, and the

principle of majority rule has acquired an unction that protects it from criticism. A mere political expedient, worth using only when it is necessary or demonstrably useful to the conduct of affairs, has been hallowed by an altogether adventitious sanctity due to an association of ideas with a religious hope of salvation.

Once we succeed in disentangling this confusion of ideas, it becomes apparent that the principle of majority rule is wholly alien to what the humane mystic feels. The rule of the majority is the rule of force. For while nobody can seriously maintain that the greatest number must have the greatest wisdom or the greatest virtue, there is no denying that under modern social conditions they are likely to have the most power. I say likely to have, for we are reminded by the recent history of Russia and of Italy that organized and armed minorities can under certain circumstances disfranchise the majority. Nevertheless, it is a good working premise that in the long run the greater force resides in the greater number, and what we call a democratic society might be defined for certain purposes as one in which the majority is always prepared to put down a revolutionary minority.

The apologists of democracy have done their best to dissemble the true nature of majority rule. They have argued that by some mysterious process the opinion to which a majority subscribes is true and righteous. They have even attempted to endow the sovereign majority with the inspiration of an infallible church and of kings by the grace of God. It was a natural mistake. Although they saw clearly enough that the utterances of the church were the decisions of the ruling clergy, and that the divine guidance of the king was exercised by his courtiers, they were not prepared to admit that the new sovereign was a purely temporal ruler. They felt certain they must ascribe to the majority of the voters the same supernatural excellence which had

always adhered to the traditional rulers. Throughout the Nineteenth Century, therefore, the people were flattered and mystified by hearing that deep within a fixed percentage of them there lay the same divine inspiration and the same gifts of revelation which men had attributed previously to the established authorities.

And then just as in the past men had invented a mythical ancestry for their king, tracing his line back to David or Æneas or Zeus himself, so the minnesingers of democracy have invented their own account of the rise of popular government. The classic legend is to be found in the theory of the Social Contract, and few naïve democrats are without traces of belief in this legend. They imagine that somehow "the people" got together and established nations and governments and institutions. Yet the historic record plainly shows that the progress of democracy has consisted in an increasing participation of an increasing number of people in the management of institutions they neither created nor willed. And the record shows, too, that new numbers were allowed to participate when they were powerful enough to force their way in; they were enfranchised not because "society" sought the benefits of their wisdom, and not because "society" wished them to have power; they were enfranchised because they had power, and giving them the vote was the least disturbing way of letting them exercise their power. For the principle of majority rule is the mildest form in which the force of numbers can be exercised. It is a pacific substitute for civil war in which the opposing armies are counted and the victory is awarded to the larger before any blood is shed.

Except in the sacred tests of democracy and in the incantations of the orators, we hardly take the trouble to pretend that the rule of the majority is not at bottom a rule of force. What other virtue can there be in fifty-one per cent except the brute fact that

fifty-one is more than forty-nine? The rule of fifty-one per cent is a convenience, it is for certain matters a satisfactory political device, it is for others the lesser of two evils, and for still others it is acceptable because we do not know any less troublesome method of obtaining a political decision. But it may easily become an absurd tyranny if we regard it worshipfully, as though it were more than a political device. We have lost all sense of its true meaning when we imagine that the opinion of fifty-one per cent is in some high fashion the true opinion of the whole hundred per cent, or indulge in the sophistry that the rule of a majority is based upon the ultimate equality of man.

## V

At Dayton Mr. Bryan contended that in schools supported by the state the majority of the voters had a right to determine what should be taught. If my analysis is correct, there is no fact from which that right can be derived except the fact that the majority is stronger than the minority. It cannot be argued that the majority in Tennessee represented the whole people of Tennessee; nor that fifty-one Tennesseans are better than forty-nine Tennesseans; nor that they were better biologists, or better Christians, or better parents, or better Americans. It cannot be said they are necessarily more in tune with the ultimate judgments of God. All that can be said for them is that there are more of them, and that in a world ruled by force it may be necessary to defer to the force they exercise.

When the majority exercises that force to destroy the public schools, the minority may have to yield for a time to this force but there is no reason why they should accept the result. For the votes of a majority have no intrinsic bearing on the conduct of a school. They are external facts to be taken into consideration like the weather or the hazard of fire. Guidance for a school



can come ultimately only from educators, and the question of what shall be taught as biology can be determined only by biologists. The votes of a majority do not settle anything here and they are entitled to no respect whatever. They may be right or they may be wrong; there is nothing in the majority principle which will make them either right or wrong. In the conduct of schools, and especially as to the details of the curriculum, the majority principle is an obvious irrelevance. It is not even a convenient device as it is in the determination say of who shall pay the taxes.

## VI

But what good is it to deny the competence of the majority when you have admitted that it has the power to

enforce its decisions? I enter this denial myself because I prefer clarity to confusion, and the ascriptions of wisdom to fifty-one per cent seems to me a pernicious confusion. But I do it also because I have some hope that the exorcising of the superstition which has become attached to majority rule will weaken its hold upon the popular imagination, and tend therefore to keep it within convenient limits. Mr. Bryan would not have won the logical victory he won at Dayton if educated people had not been caught in a tangle of ideas which made it seem as if the acknowledgment of the absolutism of the majority was necessary to faith in the final value of the human soul. It seems to me that a rigorous untangling of this confusion may help to arm the minority for a more effective resistance in the future.



# Religion and Life

## THE DANGERS OF MODERNISM

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

**P**ARTISAN loyalty is one of the easiest and cheapest virtues to acquire in any realm, and in religion, as our denominational situation long has shown, it is so cheap and easy that in its results it is hardly distinguishable from vice. Just now some of its unhappy consequences are seen in the strained relationships between the fundamentalists and modernists. Men are reluctantly, but under present conditions quite inevitably, being forced into one group or the other. Then, wearing a tag, they must display it; following a banner, they must be true to it; their party becomes a "cause"; and at last they achieve the *summum bonum* of all partisanship—the ability to believe everything evil about the other side and everything good about their own. Half of our fiery controversies would die out for lack of fuel if it were not for that sort of partisanship. In the present juncture of religious affairs in particular few things are more needed than fundamentalists with some honest doubts about fundamentalism and modernists with some searching misgivings about modernism.

One of our leading American liberals has recently summed up the present situation as a division between "arid liberalism" and "acid literalism." The trouble with that statement is that there is so much uncomfortable truth in it. Modernists are naturally alive to the reprehensible qualities of the "acid literalism" which is alienating large

areas of intelligent youth from Christianity; but one of the most beneficent enterprises in which any modernist can now engage is the painstaking and perhaps painful facing of his own party's glaring faults—and, above all, the notorious spiritual aridity of some of our liberalism.

The perils into which modernism commonly runs are inevitably associated with the sources from which it springs. For one thing, the liberal movement in religion is a protest against the fundamentalist assault upon intelligence. That assault is real and dangerous. If it should succeed it would bring on a twentieth-century replica of the dark ages in religion. Here in Geneva, Switzerland, I have just been reading in one of the leading journals of the city an article on the situation in America, in which the public is informed that the fundamentalists "have succeeded in prohibiting in all the universities and schools of the state of New York the teaching of the theories of Einstein." Doubtless, that is a mere journalistic inference from our experiment in Tennessee, a prophetic foregleam of the fundamentalist heaven realized at last, but it does help an American to feel the shocked amazement with which the intelligence of the rest of the world regards our present orgy of medievalism.

Modernism feels acutely the danger of this situation, sees clearly—as it began to see long before this present crisis came—that the divorce of religion from in-



telligence is fatal to religion. The application of historical methods to the understanding of the Bible, painstaking, unprejudiced research into the development of Christianity and its institutions, the sympathetic study of other religions, hospitality to modern science even when that means discarding old forms of thought, the restatement of religious experience in terms of new views of the world, the endeavor to apply Christian principles to contemporary social situations—all these typical activities of modernism spring from the desire to preserve a cordial alliance between religion and intelligence.

That this alliance must be fought for if we are not to lose it seems clear, and the fundamentalists have no one but themselves to blame for the insistence with which modernists force the issue. A few weeks ago in New York a prominent fundamentalist brought a mass meeting of his fellows to tumultuous cheers by the climactic assertion, "I would rather have my son learn his A B C's in heaven than know his Greek in hell." Well, who wouldn't? But why the dilemma? Why this constant intimation that intelligence and Christianity are incompatible? It was not a small man, but the most towering fundamentalist figure of this generation, who insisted before thousands of audiences from coast to coast that it was more important to know the Rock of Ages than the ages of the rock. Who doubts it? But why the contrast? Why this tireless insinuation that an intelligent man who knows the ages of the rock cannot know the Rock of Ages too? The nemesis of this sort of thing is already upon us in many of our youth who believe what they are being told and, not willing to foreswear intelligence, are surrendering Christianity.

This, then, is one of the major origins of modernism. It takes up the cudgels for intelligence in religion. The central interest of many a modernist minister more and more gathers at that point. In his idealistic and spiritually minded youth his dominant thought in religion

may have centered in an ardent consciousness of fellowship with God and a deep desire to be a channel for new life to men, but now it gravitates increasingly toward one end—he does wish to stand for modern intelligence in his community. And there, where one of his greatest virtues lies, is also his pitfall. A fundamentalist minister who, with all his fundamentalism, loves men and is centrally interested in the inward life which men live with God and their own consciences, will do much more good than a modernist who, in desperately trying to be modern, forgets what religion is all about.

Here arises that "arid liberalism" which, after all, is fundamentalism's best friend. Becoming a modernist because he believes that real religion and the scientific view of the world are not incompatible, a man proceeds diligently and zealously to set forth the scientific view of the world, as though, if people would only believe in evolution, the reign of law, the new psychology, the historical method of dealing with sacred literatures, and other such matrices of modern thought, religion would be safely preserved for the future generations. But that is a foolish reliance. Such mental frame-works, whether old or new, are not the deep springs from which religion rises in the human heart. St. Francis of Assisi had world-views that any child in a grammar school could easily correct, but that did not prevent his being a glorious saint, and many a modern man is as up to date as the last news from the laboratory can make him but that does not prevent his being an abysmal pagan.

Indeed, one can push this statement farther. The fundamentalists are right in thinking that assiduously acquired knowledge is often a positive burden on spontaneous, creative spiritual life. That is a startling statement of Ruskin that "Raphael painted best when he knew least." Take it with a grain of salt, as one must generally take Ruskin's sweeping aphorisms, but, for all that, the truth

is there. After his glorious early work Raphael nearly ruined himself trying to imitate Michelangelo and acquire the latest Renaissance style. If by "knowing" one means his strenuous endeavor to acquire the mode of Renaissance Rome, then it is true that Raphael did paint best when he knew least.

That sort of thing is true of many a liberal preacher. He is so anxious to be rational that he forgets to be religious. For religion is not created, saved, or propagated by the rationality of its thought-forms, much as that ought to help. Religion's central and unique property is power to release faith and courage for living, to produce spiritual vitality and fruitfulness; and by that she ultimately stands or falls. That is the bread which man's hunger tirelessly seeks in religion and will accept in every conceivable form of thought, from Roman Catholic veneration of the saints to the metaphysics of Mrs. Eddy. If as modernists we believe that we have rational world-views as vehicles for our faith, well and good. I agree. Moreover, we must not trim about the matter and, if need be, must fight for liberty within the churches to think the priceless experiences of religion through in terms that modern-minded people comprehend. But to rely on our mere modernism for the furtherance of vital religion, with which we should be preeminently concerned, is absurd. The issue of that is desiccation and barrenness. Liberal Christianity will never win the day merely because it is intelligent but because, being intelligent, it proves able in this new generation to inspire ardent faith in God, open men's lives to his sustaining companionship, make Christ and all that he stands for the burning center of imagination and devotion, release men from the tyranny of fear, sickness, and sin, create robust, serviceable character, transform social, economic, international life, produce saints, martyrs, prophets, and apostles worthy to stand in the succession of those long acknowledged by the Church Universal.

Such is the test of any Christianity, and modernism need expect no special favors. Our chief enemy is not "acrid literalism." That cannot last. The stars in their courses fight against that Sisera. Our chief enemy is "arid liberalism."

**M**ODERNISM has another origin in profound dissatisfaction with the present denominational situation. The hundred and more sects into which the Christian movement in America is to-day divided present a spectacle at once so pathetic and so ridiculous that Christian people who deeply care about the fortunes of religion could not be expected to be silent. To be sure, it is easy in general to defend denominationalism. Are not differences of opinion inevitable? Are not parties in politics and schools of medicine diverse and various? Are not parties in politics and schools of medicine diverse and various? Why, then, expect religion to exhibit a tranquil, undifferentiated unity?

That sort of generality, however, misses the real issue. Nobody should expect that any magic of Christian charity or comprehensive organization will subdue the diversities of religious thought and bring in an era of theological and ecclesiastical unanimity. If for a day such a heavenly consequence could be achieved, the next morning would see the trouble start again—the placid surface of artificial unity would crack into new fissures. As far ahead as we can see there will be denominations.

What has that to do, however, with the defense of these existent sects? Parties in politics, medicine, law, or religion that represent living issues serve an indispensable function; but parties that represent nothing worthy of serious thought, that persistently endeavor to galvanize into life issues properly dead generations ago, that waste the loyalties of men, crucially needed for large matters, on trivial discriminations of belief and practice, which have no consequence one way or another in personal and



social character—what can be said in defense of them?

Wearing hooks and eyes but not buttons, being baptized with much water, not with little, excluding preachers, however gifted with prophetic power, who are not ordained with tactual apostolic succession, signing, even though one interpret it to shreds, the Westminster Confession or some other ancient creed as a *sine qua non* of being a minister, modeling church government on direct rather than representative democracy or vice versa—such matters underlie most of our present divisions. Will some one please rise up to explain just what pertinent relationship these things have to the deep spiritual needs of men and the moral welfare of the nation?

Not all who feel the shame of this situation are modernists, but all modernists feel the shame of this situation. It is one of the characteristic marks of modernism to care little or nothing for present denominational divisions, to think them negligible, even contemptible, to wonder how intelligent people can be excited over them when such tremendous issues face Christian thought and such challenging causes call for Christian loyalty. Once New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut were engaged in bitter tariff disputes, were divided by unappeasable jealousies, and almost came to open war. But now, when the real issue is America's relationship with the international progress of the world, who would dream of laboriously whipping up old controversies like that in politics? Yet our denominations are most expensively and deliberately doing just that sort of thing in religion.

Such in general is a typical modernist's attitude and once more his virtue is likely to be his undoing. For he is always tempted to turn his back on a situation so deplorable. If he is strong enough he may lead a schism, conducting a group of churches out of an old sect—only to face this singular nemesis that, if in this protest against denominationalism he succeeds, he founds a new de-

nomination. Or if he is not strong enough for that, he is likely to become an isolated individualist, like Kipling's cat walking "by his wild lone," careless of Christianity's organized expressions, contemptuous of those now existent, and not statesmanlike enough to plan hopefully for anything better. So out of modernist virtue comes modernist vice, and by another route men in whom ought to be the hope of the churches land in "arid liberalism."

The fault in this attitude is primarily lack of insight. There is a great deal more in these old denominations than the trifling peculiarities which ostensibly distinguish them. Around them and their traditions, their ways of worship, their habits of thought has gathered much of the finest spiritual quality and moral devotion that we have to rely upon. These churches have become more than the items of their creeds and policies that can be reckoned up and counted; they have become to multitudes of people symbols of spiritual life, shrines of household memories and personal loyalty. Their wreck would involve much dependent flower and foliage, well worth preserving, which is growing on them. To forget this is always the temptation of the radical. It was not a preacher but a professor at Columbia who recently commented on those extremists who "combine a singular sense of the literal absurdities of religious forms with a marked insensibility to their symbolic values." Let modernists take note! It is one thing to recognize that a waterbucket is outmoded; it is another to appreciate that it still may carry living water.

I felt this recently about a form of religious thought and practice as far as possible removed from my own, when, sitting in a Roman Catholic church, I watched a very young girl trying to teach her still younger brother to say his prayers before the altar. It was an impressive sight. It would have been impressive even if one of Bellini's glorious madonnas, from above the altar, had not

held out a radiant Christ-Child to the kneeling children. As it was, one easily could have wept to see symbolized there that deep virtue in Catholicism which Protestantism has so largely lost—prayer from our infancy up as an habitual discipline of the soul, the daily use of the churches for prayer, where rich and poor, old and young, come one by one to renew their fellowship with the surrounding, impinging, friendly, unseen world of saints and angels.

Nothing is to be done in this realm by scorn. No one is fit to handle these questions who has not learned the fine art of reverencing other people's reverences. That is a lesson which impatient modernists need commonly to learn.

The liberal movement in Christianity never can expect to arrive at any hopeful conclusion until it thus quits its superciliousness about the churches and, without abating one jot of its conviction about their follies, sets itself resolutely to build out of them the kind of churches that this new generation needs. If it can do that, it wins. If it cannot do that or refuses to try, it will evaporate. Its vagueness and nebulosity are its chief popular handicaps now; but wherever some church breaks through the exclusive features of its own denominationalism, supersedes them, becomes inclusive of the community's best spiritual life and so exerts a dynamic force for real Christianity which no right-minded person in the town can gainsay, there liberalism gets a local habitation and a name. That is an argument understood of the people. And to do that requires patience, sympathy, courage, and hard work to a degree that evidently overtaxes the resources of some modernists.

They try an easier road. Ministers and laymen, they quit. From outside any active responsibility for the churches they pour contempt upon the folly of denominations. Or else they try on

paper to construct some ideal, theoretical church union, some grandiose scheme of universal creed and comprehensive organization that will include everybody—a method of procedure which, however educational in some of its effects, will never actually work. One way or another, too many modernists are evading the tasks of patient churchmanship in local communities.

The continuance of that means ruin to the liberal cause. There are no shortcuts to great ends. The overpassing of our present ignoble denominationalism and the achievement of inclusive churches which will pave the way for ultimate unity on a larger scale, means tireless, persistent work and experimentation in local fields. Unless modernists see that clearly, the fundamentalists will wipe them off the religious map. The liberals are vehemently critical of the present churches; they are amply justified, but that is not the test. Can they themselves build churches that will meet the needs of this new generation, become shrines of devotion, centers of spiritual inspiration and practical service, worthy, as our children shall see them in retrospect, to be part of the "holy Church throughout all the world"? That is the test.

The sum of the whole matter is this: modernism up to date has been largely a movement of protest and criticism. It has originated in reaction against obscurantist assaults on Christian intelligence and against the continuance of meaningless denominational divisions. It inevitably has the faults of its qualities, but it is high time it recovered from them. If it is to serve any abiding purpose it must pass through protest to production, through criticism to creation. Whenever it does that, it wins. The most effective Christian churches that I know to-day are manned by liberals. Multiply such and the day is won.





# THE GRAY GOOSE

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

THE sky, going toward night, was going also toward winter. Where the remnant of light broke through the cloud it had a quality as edged as sunshine, though the sun was set. It rayed earthward and eastward in motionless pencils, a light queerly fit to this marshland solitude, a harsh, pale dilute light fit to nebulous expectancy and to nostalgia for lost worlds. It was as if there might be imagined the adventure a thousandfold dread, of walking on the plain of the Day of Doom alone.

The thing about the cloud was that it neither drifted nor changed. Beneath it there was a wind, bearing the rustle of reeds and the cries of seabirds and waterfowl, gulls far off, ducks nearer and louder, and gray geese arrowing down toward the perilous night-sanctuary of the pools.

The thing about the flatness of the marsh was that it had a hill on it. And the hill had a house. Whether it was a dwelling-house or only a storehouse Maynard never knew. When he was going toward it, mounting heavily under the weight of his gunning gear and the big gray goose, it stood over him in dark silhouette against the broken cloud. And when he was standing before the door on the other side, where the pale red coming up from under the cloud's rim was like the beam of footlights, he seemed never to see anything but the six wind-polished panels of the door itself.

And the thing about the fist of knuckles he held lifted to rap was that something always happened before it

fell on the hollow wood of that house of enigma on the hill in the waste. . . .

This time the interruption was Mike Fiske, in the alley under Maynard's window, where the patrolman had stumbled upon a drunk.

"*You don't want me runnin' ye in; get up like a darlint and go home!*"

Then, farther off, on the paving blocks of Sixth Avenue, the rattle of early market wagons began. The City returned and closed in.

In the dark of the bedroom tears of mutinous chagrin wet the boy's eyes. He lay rigid, not trying to sleep, for he hadn't been asleep (he never dreamed the dream of the marsh and the house on the hill other than wide awake), but trying if he couldn't forget himself, this once, and have it back again—knowing he couldn't all the time.

Maynard Ross dreamed plenty of things asleep, and plenty of day-dreams too, perhaps more than most boys in their 'teens—fantasies common enough in their beginnings, a whole romance from the smile in a passing eye, a whole melodrama from the set of Police Captain Sayre's shoulders as he entered the back door of the Terrace Bar, and windy adventures woven in the gear of ships plowing the tide before his lookout on some North River pier.

Yes, ships especially (and in the eighties there were still plenty of them with golden women above their cutwaters and white towers of sail-bright ships starting out for beyond the world and worn ships

coming home) ships, especially, put the looms of reverie to work. For, from the first time Maynard ever slipped away from the street games and came to the river and saw a deep-water rover, a bark of ebony and gossamer and spun-gold, going down the tide with her gaskets loosed and her crew like gnomes chanting at their work, he knew where he too was going—when he could.

He had been only eleven that time— young enough never to be able to forget the moment when, down in the fair wind abreast of the Battery, the smoking tugboat, that had held and offended the lovely wanderer till then, had to withdraw its dirty tentacles at last and let her go—that moment when, feeling herself freed of the city thing and blue water before her, she unfolded, blossom by swift blossom, till she was all a white tower and victory of bloom, and the wind careened her, and she was gone.

Always thereafter, in unconscious symbol, Maynard's destiny was the fair ship with keel impatient in the stream, and the tugboat was the greedy grimy city, unwilling to unwind its tentacles and let him go. At fifteen he had written his one poem, a youngster's solemn hymn of hate: "I hate this daily bread I eat, I hate this house, I hate this street, this town. . . ."

Musings and dreams, he had enough of them: fabrics woven of the threads of the life he saw, heard, smelled, tasted, felt. But the fantasy of the marshland and the hunter who carried a wild goose toward a building solitary on a hill was a phenomenon of a separate sort altogether. It had never been woven, for it came to him whole; its stuff was no stuff that any sense or memory could have let him know about. The nearest he had ever been to a shotgun was the outside of the window of a Grand Street hardware store. He had never been out of his city streets, never seen a wasteland or all the heavens at once. And if, tiny in the deep of the narrow sky between the cornices, his eyes may sometime have chanced upon a winging glyph, certainly

no one had ever told him that it was a flight of geese.

So he couldn't know. Yet he did know. Never once, from the hour in his twelfth year when first the illusion stole upon him and he found himself tramping beneath the broken cloud across a waste of reeds and pools, had he fumbled or wanted in any detail the feel of his gear, the balance of his gun, the weight of his stiffening trophy, the shape or color of the pencils of twilight raying across the unheard-of world. He had never had to learn; he had always known all about everything, everything but the house which he couldn't see distinctly and the door on which he somehow couldn't rap. Whatever the enigma, of menace, of promise, that stood beyond those panels waiting, it remained enigma to the end.

In the small of this April morning Maynard had opened his eyes from sleep and, staring into the dark, had passed immediately into the landscape of his illusion. . . . Why was it so especially bitter this time, when the voices of the city around him pulled him back?

He groped, found a match, and lighted it to look at the time. The clock that stood on his mantle was mounted in blue-brown marble with ormolu figures, a pretentious piece, fairly valuable. But the important thing about it, in the flare of Maynard's match, was that it wasn't there.

Then he remembered. Yesterday the widow, his mother, had carried it off to the loan-office, to pay for the new jacket folded over Maynard's chair and the new shoes side by side beneath it now. The match burned his fingers and went out. Maynard remembered.

Yesterday the boy and his dreams of roving were finished; to-day the man of the family was going to work. From this morning forward he was going to sit on the high stool in Councilman McKenna's hay-and-grain office in the alley behind Sheridan Square. No time for ships and seas and marshland wan-



derings, not when McKenna paid for it. No room for the heart of a vagabond to swell in that stiff new jacket on the chair.

Lying there on his back in the graying dark, the boy shut his fists up. It wasn't rebellion. It started out to be rebellion, but went beyond that quickly. It was horrid fright. He saw the city of a sudden the devourer; the walls of McKenna's counting-room the devourer's hand reaching out to close on him to-day. Once closed, he knew it would never, never open again.

He got out of bed, shivering, for he had made the deepest decision of his life. He tried at the same time to hurry and to be quiet, but he dropped things and, fast as he worked, the dawn worked faster, paling the window.

It was gray even in the hall when he stole out to it, his shoes in one hand, his fugitive's baggage in the other, his eyes big with panic on the gantlet of half-open doors he had to run before he reached the stairs. Here was his mother's; he heard her measured breathing; there his brother Basil's, and Basil was snoring. And Annie, cross the way—little Annie, the eldest, and still, at nineteen, sleeping in a bed hardly bigger than a crib.

But was she sleeping? At that door crack he heard no breathing but his own, which grew stentorian. Now in the alarm of his imagination he seemed to see her standing hardly more than waist-high in the gloom of the aperture, weighing his purpose with her large brown dwarf's-eyes, in her dwarf's-silence, not of appeal, but of accusation.

"You are strong, Mayne, but what of us?"

"What of you? Well, I say, what of me? What of my immortal soul?"

"You're all we have to keep us, mother, Basil, and poor impossible me."

"Mother? Let her take in washing; there are lots that do. Basil can sell papers, can't he? And you? You can go with the circus you were bid for last summer and live in luxury. That's ask-

ing only your pride. What you ask of me is my life, my life. You shan't have it. It's already given—given before I was born—to something—somewhere—somewhere out there beneath a sun and moon you never saw, and the farthest stars. And now, I don't care, I'm going, I'm going, I'm going now!"

In Annie's room there was a sigh and a creak of springs. It was only the disturbance of one, unawakened, turning over in a little bed. Annie too had been sleeping all this while.

The ship *Sea Princess* lay in a slip in the North River. Her cargo of West Indies sugar was out; all but two of her lines were cast off from the dock, above whose level, in her light condition, her rail rode shoulder high; she was ready for her departure. More than ready. Her spars already burning in the rose of dawn coming over the low mountain of the city to the east, while her decks still remained in the shadow left by the night, it would almost have seemed that the pull-to-go was perpendicular, not horizontal; as if it were the sky on her mast-top that beckoned her upwards rather than the tide against her keel that enticed her out.

Her master, standing on the height of the after-house to watch the dawdling approach of the tugboat from the river's other side, swore to himself, "Of all the lazy devils!" He might have considered that, caught in the glittering dawn-light, transfigured and not unbeautiful for once, the grubby little harbor-slattern might be forgiven for loitering in that moment as long as she could, but his mind was too rude with impatience. It marked the sunshine only as a thing that crept relentlessly down the spars before him, consuming the priceless moments of the morning and the tide.

One ray, deeper than the rest, touched the ship's rail near the forward channels on the dockward side. There it trapped in a spotlight a man with rubbed-off hair, fun-loving little blue eyes, a copper-colored beard with a big slouching chest

below it, and thick short arms purpled with tattooing—but all of him of a sudden red-gold in that illumination, even to the tobacco juice he spat overboard idly as he amused himself with the strange youngster on the dock below.

"Do we need a man?" He appeared to cogitate. On the slowly masticating cheeks a quiver of a grin appeared. "Where's the man?"

"I'm the man, sir." The boy stood tall. "*I'm* the man!"

"Oh-h! Mm-m!" Pretending to study the nearing tugboat, the mate winked at the cook and the carpenter, standing by at the bowline a few feet away. "Well, my man, and just what can you do?"

"I can do anything."

"So ho! Lucky for us then you came here. . . . So ho! So ho! I suppose you can lay me a Turk's-head as smooth as an apple, and I suppose you can lay me a one-handed, back-handed Matty Walker knot, and your eyes shut too."

Maynard lied exultantly, "Yes!"

"But can you live ninety days on salt cockroach and boiled weevils, eh?"

"I can!"

"Can you lay out a royal yard and yank a buntline with ice on the cloth as thick's your finger and a gale of wind to knock your breath out and the spars rolling down till the seas'll get you if you don't pray?"

"I can do all that, I can!"

"Can you use your knife like a heathen, down them hot-country anchorages? Can you carry your rum like a gentleman, and talk Dago with the Dago girls? Sometimes we've need of a lion tamer; are you good with lions and the like?"

The boy could only gulp and vehemently nod. "I—I'm your m-m-man!" His eyes were big on the gold-red seagod, and the color was on his cheeks. He heaved up his arms, forgetting youth's shame of spectacles. "Take me! I'm strong, sir, and willing. I'm your man, wherever you're bound."

"Ah, but there's the snag." The

man's expression grew secretive, though the eyes still gleamed. "Where we're bound to—that's another thing."

"I don't care; you needn't tell me. Only—will there be strange people?"

"Strange is no name."

"Does a fellow learn to speak their language soon?"

"In time, in time."

"And one more thing, tell me, is it high land or low?"

The mate chuckled. "Some places it's no land at all, according to the stories, and the mosquitoes big enough to pass for ducks and geese."

"Yes, yes—and a hill?"

"A hill?"

"And a house?"

"The Hell!" The mate rolled off the rail and out of the light of glory. "What you givin' us—*a house*? Can't you see 'em by the hundreds with your own two eyes?"

"Where?"

"Over there where we're going. For Cripe sakes, where'd you *'magine* we was bound for, with only Chips and the Doctor there for crew? Round the Horn?"

"But—where?" There was the beginning of a note of wailing.

"Over yonder to Peregrin's shipyard for new copper, of course. . . . Here, Schuster, lend me a hand lively with that towboat's line. . . ."

A light went out. Caught in the lee of the buildings, the tug's smoke drifted in among the spars of the dead thing that had been, but a wink ago, a living argosy of wanderers, pennoned with flame. A dirty shadow and a bitter breath. . . . The mate, returning, noticed the boy still there.

"What's wrong, sonny—anchored there?" Scratching his beard he grinned. "Come on along, join on. Pay you a penny an hour, and you can catch the ferry home to mama before the sun goes down. Join on for the perilous voyage across the water to the Jersey Side."

"The *Jersey Side*!" It was all May-



nard said, but all the bitterness of disenchantment was in the scorn of it and all the tragedy of defeated youth. Through one street loud with empty beer barrels and another where an early horse car kept him company, his dead feet carried him back home.

When his mother got up that morning she found him already afoot, dressed in his new clothes, for his new job. Her eyes shown with faith and pride.

"I don't know what we'd do if it 'tweren't for you, Mayne. . . . Come look at your brother, Annie; isn't he big and fine and good? . . . Mayne—why, sonny—what's that you're winking? Tears?"

## II

. . . Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. Now sedges, now saw-toothed grasses mixed with lichen, caving under the boots, now a pool and an interminable detour. Under the inert and lumpy cloud, touched by cool fingers of ruby light, the house seemed years away ahead; the hill looked no bigger than a washbowl turned up-side-down.

The goose hung heavier in the hand, but not so heavy as the wonder in the huntsman's heart.

"What am I doing? What's it all about?"

Sweeps of recollection, dim as the sailing of fish through dream-lit depths. A formless nostalgia—the press of a nameless anticipation—the hollow-stomached feeling, half-abashed, half-thrilled, of a boy lost.

"I had forgotten. Was it always so far to go?"

He began to hurry. Of a sudden, holding the goose high in one hand and the gun in the other like a cane, he began to run. . . .

There intervened a squealing. The dry wheels of an "L" train on the curve between Bleeker and Sixth Avenue. The backfire of a milk truck.

Maynard Ross, alderman, sat up in bed and looked at the clock. There was

no need of a light, for dawn was a dirty pink in the window.

"Of all things!" Rubbing a hand over his eyes he found his brow damp with perspiration. Something of enchantment still clung to him; he felt queerly abashed, curiously dismayed. It was a good ten years since he had suffered the last of these delusions—yes, fifteen, since they had been anything like dominant. He had nearly forgotten.

Why, then, this morning?

From the clock the alderman's eyes went to the open bags on the floor. Then he recollected. Yesterday the life that had belonged to others was finished; to-day it was to be given him back again. His knees trembled a little as he got out of bed, but he couldn't bother with them; before the hour of eleven he had much to do.

Besides dressing and closing up his bags and breakfasting, he had to go over the house with Mary Finn, the housekeeper (her eyes still red from little Annie's funeral day before yesterday), giving his last directions for putting things away. Then he had to stand for a moment in the upper hall, confronted by the gantlet of doors ranged between him and the stairs, and tell himself again that it was true. Nobody there. Poor Annie gone where her mother had gone eight years before her, the dwarf body escaped and the soul full grown at last. It was hard to realize that the years were served, the life's job done, and the hobbles unloosed from round the ankles of the man who had been born to be a rover.

A rover in a steamship! Never mind. He wasn't a boy; he was entering middle age; and steam goes as far as sail. And at least there was this—he didn't know where it would carry him, and no one but Basil (if Basil had found his note at Headquarters) knew that he was going away.

At the thought of Basil his eyes darkened. "Where is he? He might at least have come to his sister's funeral? He might have done that."

Leaving the house, he stopped the taxi at a postbox and dropped into it his letter of resignation from the Board; then on to his office in the sprawl of his shops and warehouses behind Sheridan Square. To the buyers, a Greek and a Polish Jew, he delivered the deeds, receiving their certified check in return. It was finished. But he didn't immediately rise to go.

Was it because he was honest, with the honesty of the adding-machine which can't go wrong about dollars and decimal points even if it would? Or was it because he felt as he did about money, which, needed and hated and gone after with the grubbing patience of a dead heart, ends by coming of its own momentum and its own accord? Or was it, more simply, that it hadn't been given him to make a gesture in twenty-five masked and buttoned-up years?

Whatever it was, he said to them in his dry, painstaking fashion, "I have been figuring a little since I accepted your offer five days ago. I believe that the automotive business is going north; the horse cab is dead. This loss will not altogether be balanced by the Sixth Avenue Extension through here. You have paid me too much for this property by twenty thousand dollars." He laid before them his personal check. "Thank you, gentlemen. Good-by."

The taxi was the great-grandfather of all taxis. The taxi driver was not of the modern kind; he was human and garrulous. At the Ninth Avenue crossing of Twenty-third Street, held up by the traffic, he took an interest in his fare. Nodding at the low spars and high fat stacks above the roofs at the street's end, he said, "Looks to me 's if you were bound across the pond, Mister. But I s'pose that kind of thing's nothing to you."

The precise, spare gentleman on the rear seat wasn't looking at the stacks ahead; he was sitting as bolt and still as an image, his eyes on his fists and his fists tight on his knees to keep them from wobbling. A faint plum color suf-

fused his cheeks, as if he had been holding his breath for some time. Jehu loudened his voice and went on:

"Some 're lucky that way, some 're not. Now here's me. I'm forty years old this week, and the fu'threst I ever been is Bridgeport, Connecticut. But there you are, Mister; that's life."

The gentleman had heard. He parted his lips only a little way, as though they were brittle. "I'm older than you; I'm forty-two. I've never been off the island of Manhattan in my life—until to-day." It was the first confidence Maynard Ross had been betrayed into uttering for a quarter of a century. The plum color changed to bright red; he struck his knees and cried harshly, "Drive on, won't you! Can't you see it's clear ahead now? I'm not paying you for conversation, and I haven't all day!"

It was true, he hadn't. Things had taken longer than he had expected and he was running it rather fine. He was the last in the crowded half-gloom of the dock shed to have his trunks and tickets seen to, and he was glad. There were so many people waiting there, waiting and gazing up the side of the impatient ship that showed only a strip of its body between the platform and the iron eaves, or yonder, already half escaped into the adventure of clockless time and measureless space, waiting, calling back, waving down from the decks above—friends to friends—yes, he was glad, being as solitary as a fugitive, that the gangplank was but fifty feet off and its handlers already standing by.

And yet he wasn't ready; he didn't cross the fifty feet immediately, but stood among his bags by the purser's inclosure, studying the passing and re-passing faces of strangers' friends and feeling, of a sudden, a little hollow under the diaphragm.

For the better part of three decades he had been preoccupied only in keeping his heart hidden and his mask on straight; he had even found a perverse glee in the fact that no one had ever got near enough to discover who he was and



be his friend, not even his mother and Annie, who had known of him only that he was dour, uncommunicative, industrious, and without passionate need of anything so far as they could see. As for Basil, all Basil had ever comprehended of his elder brother was that he was happily of a sedentary disposition, easily found when quickly wanted—just always there.

"I wonder if Basil got my note." The hollow grew hollower. "It seems to me he *might* have. He might at least have come to say good-by."

Leaving his bags, he was edging away to have another angle on the throng of others' friends when beyond the iron sky the steamer tried its whistle, rocking the air and making the footing shiver. And a steward plucked his sleeve.

"Not on yet, sir? Is this your luggage? Gangplank's coming away directly; are you coming, sir?"

"Damn Basil!" Of a sudden he was grateful to Basil for not knowing or caring a hang about him; precisely for not being there. He turned on the steward. "Yes, now I'm coming! Lead along."

Fifty feet. It was funny; the act of decision hadn't been when, on impulse, he had telephoned for the steamer reservation; it hadn't been till now. He hadn't actually believed till this instant that it was actually going to happen—that he was dead and born again. Forty feet to the gangplank. Twenty feet. The hand that had closed on him was opening now.

At the plank there was a face he knew. It belonged to a lawyer named Fishbein. Fishbein took hold of his sleeve.

"My God, Alderman, I been looking everywhere. It's about your brother."

"I'm late, Fishbein. Let me go."

"Yes, but one minute. They got Basil on the Flostead killing."

"He had nothing to do with it. I happen to know. I can prove that. . . . But look, they're holding the plank for me. I'm going, so let me go."

"You could prove it, yes, sure. Where's that get us? You know it's a

frame-up; so does everybody. You know it's politics. You know the gang. You know who's behind 'em. You know City Hall. What can you do?"

"I can't do anything. . . . Yes, there, one moment. I'm coming right along."

"All I came for. The kid and I thought you might like to know. Not that it makes any difference in your going; you're as helpless as him and I."

Maynard passed a palm over his eyes. The thudding of his heart had ceased.

"Helpless? Why do you say—helpless?"

"Against that gang? When they need a goat like they need one now? My God, Ross, who do you think you are—the Mayor of this town?"

Again Maynard put his hand over his eyes. Then he said to the fidgetting steward, "You may put my bags back here. Tell them not to hold the gangplank any longer. . . . Fishbein, help me with these, will you? Find me a cab if there's one around, and tell him to drive me to Fourteenth Street, to Tammany Hall."

### III

It was still early afternoon, but the air in the hotel suite where they had gathered to await the returns grew stifling. Outside there was a fall of snow mixed with rain. Not pleasant; yet Maynard wished he were out there getting wet instead of in here being strangled.

If he got up, somebody offered him another chair; if he sat down, they were immediately all round him again. It was this, perhaps—their assumption of intimacy and proprietary crowding, rather than the bad air, that made him break out from time to time in a hot sweat and see motes swimming before his eyes. Or perhaps it was simply that, nearing sixty, without realizing it, he was of a sudden growing old.

It must have been something; none of the others seemed to mind the air. There was "Big Jim," continually on

the move, showing the white of his waistcoat and rallying his "best friend on earth, the coming mayor of New York."

"Hear that just now from Brokaw, down in the Third? The talk down there is, the Fusion voters are scratching Merriman right and left. Oh boy!"

There was "Little Barney," the Senate leader, grinning and winking.

"No hope, Ross, I guess they've sold you a job. And after that, you mark my word, what they're going to do is give you a trip up the river—" But then, recollecting that there was one who had been in actuality "up the river" and even in the death-house there, he glanced toward Basil's back and added hastily, "—to Albany, my friend."

"He loves to travel so, I wish 'em luck," someone chuckled. "Better luck than we had getting him down to Richmond or over to Queens."

They all laughed at that except Maynard. He got to his feet and pushed through them, almost rudely, making for a free space near a window. They would be after him soon, but a moment's respite was something.

They could afford to laugh now, damn them, seeing his stubborn ultimatum now in retrospect as a stroke of political genius. "Show myself? Speak? My face is not my fortune, gentlemen, nor is my tongue. If they want to make me their mayor, well and good. If they want to see me or hear me, let them come to me where I am." They gave him credit for astuteness now; they thought they knew why he had insisted upon making a passive campaign, remaining at once stationary and aloof, mysterious. They couldn't have guessed in years the secret that lay behind his refusal to go out into the other boroughs across the river and the bay. Even Basil, the almost forgotten reason for Maynard's finding himself here to-day, borne by the momentum of the fighting he hated, long after the fight was won—had it been asked of Basil, "Has your

brother ever set foot outside his own borough in his life?" he would have gaped. "Why, I don't know. I suppose so. Why shouldn't he have?"

Why shouldn't he, indeed? And yet Maynard hadn't, and that was the secret known to himself alone. Perverse? Yes. As perverse as a disgruntled youngster's, "All right, I *won't* then; I wouldn't if you *begged* me now." Perverse, and in a way, as the years grew, sporting. A principle maintained by any artifice, any sacrifice. . . .

They thought they knew him. All they knew was that he was "always there," and that in the welter of post-war confusion and mistrust the quality of "always thereness" was worth ten times its weight in any other virtue. All they knew (for it had become a legend) was that years ago he had voluntarily returned the tenth of a purchase price to a Greek and a Jew. All they knew was that he had fought seven years against abominable odds to vindicate his little brother and crush the Gang. That was all. And now, if at midnight the white shaft from the Times Building pointed west, the man who hated contact with human beings as he hated nothing else would walk out into that street below, the headman of human millions, and the mayor of a city three parts of which he had never seen.

The snowy rain had let up for a time. Pressing his forehead to the cool pane and looking west between two towers, Maynard thought to himself, "We shall have a sunset after all."

They were after him once more. He heard "Little Barney's" voice and felt the weight of "Big Jim's" tread. The room was suffocating again and the motes swimming before his eyes. He wheeled and amazed them, "What the devil do you want?" Then, confusedly, "It's hot here—I—I don't think I—"

The next he knew he was in the corridor outside, Basil with one arm, "Big Jim" with the other, and an unfamiliar fire of brandy down his throat. With his first return of strength (prophetic-



ally perhaps) he freed himself of the Boss's hand.

"Basil," he said, "where are our coats and hats? Would you mind taking a turn around the block with me? . . . Nothing, Jim. We'll be right back."

They got out by a side way, undetected, into Thirtieth Street. As they approached the cross-stream of Election-Day Broadway, the older one took hold of the younger one's arm. "Basil!" he said:

"Yes? What is it?"

But Maynard didn't know what it was. A curious shyness warmed his face. He shut his mouth tight. . . . Yet there it was, the abrupt, rather wistful realization that, although he had done and would do everything on earth for the long-jawed, white-haired fellow who was all the kin he had, yet in fact there was no kinship between them. Basil didn't know him; he didn't know Basil. In the same boat since birth, yet strangers; and they were growing old.

"Basil!" They had come to Broadway and paused in an eddy of the crowd. "Basil, old fellow—you and I—where are we going, we two? And why? You see, I've no one to ask but you; and suddenly, to-day, I want to know."

"Where are we *going*? Why, around the block."

"I don't mean that, Basil."

Basil removed his new silk hat and scratched his head. In his blue eyes, at once clever and singularly unadulterated, there was a proprietary concern and a complete incomprehension. However, he grinned.

"Going, eh? We're going down to City Hall, that's where. The 'why' we can leave till we get there. . . . You're all right now; come on back to the gang. Brace up, Mr. Mayor; be yourself."

The half-sanguine color left Maynard's face, and it was bloodless again.

"Very well, lead on. The crowd is thick."

Basil led the way back around the corner into the quieter side-street. Maynard didn't follow. Once free of the other's

sight, he stepped beyond a first knot of idlers, then a second. His heart pounding and his legs stiff, he crossed the street and held up his cane to a cruising taxicab.

"Over there, somewhere. Just go. I'll tell you when to stop."

From that moment Maynard Ross ceased to be his own man. In innocence, but of his own act, he had surrendered himself into the hands of an abstruse conspiracy. Thereafter he walked as he was bidden, each step ordained.

The taxi driver, an ex-convict with thick brows and mild eyes, was party to it. Maynard didn't guess this; neither did the man himself. But he had arrived precisely at Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street at the moment when his fare rapped on the glass and, when he drew in to the curb, the machine was so faced that a man alighting from it would walk inevitably west.

Maynard walked west, without knowing or caring, his eyes on the ground. His thoughts raced, but without logical sequence. He wasn't used to taking brandy. But it wasn't the brandy. No, no.

Colors, sounds, smells, more than anything else, shaped his meditations. Snow fell again, dimming the house-fronts. Somewhere a Russian was singing a wild, brutal, melancholy Cossack song. And Maynard thought, "How long is it since I've been allowed to be alone?" It seemed an age. A mutinous exultation rose in him, almost an impish glee. He began to lift his feet from the shining sidewalk as if their tightly buttoned spats had turned to wings.

But then, passing an open door where men idled, he heard one of them exclaiming, "There's nothing to it, this guy Maynard Ross is elected; you wait. He's the goods too, you watch. He's dependable. He's always right there." It caught Maynard. It was just as if the hand of the truant officer had grabbed him by the slack of the jacket, from behind. And he protested, "But I'm going back directly. Yes, I know,

they must be scandalized and worried crazy. Yes, yes, here I go. The first taxi I see now I'll take. . . ."

But then again, in the flaky air, there was a new fragrance, that was half old, and half a stench; a wraith of uneasiness. Slime and salt-pickled timbers, smoke that was not factory smoke, tar, and the scavenger-smell of the tides that follow the moon. He was lost, and the thought . . .

But, no! A moving blur of yellow; a taxi eastward bound. Fetched back to his senses, he called and waved both arms.

But once more, no. That one wasn't in the "frame-up" and didn't hear. The implement of Fate was bearing down from the other direction even now, incorruptibly punctual—and yesterday other implements had been laying telephone conduits just here and had left a transverse bump.

The motor truck came at a rush, high as a house, too close for comfort to Maynard on the curb. That bump. A bang and clatter. An oath. And a bundle end-over-end through the air and into the gutter at Maynard's feet.

He retrieved it and hurried in the direction of the truck's flight, or at least in the fancied direction, for it was already gone in the snowy fog. He didn't stop to think. He didn't need to; it was all ordained.

He came to the doors of a ferry-house. Vehicles crowded there, but for the moment he didn't see the motor truck; people crowded too, and with the sense of their haste added to his own he grew confused. He stood and studied his burden, hoping for a clue. Wrapped in yellow paper and tied with thick twine, it bore the label of an express company, and it was addressed to Mayne Ross.

"Mayne Ross, Broadview Terrace, Moorchurch, N. J."

A dray driver was yelling at him to move aside. He didn't hear.

"Mayne Ross!" Of all things! "Mayne!"

The drayman grew hoarse. A man in

blue took his elbow and shifted him, saying moodily, "In *that* way is where you want."

"But I—I was looking for—" Maynard held out the bundle. The blue-coat examined the address, sighed, thrust the elderly innocent into the thick of the passenger entrance, and said, "I told you in that way, didn't I?"

The crowd took Maynard and left him at length in a boat of many windows, seated on a bench between two fat young men. He got out his handkerchief and wiped his glasses; then he mopped a little cleaner the place on the bundle where the address was.

"Mayne!" When he was a boy they used to call him that, but he hadn't been a boy for a long, long time. And now, with the exception of Basil perhaps, who in the world—"Mayne!" It was funny; if it had been frankly "Maynard" he would have taken it for a coincidence.

He got up, walked out of the boat of windows, and came to a waist-high rail. At a distance below him brown water swirled and turned white; the ferryboat had reached midstream. He looked to the left and saw Manhattan, from the outside. The snow, turning sleet again, blurred the peaked outlines and drew it together, compact and whole. Twice in Maynard's life he had made an adventurous decision, and got nowhere either time. To-day he had drifted—and behold him!

Moment by moment the pile of wood and iron and glass and stone that had been the world of nearly sixty years lessened and dimmed; another moment and it would be no more than a shadowy lump behind the watery hangings. Time shrank; the illusion of speed was enormous; the sense of sundering was magnified. He turned his eyes with a jerk the other way.

In the west the gelid rain was touched by a hidden light; rare millions of the falling drops flashed facets of ruby red or the warm salmon-pink of opals. On the jeweled curtain reared the silhouette of the city of other men. It might have



been the City of the Moon. "The *Jersey Side!*" Maynard remembered the epithet of another morning. The innocence of the scorn of youth! Good God!

He wasn't a youth any longer; this wasn't the sort of thing for a man of his years to be doing. He decided that. And then the crowd, at disembarkation, caught him and confused him again and the hirelings of the conspiracy were everywhere. They glanced at his bundle, shunted him this way, that way, and put him on a train.

Objects alien and enormous flitted across the window-square, behemoths cubical and smoke-breathing, gesticulating iron skeletons, fusilades of little houses all alike, and all limned in brightness of a sudden where the rain ceased and let the sunset come in level from the west.

"What in the name of insanity am I doing *here?*"

But deeper than this half-pusillanimous bewilderment in him was his curiosity. And he was on his first railway train, and he was profoundly thrilled. And immaculately alone. He was known to everyone about him in the crowded coach, but not one of them knew him with his hat pulled down.

A cog in the machine of conspiracy opened a door and yelled "*Moorchurch, Moooorchurch!*" Another was on the station platform. "Cab, sir? Cab?"

"I want to go to Broadway Terrace."

The fellow shook his head. "No such place in *this* town."

"There is. There must be. Else how could Mayne Ross . . ."

"Oh! Mayne Ross. Yes, I know where that is. Get right in."

The cab was a sedan and the driver was talkative. "Mayne, eh? I thought I heard Mayne was down the east shore again, gunnin'."

"As to that I couldn't say."

"Well this is as far's I can take you, Mister. Half-dollar, please. Now you see that lane there; follow that down and the path'll take you."

The lane was an alley, leading down between two of the file of bungalows that made the standardized suburban street. On the board fence, near its entrance, a small placard was tacked, with a pointing hand drawn in ink above a printed "Mayne Ross." Maynard followed its advice. No more had the path arrived at its bottom, where the house yards ended, than it began to climb again in the open space beyond.

"Broadview Terrace" had been christened for one purpose and one only, so that absentee investors might buy lots. Fortunately for the absentees they hadn't bought. Fifty years ago there had been a solitary building there, and the same building was solitary still, a weatherworn structure as simple in its geometry as a shed, facing out from its station on the single rise of land (as symmetrical as a washbowl upside down) across a waste of square miles which not even industrial New Jersey had yet succeeded in reclaiming from the seepage of the tides.

It hadn't succeeded yet, but one day, inevitably, it would. Here and there on the distant other margins it began to encroach by thousands of cartloads of rubbish, infinitesimally. Factories squatted on the gains, little black blocks with toothpick chimneys that smoked. Now the smoke, reaching after and mingling with the wrack of the retreating storm, spread across the sky a broken and heterogeneous cloud, under whose edge in the west the evening glow sent in a striated light. In a pool among the near reeds a solitary, rather bedraggled duck was diving. From another direction and farther off there winged a faint, strident cry. That was a trolley car.

The thing about the house was that it stood dark as enigma in silhouette against the sky. The thing about Maynard's lungs, as he climbed at a creeping pace up the hillock, was that they would take in wind but wouldn't let any out.

At the first he had said, "Well, I'll *be!*" After that he said nothing. But

midway of the ascent he stopped dead and looked at the bundle in his arms. He knew it. And he knew that somehow he had at least half known it from the moment he bent to pick it up. Now he slipped the twine off, ripped the paper, and took the goose out by its legs. And so, starting on again, he carried it.

A figure for comedy. An elderly gentleman with rimless spectacles, the hat precisely upright on his thinning mouse-gray hair, his thin gray-trousered legs walking down from the skirts of his gray overcoat to his gray gaiters and shiny mud-specked shoes—grasping a cane in one gray-gloved hand and in the other the legs of a goose that flopped its wings with his every step and bumped its head along the ground. And all this in the unkempt vestige of a marshland, and in a kind of a light of doom.

On the far side of the barrack Maynard found the door. It had six panels and, if they had ever been painted, the sun and rain and wind had long since scoured them clean. The glow from the west was warm and cool at one time, a dilute magenta, like the ray from an ember flaring once as it dies.

When a man comes to a door he raps. Maynard propped his cane against the frame and lifted a fist of knuckles.

"This is idiocy!" He dropped the hand.

He raised it again. It hung there visibly wobbling. . . . Of a sudden he reached out, pressed the iron latch down, and pushed with his weight.

It had never occurred to him to do that before. Neither had it ever entered his calculations that the door might be locked. And it was.

The breath went right out of him. "Well then, so much for *that!*"

Then it came back in again, balloning. "Mayne!"

The voice was beyond the panels: expectancy, gladness, doubt.

The thing for the man to do was to dump the goose on the doorstep and run as fast as he could. And all he did was stand.

"Is it you, Mayne?"

He heard the bolt withdrawn and saw the door swung back.

He had a better sight of the woman than she had of him, for the light that was at his back shone directly into her eyes.

"It's been long," she said. It was as simple as that, spoken without bitterness or recrimination, a little wistfully perhaps.

She was nearly as tall as he. About the carriage of the head there was a something of unsundered dignity. The head itself was massive without being overlarge. Its planes showed the broad adze-work of inclement years; even the hair, the color of granite, seemed to have been shaped about the temples along the lines of the natural cleavage of the rock.

It was the eyes, however, that centered the attention, wide-set, slate-gray eyes of understanding, of acquiescence only in material and unimportant things, of patience carrying through disillusion and out beyond.

For the instant while these eyes remained on his, still misapprehending him, something happened to Maynard Ross that had never happened before and was never perhaps to happen again—he felt himself recognized. A fearful felicity, almost in the same wink come and gone.

"Oh!" she said, "you must pardon me." Seeing her mistake and slightly confused, she blinked the sky glow out of her pupils. And with that he saw that she was old, and that her clothing was old too, shapeless, and not too clean.

"You must pardon me," she repeated. "I thought it was my husband; I was half-expecting him to-day. . . . Is there something you want?"

Maynard held out the gray goose. "I just brought this."

"He sent it?"

"Yes."

"It's the third he has sent now—in place of coming." She took the bird from his hand. She spoke then with the



inflection of a humor extraordinarily pure. "There's not many women hereabouts live as rich as I do—on wild game most every day."

Still Maynard stood.

"Thank you," she said, remembering her manners, her gaze gone over his shoulder to the greening horizon again. Presently she was edging the door shut, but reopened it then with a fling of wild justice, triumphant.

"He loves to go gunning. So, pray, why shouldn't he?"

The night fell swiftly. It was deep dusk when Maynard reached the hollow and nearly full dark when he came to the top of the lane. He stood there with his hand on the fence, for a moment; he felt a little gone.

The placard was just there near his hand. On impulse he scratched a match and bent to read the print. He lighted another and another.

The laughter of the Vagabond. . . .

#### MAYNE ROSS

Lawns & Gardens Tended

Competent Ship-Carpenter

Swedish & Portuguese Translations

Handy with Ford, Dodge, Chevrolet Engines

Carbon Cleaned

Guns Cleaned & Gunning Parties Conducted

Seven Years with Kranslaen's Circus

Good with Lions & Leopards

Also Elephants

*Residence No. 27 Broadview Terrace*

Washing Taken in

The street ran down hill toward the east. A man loafing in a gateway cleared his throat amicably as Maynard approached, and mused aloud, "Cleared up wonderfully, hasn't it? I'll say I never expected to see the election signals on the Times—not to-night—from here."

"Where?"

"Why, there."

Above the bottom of the street and across the lower roofs, far off but lam-bent in the new clear light, wrinkled down for canyons and wrinkled up for pinnacles, the lights of Manhattan hung. Not Bagdad and Babylon rolled in one city was ever so bedizened, so deviously and adventurously peopled, so fabulous.

A thin white ray was sweeping.

"Yeah, look there right now. There's the early count in the first wards. Ross leads . . . Mmmm! Be some fun to be in that guy's shoes to-night, wouldn't it now?"

"It would!"

Maynard spoke with a sudden vehemence. As he walked on, the string of jewels blurred and brightened, and tears tumbled down from his eyes.



## ON BEING THE RIGHT SIZE

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

THE most obvious differences between different animals are differences of size, but for some reason the zoölogists have paid singularly little attention to them. In a large textbook of zoölogy before me I find no indication that the eagle is larger than the sparrow, or the hippopotamus bigger than the hare, though some grudging admissions are made in the case of the mouse and the whale. But yet it is easy to show that a hare could not be as large as a hippopotamus, or a whale as small as a herring. For every type of animal there is a most convenient size, and a large change in size inevitably carries with it a change of form.

Let us take the most obvious of possible cases, and consider a giant man sixty feet high—about the height of Giant Pope and Giant Pagan in the illustrated *Pilgrim's Progress* of my childhood. These monsters were not only ten times as high as Christian, but ten times as wide and ten times as thick, so that their total weight was a thousand times his, or about eighty to ninety tons. Unfortunately, the cross sections of their bones were only a hundred times those of Christian, so that every square inch of giant bone had to support ten times the weight borne by a square inch of human bone. As the human thigh-bone breaks under about ten times the human weight, Pope and Pagan would have broken their thighs every time they took a step. This was doubtless why they were sitting down in the picture I remember. But it lessens one's respect for Christian and for Jack the Giant Killer.

To turn to zoölogy, suppose that a gazelle, a graceful little creature with long thin legs, is to become large—it will break its bones unless it does one of two things. It may make its legs short and thick, like the rhinoceros, so that every pound of weight has still about the same area of bone to support it. Or it can compress its body and stretch out its legs obliquely to gain stability like the giraffe. I mention these two beasts because they happen to belong to the same order as the gazelle, and both are quite successful mechanically, being remarkably fast runners.

Gravity, a mere nuisance to Christian, was a terror to Pope, Pagan, and Despair. To the mouse and any smaller animal it presents practically no dangers. You can drop a mouse down a thousand-yard mine shaft and, on arriving at the bottom, it gets a slight shock and walks away. A rat is killed, a man is broken, a horse splashes. For the resistance presented to movement by the air is proportional to the surface of the moving object. Divide an animal's length, breadth, and height each by ten; its weight is reduced to a thousandth, but its surface only to a hundredth. So the resistance to falling in the case of the small animal is relatively ten times the driving force.

An insect, therefore, is not afraid of gravity; it can fall without danger, and can cling to the ceiling with remarkably little trouble. It can go in for elegant fantastic forms of support like that of the daddy-long-legs. But there is a force which is as formidable to an insect



as gravitation to a mammal. This is surface tension. A man coming out of a bath carries with him a film of water of about one-fiftieth of an inch in thickness. This weighs about a pound. A wet mouse has to carry about its own weight of water. A wet fly has to lift many times its own weight and, as everyone knows a fly once wetted by water or any other liquid is in a very serious position indeed. An insect going for a drink is in as great danger as a man leaning out over a precipice in search of food. If it once falls into the grip of the surface tension of the water—that is to say, gets wet—it is likely to remain so until it drowns. A few insects, such as water-beetles, contrive to be unwettable; the majority keeps well away from their drink by means of a long proboscis.

Of course tall land animals have other difficulties. They have to pump their blood to greater heights than a man and, therefore, require a larger blood pressure and tougher blood vessels. A great many men die from burst arteries, especially in the brain, and this danger is presumably still greater for an elephant or a giraffe. But animals of all kinds find difficulties in size for the following reason: A typical small animal, say a microscopic worm or rotifer, has a smooth skin through which all the oxygen it requires can soak in, a straight gut with sufficient surface to absorb its food, and a simple kidney. Increase its dimensions tenfold in every direction, and its weight is increased a thousand times so, that if it is to use its muscles as efficiently as its miniature counterpart, it will need a thousand times as much food and oxygen per day and will excrete a thousand times as much of waste products.

Now, if its shape is unaltered its surface will be increased only a hundred-fold, and ten times as much oxygen must enter per minute through each square millimeter of skin, ten times as much food through each square millimeter of intestine. When a limit is reached to

their absorptive powers their surface has to be increased by some special device. For example, a part of the skin may be drawn out into tufts to make gills, or pushed in to make lungs, thus increasing the oxygen-absorbing surface in proportion to the animal's bulk. A man, for example, has a hundred square yards of lung. Similarly the gut, instead of being smooth and straight, becomes coiled and develops a velvety surface, and other organs increase in complication. The higher animals are not larger than the lower because they are more complicated. They are more complicated because they are larger. Just the same is true of plants. The simplest plants such as the green algæ growing in stagnant water or on the bark of trees are mere round cells. The higher plants increase their surface by putting out leaves and roots. Comparative anatomy is largely the story of the struggle to increase surface in proportion to volume.

Some of the methods of increasing the surface are useful up to a point but not capable of a very wide adaptation. For example, while vertebrates carry the oxygen from the gills or lungs all over the body in the blood, insects take air directly to every part of their body by tiny blind tubes called tracheæ which open to the surface at many different points. Now, although by their breathing movements they can renew the air in the outer part of the tracheal system, the oxygen has to penetrate the finer branches by means of diffusion. Gases can diffuse easily through very small distances, not many times larger than the average length traveled by a gas molecule between collisions with other molecules. But when such vast journeys—from the point of view of a molecule—as a quarter of an inch have to be made, the process becomes slow. So the portions of an insect's body more than a quarter of an inch from the air would always be short of oxygen. In consequence hardly any insects are much more than half an inch thick. Land

crabs are built on the same general plan as insects, but are much clumsier. Yet, like ourselves, they carry round oxygen in their blood, and are therefore able to grow far larger than any insect. If the insects had hit on a plan for driving air through their tissues instead of letting it soak in, they might well have become as large as lobsters, though other considerations would have prevented them from becoming as large as man.

Exactly the same difficulties attach to flying. It is an elementary principle of aeronautics that the minimum speed needed to keep an airplane of given shape in the air varies as the square root of its length. If it is four times as big each way it must fly twice as fast. Now the power needed for the minimum speed increases more rapidly than the weight of the machine. Of the two airplanes considered above, the larger weighs sixty-four times as much as the smaller but needs one hundred and twenty-eight times its horsepower to keep up. Applying the same principles to the birds, we find that the limit to their size is soon reached. An angel whose muscles developed no more power weight for weight than those of an eagle or a pigeon would require a breast projecting for about four feet to house the muscles engaged in working its wings, while to economize in weight, its legs would have to be reduced to mere stilts. Actually a large bird such as an eagle or kite does not keep in the air mainly by moving its wings. It is generally to be seen soaring, that is to say balanced on a rising column of air. But even soaring becomes more and more difficult with increasing size. Were this not the case eagles might be as large as tigers and as formidable to man as hostile airplanes.

## II

But it is time that we passed to some of the advantages of size. One of the most obvious is that it enables one to

keep warm. All warm-blooded animals at rest lose the same amount of heat from a unit area of skin, for which purpose they need a food-supply proportional to their surface and not to their weight. Five thousand mice weigh as much as a man. Their surface and food, or oxygen consumption, are about seventeen times a man's. In fact a mouse eats about one-quarter its own weight of food every day, which is mainly used in keeping it warm. For the same reason small animals cannot live in wild countries. In the arctic regions there are no reptiles or amphibians, and no small mammals. The smallest mammal in Spitzbergen is the fox. The small birds fly away in the winter, while the insects die, though their eggs can survive six months or more of frost. The most successful mammals are bears, seals, and walruses.

Similarly, the eye is a rather inefficient organ until it reaches a large size. The back of the human eye on which an image of the outside world is thrown and which corresponds to the film of a camera, is composed of a mosaic of "rods and cones" whose diameter is little more than the length of an average light wave. Each eye has about half a million, and for two objects to be distinguishable their images must fall on separate rods or cones. It is obvious that with fewer but larger rods and cones we should see less distinctly. If they were twice as broad, two points would have to be twice as far apart before we could distinguish them at a given distance. But if their size were diminished and their number increased we should see no better. For it is impossible to form a definite image smaller than a wave-length of light. Hence a mouse's eye is not a small-scale model of a human eye. Its rods and cones are not much smaller than ours, and therefore there are far fewer of them. A mouse could not distinguish one human face from another six feet away. In order that they should be of any use at all, the eyes of small animals have to be



much larger in proportion to their bodies than our own. Large animals on the other hand require only relatively small eyes, and those of the whale and elephant are little larger than our own.

For rather more recondite reasons the same general principle holds true of the brain. If we compare the brain-weights of a set of very similar animals such as the cat, cheetah, leopard, and tiger, we find that as we quadruple the body-weight the brain-weight is only doubled. The larger animal with proportionately larger bones can economize on brain, eyes, and certain other organs.

### III

Such are a very few of the considerations which show that for every type of animal there is an optimum size. Yet although Galileo demonstrated the contrary more than three hundred years ago, people still believe that if a flea were as large as a man it could jump a thousand feet into the air. As a matter of fact the height to which an animal can jump is more nearly independent of its size than proportional to it. A flea can jump about two feet, a man about seven. To jump a given height, if we neglect the resistance of the air, requires an expenditure of energy proportional to the jumper's weight. But if the jumping muscles form a constant fraction of the animal's body, the energy developed per ounce of muscle is independent of the size, provided it can be developed quickly enough in the small animal. As a matter of fact an insect's muscles, although they can contract more quickly than our own, appear to be less efficient, as otherwise a flea or

grasshopper could rise six feet into the air.

And just as there is a best size for every animal, so the same is true for every human institution. In the Greek type of democracy all the citizens could listen to a series of orators and vote directly on questions of legislation. Hence their philosophers held that a small city was the largest possible democratic state. The English invention of representative government made a democratic nation possible and the possibility was first realized in the United States, and later elsewhere. With the development of broadcasting it has once more become possible for every citizen to listen to the political views of representative orators, and the future may perhaps see the return of the national state to the Greek form of democracy. Even the referendum has been made possible only by the institution of daily newspapers.

To the biologists the problem of socialism appears largely as a problem of size. The socialists desire to run every nation as a single business concern. I do not suppose that Henry Ford would find much difficulty in running Andorra or Luxembourg on a socialistic basis. He has already more men on his payroll than their population. It is conceivable that a syndicate of Fords, if we could find them, would make Belgium Ltd. or Denmark Inc. pay their way. But while nationalization of certain industries is an obvious possibility in the largest of states, I find it no easier to picture a completely socialized British Empire or United States than an elephant turning somersaults or a hippopotamus jumping a hedge.



## WHY I SENT MY CHILDREN AWAY TO SCHOOL

BY EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

WHEN my first child went away to school I was living in a little town of twelve thousand. When my second went I was in another small town of thirty thousand—both in the Middle West; both credited with having “good public schools.” Few children in either town went away to school at such an early age—fourteen in one case, fifteen in the other.

Naturally, since anything “different” is viewed with alarm, I came in for much criticism. I have lost count of the number of times fond mothers have said to me, “I could not give up *my* child, she means too much to me,” or, “I think children need the home influence at that age.” Only the other day a father said to me, “I care too much for my boy. I could not stand having him go so far away.”

Naturally, too, since I am not doubt proof, these and other remarks have given me moments of unhappiness and I have wondered if, after all, I were doing the right thing, if I were needlessly sacrificing the pleasure of the children’s companionship.

But now my children are both through preparatory school. One is half way through college, the other entered last fall. I had them at home with me last summer. I could compare them with other children whose parents could not “give them up” as well as with those who have had the “home influence” through those vital formative years. And I am ready now to report whether it has paid or not.

My daughter was fourteen the year we entered the war. She had had one year in high school. She had passed all her subjects. She was promoted to the second year. Not that she got brilliant grades. She did not. But she was “getting by” without much trouble. This was the rub—“without much trouble.” She was not a student. When I taxed her with this she gave me the answer that she “had passed.” This seemed to be the beginning and end of her intellectual ambition—“to pass.”

Yet she was keenly alive to everything that went on outside of school. There was hardly a person in our town not on her nodding list. And, what was more, she knew all there was to know about them, some of the information worth while, but most of it mere gossip.

We had a good high school as high schools go. I say “as high schools go,” for I realize that a high school is a public school to take care of all children. This necessarily means that it is designed to take care of the average child; and this means again that its requirements must be adapted to the ability of the average child. What do I mean by that? One of my friends was preparing her boy for Williams College. She had informed herself as to the entrance requirements and was following her son closely in the required subjects. The first year in high school she found that he did not cover the amount of Latin required. It was in the course but they didn’t get through with it. She approached the teacher in regard to the matter. “We can’t do



it, Mrs. Blank," she was informed. "I cannot push the fifty pupils in my first-year class that fast. I'm sorry, but it can't be done."

"But why don't you flunk out those who can't keep up?" the mother asked.

"Because that would not be fair," the teacher answered. "I cannot set a standard in a public school that would eliminate half my class the first session."

Again the mother protested. "But why not, if they cannot do the work?"

"They can do it after a fashion. I set an average, I do flunk many. But I have no right to set a standard that would eliminate half."

Somewhat the same experience the mother had with his English teacher. "I want you to grade Joseph just as you would if you were teaching in one of those stiff preparatory schools. I don't care what you do to the other children. Grade Joseph very closely."

Again she met a protest. "But I cannot do that. It would not be right. I cannot set a standard for Joseph and another for the rest. I am preparing public-school children, the larger proportion of whom will never go to any college. The few that do will go to the State University that must articulate with us. I cannot set a Williams College standard."

## II

I do not mean for an instant to claim that my child or my friend's son was better than the average child. They probably did their part towards pulling down that standard. I merely say that if you want to hold them up to the standard set by college requirements it is difficult to do so in the public schools.

My children were experts in the art of bluffing. I don't know whether they came by it naturally or learned its efficacy in the public school. When they entered the First Grade they could read after a fashion, having picked it up from their picture books. During the first three years at school they had hardly a story told them or a subject discussed

that they had not previously covered at home. They had traveled in this country. They had heard their father and me discuss visits to New York and Washington and California. They soon found that they could give out this information in such a way as to produce an impression of doing good school work without ever looking into a school book. Having learned the trick, they kept it up in later years. To discuss history from the vantage point of historical novels was much easier than making outlines and giving authorities. And they did the former.

I am not criticizing their teachers; please understand that. I have been a public school-teacher myself. I take my hat off to teachers. But when a teacher has a class of thirty-five or fifty, she is very likely to mistake a superficial ability to talk for actual information.

Nor was it the teacher's fault that she selected the same books that I had read to my children long before they went to school. If she did not, where would these other children ever read them? The public school is for all children. Not that I claim that my children have had remarkable advantages or have come out of an intellectual home. Not at all. I read to my children only what most of my friends read to theirs; but their children and mine together were but a small proportion of the children in our town who attended public school.

But the fact that my child had already gone over so much of the ground covered in the first few grades ruined completely any power of concentration she might have had. While her teacher was reading and the others were studying, her mind wandered about in search of something more interesting. By the time she reached high school she could not concentrate; and I knew it would be too late for her to reform these mental habits if she waited until she went to college to correct them.

What was more, I doubted if she could ever enter college unless she began

to learn a few of the things in the books. I realized that she could not bluff college examinations. But her bluffing was not "called" by high-school examinations. Latin, of course, and irregular German verbs you might have thought it difficult to bluff. But in a Latin class of forty the student is called upon but once or twice a week. She can estimate to a degree of probability just which day it will be. If her name begins with B she gets up the first and the last part of the lesson. Or, if the teacher calls on them as they sit, she fortifies herself accordingly.

I knew one very brilliant girl who took second honors at her graduation from a public high school, receiving an average of ninety-five per cent for four-years work. She had every reason to think that she had met the standard; but when she took her College Boards she flunked. She had had no experience in taking examinations. A boy graduated from a Chicago high school in high standing and failed in his Latin College entrance examination. Too large a class, he explained; it was never checked up by examinations.

Once again I say it is not the teacher's fault. She is not preparing for College Boards.

One of my young friends entered an Eastern college. By dint of much tutoring he had passed his College Boards. He told me that throughout his college life he had just managed to keep up. "I'm a good student," he said. "I like to study. I might have made a brilliant record if I had come prepared."

That was the cry of all the boys and girls who went from our town to first-class colleges. "If we'd only learned how to study." "I never knew what studying was until I came to college." "I lose all the fun of college because I have to work so hard to keep up."

What chance, thought I, will my little bluffer have when she finds out what real study is?

What I wanted for my daughter was an education, not a diploma. And I be-

gan to fear she would never get it from the high school.

Many children who go through high school are "educated." Some go no farther and are "educated." Some go from high school to the best of colleges and make their mark. If a child wants an education, if he or she is mentally hungry and has the qualities of a scholar, there is food for him at the high school and, if his teacher discovers him, rare sympathy and help.

But there are not many such children in high school or out. Most children have to be taught, led, developed, their weak spots strengthened, their strong ones disciplined. My discovery was that, so far as my children were concerned, the high school was not doing this for them.

I have known cases where the mother or the father did all that, using the high school as equipment. If a parent is prepared to do so and is able to order his hours accordingly, well and good. But some of us are wives as well as mothers, housekeepers as well as wives, have younger children or other duties.

### III

And this brings me to my second reason for sending my daughter away to school. I was not satisfied that our home *was* the best place for her. Now I had a delightful home, pretty, neat, well run, and happy. In our family were my husband and my son, four years younger than my daughter. My husband was a busy man. His dinner hour varied from six to seven-thirty. He had insomnia and rose any time from seven to nine. He worked very hard. I confess that the home was run for his convenience. When he came home I rushed to serve him. The evenings were his.

The boy was just enough younger to have no sympathy with his sister, to require a totally different treatment and a different schedule of hours.

Yet I realized that then, if ever, my



daughter must live a regular life with regular hours and must be made to feel that her studies were her business in life, just as the office was my husband's and my housekeeping was mine. She did not fit easily into any scheme. I could not lay down a regime and know it would be followed. I should have to be proctor; and I knew I should not be and that sooner or later she would be fitting herself into our life "hit or miss."

Also, she had reached the "difficult" age when she knew better than I what she should do. She was socially inclined. There were many invitations to parties. There were "beaux." She yearned for high-heeled shoes and dresses in the extreme of style.

I began, as most of us mothers do, to say that my daughter should not do thus and so. She could not go to picture shows with boys. She could go to the parties only on Friday nights. I would come for her at the parties. And she did the usual thing. She said she preferred staying at home to being "different" from all the rest. If she couldn't have a silk dress made with ruffles and frills she would wear an old one.

I recalled my own youth. I remembered how terrible it was to be "different." And I knew that I should have to do one of two things: I should have to let her do what the girls about her did or give her other companionship. I should have to conform to custom or change the surroundings. Above all things, I didn't want her to grow up feeling "queer"—with an inferiority complex as we call it now.

So it was decided. She was to go away to school. Then when she was at home she could do these things for the short vacation period. We would divide the business and the pleasure, the school and the home, into two entirely separate compartments.

It was the wisest decision of my life. We were not friends, my daughter and I. I know it now but I did not realize it then. For, being together, we had drifted into antagonism and dislike

without knowing it. She resented me. I disapproved of her. I balked her every wish. I stood to her for authority. I was "queer," I was "mean," I didn't want her to have a good time.

Then she watched me get her ready for school. She saw the thought and time I put into the preparations—yes, and the sacrifice. I pity from my heart those parents who have so much that they need never sacrifice for their children, for the right kind of children are won quicker by that than anything else in the world. She went away and knew homesickness until the home she had scorned became a heaven of love. She idealized it. It became a sanctuary instead of a workhouse. She came into contact with grown women, women who won her respect, women whom it was "the thing" to respect, women whose smile was regarded as an honor by the other girls—for that is what her teachers were to her. She was in an environment where grown women set the standards and determined the atmosphere, not girls. She became friends with some of these women. Do you realize how many girls grow up never knowing intimately any other woman except their busy and sometimes uncongenial mother? It dawned on her that her mother, her queer mother, was like these women she respected. A different note crept into her letters to her.

Going away to school gave her back her home and her mother, not as work-room and mentor, but as haven and confidant.

She found herself too in a place designed entirely for her needs and for her work. She was not an incident to be crowded in between planning meals, serving them, and entertaining Dad. Her study period was not suddenly remembered at eight, nor was she thrust out of a gay company into a dining room by herself. The daily routine provided for her study; she was the reason for the whole institution.

She was like a flower planted in a garden with other flowers, each in its

place, with soil and water and sunshine and air, each at the right time in the right way. She grew. It is not for her mother to praise her. I can only say that she did grow in mental and moral stature; that she did enter college; and that to-day when I look at her I have my reward for any sacrifice of companionship or of those creature comforts which I gave up to pay for it.

#### IV

Of course I chose my school carefully. It was not a finishing school, nor a provincial half-baked school—of which there are legion. It was a school of about a hundred boarding pupils, with a reputation for fine scholarship, some traditions, beautiful old buildings, a rather strict, religious atmosphere; with teachers who were both students and ladies. I cannot enumerate everything that she got from it. Perhaps I do not know. But two things it gave her that are worth all it cost: It killed outright every trace of the provincialism with which she was well overgrown when she went. She is a citizen of the United States, almost of the world, and only incidentally of the locality where she happens now to reside. She gained also that rare thing: appreciation of scholarship, of accuracy, of thoroughness. She scorns superficiality. She values standards. In addition she has learned to do team work, even group work, has won, in short, a social sense. These things I could never have given her at home, strive as I would.

It was not a fashionable school, but it was a good school. I am amazed at the nonchalant way some mothers choose a school for their daughters. Their friends are going to it, they've heard about it, or something like that. I knew one mother who chose the school for its bathrooms and then found after her daughter graduated that it did not prepare for college. And another, with enough money to choose the best, selected a superficial, vulgar finishing

school, which told her it was preparing her daughter for college and taught her only how to dress and how to smoke and drink. (I don't mean that the school taught these things, but that she learned them there.)

It would seem easy for mothers to inform themselves about the kinds of schools that are available. They can be sorted into four groups and it is rather easy to place each school in its proper group. One group is composed of those schools that are frankly finishing schools and really finish. They prepare daughters of rich men to take the places in society that their wealth gives them. This preparation includes thorough grounding in academic studies, as well as training in various kinds of sports. They study music and art. Their teachers are college bred. Their standards are high. The girls work. When they are through they are accomplished and efficient. These schools are very expensive and doubtless exclusive. But I often wonder why more of the Middle Western oil millionaires who really want their daughters "finished" do not seek them instead of the "halls" and the "seminaries" and other superficial ones which their daughters now crowd.

The second group is composed of the expensive preparatory schools with long waiting lists, whose students are as rich as those who attend the first group and belong to it socially but who want to go to college. These girls too work, and their simplicity would amaze some of the girls from Western high-school sororities.

The third group is composed of those schools that are so-called finishing schools but really are young ladies' clubs. They make the girls a bit more vulgar, a bit more spoiled, a bit more silly. The pity is that so many of their students enter them under the impression that they are going to schools of the first class. Some of them do give something but usually they leave the student with false values.

My daughter's school was in the fourth group of thorough, honest, plain



schools where scholarship and breeding are held equally in importance. There are many of these in the country. Their success depends upon the women at their head.

In each group there are different grades, higher prices not always indicating higher quality.

I would not wish to seem to say that all girls should go away to school. It might not have done for all girls what it did for mine. Each girl is an individual problem. Yet when mothers ask me, as they often do, what I think about sending girls away from home to school, I can only offer my own experience.

## V

And what about my son?

My son is as different from my daughter as one child can be from another. He has never relinquished for a day the idea that Mother and Father are good authorities on almost everything. He did not care at all for girls. His friends happened to be ambitious studious fellows who ought to have been an incentive to him to do good work. Without going away to school, they have entered universities and, although the entrance requirements to these universities are not very high, they are making excellent records.

Why then, you may well ask, did I send him away just at the time when he would seem most to need a home atmosphere?

Because for one thing he was a "smearer." I mean by this that he was content to hit the high places in his studies and let it go at that. He needed discipline in thoroughness. So long as he succeeded—and he did succeed—in getting good grades without thoroughness he would continue to smear. I wanted him to go to some place where he would find smearing unprofitable. I wanted him to go to some place where he must work or find himself classed as an undesirable. In other words, I wanted him to be where the scholarly

virtues of thoroughness and application take precedence of the commercial one of "getting there" no matter what the process. I found he had worked out a very practical theory: that it was foolish to do any more work than was necessary to get by. If sixty was a passing grade, why spend any time getting ninety? If forty lines a day of Latin would get you a grade of sixty, only stupid boys would learn the entire fifty. I remember his wail of astonishment after he went away to school. "Why, they flunk you if you haven't got the last ten lines! They say a lesson is a lesson and you must get it all."

He was ingenious and could think of a dozen ways to divert his teacher from his work. He was an interesting talker and informed on many matters. He could always interest the class. One of his instructors at his private school said to me, "It took me just about three days to discover that all that interesting talk about politics was to divert me from his French." And again, "He is interested in everything except mastering a job."

It was no fault of his public-school teachers. Their classes, too, were large. He answered when called upon. How could they know he was just skimming through? But I knew and it worried me. He had a good mind and he was ruining it. He had the possibilities of a scholar and was becoming imbued with the idea that nothing counted but your rating.

And one other thing. He thought that our town was the center of the universe and that the world had been created just so that he might parade through this town.

This is a common enough disease of boys at that age, but I have seen too many who never outgrew it. The country is crowded with them. It is what threatens to make our country an aggregation of small ponds containing big fish. I wanted him to realize the smallness of this pond and the bigness of the world and his place in it. I wanted him to love his own pond but to measure

himself by the ocean and not that particular pond. I wanted him to be able to take a place in the ocean itself if occasion arose.

So I sent him too away to school. But I chose for him a hard school. No pampering, no coddling, no nonsense. He had to work or fail. I knew he would never fail. It was a school where work and character counted—a large school where he would take his measure against many boys of all conditions from all parts of the country. It was what you could do, not who you were, that counted.

Wasn't I afraid, my friends ask, to send him away from home so young? He was fifteen. Now I know that most parents will disagree with me. But I believe that home has done its best for a boy by the time he is fifteen and that after that it often does its worst. If it has done its duty, it has given him his foundation of character, his ideals, his standards. It is now time for him to test them out. They are not tried out in the home. They may have been in the old-fashioned home where a large family was organized like a miniature social organism. But in a modern home, with two or perhaps three children of widely separated ages, it is very different. Such a home may be a nursery, a garden, but it cannot be a microcosm in which the social virtues may be developed or the ideals and standards having to do with social intercourse tried out. One may claim that the public school offers this try-out. In some sense it does. But between the school and this home is a hiatus, the home often undoing what the school does. For instance, take this very matter of the enlarged ego of the boy. The whole teaching of the school life is to minimize it, to show the boy the value of team work, of mutual give and take, of fair adjustment between selfishness and altruism, but all the while at home the boy is the center of everything; conversation, plans—all revolve around him; what he likes and what he wants come first and, even if

the parents endeavor to follow up the school teaching, how can they do it? Ignore the boy in the home, overlook him, put him in his place? This does not work. Either the boy knows that it is all forced for a purpose or he thinks it shows lack of sympathy on the part of parents, and this widens a gap of misunderstanding between him and them. The truth is that the modern home cannot produce artificially what the old-fashioned home produced naturally—the discipline that comes from many people acting and reacting on one another.

This is the cause of much of the present lack of discipline by parents. In the old days the father was the head of an institution. In order to maintain that institution there must be some central authority, and there was recognition on the part of the members of the necessity for that authority, if only for their own protection against one another. Justice was what they wanted, and not "understanding." There was also the discipline that comes from the necessity for sacrifice and denial. Since the father of a large family must not show favoritism, since he cannot satisfy the desires of all, demands are not made upon him.

How different in the small modern family of one or two children! The father can give what the child wants if he so desires, and the child knows it. When the father refuses on the ground that it will not be good for the child, the child, not agreeing, considers it stinginess; the effect on the child is not at all the same as it was in the old-fashioned home.

Take the case of the rich parent who thinks denial good for a child. He says his boy shall not have a car. The boy knows that his father can well afford the car. Why should he not have it? He regards the denial as an unnatural autocratic act on the part of his parent. If, on the other hand, there were six children he would know that they could not each have a car. If it was a joint car



each child would see that the other did not abuse the car or the privilege of having it. The problem would solve itself.

There could not be such intimacy between ten children and one parent as there can between one child and one parent. So the parent to-day knows his child, sympathizes with him, understands him, becomes his chum and playmate. It is rather difficult to interrupt this relationship suddenly in order to become judge, jury, and executioner as in the old days. And if a parent, as many of them do, feeling the necessity of discipline, tries autocratically to lay down laws and the punishment thereof, the one child of to-day, feeling that his father should understand, resents it, as one of ten children who regarded his father only as patriarch did not.

The other day a friend of mine whipped his boy for disobedience. The boy looked him in the eye when it was over and said, "Well, you are bigger. You *can* do it, can't you?" It would never have occurred to the boy of the sixties to say that, because his father was Parent, symbol of authority. This boy's father was his chum.

It seems to me that to expect a boy to test out standards and ideals that are meant for a socially organized world in a home of one or two children is like expecting a boy to learn how to be a useful citizen on a desert island. Until we have solved these problems that the modern small family produces, the private school seems to me to meet the need.

## VI

There will come up one more objection against the private school. That is the charge of snobbishness. "I think a boy in this country should go to public school so that he will meet all kinds of boys and know his fellow citizens," said one parent to me. "How can he expect to work with them if he does not?"

One of my reasons for sending my boy

away to school was just that the public school stimulates snobbishness. There is a lot of bunk about the equality practiced on the public-school ground. My boy may have known many boys whose parents I did not, but if so he never mentioned them, he never brought them home or went to their houses, or played with them elsewhere. He had a small circle of friends always. He was bound to them not through congeniality of tastes or mutuality of aims, but because their fathers belonged to the same commercial group. The "standing of boys" at public schools in small towns is determined by the business rating, the financial standing of fathers. Make no mistake about that, parents.

My boy was learning to measure worth by just such standards. He would ask me, "What is his father worth?" "Who ranks him in the bank?" "Is he important?"

Be sure I did not choose for him one of those exclusive schools where he would have found the same standards. I chose a school through which many boys were working their way, a "one price" school where your social standing and your financial standing mean nothing but your scholarship and your school standing mean everything. He found there the sons of generals and country grocers, the sons of ambassadors and New England farmers, the sons of millionaires and barbers, each standing on his own feet. And he made friends—as he never would have done at public school—with boys who were heirs to millions and heirs to horny hands alike. He learned values in human beings. There is no more democratic institution in the country to-day than such a private school. He learned to appreciate the only true aristocracy, that of brains and character.

## VII

Do not think that the school career of either of my children was always satisfactory. There were things I did not like about both schools. There were

times when I wondered if I had made the best choice. But as I look back now on the whole experience, as I compare the way my children regard our home as their playground and haven, instead of as the combination dormitory and penal institution which the home of many young people to-day is to them; the way they look at their parents as their best friends whom they can never repay for the sacrifices made for them, instead as the half-despots and half-victims that the parents of many of their friends appear to be to them; the way they look at the world as a large place in which they may find their niche, instead of as a small pond to splash in;

the way they regard their fellows as co-partners in a great experiment, instead of as small fish which it is sport to gobble up, I am satisfied. To be perfectly honest I must confess, too, that it did not minimize my satisfaction to have a septuagenarian say to me, "I saw your daughter the other day. She is absolutely the loveliest girl I've ever met. She is so thoughtful, so gentle, so beautiful, so interesting. How did she happen in this day and age?"—nor to hear that one of my erstwhile critics had remarked. "Well, you can't deny that her children have turned out remarkably well in spite of the fact that she sent them away to school so young."





# IN THE DARK

BY A. A. MILNE

**I**'VE had my supper,  
    And had my supper,  
        And HAD my supper and all;  
I've heard the story  
    Of Cinderella,  
        And how she went to the ball;  
I've cleaned my teeth,  
    And I've said my prayers,  
        And I've cleaned and said them right;  
And they've all of them been  
    And kissed me lots,  
        They've all of them said "Good-night."

So—here I am in the dark alone,  
    There's nobody here to see;  
        I think to myself,  
        I play to myself,  
        And nobody knows what I say to myself;  
Here I am in the dark alone,  
    What is it going to be?  
I can think whatever I like to think,  
I can play whatever I like to play,  
I can laugh whatever I like to laugh,  
    There's nobody here but me.  
I'm talking to a rabbit . . .  
    I'm talking to the sun . . .  
I think I am a hundred . . .  
    I'm one.  
I'm lying in a forest . . .  
    I'm lying in a cave . . .  
I'm talking to a Dragon . . .  
    I'm BRAVE.  
I'm lying on my left side . . .  
    I'm lying on my right . . .  
I'll play a lot to-morrow . . .  
    . . . . .  
I'll think a lot to-morrow . . .  
    . . . . .  
I'll laugh . . .  
        a lot . . .  
                to-morrow . . .

(Heigh-ho!)

Good-night.



# FREEDOM IN SOCIETY

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

TO WHAT extent is freedom possible, and to what extent is it desirable among human beings who live in communities? That is the general problem which I wish to discuss.

Perhaps it will be well to begin with definitions. "Freedom" is a term which is used in many senses, and we must decide upon one of them before we can argue profitably. "Society" is less ambiguous, but here, too, some attempt at definition may not be amiss.

"Freedom" in its most abstract sense means the absence of external obstacles to the realization of desires. Taken in this abstract sense, freedom may be increased either by maximizing power or by minimizing wants. An insect which lives for a few days and then dies of cold may have perfect freedom according to the definition, since the cold may alter its desires so that there is no moment when it wishes to achieve the impossible. Among human beings also this way of reaching freedom is possible. A young Russian aristocrat who had become a communist and a Red Army Commissar explained to me that the English do not, like the Russians, need a physical strait jacket, because they have a mental one: their souls are always in strait jackets. Probably there is some truth in this. The people in Dostoevsky's novels are no doubt not quite like real Russians, but at any rate they are people whom only a Russian could have invented. They have all sorts of strange violent desires, from which the average Englishman is free, at least so far as his conscious life is concerned. It is obvious that a community who all wish to

murder one another cannot be so free as a community with more peaceable desires. Modification of desire may, therefore, involve just as great a gain to freedom as increase of power.

This consideration illustrates a necessity which is not always satisfied by political thinking: I mean the necessity of what may be called "psychological dynamics." It has been far too common to accept human nature as a datum in politics, to which external conditions have to be adapted. The truth is, of course, that external conditions modify human nature, and that harmony between the two is to be sought by a mutual interaction. A man taken from one environment and plunged suddenly into another may be by no means free, and yet the new environment may give freedom to those accustomed to it. We cannot, therefore, deal with freedom without taking account of the possibility of variable desires owing to changing environment. In some cases this makes the attainment of freedom more difficult, since a new environment, while satisfying old desires, may generate new ones which it cannot satisfy. This possibility is illustrated by the psychological effects of industrialism, which generates a host of new wants: a man may be discontented because he cannot afford a motor car, and soon we shall all want private airplanes. And a man may be discontented because of unconscious wants. For instance, Americans need rest but do not know it. I believe this to be a large part of the explanation of the crime wave in the United States.

Although men's desires vary, there



are certain fundamental needs which may be taken as nearly universal: food, drink, health, clothing, housing, sex, and parenthood are the chief of these. (Clothing and housing are not absolute necessities in hot climates, but except in the tropics they must be included in the list.) Whatever else may be involved in freedom, certainly no person is free who is deprived of anything in the above list, which constitutes the bare minimum of freedom.

## II

This brings us to the definition of "society." It is obvious that the above minimum of freedom can be better secured in a society than by a Robinson Crusoe; indeed, sex and parenthood are essentially social. One may define a "society" as a group of persons who co-operate for certain common purposes. Where human beings are concerned, the most primitive social group is the family. Economic social groups come quite early; apparently groups which co-operate in war are not quite so primitive. In the modern world economics and war are the main motives for social cohesion. Almost all of us are better able to satisfy our physical needs than we should be if we had no larger social unit than the family or the tribe, and in that sense society has served to increase freedom. It is thought, also, that an organized State makes us less likely to be killed by our enemies, but this is a doubtful proposition.

If we take a man's desires as a datum, *i.e.*, if we ignore psychological dynamics, it is obvious that the obstacles to his freedom are of two sorts, physical and social. To take the crudest instance: the earth may not yield enough food for his sustenance, or other people may prevent him from obtaining the food. Society diminishes the physical obstacles to freedom but creates social obstacles. Here, however, we are liable to go wrong through ignoring the effect of society upon desire. One may assume that

ants and bees, though they live in well-organized societies, always do spontaneously the things that constitute their social duties. The same is true of most of the individuals among higher animals that are gregarious. According to Rivers, it is true of men in Melanesia. This seems to depend upon a high degree of suggestibility, and upon factors more or less akin to what happens in hypnotism. Men so constituted can co-operate without loss of freedom, and have little need of law. Oddly enough, though civilized men have a far more elaborate social organization than savages have, they appear to be less social in their instincts: the effect of society upon their actions is more external than it is with savages. That is why they discuss the problem of freedom.

I do not, of course, wish to deny that social co-operation has an instinctive basis, even in the most civilized communities. People want to be like their neighbors and to be liked by them; they imitate, and they catch prevalent moods by suggestion. Nevertheless, these factors seem to diminish in strength as men become more civilized. They are much stronger in schoolboys than in adults, and on the whole they have most power over the least intelligent individuals. More and more, social co-operation is coming to depend upon rational apprehension of its advantages, rather than upon what is loosely termed herd instinct. The problem of individual liberty does not arise among savages, because they feel no need of it, but it arises among civilized men with more and more urgency as they become more civilized. And at the same time the part played by government in the regulation of their lives is continually increasing, as it becomes more clear that government can help to liberate us from the physical obstacles to freedom. The problem of freedom in society is therefore one which is likely to increase in urgency, unless we cease to become more civilized.

It is, of course, obvious that freedom

is not to be increased by a mere diminution of government. One man's desires are apt to be incompatible with another man's, so that anarchy means freedom for the strong and slavery for the weak. Without government, the human population of the globe could hardly be a tenth of what it is; it would be kept down by starvation and infant mortality. This would be to substitute a physical slavery far more severe than the worst social slavery to be found in civilized communities in normal times. The problem we have to consider is not how to do without government, but how to secure its advantages with the smallest possible interference with freedom. This means striking a balance between physical and social freedom. To put it crudely: how much more governmental pressure should we be prepared to endure in order to have more food or better health?

The answer to this question, in practice, turns upon a very simple consideration: are we to have the food and health, or is some one else? People in a siege, or in England in 1917, have been found willing to endure any degree of governmental pressure because it was obvious that it was to everyone's advantage. But when one person is to have the governmental pressure and another person is to have the food, the question looks quite different. In this form, we arrive at the issue between capitalism and socialism. Advocates of capitalism are very apt to appeal to the sacred principles of liberty, which are all embodied in one maxim: *The fortunate must not be restrained in the exercise of tyranny over the unfortunate.*

*Laissez-faire* Liberalism, which was based upon this maxim, must not be confounded with anarchism. It invoked the law to prevent murder and armed insurrection on the part of the unfortunate; as long as it dared, it opposed trade unionism. But given this minimum of government action, it aimed at accomplishing the rest by economic power. Liberalism considered

it proper for an employer to say to an employee, "You shall die of hunger," but improper for the employee to retort, "You shall die first, of a bullet." It is obvious that, apart from legal pedantries, it is ridiculous to make a distinction between these two threats. Each equally infringes the elementary minimum of freedom, but not one more than the other. It was not only in the economic sphere that this inequality existed. The sacred principles of liberty were also invoked to justify the tyranny of husbands over wives and fathers over children; but it must be said that liberalism tended to mitigate the first of these. The tyranny of fathers over children, in the form of compelling them to work in factories, was mitigated in spite of the Liberals.

But this is a well-worn theme, and I do not wish to linger on it. I want to pass to the general question: How far should the community interfere with the individual, not for the sake of another individual, but for the sake of the community? And for what objects should it interfere?

I should say, to begin with, that the claim to the bare minimum of freedom—food, drink, health, housing, clothing, sex, and parenthood—should override any other claim. The above minimum is necessary for biological survival, *i.e.*, for the leaving of descendants. The things which I have just enumerated may, therefore, be described as necessities; what goes beyond them may be called comforts or luxuries according to circumstances. Now I should regard it as *a priori* justifiable to deprive one person of comforts in order to supply another with necessities. It may not be politically expedient, it may not be economically feasible, in a given community at a given moment; but it is not objectionable on the ground of freedom, because to deprive a man of necessities is a greater interference with freedom than to prevent him from accumulating superfluities.

But if this is admitted it takes us very



far. Consider health, for instance. In the Borough Council elections now imminent, one of the questions to be decided is the amount of public money to be spent on such matters as public health, maternity care, and infant welfare. Statistics prove that what is spent on these objects has a remarkable effect in saving life. In every Borough in London the well-to-do have banded themselves together to prevent an increase and, if possible, to secure a diminution of the expenditure in these directions. That is to say, they are all prepared to condemn thousands of people to death in order that they themselves may continue to enjoy good dinners and motor cars. As they control almost all the Press, they prevent the facts from being known to their victims. By the methods known to psychoanalysts, they avoid knowing the facts themselves. There is nothing surprising in their action, which is that of all aristocracies in all ages. All that I am concerned to say is that their action cannot be defended on grounds of freedom.

I do not propose to discuss the right to sex and parenthood. I will merely observe that in a country where there is a great excess of one sex over the other, existing institutions seem hardly calculated to secure it; and that the tradition of Christian asceticism has had the unfortunate effect of making people less willing to recognize this right than to recognize the right to food. Politicians, who have not time to become acquainted with human nature, are peculiarly ignorant of the desires that move ordinary men and women. Any political party whose leaders knew a little psychology could sweep the country.

While admitting the abstract right of the community to interfere with its members in order to secure the biological necessities to all, I cannot admit its right to interfere in matters where what one man possesses is not obtained at the expense of another. I am thinking of such things as opinion and knowledge

and art. The fact that the majority of a community dislikes an opinion gives it no right to interfere with those who hold it. And the fact that the majority of a community wishes not to know certain facts gives it no right to imprison those who wish to know them. I know a lady who wrote a long book giving an account of family life in Texas, which I consider sociologically very valuable. The British police hold that no one must know the truth about anything; therefore it is illegal to send this book through the post.

Everybody knows that the patients of psychoanalysts are often cured by the mere process of making them become aware of facts of which they had repressed the recollection. Society is, in certain respects, like these patients but, instead of allowing itself to be cured, it imprisons the doctors who bring unwelcome facts to its notice. This is a wholly undesirable form of interference with freedom.

### III

So far I have been considering purely abstract arguments as to the limitations of justifiable interferences with freedom. I come now to certain more psychological considerations.

The obstacles to freedom, as we saw, are of two sorts, social and physical. Given a social and a physical obstacle which cause the same direct loss of liberty, the social obstacle is more harmful, because it causes resentment. If a boy wants to climb a tree and you forbid him, he will be furious; if he finds that he cannot climb it he will acquiesce in the physical impossibility. To prevent resentment it may often be desirable to permit things which are in themselves harmful, such as going to church during an epidemic. To prevent resentment governments attribute misfortunes to natural causes; to create resentment oppositions attribute them to human causes. When the price of bread goes up, governments say it is due to

bad harvests, and oppositions say it is due to profiteers. Under the influence of industrialism people have come to believe more and more in the omnipotence of man; they think there is no limit to what human beings can do to obviate natural misfortunes. Socialism is a form of this belief: we no longer regard poverty as sent by God but as a result of human folly and cruelty. This has naturally altered the attitude of the proletariat towards its "betters." Sometimes the belief in human omnipotence is carried too far. Many Socialists apparently think that under socialism there would be plenty of food for everybody even if the population multiplied until there was only standing room on the earth's surface. This, I am afraid, is an exaggeration. However this may be, the modern belief in the omnipotence of man has increased the resentment when things go wrong, because misfortunes are no longer attributed to God or nature, even when they justly might be. This makes modern communities harder to govern than the communities of the past, and accounts for the fact that the governing classes tend to be exceptionally religious, because they wish to regard the misfortunes of their victims as due to the will of God. It makes interferences with the minimum of freedom harder to justify than in former times, because they cannot be camouflaged as immutable laws, although every day in the newspapers there are letters from clergymen trying to revive this ancient device.

In addition to the fact that interferences with social freedom are resented, there are two other reasons which tend to make them undesirable. The first is that people do not desire the welfare of others, and the second is that they do not know in what it consists. Perhaps, at bottom, these are one and the same, for when we genuinely desire the good of some person we usually succeed in finding out what his needs are. At any rate, the practical results are the same whether people do harm from malevo-

lence or from ignorance. We may therefore take the two together, and say that hardly any man or class can be trusted as the trustee of another's interests. This is, of course, the basis of the argument for democracy. But democracy, in a modern State, has to work through officials, and thus becomes indirect and remote where the individual is concerned. There is a special danger in officials, owing to the fact that they usually sit in offices remote from the people whose lives they control. Take education as a case in point. Teachers, on the whole, from contact with children, have come to understand them and care for them, but they are controlled by officials without practical experience, to whom children may be merely nasty little brats. Therefore, the interferences of officials with freedom for teachers are generally harmful. So in everything: power lies with those who control finance, not with those who know the matter upon which the money is to be spent. Thus the holders of power are too often ignorant or malevolent, and the less they exercise their power the better.

The case for compulsion is strongest where the person compelled gives a moral assent to the compulsion, although, if he could, he would neglect what he recognizes to be his duty. We would all rather pay taxes than have no roads, though if, by a miracle, the tax-collector overlooked us, most of us would not remind him of our existence. And we readily acquiesce in such measures as the prohibition of cocaine, though alcohol is a more dubious proposition. But the best case is that of children. Children must be under authority, and are themselves aware that they must be, although they like to play a game of rebellion at times. The case of children is unique in the fact that those who have authority over them are sometimes fond of them. Where this is the case the children do not resent the authority in general, even when they resist it on particular occasions. Education authorities, as opposed to teachers,



have not this merit and do in fact sacrifice the children to what they consider the good of the State. Authority would be comparatively harmless if it were always in the hands of people who wish well to those whom they control; but there is no known method of securing this result.

Compulsion is at its worst when the victim firmly believes the act commanded to be wicked or harmful. It would be abominable, even if it were possible, to compel a Mahometan to eat pork or a Hindu to eat beef. Anti-vaccinationists ought not to be compelled to be vaccinated. Whether their infant children should be, is another question: I should say not, but the question is not one of freedom, since the child is not consulted in either case. The question is one between the parent and the State, and cannot be decided on any general principle. The parent who has conscientious objections to education is not allowed to keep his child uninstructed; yet, so far as general principles go, the two cases are exactly analogous.

The most important distinction in this matter of freedom is between those goods which one man holds at the expense of another and those in which one man's gain is not another's loss. If I absorb more than my fair share of food some other man goes hungry; if I absorb an unusually large amount of mathematics I do no one any harm. There is another point: such things as food, houses, and clothes are necessities of life, about the need of which there is not much controversy or much difference between one man and another. Therefore they are suitable for governmental action in a democracy. In all such matters, justice should be the governing principle. In a modern democratic community justice means equality. But it would not mean equality in a community where there was a hierarchy of classes, recognized and accepted by inferiors as well as superiors. Even in modern England, a large majority of

wage earners would be shocked if it were suggested that the King should have no more pomp than they have. I should, therefore, define justice as the arrangement producing least envy. This would mean equality in a community free from superstition, but not in one which firmly believed in social inequality.

But in opinion, thought, art, etc., one man's possessions are not obtained at the expense of another's. Moreover, it is doubtful what is good in this sphere. If Dives is having a feast while Lazarus is eating a crust of bread, Dives will be thought a hypocrite if he preaches the advantages of poverty. But if I like mathematics and another man likes music, we do not interfere with each other, and when we praise each other's pursuits we are merely being polite. And in matters of opinion free competition is the only way of arriving at truth. The old Liberal watchwords were applied in the wrong sphere, that of economics; it is in the mental sphere that they really apply. We want free competition in ideas, not in business. The difficulty is that, as free competition in business dies out, the victors more and more seek to use their economic power in the mental and moral sphere, and to insist upon their own idea of right living and right thinking as a condition of being allowed to earn a living. This is unfortunate, since "right living" means hypocrisy and "right thinking" means stupidity.

There is the gravest danger that, whether under plutocracy or under socialism, all mental and moral progress will be rendered impossible by economic persecution. The liberty of the individual should be respected where his actions do not directly, obviously, and indubitably do harm to other people. Otherwise, our persecuting instincts will produce a stereotyped society, as in sixteenth-century Spain. The danger is real and pressing. America is in the van, but we in England are almost sure to follow suit unless we can learn to value freedom in its proper sphere. The free-

dom we should seek is not the right to oppress others but the right to live as we choose and think as we choose where our doing so does not prevent others from doing likewise.

Finally, I want to say a word about what, at the beginning, I called "psychological dynamics." A society where one type of character is common can have more freedom than one in which a different type prevails. A society composed of human beings and tigers could not have much freedom: either the tigers or the human beings must be enslaved. There cannot therefore be any freedom in parts of the world where white men govern colored populations.

To secure the maximum of freedom it is necessary to form character by education, so that men may find their hap-

piness in activities which are not oppressive. This is a matter of formation of character during the first six years of life. Miss McMillan at Deptford is training children who become capable of creating a free community. If her methods were applied to all children, rich and poor, one generation would suffice to solve our social problems. But emphasis on instruction has made all parties blind to what is important in education. In later years desires can only be controlled, not fundamentally altered; therefore, it is in early childhood that the lesson of live-and-let-live must be taught. Given men and women who do not desire the things which can only be secured through the misfortunes of others, the obstacles to social freedom will be at an end.

## LOT'S WIFE

BY ELIZABETH MORROW

**I**F YOU would sing of heroes, sing of her  
 For she was young and dauntless, unafraid  
 In Sodom's chaos; nothing could deter  
 That backward look where beating brimstone played;  
 Those loyal eyes cost her brief flesh and blood.  
 Tell us no tale of shame or wickedness  
 Only how faith and courage at the flood  
 Became a white and shining loveliness.  
 So let the gleaming pillar on the plain  
 Rebuke safe cowards running from the past:  
 They make no salt beneath a fiery rain,  
 No savor of their little deeds will last.  
 But when Lot's wife put on her crystal shroud  
 The sky saluted and Prometheus bowed!





# THE ARROW

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

*Author of "Thunder on the Left"*

*Summary of Part One.*—A young American, crossing the Atlantic to attend Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, was pleasantly stirred by the attractiveness of a girl whom he had first seen on the dock at New York, where she had been wearing a gray dress with what he described to himself as a spinal frill. He had no satisfactory chance to see her on shipboard; his attention was occupied by the strangeness of the sensations of a first ocean voyage. After he reached London—which seemed a sort of fairyland to him—he had a curious experience: passing the statue of Eros in Piccadilly Circus, he suddenly found himself transfixed by an arrow, apparently from the young god's bow. It proved to be invisible to those about him, yet there it was, the point sticking out several inches behind him and the feathered butt projecting an equal distance in front, a little aside of his middle waistcoat button.—*The Editors.*

RETURNED to his hotel, he evaded the talkative doorman and gained the privacy of his chamber. He took off his outer garments, though with some difficulty, and studied his casualty. The arrow had caused no laceration or visible injury; it had pierced him as cleanly as a needle would enter a pudding. He was aware of a warm tickling, a quickening excitement threaded through some inmost node of his being. The unreasonable missile had traversed some region more intimate even than heart or brain or anything palpable. It seemed to be lodged in his very identity, in some surprised and tender essence he could only describe as *Me*. He tried to break off the projecting ends of the dart; but when he wrenched and twisted, it proved strangely flexible though apparently so glassy and brittle. He backed against the window, hooked the barbed point over the sill, and gave a gigantic heave to pull it out. It was immovable, and the effort only left him dizzy and shaken, with flying volleys of anguish

that scattered down every frantic nerve. He desisted and sat for a while almost faint while the chair twirled under him and the delicate engine shone and burned and quivered in his vitals. Now it glowed and sparkled with frolic luster until he was almost proud of so singular a stickpin; now it paled and dwindled until he clutched at his breast to see if it were really there.

He was roused by the dinner gong. Evidently he must make plans to carry on his life with this fantastic inherent. He rang for hot water. When the chambermaid appeared he was standing in his shirtsleeves directly under the light, waiting anxiously to see if she would cry out when she noticed his condition. Chambermaids, he reasoned, are trained to observe anything unusual.

She brought the water, drew the blinds, and turned down the bed, without comment. He stood rotating under the lamp so that she could see him from all angles.

"Chambermaid," he said nervously, "I wonder if you would—"

He hesitated, realizing that someone in the hall might overhear. He closed the door. The maid looked surprised, as his previous conduct in the house had given no suggestion of eccentricity.

He wished he knew her name: it would have made it easier, somehow, to call her Betsy or Maggie.

"My shirt," he said, struggling for an easy familiar tone. "I want you to help me with my shirt."

"It's a pretty pattern, ain't it sir?" she remarked cheerfully. "Oh, you want it mended, don't you. It's torn, what a pity; you must've caught it on a nail."

"Yes, but how about the back?" he asked, turning. "Is that torn too?"

"Oh, Lor', sir, so it is; a nasty little 'ole."

"Is that all?"

"Well, beg pardon, sir, I b'lieve your undervest's tore too, let me . . . ouch!" She gave a squeak.

"What's the matter?" he cried.

"That's not fair!" she exclaimed angrily, rubbing her plump forearm, evidently puzzled whether this was a practical joke or some new method of beginning a flirtation.

His spirits improved at this evidence of the arrow's invisibility. Keeping at a discreet distance, he suggested that she must have pricked herself on some fastening in her dress.

"All I say is, it's taking a liberty to go shoving pins into people that's trying to be 'elpful."

He pacified her by making a generous offer for the repair of his linen.

"You, see," he explained, "the doctor says I don't get enough ventilation. He wants me to have a little loophole in the front and back of my clothes—then there'll always be a current of air. Now if you'll do that for me, I mean cut out the holes and hem them, I'll give you a pound."

"It'll be blessed draughty with winders cut in your cloes," she said. "You ain't seen a London winter. 'Owever, it's your fun'ral, not mine.

A quid? I'll embroider them 'oles proper for a quid."

He went down to dinner somewhat fortified. It was the first time he had taken any meal except breakfast in the hotel, and his arrival agitated the head waiter, a small pallid creature troubled by any sudden decision. He had to stand in full publicity while a table was found for him, but none of the diners noticed any oddity in his outline. If they only knew, he thought.

The places against the wall were all occupied; he must take one in the center of the room; and he discovered that when he sat the butt of the arrow exactly encountered the edge of the board, while the point protruded below the top rail of the open chair-back. He had to sit far out, reaching his food at arm's length: worse still, this brought him dangerously near an adjoining table, where the Bishop was. The head waiter, perpetually anxious about offending someone or inadvertently making some blunder in sedentary precedences, presently approached to push in his seat for him. The American foresaw the maneuver just in time, and leaped to his feet; the servant, very much startled, apologized, wondering what error had been committed. He managed to frame some explanation about a sudden cramp in his foot, and prevented a second attempt on the chair by saying that a leg of the table was in the way. But the waiter, with the timorous obstinacy of his kind, hung about zealously. Already a number of eyes were on them, keen with that specially recognizable disapproval which human beings exhibit when anyone behaves queerly in a dining room. Even the Bishop, who was doing wonders with some sort of steaming jam-roll, looked half-way round.

"It was really damned embarrassing," he told me. "By some accidental recommendation I had fallen into a hotel—or *an* hotel, as they called it—that catered solely to English. A Continental or American visitor was almost unheard



of; most of their patrons, as I noted in the register, had such extravagantly British names as Mrs. Elphin-Elphinstone, The Moated Grange, Monk Hopton, Salop. There was even a Lady in the house, for, turning over the mail on the hall table, I had noted a letter delightfully addressed to Nurse Edwards, care of Lady Smithers; you can hardly guess how unco that seemed to me. As for the Bishop, I don't know that he really was one; I call him so because that was the impression he gave me, but he may have been something even more mysterious, such as a Prebendary. Anyhow, in those first days I had been pleasantly aware of having slipped by good hazard into a pure tissue of England. I had been faced by unfamiliar questions, propounded with sacred solemnity, as when that fool waiter would ask if I wanted thick soup or clear; or my coffee black or white; or sweet or savory? But I had successfully disguised my excitements, happy just not to be noticed. Now this was all ended. The villainy of chance had marked me with a stigma sure to make me grotesque, and not even pitiable because it could not be seen. I wondered desperately, as I carefully conveyed my soup in long trajectory toward my mouth, whether a cube of that solid Yorkshire pudding of theirs could be used as a buffer on the point of my arrow, to prevent the waitress from spearing herself. She was an enthusiastic girl and kept rushing toward the narrow space between my chair and the Bishop's with relays of Brussels sprouts or stewed cheese: and each time I had to turn hurriedly and reach for whatever she brought before she could get behind me.

"In this morbid sharpening of my senses, I'm afraid I may have returned a little resentfully the gazes that came my way. The fact is, I was studying the other guests more closely than before. I envied them their perfect adaptation to the scene, their rich normality, their subconscious certainty that what they were doing was regular and right. They

could not possibly have guessed that their fresh gobbling voices, their simultaneous use of knife and fork, the actual food they ate and clothes they wore were all astounding to me: they were happy, bless them, because they were unaware of themselves, just as I had been; their tender psyche was not spitted like an unchloroformed butterfly. I thought bitterly how mad a man is to come abroad, for it makes him sensible of the strangeness of life instead of merging undissenting into it, which is the only peace. But queerer still: as soon as *my* behavior became indecorously odd, as it now unavoidably was, they seemed more cordial. I suppose that in some way the report had gone round that I was an American; well, as long as my demeanor was indistinct from that of any other well-behaved young man they were gently disappointed; but when I showed signs of strangeness it satisfied some vague notion in their minds. And in the oblique profile of the Bishop, as I glanced over my shoulder, I could divine the enigmatic radiation of a man who is about to say something. I watched him apprehensively, and when he pushed his chair back I got hastily to my feet. He seemed surprised at what he can only have thought an excessive courtesy; but he had his cup in his hand and asked me, most charmingly, if he might take coffee at my table.

"I may as well admit that he captivated me at once. I had thought, watching him a few times at breakfast, that there was a certain ludicrous discrepancy between his clean-shaven austerity and the extreme gusto with which he approached his food and his morning *Times*. I could imagine him removing from his mind things in the paper that disagreed with him just as efficiently as he set aside bones in his haddock. But, after all, I don't know why a Bishop shouldn't enjoy his meals as heartily as anyone else. And here he was, the star boarder, in pure goodness of heart taking pains to be gracious to a young alien.

His clear gray eyes were so magnificently direct, it seemed incredible he should not see my gruesome predicament. In pursuit of theological niceties he must have accepted without question many paradoxes just as puzzling as my arrow; but he showed no sign. I yearned to confess my trouble. Who better than a Bishop should be able to understand and console my difficulty? But, curiously, I saw in him the same aversion from surprise, that had made it difficult to appeal to the policeman. I suspected that he was being kind to me on the tacit understanding that I would behave more or less as he expected me to; and I made a resolute attempt to hide my distress. I tucked my napkin over the hole in my waistcoat and welcomed him as courteously as possible.

"I trust you won't think I'm intruding," he said, 'but I heard you were an American going up to Oxford and, as an old Oxonian myself I wanted to wish you luck. I suppose you are a Rhodes Scholar?'

"I assented.

"I met a most charming Rhodes Scholar once, also from Ohio," he continued. (I wish you could have heard his genial pronunciation of the word, equally accenting all three syllables.) 'A fine, manly fellow. It has been an excellent thing for the old varsity to have so many young Americans; you seem to bring us a freshness of outlook, vigorous high spirits that we need.'

"I feared inwardly that he must be disappointed in me as an example of high spirits.

"I suppose you have already graduated from some American university," he said. 'I wonder if it could be Princeton? I had a friendly invitation from there at one time, to lecture in the Divinity School. No? Having taken a degree already makes your men a little more mature in some ways than our undergraduates.'

"I explained that I was twenty-two. I did not insist how considerable an age it then seemed.

"Which college are you going to at Oxford?" he asked.

"St. John's.'

"Ah, quite one of the best. You will be very happy there. Trinity was my shop, but I often used to go to John's for meetings of the Archery Club. Perhaps you didn't know that there's great enthusiasm at St. John's about their historic Archery Club. They have marvelous lunches and then go out in the garden to shoot with bows and arrows. Sometimes when the lunch has been excessive, it's a bit dangerous, arrows flying round all over the place. But it's quite the leading club at John's; it would be an amusing experience for you if you were elected.'

"I was far too depressed to enter with much enthusiasm into the notion of the Archery Club, or tell him that I would make a singularly appropriate member. I was realizing that of course my whole Oxford career, so eagerly anticipated, was completely blighted. Undergraduates, more than any others, are children of conformity, and anyone so cruelly unique must necessarily be a pariah. I mumbled doleful replies while he chatted kindly on. But the arrow fretted me with stealthy fire, and the cleric's amiable regard became rather pebbly. His was an established mind, neatly reticulated into a seemingly satisfying world; the slightest whisper of my furious fancies would have pained him unspeakably. The obvious necessity for concealing everything I was really thinking about made me gloomy and solemn.

"I'm glad you approach your studies in a serious spirit," he said finally. 'You won't be wasting your time in mere pranks.'

"He finished his coffee and rose. Sunk in private misery, I forgot to rise with him. He turned to pick up his napkin from the next table, and standing so backed directly on my naked barb. At the moment I was absently finishing my savory; when I heard him leap and yell I turned aghast; he, seeing me fork in hand, can only have thought I had wan-



tonly prodded him in sheer overplus of savagery. The head waiter came running; the other guests stared to see the admired prelate distractedly chafing his postremity and glaring excommunication. 'Let me explain,' I cried wildly, ready to confess all and cast myself on his mercy; but the very phrase condemned me. I will not elaborate the dreadful scene. I still remember the face of the head waiter. If it had been Mrs. Elphin-Elphinstone herself who had been impaled he could not have been more scandalized. There was only one decency possible. I packed, paid my bill, called a taxi, and sought another lodging. It occurred to me, in the cab, that perhaps I should have sent for Nurse Edwards, care of Lady Smithers, and offered to pay for a compress or tourniquet. But a tourniquet would have been awkward."

## V

A long and restless night gave ample opportunity for meditation. Sleep was difficult: he had to lie accurately on edge, and could not turn over on the other side without first getting out of bed. If he dozed into peaceful oblivion some uncanny movement would jar the weapon and bring him back to his affliction. There it was, fantastic, inextricable, struck through the very pulse of his consciousness. Besides being infernally uncomfortable, the thing suggested further privations. A life of celibacy, for instance—a thought distasteful to young men. If it had not been for a bottle of brandy in his luggage he would hardly have slept at all; but he discovered that generous potations seemed to dull the point of the shaft and make it smaller. A lukewarm consolation crept into his mind: perhaps everyone else was also concealing some equally embarrassing anguish—a secret that perhaps did not take the same awkward shape, but was just as disturbing.

The following day the arrow baffled him by showing itself strangely variable. As he slunk shamefully from his lodging

it seemed as big as a harpoon; he hailed a taxi, to avoid any possible collision, and went to the Express Company. There, after a difficult time standing sideways in the line of people pressing vigorously toward the teller's grill, he managed to cash a check. He was leaving, intending to visit an American doctor, when he was greeted by an old crony who came boisterously forward. He dodged behind a pillar and extended his hand warily. His friend, thinking this a drollery of some sort, laughed gaily and peered round the column. "What's on your chest?" he cried, noting the furtive behavior. The sufferer's hand flew to his wishbone, but the remark was purely accidental, for the encumbrance had now shrunk to such modest size that he could lap his overcoat over the feathery butt and guard the rearward point by covering it with one gloved hand behind his back. Encouraged, he postponed medical consultation and, as his friend would not be shaken off, they lunched together. For a couple of hours, when he privily rummaged in his bosom, he could have sworn there was nothing there. Yet it returned again later, pricking him with impossible suggestions, so that he had to stand apart round less frequented street corners, struggling to master the glittering thing by strong force of will, or else hire a taxi and ride expensively secure until it shrank to manageable dimension.

But, without committing himself in any way, he had learned from his friend one fact which promised to be helpful. At the American Embassy there was a young man employed who was, as the customary tautology has it, a fraternity brother of theirs. This means that the young official was bound, by some juvenile severities of their Greek-letter union, to mutual succor in distress. So in one of the anterooms of the Embassy's business office we see the stricken one mysteriously consulting his fellow Hellenist. There was an exchange of passwords as Greek met Greek, though not in any

accent approvable by Liddell and Scott; and the visitor displayed, for identification, a generous sheaf of testimonials from Middle-Western pastors and pedagogues. With these muniments Rhodes Scholars are always plentifully provided. The attaché, who, with spats and cut-away and a conviction that no gentleman sallies abroad without a cane, had also put on a certain fatigue of the homeland simplicities, glanced hastily through the assurances that his brother was of modest and winning nature, a fine influence in the Christian life of the community, a brilliant scholar, a leader of glee clubs, and a triple-threat half-back. He noticed that in spite of these resources the caller looked somewhat haggard, exhaled a faint vapor of cognac, and had a curious habit of standing averted, holding one arm doubled back behind his shoulders. He prepared himself with several irrefutable reasons why the Ambassador was not at liberty.

"See here," said the caller, in whom after several days of wretchedness the sentiment of anger was now uppermost, "is this the place to file a complaint against the British government?"

The young diplomat was fully aware that complaints against the British, or any other government, were rarely efficacious. And his promotion, slow at best, depended largely on his finesse in preventing the channels of communication from being choked with the assorted woes of American travelers. Accordingly, he had framed a polite theorem for the various emergencies of his bureau, to the effect that the United States government, though undoubtedly a sovereign power, cannot safeguard its citizens against all the miscellaneous vexations of life. This apothegm, though frequently in use, he was always able to utter as if freshly inspired for the immediate instance. It was ready to his lips, but something in the manner of his inquirer led him to a more comradely candor.

"Why, yes," he said, "if necessary. But I doubt if it'll do much good. And

it depends on the nature of the complaint. If it's an income tax . . ."

"It's no use my trying to explain. You wouldn't believe me. I've been to a doctor and all he can suggest is that it's a case of *hyperaesthesia sagittaria*. He's delighted about it, but then he doesn't have to live with it."

"You'll pardon me, I'm sure," said the attache, "but if you can state the nature of the grievance . . ."

"I've drawn up a document about the whole affair," said the plaintiff, producing a manuscript. "Now remember, this is entirely confidential except as regards official channels. But it's the only recourse I have. If you'll run your eye over this . . ."

The clerk read:—

WHEREAS ———, a citizen of the United States of America, 22 years of age, residing temporarily at 18, Torrington Square, London, desires to make complaint against H. M. Government as follows:

Whereas on the 3rd day of October instant, about the hour of five p. m., the said ———, on his lawful occasions and peaceably pursuing own concerns, was walking through Piccadilly Circus, when a missile nearest describable as an arrow, projected by person or persons unknown, did so strike and transfix the body and soul of said ——— that he has thereafter gone in peril of his life and wits. And whereas the said arrow is not by any ascertainable means removable from the body of the plaintiff, and whereas it has afflicted him grievously in mind, body, and estate, subjecting him to extreme humiliations and necessitating medical treatment for a highly nervous and excited condition and repeated hire of motor taxicabs to prevent embarrassing H. M. subjects on the sidewalks; and whereas the petitioner feels his future career and tranquillity gravely compromised by this affliction, he respectfully submits that it is the plain duty of H. M. Government, acting through the London County Council or any other lawful body, to keep the region of Piccadilly Circus free of such random projectiles and that neglect of such precautions has resulted in a delict upon the person of a citizen of the United States.



Your petitioner therefore prays that damages be awarded commensurate with the offense, and that the American Ambassador in London be instructed to make representations to that end to the officers of H. M. Government.

"But I don't see any arrow," objected the fraternity brother.

"Hush! Not so loud!" said the petitioner, looking round nervously at several other citizens who were waiting their turn to make complaints. He leaned across the counter and whispered hoarsely.

The clerk seemed a little shocked. He read the document again and privately concluded that the Ohio chapters of Nu Nu Phi ought to be more careful in their elections. But one business of an embassy is to allow Time to anoint its healing lotion upon human abrasions, and he fell back on sound governmental principles.

"Well," he said, "I'll put this through the proper routine. But don't expect questions to be asked about it in Parliament next week. First it'll have to go before some Congressional committee in Washington, I suppose, and when they see the word *arrow* they'll probably refer it to the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Also, it must pass through our legal department here, to be put in correct form."

But he was almost ashamed of his flippancy when he saw the exalted earnestness of the other man.

"Did you ever have a secret so important," asked the caller, "that no one could possibly be told, and yet everyone knew it anyhow?"

"Why, sure; that's what embassies are for, to deny that sort of thing." As he spoke he thought anxiously of his own secrecies: private experiments with a monocle that he had never dared wear publicly, and that it was near closing time and he had an engagement to meet a young lady for tea at Rumpelmayer's.

"Put your hand here," the caller said, opening his overcoat.

The attaché did as directed. He felt a sharp sting and a warm hypodermic

sparkle snaked up his arm. For an instant he was giddy, the office behind him with its terraced filing cases seemed to rock and grow dim. He clung to the counter as to the bulwark of a ship. He heard music faintly played, the light clatter of voices, and in a brightness soft as candleshine he saw the face of the damsel at Rumpelmayer's.

He steadied himself, fixing his mind on the tight-lipped engraving of George Washington.

"Really, you know . . . sorcery . . . I'm not sure that this comes under the scope of this office."

The impatience of several ladies waiting attention began to be audible.

"Do what you can," said the plaintiff, and repeated the covenant of their Greek-letter federation. He left, making a wide zigzag to give the other clients a safe offing. The attaché, concealing behind the counter a hasty glance at his wrist-watch, assigned two elderly ladies to a confrère and selected the younger one for himself. The only consolation in this job, he reflected, was that perplexity did sometimes descend upon traveling citizens who were really attractive; but even so, not as alluring as the graceful creature who would soon be in St. James's Street, taking her tea and pastry with only one hand.

## VI

The plaintiff in Torrington Square was surprised to receive, a few days later, a letter from the American Embassy. It was embossed with the official seal of the United States, which he was startled to observe consisted of an eagle with excessively straddled legs, one of which held a cluster of arrows and the other a foliage that he took to be an olive bough. Arrows, he thought ironically, he could supply for himself; the message, written in the attaché's own hand, was evidently intended to be of the nature of the olive branch. It was informal and cordial.

"Your statement," he read, "is hav-

ing due attention. I have been thinking about the matter and, speaking as a friend and brother in old Nunu, I believe perhaps you take it too seriously. I think that when you get up to Oxford the pleasant surroundings of that peaceful place will soon remedy the condition; in the meantime I suggest that you enjoy some innocent diversion. Nothing is more entertaining than a professional Anglo-American Hands Across the Sea meeting, so I am enclosing a ticket to the annual luncheon of the Atlantic Harmony. You will find this well worth attending, Lord Aliquot is to take the chair and Admiral Stripes, U.S.N., will be one of the speakers. Yours cordially."

The date set for the luncheon was the day before he would leave for Oxford. He decided to go.

The attaché was right: one of those meetings at which the two chief branches of the Anglo-Saxon race convene to confess their mutual esteem is indeed fruitful study for the pensive. The Atlantic Harmony lunched in the ballroom of a huge hotel; behind the high table the banners of both nations were draped and blended; an orchestra in the gallery burst into traditional airs; cocktails began and champagne followed. Dishes sacred to England and America were on the menu and, judging by the notable bulk of most of the ladies, there was no danger of the race perishing of starvation. It was an orgy of friendly sentiment; for the time being the Atlantic ocean seemed a mere trickle; one had to remind oneself that only the fortunately high rate of steamship fares prevented two mutually infatuated populations from putting their affections to the proof *en masse*. Even a man with a serious gravamen pending against the British government could not resist the general infection of goodwill. He waited in the lobby until the crowd had gone in, which made it possible to reach his seat without spiking anyone; and by the time the wine had made a few circulations he was in excellent humor.

Contemplating the worthy people who

are drawn by irresistible magnetism to affairs of this sort, he began to wonder what was the law forbidding Anglo-American friendship to be endorsed by the young and slender. The ladies were mostly silvery and, in the case of his immediate neighbors, deaf; and the gentlemen solid; but their enthusiasm was terrific. References by Lord Aliquot to The Mother Country, cousins, blood thicker than water, the critical days of 1917, the language of Shakespeare, Magna Charta, Your Great President were received with instantaneous crashes of applause. Admiral Stripes, forgetting the extreme efficiency of the submarine cables, very nearly made Lord Aliquot a present of the United States Navy. Lord Aliquot, after humorously remarking that he himself had made the supreme sacrifice for Anglo-American union by marrying an American wife, insisted that nothing could go seriously wrong between two nations nurtured in the same sense of fair play and reverence for pure womanhood. His Lordship, an old hand at these affairs, took care to end each paragraph with an obvious bait for applause. This gave him time to be quite sure that the next one would not contain anything regrettable. An American minister, chaplain of the Harmony, offered a prayer for all branches of the English-speaking Peoples, on whom heavier than elsewhere rests the great burden of human liberty. If any Frenchman had been taken, manacled, into the room, and compelled to listen to the speeches, he would have ended in convulsions. In short, it was one of those occasions, familiar to statesmen, that cannot possibly do any harm and offer a hardworking nonconformist parson a free meal and an opportunity to address the Deity in public. Meanwhile the Swiss and German waiters scoured about busily, the champagne flowed, and when "Dixie" was played many who had never seen a cotton field scrambled up and shouted in pure hysteria.

During the halloo that followed "Dixie" he rose and cheered with the



rest. Then he saw, sitting opposite across the large round table, a girl who had been hidden from him by a bushy centerpiece of flowers. She was dark, with close-cropped hair; a little absent-looking, as though she did not take this luncheon very seriously; she had a cloak thrown over her shoulders. He was just raising his glass, with a vague intention of toasting the universe at large, when he caught her gaze. They studied each other solemnly, as becomes strangers crossing unexpectedly in so large a waste. Then, in the flush of the moment, he smiled and lifted his glass. She reached for hers, and they drank, look to look. Then, a little embarrassed, he sat down.

But something in her face or gesture fretted him, bothered him as does a cut-off telephone call; he was waiting and wondering. He tried to get another glimpse of her, but the floral piece was impenetrable. There was no time to lose: one of the neighboring matrons was asking him what was that music which had just been played, and the chairman was already hammering for silence. He stood up again for one more look, and saw that the man on her left, elevated by champagne and the gallant megalomania of the occasion, was still erect and vocal. He also saw how far back she sat from the table. Her hand, stretched out at arm's length, still lingered on the wineglass stem.

He ran round to her side of the table, and seized the joyful gentleman. "Quick!" he said. "They want us to change places. Makes it more sociable!" The other gaily assented, and took his place between the two dowagers; nor did he ever discover their infirmity.

"Aren't you warm with that cloak on?" he asked. "Can I take it off for you?"

Her quick little movement of alarm, drawing the wrap closer round her, showed him he had not made a mistake. But he did not pause to wonder at his certainty. Shy as he had always been, now it was as though he looked at a woman for the first time, and saw not

the strange capricious nymph of legend but the appealing creature of warmth and trouble, ridiculous as himself. Perhaps it was the grotesque pangs of the previous days that had tutored him. Terror of other human beings had vanished; his blemish was not shameful but something to be proud of; and his next words were divinely inspired—they were brief but exactly right.

"You darling," he said.

The clapping that followed was probably intended for the Viscount Aliquot, but it came too pat to be ignored.

"And that's the first thing that's been said here that was really worth applause," he added.

She looked at him steadily, something in her eyes that might once have been terror changing into amusement; and then returned her gaze to Lord Aliquot, who seemed very far away, gesticulating at the other end of the great room. "You mustn't talk while people are whispering," she said.

She couldn't possibly have been any different, he thought triumphantly. He had a strong conviction that those dark eyebrows, the delightful soft stubble at the base of her boyish neck, that wistfully shortened upper lip had always been growing and curving like that just intentionally for him. He was waiting hopefully (as was Lord Aliquot) for Lord Aliquot to be interrupted by another round of applause.

"Of course the proper thing to say," he murmured, "would be, Haven't we met before somewhere. But it's more important to know, When are we going to meet again?"

"We haven't parted yet."

"Splendid. But are you going to listen to me or to the speeches?"

"Evidently I can't do both."

"Well, there'll be a National Anthem soon; I can feel it coming. They'll all stand up, and we can slip away. Besides, it always embarrasses me to sing the Star Spangled Banner before strangers. Let's go and have tea somewhere."

"But we haven't finished lunch yet."

"Don't let's waste time. I've got to go to Oxford to-morrow. By the way, if you had a gray dress with a little frill down the back, on what sorts of occasions would you wear it?"

"Why, right here; but I can't, it's got a hole in it."

He leaned toward her, to whisper something, and the ends of their arrows touched. There was a clear puff of sparkling brightness, like two highly charged wires making contact. Some weary guests at the speakers' table bristled up and felt their cravats, believing the time for the flashlight pictures had come. Lord Aliquot, taking it for some sort of signal, called the company to their feet for the American Anthem.

"Hurry! if we wait they'll get beyond the words they know, then everyone will spot us beating it."

They reached the door before anyone except Lord Aliquot had got beyond *What so proudly we hailed*.

"What so proudly we hailed," he said, as the words pursued them into the lobby. "That suggests taxies. Let's grab one."

## VII

"Anthem? Nonsense, we've just had one."

But then they saw the old fellow meant a hansom. There it was, drawn up by the . . .

"Bet you don't know how they spell curb over here," he said as they climbed in. "They spell it K, E, R, B. You know it's the first time I ever rode in one of these things. Who's that talking to us from the sky?"

They looked up and saw a curious portrait floating upside down above them. It was framed in a little black square, like an old Flemish master—the color of Tudor brick grizzled with lichen. It proved to be the face of the lispng cabby.

"Oh, anywhere where one does drive in London."

"I want to see the Serpentine," she said. "I'm always reading about it."

"Very good, mith." The brick portrait floated a moment genially and then said with bronchial jocularity, "Adam and Eve and the Therpentine." They laughed—the sudden perfect laughter of those overtaken unawares by the excellence of the merrymaking world. The cab tilted, jingled, swayed off, rolling lightly like a canoe.

"Of course this is simply magic. Things just don't happen like this," he said as they settled themselves. "Are you comfortable? If I put my arm round you, it would prevent the point of yours from punching into the seat. You see, I can sit sort of diagonal, and then if you slide over this way . . ."

"It gives me a spinal frill when it touches anything," she admitted.

He looked at her amazed.

"Yes, that girl on the ship told me what you said. She was my roommate."

"Why didn't I ever see you on board?"

"You did, but you didn't look at me."

"I'll make up for it now."

"Besides I was ill. Not just seasick ill, ill in my mind. Don't let me go in a ship again—it's too elemental."

The tips of the two arrows touched, and again there was a little fizzing flash. Just the thing for lighting cigarettes, they found, and practiced it.

"As a matter of fact I have two arms," he added presently.

"The dusk comes early in London," she said.

"You darling," he repeated, saying it with the accent that can only be uttered in a hansom.

"I think mine's loose," she said. "It seems to waggle a little."

"Mine doesn't bother me a bit as long as we sit like this."

"I thought I was mad."

"So did I. Now I know it. I went to an astrologer, one of those fellows in a dressing-gown on Oxford Street. He asked me my birthday, December 21. He said that I came just between two signs of the Zodiac, Sagittarius and the Goat. I guess I'm both of them at once."



Rocking lightly, tingling like a tray of highballs, the cab jingled. Music came from somewhere—a street-piano perhaps—the same old tune, drifting sadly on waves of soft smoky air; a mendicant melody with no visible means of support. They called to the cabby to follow it, they pursued the vagrant chords down unknown ways of dusk, while London behind them muted its rhythm to a pounding hum. At last they found the minstrel, pulled up beside him, and startled him by their new method of lighting cigarettes.

"I'm still not quite sure of the difference between a half crown and a florin," he said.

"Then give him both."

When they reached the Serpentine it was too dark to appreciate it.

"Let's bruise it with our heel," she said. "I mean, let's go somewhere. Let's go home, wherever that is."

"Where was it we first met?" He searched his memory. "Long ago. Yes, at that hotel. We'll go back there to tea."

"Is it all right to feel a bit queer in a hansom cab? I mean, almost as though you were on board a ship? I guess I'm worried about my arrow. It doesn't seem to fit as well as it did. My precious arrow. . . ."

His also was trembling strangely. Two lonelinesses must always feel disconcerted when they encounter.

"Darling, darling"; and as she came close into his arms with a queer shudder, the two sparkling darts slipped quietly to the back of the seat.

In the palm-room of that hotel is a ceiling of painted mythology. While you wait for anyone who may be coming to have tea with you you can examine a series of episodes gracefully conjectured from the life of a famous family. First there is Aphrodite, rising alluringly from the foam of a blue sea whose crumbling surf is pink with sunrise. Then there is the marriage, if one calls it so, of Aphrodite and Hephestus—Vulcan, if you

prefer, the fellow the Swedes name their matches for. It was a queer marriage for so handsome a goddess when Aphrodite became the first Mrs. Smith; but handsome women so often choose odd-looking men. Then there's their small boy, Eros, with the toy bow and arrows his father made for him, asking Vulcan to sharpen the darts for him; and his father, busy about thunderbolts, replying that the toys are quite sharp enough. In the last scene Eros, grown to a braw laddie, is trying a chance shot at Psyche. You generally have plenty of time to study all four scenes.

In that hour, late for tea and early for dinner, the palm-room was comfortably quiet. The hotel, after the fitful fever of the Atlantic Harmony, slept well. The occasional clink of a teaspoon or a thicker waft of cigarette smoke rising through foliage gave the only trace of what various big game lurked in that jungle. An orchestra groaned softly somewhere far away. It was all so extremely hotel-like, they might just as well have still been on board a ship.

"By the way," he said, "you haven't told me how you happened to go to that lunch."

"Why, it was a young man at the Embassy. He gave me a ticket, when I went there to complain about Piccadilly Circus. I mean, about arrows flying round like that. It shouldn't be allowed."

It was at this moment that he noticed the ceiling. It interested him so that he stood up and cricked his neck to see it accurately.

"Have you had all the tea you need? I've got an idea. There's an errand we ought to do." He carefully picked up the arrows which he had laid under his chair.

The hansom was outside.

"Why, it's still waiting!" she cried. "What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming."

"He must have come back for us. I guess he knows the symptoms."

"The blessed old thing."

"And for all he knew, he might have had to wait till to-morrow."

She made no reply to this but skipped lightly in. The charioteer leaned indulgently downward, his head on one side, like a disillusioned old centaur looking kindly upon the pranks of a couple of young demigods.

"Well, guvner, which way thith time? 'Ampthtead 'Eath?"

"We want to go and look at a statue."

"Lord love a duck, guvner, the gal-  
lerieth ith clothed."

"The statue in Piccadilly Circus.  
What do they call it?"

"'Im? Why that'th Cupid."

They drew up in a side street and crossed the crowded space on foot. Happy as he was, quit of the infernal pang, once more oblivious of terror, mortal loneliness, and dismay, yet the cicatrix of the

arrow was still tender. For an instant, as she pressed close beside him, he realized that none of these exquisite moments could be lived again.

The same bobby was directing the traffic; the same imprisoned fires paced like tigers on the rooftops. The winged boy, tiptoe in jaunty malice, was black against the emerald sky. He pointed to the dainty silhouette of the bow.

"A Circus is where one would expect to find sharpshooters," she said.

He climbed past the flower girls, who were arranging their stock of evening boutonnieres, and laid the two shining arrows at the base of the frolic statue.

"Here, you dropped something," he said to Eros.

THE END

## LOVE POSTPONED

BY RUTH FITCH BARTLETT

**I** WAS a fool to put your love away,  
As if it were a treasure I could save  
For some inevitable rainy day.  
Love does not ride on every seventh wave,  
Nor burst with crocus-certainty each spring.  
Why did the thrifty proverbs of my youth  
Make me too cautious for this transient thing,  
And set a spinster Prudence up for Truth?

Suppose we meet again and set the stage,  
Dressing with care to speak our lovers' parts,  
Will the old words still flash upon the page,  
Will there be any laughter in our hearts?  
I was a fool to think that love would linger  
Until I beckoned with a tardy finger.





## “HAPPINESS IN EVERY BOX”

THE GREAT AMERICAN ILLUSION

BY ERNEST BOYD

THE pursuit of happiness is, I believe, one of the privileges which the Fathers of this Republic regarded as the especial and inalienable right of every American citizen. Happiness exists not only in every box of certain candies, but it apparently has a tangible existence in the world of men, and the American who is unhappy feels that he has a grievance. In other countries and in other ages, ever since the beginning of civilization, the attainment of happiness has been the ostensible aim of mankind, and grave minds have pondered upon a definition of that state, with varying results. It has been left, however, to modern America to reduce both problems, that of attainment and definition, to their simplest terms.†

If, as pessimistic patriots of the old school declare, liberty is the youngest of the average American's cares to-day, happiness is certainly his most cherished superstition. Not that much time is spent upon metaphysical inquiries into the nature of happiness. Since the philosophy of the Puritans gradually made way for pragmatism, it became as obviously impossible to accept their somewhat negative conception of the good life as it was superfluous to put forward any other in its place. Whatever is, is right—provided it works. If it does not, it must be wrong, and must be discarded. In the vernacular of common practice: it's all right if you can “get away with it.” The idiom itself typifies flight from responsibility and from consequences—both are liable to interfere

with that much-desired but indeterminate happiness.

The results of this pragmatism confront the American on every side. Young girls in dreary towns and villages, brought up on that indigestibly mixed diet of seventeenth-century English Protestantism and eighteenth-century French philosophy—the only traditions upon which these States so perilously and incongruously repose—discover in the movies or the Sunday supplements that they can come to New York and be “glorified.” Their aim is to be happy, that is, to get money and fame, or notoriety, at least. If they succeed, they are justified. In this laudable ambition they are aided by the sympathetic plaudits of the press and the support of their communities, which also believe in the right to happiness. To send these girls back to the village dressmaker's sewing-machine, or to the cows, would be to deprive them of the rights guaranteed to them by the Revolution. When, in the end, they turn on the gas, or fall “accidentally” from hotel windows while the merriment of the guests is at its height, it usually transpires that they are not happy after all. Nell Gwynn managed these things somewhat better, but she had no claim to anything more than her luck and her woman's wit could give her.

It is unnecessary to over-emphasize the case of the to-be-glorified American girl emancipating herself from those regions described by H. L. Mencken as the “corn and Bible belts” of the

United States. In serener and simpler lives the same will-o-the-wisp leads its victims into strange dilemmas. We have recently had the plaint of a wife who has been so harshly used by fate that carking financial cares are her sole portion. She frankly exhibits the poverty and hardships that have come between her and the happiness to which she is, of course, entitled. She began her married life with a small inheritance and she and her husband owned their house which they sold at a profit. On coming to New York they acquired a farmhouse on Long Island and were presented with half the purchase money on a house in town. In the city they kept three servants and two in the country. Relatives provide a great deal of the clothing for the wife and two children. Doctors and dentists are in attendance and insurance policies are paid. This couple are unhappy; the perversity of their fate is almost unendurable.

To an innocent foreigner this tale of woe sounds like some burlesque upon the theme of "poor little rich girl." Two houses and two or three servants, financial and other help from relatives, a piece of marketable property, and a small inheritance at the outset—what destitution is here! One thinks of the struggles of men and women starting out of poverty, or really modest circumstances, achieving perhaps one maid-of-all-work after many years of a useful and honorable career. But they were not born under that American star which promises happiness and ease. They were born in Europe and, if we know of their years "on the ragged edge," it is because some of them have been remembered in biographies or autobiographies. Had their goal been happiness, we should never have heard of them. There are thousands and thousands of people like them, who are not afraid of struggle, even though no fame or virtue will ever be credited to them for their simple acceptance of the plain facts of life.

Even marriage is regarded as "cha-

otic" because it does not conform to the constitutional guarantee of happiness in every American home. The notion that marriage is a partnership with any other end in view than the maximum of personal bliss for each individual concerned is evidently unthinkable. Let us be happily married at any cost, including that of the institution itself, is the unwritten law which reformers have formulated. Consequently, the marrying habit flourishes and multiplies, while the number of happy marriages declines. Facilities for divorce are a menace, not to the abstract idea of marriage (as Europeans often imagine), but they are a menace to marriage as a practical human device. They put a premium upon failure, and the more the institution is worshiped as a fetish, the less workable does it become in practice. Americans are obsessed by the abstraction of marital happiness, but for the marriage bond they have a childish contempt. They see in marriage licenses some impossible promise of happiness and renew them with ingenuous faith. It is very much as if the holder of an automobile license were to expect the State to teach him how to drive, guarantee the condition, and look after the upkeep of the car.

The victims of the matrimonial myth are perhaps the most remarkable examples of the American capacity for the illusion of happiness. People who mistake the contact of two epidermises for the consummation of a great sacrament rush, or are rushed, into print, to tell the amazing tale of their deception. Had they not paid the homage of marriage to bourgeois virtue, the bourgeoisie would never have heard of them. If Wordsworth had been a poet in Greenwich Village to-day, we should not have had to wait a century for the revelation of his carnalities.

As the statistics show, the grounds for divorce grow increasingly frivolous: only 164,609 divorces were granted in 1923 on the grounds of adultery. This means that the persons involved were engaged



in the national pastime of seeking happiness. Easy divorce is having the same effect upon the matrimonial habits as Prohibition has had upon the drinking habits of the American people. Where one or two cocktails were once the rule, from six to ten are now expected. The man who would formerly have hesitated at his first marriage now plunges cheerfully into his sixth. Divorce-made marriage, however, is much more popular than man-made Prohibition. The former promises happiness, whereas the latter deliberately offers a substitute.

To the idea of happiness America offers no sales-resistance. Like all dubious and usually spurious commodities, it has been effectively “sold” to a public highly susceptible to advertising. You may have a perfectly good home. The question is: does it satisfy? Are you getting out of that investment in happiness all that you expected? Here is an opportunity to better yourself, to become a twenty-five thousand dollar a year man—in terms of alimony, of course. Only the “psychology of salesmanship” can explain the phenomenon of recurring marriage, the eternal domestic return. The concept of marriage as a religious or social contract, or both, covers the multitude of things which married life fosters and preserves. The one thing it does not guarantee is the prolongation of those raptures and illusions of romantic, youthful love, which constitute “happiness” in this particular connection. Yet that is apparently the one thing which the practitioners of more and better marriages pursue from one divorce court to another. They are dissatisfied with married life the moment it approximates to reality. How can one account otherwise for the superstition that there can be any essential difference between a first marriage and a third, a second, and a sixth? Apart from certain notorious and universally accepted grounds for separation—in sanity and so forth—the reasons for exchanging one set of illusions for another are specious. America’s clamor

for happiness is the expression of a childish dissatisfaction with life as it is.

Happiness has been defined by an older civilization than ours as the absence of pain. The wisest of our modern philosophers have not improved upon this, but have contented themselves with the thought that happiness is not a positive but a negative concept. To the pragmatic American mind such an idea seems to be inconceivable. Only in terms of Puritan asceticism was that wisdom palatable. Earthly joys were dead-sea fruit. Happiness was not in any box, not even in the confessional; it must be sought in heaven. Having moved somewhat away from that attitude towards life—as American life itself has astoundingly moved away from the conditions upon which the national philosophy was postulated—Americans today are naïvely pragmatic. Their forebears were naïvely spiritual, but there was an elementary subtlety in their point of view which appears profound when compared with the impatient materialism of the contemporary American idealist.

The country is full of Peter Pans believing in the juvenile romance of materialistic idealism, with its postulate of happiness. The democratic superstition logically demanded this and, like all the other exactions of democracy, it was inevitably conceded. If some people are happy, that privilege must not be restricted to them. This is a free country. Happiness must be put on a community basis, organized, and made available for all. Away, therefore, with class distinctions in this field. Who would dare to suggest that happiness is the most personal and elusive, the least democratic of all human possessions?

To do so would be to utter a platitude, and what is platitude when pitted against a good slogan? A drive is sufficient to “put over” the idea of happiness, and once people have started on that treasure hunt they are safely employed. Their discontents raise no fundamental questions. A woman has ten mink coats

and is not satisfied with life? Let her get another husband and try ermine. If this couple is unable to make both ends meet with three servants, two houses, and the aid of relatives, they must on no account lower their standard of living. It would be un-American to retrench or economize. Better consult a psychoanalyst and change partners until happiness results. If husband and wife no longer see each other at forty with the eyes of eighteen, then they are being frustrated and defrauded of the happiness that is their due: keep that school-girl mentality.

American materialism has long been the favorite theme of both native and foreign critics of the national *mores*. Like the legend of the land of the Almighty Dollar, this myth will sooner or later be abandoned. That Americans are less attached to money than any other people is now as evident as the fact that their materialism is the idealism of pragmatists, the belief in definite solutions to all problems and in definite results as the reward of all endeavor. If one strives for happiness, it must exist, otherwise why strive for it? Disappointment with what has been attained does not indicate the chimerical nature of the object; there is still a further stretch of rainbow at the end of which is the crock of gold.

America enjoys, among the other generous illusions of youth, this belief in happiness as a positive and tangible good. In a couple of hundred years of inexperience there has been no time for a genuine philosophy of life to germinate and flower in diverse forms according to individual and local circumstance. The simple ethics of Puritanism are as inadequate as a basis for modern American metaphysics as the pre-industrial commonplaces of the French Revolution for modern American politics. A moral and political system designed for a small, homogeneous community of British colonists cannot possibly answer the needs of a vast conglomeration of polyglot peoples, differing in race, re-

ligion, and tradition. They have been united in a few elements of common citizenship, but they can bring no common ancestral or national experience to the solution of either their own or the nation's problems.

No national morality has been yet evolved, with its roots deep in the soil of centuries. The various examples of "chaos" upon which reformers dwell are merely facets of the vast chaos of a nation in the making. It is difficult enough for those in the direct tradition of the first Colonists to square seventeenth-century theories with the facts of the greatest and most rapid experiment in industrial development known to history. To expect it of the hordes that have poured into this country out of entirely different conditions is to expect the impossible. Nations and individuals in older countries have had many hundred of years of common experience and tradition behind them before they began to be gradually confronted by the conditions and problems which were thrust upon America within the space of a little more than a century.

Pragmatic idealism is the way of escape. It leaves fundamentals untouched and concentrates upon what is immediately practicable or immediately illusory. Certain elementary principles of what is called Americanism can be inculcated or imposed by force. After that the individual is left to his own devices, and what could be more natural than his choice of happiness as fulfilling the promise of American life? It is a deep, eternal human aspiration, and this is the one country where its realization seems plausible to trusting minds. Hope of that realization drew the Pilgrims here, and the same hope causes the bedraggled and unwanted brachycephalics to scan quota figures to-day. Those first voyagers, however, had an advantage over all their successors and a great majority of their descendants. They defined their happiness first and sought it afterwards. They had not come too late into a world too new.



# ULYSSES IN AUTUMN

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

**I** WHO knew Circe have come back  
To sink a furrow in the loam;  
Left twilights bellowing and black  
For the soft glow of home,  
To hear instead of a guttural sea  
The needles of Penelope.

Still in my heart the Trojan sack  
Hisses and Helen's beauty goes  
Glimmering . . . and I have come back  
To drink the stale cup of repose—  
I who knew Circe and the wine  
That turns men grunting into swine.

Can I forget Achilles? Fly  
For ever from Calypso's guile?  
The roaring red pit of that Eye  
Drown in some domestic smile?  
Cluck at a sweaty plow who led  
The white-flanked stallions of Diomed?

No, for these nerves are iron yet,  
And in these veins, this caverned breast  
Echoes the howling parapet;  
The trumpets will not let me rest. . . .  
Think you Odysseus drownses so  
Who still can bend the terrible bow!

The lotos-voices call my blood  
Implacable and rumorously;  
All night there drums a ghostly thud  
Of feet. . . . O young Telemachus,  
Plead with your mother to release  
My spirit fevered for the Fleece!

The trees are straining in the storm,  
Spattering gold, and from the sea  
The old tang creeps between the warm  
Breath of her lovely flesh and me;  
Each dank leaf dripping down in fire  
Fuels the dream of Troy and Tyre.

I know it will be some little thing  
Like wild geese in a streaming wedge  
Severely beautiful, a string  
Of bird prints on the water's edge  
That suddenly shall crack galley whips  
And hurl me headlong to the ships!



# THE CHEER-LEADER IN LITERATURE

BY WILLIAM MCFEE

**P**AUSING in the midst of the morning mail, when an invitation to speak at a book-fair, letters from publishers in praise of their new novels, and a note from a young lady seeking counsel in the business of authorship are to be found with more urgent communications, the transplanted Englishman finds himself reflecting once again upon the peculiar problem of the expatriate. He is aware of a special duty towards the land of his adoption. He has to cultivate a reasonably agreeable attitude towards American institutions without losing, any more than he can help, that first sharp freshness of observation which gives value to the criticisms of the newcomer and the transient.

Unfortunately such a combination of virtues is not easy, and they seem often to be mutually exclusive. The process of acclimating the mind dulls it to the essential peculiarities of the new surroundings. This may account for the failure of the philosophers of our day to comment upon one very remarkable characteristic of modern American life. I allude to the practice of training large bodies of students in schools, colleges, and by mail, in the profession of novel and story writing.

This, however, is only the visible result of a fundamental and exclusively American attitude towards the young idea in Literature. Readers of Kipling's *Stalky and Co.* will remember the school-boy author who was good-humoredly cuffed and derided by all the school-masters except the Head, who showed his wisdom merely by exposing the boy

to good literature in his private study. Kipling was describing his own youthful experience, and we are justified in doubting whether he would have benefited by the modern courses in short-story and verse writing.

To quote Kipling's case is legitimate. It is typical of the English attitude towards literary aspirants. Not only in schools, but in the home, in factories, offices, and in ships at sea, I have encountered that harsh inclement state of mind which discouraged the weaklings, so that their ambitions died away and they became reconciled to some modest and useful function in our industrial system.

In America the opposite seems to be the rule. The general sentiment is one of eager welcome for the faintest sign, real or fancied, of the literary and artistic faculties. We have reached a point where the manufacture of authors on a quantity-production basis is in full force all over the country. It is accepted as a logical development of university work, and so it may strike many Americans as highly unreasonable to suggest that the propagation of authorship, especially of fiction, is no part of a university's responsibilities. Nevertheless, this proposition is herewith seriously advanced, and it is especially contended that the ultimate achievement of schools for fiction is the establishment of mediocrity as the controlling influence in American literature.

The general atmosphere of warm humid and profitable benevolence towards authorship, however, is not confined to our great institutions of learn-



ing. It parades the market place, and scores of gentlemen teach novel-writing and short-story writing by mail. It permeates the home, and parents whose children have revealed the shocking precocity of a poem or essay forthwith begin to plan a literary career for the little monster, instead of giving the child a good spanking and sending it out to play.

This may be thought an uncharitable view. I have no hesitation in asserting that it strikes anyone raised in England as remarkable—this lack of a sense of proportion in dealing with the adolescent beginnings of literature. I speak from experience. I wrote from the age of eight. I am convinced that the fairly happy life I have led since, and also any success in the business of writing I have achieved, is largely due to the bracing animosity of schoolmasters, fellow-scholars, and the home circle. Success in any of the arts, I imagine, derives fundamentally from a profound and usually unconscious conviction, situated in the very center of the child's being, that there is some mystical connection between itself and writing or drawing or music. It is, to speak fancifully, a sort of burning incandescent point in the child's inmost soul, which is the promise of greatness. To imagine that family antagonism and derision will quench this conviction of the child is to ignore the almost universal lesson of biography.

This strongly expressed opinion is not an attack upon the teaching of English, or upon education, but upon the present-day infatuation for "courses" in the practice of fiction-writing. And if teachers of literature, who understand how such aids to students are straitly confined to the mere outlines of the subject, imagine the general public so regard them, I may mention an adventure of my own when I lived in New Orleans.

The lady with whom I boarded for a while had a son, a youth in his teens, and when I came home at night he was to be found in the parlor, studying from a series of severely practical-looking

textbooks. He was about sixteen, and my own conjecture was that he was learning algebra and trigonometry, or possibly French and Latin. One evening I took up the open book and I was dumb-founded to find that he was learning how to write short stories. Another little book was devoted to electrical engineering. Sheaves of papers, received by mail from a college in Western America, were spread over the table. He was a quiet respectable lad, and I was moved to lead him into conversation. Yes, he was going in for short-story-writing. No, he didn't find it very difficult. He was "studying the structure," he said. I bashfully remarked that some years previously I had had a small book published. "Of course," said this remarkable young man, "that comes later."

Now the extraordinary thing about this boy and his little textbooks was that he possessed not the remotest conception of what he was trying to do. He had no curiosity, and the writer who has no curiosity is condemned for all eternity. Here was I, a foreigner, a stranger within his gates, sitting there telling him I had not only written a book but had got it published in London—the Mecca of the Western World in the Nineteenth Century—and he never even glanced in my direction! When I was his age, anyone who had written even a magazine article was enveloped in a golden glamour. If it be asked what that has to do with the subject, I can only say that literature is glamour and nothing else. If you cannot master the evocation of that, all your writing is no more than a sorrowful waste of time. If your music, your painting has no glamour, you were better employed in a garage or a carpenter's shop. Indeed, I would go further and say that a man can achieve that magic in the garage and joinery if he is a true craftsman. And there are many, many young men and women in this country to-day industriously fagging through courses in fiction and playwriting and short-story writing who are destined to the most tragic dis-

illusionment in the future, and who might have had true happiness in making engines, or clocks, or tables, and cabinets.

## II

Now this nation-wide illusion that all arts and professions can be taught by mail and works of art produced by the methods successful in commerce has engendered a correspondingly artificial state of mind in everybody connected with literature. It has brought forth a crowd of ladies and gentlemen who bear a remarkable resemblance to the white-jerseyed squad at a big football game. They are, in fact, the cheer-leaders of literature. They work upon the principle that if you only *believe* in your side and yell loud enough you can overturn the laws of God and of nature and score a goal.

This argument is sound if literature is merely a struggle between publishers, each with his team of star authors who are being trained to bear down all opposition. It is justified if literature is to be classed with motor-car and steel-billet manufacture or the stock-yard industry. But if, as we are assuming here, literature is one of the fine arts, then the cheer-leaders, the bally-hoo barkers, the artful dodgers of the advertising department and the deep-breathing press agents, the producers of the spurious exfoliations of rococo English so dear to the blurb-writers' heart, are arrogating to themselves a position out of all proportion to their real significance.

Literature as a fine art is to-day in the position of a parasitic growth. It is the poor relation of the standardized trade goods which keep the presses rumbling. The publisher who finds the capital involved in producing the works of original thinkers and creative artists derives that capital from the production by hundreds of thousands of copies of what I call trade-goods. He probably derives it also from the sale of magazines which, in their turn, are supported by advertising of merchandise. The fact that a

work of outstanding original beauty occasionally runs into six figures and makes money is no rebuttal of the main truth of my statement. The change in our lives during the last fifty years, the materialisation of pleasure through machinery, has thrust literature as a fine art into the discard. It is in the position of a gentleman of breeding who has fallen on evil days and whose stately residence has been bought by a lusty full-blooded young barbarian who has installed a gasoline station and a delicatessen store.

I am prepared to hear vigorous protests against such a view, but an honest survey of modern life will prove the essential truth of this statement, even though it be unpalatable to idealists, that literature exists on sufferance in the midst of an immense army of mechanical devices for the production of pleasure. I can explain what I mean by this new aspect of the standing of literature by a comparison and a story.

I live in a small town and, like every other small town in America, we have a motion-picture theater. We are pretty well served in the matter of pictures; but what I call trade-goods, that is to say goods useful for trading with the natives of these regions, predominate. In the movies such goods consist of pictures which are the descendants of the Nick Carter dime novel. It may surprise the motion-picture people, but it is a fact that the public which supports such pictures is not really seeking pictures at all, but stories. What they want is the dime novel without the fatigue of reading it. Here they get it. About forty per cent of the footage of such pictures is titles, and if you look round you can see your neighbors forming the words of those titles with their lips, if not actually reading aloud. It was a picture of this kind one evening not long ago which drew us in, and the heroic cowboy with the three-gallon hat was having a hot time with the bad men of those parts. The action consisted of an interminable series of sudden mount-



ings, gallopings, and shootings. The theater was well patronised by small boys who applauded vigorously. But seated next to me was an elderly woman who had just run out from her home to seek a little change from her life of drudgery. She had no hat, and her toil-worn hands were ungloved. And how she clapped! It was almost painful to watch the desperate fascination that foolish cheap picture had for her. When the hero leaped into the saddle and tore away down the street her emotion became almost ungovernable. Her lips quivered. Her eyes were full of tears. Her frame was shaken by gusts of genuine feeling. She raised a clenched fist to her lips.

And it suddenly struck me that for such as she that shabby little theater is a church. It gives her a window looking out upon the golden country of romance. It offers in the one form which she is able to comprehend an escape from the deadening effects of our much-vaunted age of mechanism.

The position of literature to-day is something like the position of religion in the mind of that poor woman. It is very fine, no doubt, and worthy of respect, but she does not understand what it is all about. When she wants to forget her troubles she goes, not to the church, not to the library, but to the movies when there is a good "western." It is there she is taken out of herself, and by ways impossible to you and me finds some of that glamour of which I have spoken, which justifies many despised forms of art, and which leads us back, by a reasonable transition, to my main argument.

It is this, that the systematized exploitation of courses in writing assumes two major fallacies: First, that there is any real need for developing a large population of writers; second, that the methods adopted are of any use for stimulating the creation of literature. It is to be understood, of course, that I am now expressing solely my own views. It is possible that there is not a single

other person in the United States who holds these views.

As I see it, a wholesome neutrality on the part of public educational bodies would be a sound position to take with regard to the creative urge in young people. I have a suspicion that educators and their colleges have ample work before them in providing a good grounding in what used to be called the humanities. If the eager young people who want to get a story accepted by the popular magazines insist that they don't want to bother with Beowulf and Piers Plowman and Molière and De Musset, that they want to be taught "how to do it," it is proper to tell them that there is nothing in the world, from the beginnings of history down to the present day, from Aristotle to Santayana, from Genesis to a tour through a tire factory, which will not be of some sort of use to them in showing them how to do it. The chief duty of those who teach English should be to show how the poem, the story, the novel grows out of the writer's own personality. If there is anything in it at all of value, it is because virtue has gone out of him into that piece of writing. I fancy it is the same with music and painting. I fancy that it is because so many young men and women are devoting their lives to literature before they have any life in their minds to devote that we discover nothing of any value in what they write. They lack something which I have mentioned more than once in writing on this subject, something which La Farge calls "the acquired memories of the artist." No college, no university, no institution in itself can offer as part of its curricula these acquired memories. Compared with these, the study of rules and fetiches in order to make your product marketable is of microscopic importance. Every age has its market conditions, and if you go back, say thirty years, you will find men in America, who are utterly forgotten to-day, who understood those conditions and became wealthy by writing for the magazines, although they had

no courses in "the structure of the short story" to aid them.

Someone may insist, at this juncture, that if literature is to lay claim to the title of a fine art, it must be taught to those seeking to practice it as are the arts of painting, sculpture, dancing, drama and music. It is an interesting contention and deserves some consideration.

As regards the plastic arts, the analogy is defective because practically the whole of the vast paraphernalia of tuition is devoted to the teaching of an unfamiliar medium. The majority of people go through life ignorant of drawing, but they nearly all have a reasonable acquaintance with the arts of reading and writing. They arrive at the age of intelligence equipped with what we may call the rough elements of literature. They read and write, in some crude fashion, every day. Their daily life is carried on in a medium of which literature is merely the art-form. Painting, sculpture, and music have no such advantage in daily life. The very tools and materials of such vocations are unfamiliar to all save their practitioners. They have, in the true meaning of the word, a technic. Painters and musicians have the same road to travel as the woodcarver, the jeweler, the etcher, and lithographer. They have a world of technical difficulties to master, and the only way to master them is by practical instruction.

The same thing applies to the art of the playwright and the scenario-writer, who is only a playwright after all. It is said that Pirandello writes his plays at a table on the stage, just as the Hollywood scenarist works out the intricate details of his script on the studio set. This art of providing the raw materials of a stage-play or a motion picture is so far removed from both literature and life that there is no real analogy between it and the art of the novel and short story. These latter are presented directly to the reader and depend for their success upon an appeal to his imagination in the medium most familiar to him. The

script of a play depends for its success upon the actor, the manager, and the scenic artist. It is a shot in the dark. The technical difficulties are so numerous and so elusive that after years of distinguished practice, combined with imagination and genius, the result is often flat failure and heavy financial loss.

Nothing of all this applies to the art of fiction, long or short. Our problem is something utterly different. We have to compete not only with all the other arts, not only with love and business and the intercourse of daily life, but with the inevitable indifference engendered by familiarity with our medium. Four out of five bankers, lawyers, doctors, and bond salesmen, to say nothing of newspapermen, have the plot of a story in their systems, which they are going to work out when they get the time. We who write are only doing what they simply cannot find time to do. This is bound to have an influence upon their attitude towards what they read, even though it be an unconscious influence. It is so easy to read! The work upon which we toil for weeks and months, upon which we ruminate for years before we come to the dreadful moment of beginning to write, is scanned and scorned in a few minutes of boredom when there is nothing else to do.

Moreover, the majority of authors are far from dependable witnesses as to their own methods. They attribute to technical processes the glamour deriving from their own unique and inimitable quality as literary artists. The result is that about the only book of first-hand value on this subject is a savage satire. If you wish to know how to write short stories, read *How to Write Short Stories*. I commend it in place of the dreary volumes of research so exquisitely derided in Leonard Bacon's *Ph.D.s*. The lesson Mr. Lardner's remarkable book teaches is one I have not seen mentioned in the comments upon it. It is that the quality in a story, the art, the glamour is utterly unteachable, either in class or by mail.



## III

My own feeling in this matter is that "research" as it is called, is scarcely applicable to the business of writing. The secret of an author eludes you if you begin to analyse. How can you analyse glamour? How can you "teach" writing short stories and novels to young people who know nothing of the world, the flesh, or the devil? Literature comes out of our lives. It is not embedded in textbooks. The impulse to write springs from within, the sense of form can be derived only from the acquired memories of endless reading. As for the rules about "structure," if I were to offer advice based on my own experience I would say that the best way to sell a story is to break every rule in every textbook ever published. Conrad, Sherwood Anderson, Katherine Mansfield, and A. E. Coppard, all of whom know something of short-story writing, go through the conventional rules like a bull through a fence. Who taught them what they know? I was once told that John Bentley, the architect of the great Byzantine cathedral in London, designed it almost on his knees. Some of our great writers give you that impression. You can perceive, wrought into their style, the years of conflict with life and its illusions. Most of them, you will find, are humble. They do not talk big about themselves and slightly of those who have gone before. That, you will discover, is one of the prerogatives of the present-day fashionable short-story writer. He not only feels that he is superior to John Milton because that author received forty-five dollars for "Paradise Lost" while he himself gets perhaps a couple of thousand dollars for ten thousand words, but he feels his story is superior to Milton's. Perhaps it is. Perhaps we are now in the upward surge of a vast renaissance of literature. We are assured by what I call the cheer-leaders of letters that such is the case. They leap into the air before us and go through astonishing contortions of speech

and gesture to evoke a burst of cheering from us for their side. Whether we are really renascent or not, we must wait a few decades to discover; but we are certainly complacent. One of the most remarkable teams of cheer-leaders we have with us to-day is composed of the new-style reviewers. I am not blaming them, because the writers of jacket-blurbs have stolen their thunder. They have been forced by penury and the increase in the amateur literary population to adopt strange antics in order to attract attention. To be quoted you must use strong language. You must do hand-springs and bellow through the megaphone at the same time. In the course of a single week recently I learned from reviews that John Galsworthy is the worst short-story writer who ever lived; that most of Conrad, Stevenson, and Walter Pater is sheer bad writing; that Jack London has come back from Hell and has written a new novel under another man's name; that Molière is an overrated bore, and Congreve so insignificant that a single story by Ring Lardner overwhelms all he ever wrote. One of the above reviewers complains that reviews are ignored by the public when buying books. Is it any wonder? Not one of those statements is believed by the person who made it. They are simply frantic bids for the attention of a milling mob of people who care very little for literature anyway, who amuse themselves with radio, motoring, golf, bridge, phonographs, vaudeville, newspapers, and movies, and to whom books are furniture. Reading books are to be had from the library, while works of reference, bought during the cross-word puzzle epidemic, are now tolerated because they make a good base for the loud-speaker.

These reviewers are a symptom of what I have mentioned, that literature is now a parasitic growth, and the sooner we realize it the sooner we shall come to our senses. Making incantations over it, gnashing our teeth, clenching our fists, and leaping into the air with a blood-curdling yell is of no avail in com-

petition with modern mechanical diversions. The *rah-rah* spirit in the literary world will inevitably react against the exploited books. People read what they will. Sooner or later they drift back to what they like. I am beginning to wonder, now that I am middleaged and acquiring a sense of proportion, whether that particular quality which we recognize as genius has any bearing at all upon an author's acceptance. I think it is more a "divine accident," to borrow a phrase from Arnold Bennett. To take a concrete instance, the extraordinary vogue of Dickens was and is in no way dependent upon those qualities we value most in him as a master of English and an unsurpassed delineator of character. As we say, people read a book for the story.

This fact, however, is often used nowadays to pooh-pooh the existence of any quality in a book except the popular story. Popular authors point to the fact that authors whom nobody would ever accuse of genius have exceeded Dickens as a seller. They state bluntly that their own duty is to their readers who demand pep and punch and zip and zoom, and art can go hang. The inference we are asked to draw is that if they chose they could produce great art, but they don't choose to do it. They deceive themselves. They can do only what they are doing. They are the product of their century as much as are the makers of radio sets and motor cars and movies. They are very useful and estimable members of society. They are—as I have found by personal correspondence, and an industrious perusal of interviews—very anxious not to be regarded as artists. They have no need to worry. A few years, and they will have had their day and ceased to be.

I said they deceive themselves; but what is their error compared with those leaders of literary thought who embrace the deception and endeavor to win the favor of the illiterate public by enthroning the writers of tedious pot-boilers in the halls of light? Are they not de-

scribed with disturbing veracity in Kipling's poem of "The American Spirit," who

"... dubs his dreary brethren Kings"?

It is possible these cheer-leaders of mediocrity are sincere, but they have no right to the positions they hold if literature is one of the fine arts. I suspect that in the back of their minds they have a confused notion that, if three or four million people buy the books of a certain author, we are obliged to concede him or her a prominent position in literature. At the risk of being regarded as conceited and high-brow, I assert that we have no right to do anything of the kind. Literature is not a democracy where numbers rule. It is an aristocracy where brains and originality are paramount. It is a fond foolishness on the part of many apologists for popular mediocrity, that to be sincere, to reach the great heart of the common people, is all that we know or ever need to know. That is very fine, but it has nothing to do with literature. Democracy is very fine, no doubt, but its principles are fundamentally opposed to the principles of literature and of art. It may be said indignantly, and the cheer-leaders will support it with a crescendo of yells, that if we must choose between democracy and literature we will abandon literature. I can only retort, in the vigorous jargon of the day, that that is all right with me. It is more than likely that we shall all have to make that choice sooner or later in the coming years. The doctrine that those who have the money and the numbers should dictate the nature of religion and science, has already become established in the Republic. What more probable than that the quality of a work of art should be referred to the same omniscient tribunal? In that day, "when the windows of the house shall be darkened and the mourners go about the streets," we shall have no more of the "excellent beauty that hath a strangeness in its proportion." We shall all be thoroughly grounded in the rumble-bumble of



psychoanalysis; we shall all have graduated in the structure of the novel, and the short story, and we shall all have hearts pounding with sincerity and moral felicities.

Well, it may be asked, and what then? Is there any objection to literature being organized? Will not the product be better than now, with no supervision? It is quite possible. Let that pass. When that day comes I am going to read, not books, but advertisements. It is my guess that American originality will seek this escape from an intolerable regime. The change will be imperceptible, of course, but inevitable. Those who want fine art in what they read will turn the pages of the magazines and read the publicity. Already in many organs it transcends the text. They will buy books like Mr. Shaw's plays—with a small thin slice of authorship in the middle between fifty or sixty pages of clever and readable blurb. Advertising corporations will hire standardized authors to write stories to fit their new volumes of appreciations. Perhaps we shall not be so badly off after all. When the news of the day comes into every room over the radio, the newspapers will consist entirely of brilliant comments on the season's merchandise. When the scenarists of the movies adapt their titles to normal intelligences, the need of novels will vanish. The time may come when the very existence of literature as a fine art will depend on the advertisement. The contemplation of such a possibility leads one to conjecture whether literature, in the sense of being a manifestation of that incandescent point in the soul of man, in the sense of being the expression of an original personality rather than the common denominator of a many-headed mediocrity, is destined to endure throughout the ages. There was a time when it did not exist and that time may

come again. "The literary art," says Havelock Ellis, "lies in the arrangement of life." It implies "the transforming of the facts of life into expressive and beautiful words." For several hundred years men have been doing that in the English language, and some of us have felt that the achievements of the masters have been worthy of our admiration. So far from believing that their success can be duplicated by everybody who takes a course in the art of writing, we have nursed a foolish undemocratic conviction that what they did was inimitable. In this matter of art, the rules governing commerce and industry are not to be invoked. It is dangerous, in art, to do as others do, says a French writer whose name I have forgotten. He meant that it ought to be dangerous. His statement implies an attitude towards art which I suggest is worthy of our attention. It implies that the evocation of works of art by means of words and phrases is not a trade to be learned by every earnest young person who can read an advertisement, but a holy mystery, demanding a special equipment of heredity and experience.

Then what is the conclusion of the whole matter? What can we teach of English? My own impression is that we can teach very little, but we can inspire. Our first need is to be at ease among the masterpieces. Reference books and books of familiar quotations tend to be over plentiful in these days of card-indexes and specialists. More than in any other calling, has the teacher of English need of a colossal general knowledge. He should be a master of allusion. He must take all knowledge for his province. And he must maintain an indomitable faith that somewhere among those unpromising young people before him there is one at least with a spark of the divine fire.



# WE WHO DO NOT SEE GHOSTS

A STORY

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

WE cannot all see ghosts. Not every hand is the conveyor of messages from an unseen world. We do not all hear voices, and for many of us the planchette and the ouija board yield no proofs. Yet I am often inclined to believe that these things are doubters' proofs, and to wonder if they are not for those who, like the multitude of old, must find in the multiplication of fishes the proof of a divinity.

For it is not the eyes nor the ears that must be convinced, but the spirit within that must give its prompt and unassailable response. Let them be convinced, then, by what means they may. For myself, I have had my proofs. I have seen immortality in the passing glance of a stranger in the street. I have had to turn away from the regard of a well-loved friend because I could no longer endure the revelation of his eyes; I have been unaccountably aware, in a quiet room, of the presence of one long dead. And there have been times, alone or among crowds, when, without premonition or any question of mine, I have suddenly *known*.

These are the proofs that convince no one but ourselves, and of which, for that reason, we so seldom speak. But because I believe them to be the experiences upon which the faith of mankind is really built, and because I also believe them to be common to most of us, I am going to try to put down, without any attempt at corroboration, the facts of one such experience.

I choose this one because it has

seemed to have a kind of tellable sequence often lacking in the rest. Yet it is not easy to tell. Even now, as I begin to put it into words, I find myself confronted by its most inappropriate setting, and considering whether I might not after all, for the sake of your belief, provide a more congruous scene. But I shall not be tempted. . . .

It was in the subway, at the evening rush hour, on my way home from downtown. I had entered the train far down—Brooklyn Bridge, I think it was—and had dropped, even then, into the last vacant seat.

There was nothing about the journey to set it apart from any other subway journey at that time of day. There were the same crowds pouring in at every station until the train could hold no more, and then, as if a summit had been reached, the same crowds pushing their way out again, without in the least seeming to lessen the crush. And all those motley-garbed, somber-faced people, at once too strange and too familiar for any impression, forcing their way inch by inch, and enduring with a kind of colossal patience their daily discomforts, seemed to become as always no more than a shifting mass of depersonalized figures in gray. My eyes singled no one out, caught no outstanding trait of dress even, of size, registered no individual face. It was the gray a painter achieves by mixing together all colors at once.

In the beginning I had made the usual unsuccessful attempt to read, and when



we reached 125th Street I opened my book again.

Not until we were leaving the 156th Street station did I look up to see that the train had suddenly cleared; that there were no longer any people standing in the aisle, and only a few scattered along the seats.

And then, abruptly, as if he had that instant appeared there, I saw, sitting across from me and a little down toward the end of the car, a very tall and very slender old gentleman in a suit and hat of tobacco brown, intent upon the news in an evening paper—and had the first of those strange intuitions which were the heart and the soul of our incredible experience.

For if all those others had been like so many figures in gray, this man had the effect upon me of the appearance, dramatically, unexpectedly, of a figure in full color. It was not so much the live brown of his garments which gave the effect as the vividness of his personality—and more than that, the vividness of his *meaning* something to me.

And that conviction, reaching me in my first startled glance, left no time for wonder or explanation, for so immediately that it was in reality part of the first, there came upon me from a source which seemed entirely outside myself, and with the definiteness of an almost physical impact, the knowledge that he was going to die!

Simultaneously with that knowledge, I knew that it was to be soon, and that he himself had received no hint and no word.

For everything about him seemed deep rooted in life. His whole fastidious person had the look of an intellectual, an entirely worldly man. It was in the engrossed expression of his fine aristocratic old face—though aristocratic is far too cold and too metallic a word to describe that altogether attractive and human personality. It was the face of a lover of life, whom life had loved well in return—not dulled by too much or too easy success. Virility and warmth and

humor were in the impression he gave. True, he was old, if one calls the late sixties old; but he was not old in the sense one usually thinks of an old man, bent or pathetic or out of touch or confused.

One could see that youth had never estranged herself from him; that he had not yet begun to brood upon old age and death. There was that in the color of his tobacco-brown suit, in the well-worn brown gloves smoothed out across his knee, and the soft hat to match, and the brown overcoat on his arm, which said that it had never occurred to him to put on the negative gray of old men; his preferences were still undiminished, still vital and keen. And I felt, not coherently as I am putting it down, for none of these things that occurred to me then were analyzed or segregated at all one from the other, but I felt that this preference of his for brown might even be a new preference, come over him only when he went to order this very suit, and it had no more entered his mind not to indulge it than if it had been his first-year college suit. His very fastidiousness seemed the fastidiousness of youth, not the slow and careful grooming of old age and the desire to keep within the tolerance of a new and scornful generation. Not a thread of his life had been withdrawn. I doubt even if he had thought much, except in a detached, intellectual abstract way, of “spiritual things.”

When I say that I knew he was going to die, I do not mean merely that the idea presented itself to my mind, through any deduction or process of thought, that he might die—but I *knew*. There is a difference between those two, and I knew. I make no attempt to say how. And the strangest thing, stranger by far than the knowledge itself, was that singular conviction of his not being aware of it himself. Yet it came to me so distinctly, so startlingly, in *words*—“He is going to die, and he sits there reading the day’s petty news!”

The words had no sooner crossed my mind than I had the amazing, the bizarre sensation of feeling that they had de-

tached themselves from me, from my mind, and were beginning to move through the air, toward *him*! I realized with horror what it would mean for them to reach him, and I made an involuntary movement forward to clutch them back, to arrest them if only long enough to think what to do. At that instant I would have given everything I possessed to have been able to stop them, to call them back. But I could no more recall them than I could have recalled an exhaled breath. I could only sit and helplessly watch—for I could veritably *see* the tangible words of the thought—while it moved across that narrow space, swiftly, yet with a kind of inexorable lack of haste, to its destination.

I saw it reach him, saw him pause on a word he was reading, and then, as if the thought had automatically produced its own gesture, I saw him let fall the paper with a kind of sudden weary abandonment of all his interest; saw him lift his head, and his eyes, of a deep live brown, come unerringly to mine, and rest there disconcertingly with a curiously hurt and bewildered look, so that I was assailed by all the remorse of an actual murderer.

Yet something in the puzzled inquiry of his expression seemed to say that he had not as yet translated the words into their meaning for him. There is no better way to put it than to say that the words reaching first his subconscious mind, had had at once the tangible physical effect I had seen, and were struggling now to force their way through to his conscious mind.

It was during this strange hiatus, this for me mysterious and tragic interval, and before there was time for either of us to relax our gaze, that there came, from *him* to *me* this time, detaching itself as visibly to my eyes, in words, so that he, watching, saw it come, marked its passage, and knew the instant it reached me—what seemed a direct response, in eight unmistakable words, "*And I shall deliver your message for you!*"

It was in that moment that the full import of my thought became first apparent to him, and his equally apparent to me. For I knew—and he was aware of my knowing—what message I should most want to send, and to whom.

Of the message itself he knew nothing whatever, and it was plain in his face that he waited that instant for me to speak; that he, for whom such an experience had never before befallen, believed it all due to some strange power of mine. For neither of us doubted our sense of what was taking place. It is only the things we are told that we doubt.

So strong was his expectation, so strong, too, my own urge to speak, that I felt for the moment that I must already have cried out or made some demonstration. Instead, I held rigidly silent while we gazed, shaken and startled, into each other's eyes.

And suddenly there came upon us both an awful embarrassment, as if we had gone too far. Simultaneously we turned our eyes away. Simultaneously we brought them back again. In vain we tried to pretend that nothing had taken place. He affected to be absorbed in folding up his newspaper, and I in watching the guard at the other end of the car. But a moment later I surprised his intense puzzled gaze fixed upon me, and had again, from a source so deep within him that he had never known it was there, the sense of his offer repeated, "*And I shall deliver your message for you.*"

This time he seemed to entreat some explanation, for he was as mystified as I as to who had appointed him upon so extraordinary a mission. How could he know that my heart had been full of a certain message—a message to one I had loved, and who died? . . . A thing I would have given anything in the world to have said . . . the thing I had left so cavalierly unsaid until it was too late . . . that old ignorant cruelty whose barb I had prayed for the chance of withdrawing . . . something I need not tell



here. Need not, because it was between me and that other who died, alone; and to tell it, without telling everything—and that I should have no right to do—would be meaningless. But you will understand the kind of message I mean, for no one is so fortunate as to escape this tragic experience.

We all have a message like that put away in our hearts—something we failed to say, or something perhaps that we *said* one day that we want, oh so much, to take back, to say we didn't mean; something we failed miserably to understand, just at the last perhaps, and which we comprehended too late. . . . Mine was like that—and more. It wakened me in the night, filled the black hours with regret, stabbed straight to the heart of my joys. Yet a messenger waited to take the word that promised peace to my soul—and I could not give that word.

Our strange embarrassment grew, each of us seeming aware that we were in the midst of something which might on another day have passed for the vaguest of intuitions. And the people about us there in the train, engrossed in themselves, saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, and their indifference created for us a kind of solitude, an extraordinarily complete isolation, which insured us against intrusion or curiosity.

Our eyes avoided and sought each other by turns, and his face took on for me a poignant familiarity, an intimate meaning, which increased momentarily until it was more familiar to me than the faces of life-long friends. . . .

Like a sleeper awakened at the crucial moment of a dream, I heard the voice of the guard call, "Hundred and Eighty-first Street next!"

I closed my book which still lay open on my lap; fastened my wrap.

Without looking, I knew that he too was preparing to leave the train. He took up the brown gloves and drew them carefully on, folded his paper and put it away in his pocket, then shook out and refolded his brown overcoat, and

hung it, lining out, across his arm. And all the time he was pretending not to have noticed *my* preparations to go.

There is no explaining the pretense and self-consciousness that made me, who felt myself to have been the aggressor, hurry out the nearest exit the instant the doors of the car were opened, and cover the distance to the stairway as if I were being pursued, never looking back, losing myself in the stream of people which poured from all the exits of the train.

Perhaps I sought relief from an experience which called upon so many unused responses; perhaps I had some involuntary desire to relieve him of a responsibility he could not understand, or perhaps I hoped by my indifference, my sudden rousing to every-day haste, to convince him that it had all been a fantastic idea of his own, a trick of his imagination, with which I had had nothing whatever to do. Then, too, it may be that I wished to relieve myself of culpability in the matter of his death—not that I felt I had hastened his going, but that I had hastened his knowledge of it, and robbed him of the peaceful and happy days that might otherwise have been this day and that.

Reaching the elevators in the fore of the crowd which surged up the stairs, I was swept in bodily when the doors clanged back to receive us. The crowd flowed steadily in, filling the big elevator, and forcing me, whether I wished or not, against the side, flowed past me then packing the space at the front; and presently, although I had been first in, and he almost the last, I saw him, taller than any man there, come slowly in, and by some curious swirling movement of that densely packed crowd, he was swept in to my very side, so close I could feel the brown overcoat on his arm crushed against me, wedged there, locked in that sudden proximity so that we could not move.

And though we were both almost painfully aware of that contact, and though I could follow him to the point of feeling

that it was a breach of courtesy not in some way to respond, to acknowledge the word that had passed between us—yet we dared not in that first moment encounter each other's eyes, make any sign.

But a second later, with a queer, deliberate movement of decision, he bent his head and looked straight down into my eyes. That instant I thought we were lost—I do not know how, but lost! For it was a thing between spirit and spirit—that look, searching, revealing, withdrawn again in affright.

He had opened his lips to speak, and now as if unable to recall his voice, he spoke, even beginning a word of what he must first have intended to say, but breaking it off to save himself with the most casual stranger's phrase:

"Crowded, isn't it, close . . ."

Only the words were obvious, for the tone was meant for something else. At the sound my head actually swam, for that conventional phrase had acknowledged so much, proved so much, and told by what tremendous effort of will he had determined to give me my chance.

And then I heard my own voice, thin and uncertain, responding:

"Very close, yes, very crowded . . ."

That was all, and I stood with locked lips, holding my breath, despising myself, for my voice had been cold, conventional—all that he had too late tried to put into his.

He had made his trial and failed. I had made mine, and failed more miserably still.

The elevator came to a stop, the doors clanged open again, and again the close-packed crowd surged out, separating us, driving him on ahead—so that he was half way up the stairs before I had reached the first step.

And when I reached the open air he was half way down the block. I think it gave him a kind of shock when he turned, as he presently did, squarely, with another of those definite movements of decision, to see me coming so close behind. I am sure the same thought

lay in our minds—the coincidence of our ways lying in the same direction, and I think too that we both expected some absurd continuation of that coincidence, such as the discovery that we lived next door, or in the same apartment house.

I watched to see if he turned at my corner, the next; but arriving there, he went on past, with only the merest glance back, in spite of himself, to see if I followed still.

As I, reaching the end of the block, turned to cross the street, he, again half way down the block, seemed to sense my deflection, and looked back over his shoulder to watch me out of sight. And at that distance I could see the half-wistful, half-stricken, but wholly undaunted look of his eyes. He stood there tall against the glow of the evening sky, like a man who in the moment of receiving a mortal wound had received also a bright, an incomprehensible vision of things to come. . . .

At dinner that night they chaffed me about my preoccupation. It may have been out of some wish to test myself that I said, "I've had a—well, an adventure, to-night—on the way home." And then, suddenly I saw the measure of their interest so full, their expectation so heavy, that I knew I should never be able to tell it at all, and I could only affect an abrupt and unaccountable reticence, inventing excuses which only further convinced them that I had had some absurd romantic adventure, which, for fear of their laughter, I had at the last moment decided not to tell.

It was two weeks after our first encounter that I saw him again. This time too the scene was the subway—except that it was another hour of the day, and, consequently, the subway entirely another kind of place. Also, this time I was not alone.

I had been down town with Aunt Martin, and we were coming up early, in the lull, about three o'clock in the afternoon. There was no one else in our



car, and when we reached a Hundred and Eighty-first Street only one other person left the train.

As we stepped to the platform I saw him leaving the car ahead, the tall unmistakable figure in the overcoat of tobacco brown. I saw him give one glance in my direction, one glance at Aunt Martin who walked at my side, accept her, and then go on up the steps that led to the elevator.

I saw that he was stooped, and leaned heavily upon his stick, and the brown overcoat hung a little limp as if he had begun to shrink. His height was more noticeable now, more pronounced, and his slenderness was no longer slenderness, but thinness, almost emaciation.

He was old, undeniably, grievously old, and he looked as if he would go all at once, veritably die of old age, for nothing else seemed to have beset him, no illness, no grave disorder.

Yet—I wonder if I can make it plain—there was something added. The things that were taken away were of the physical body alone, and of them he was less conscious than of the things that were added. It seemed that death now beguiled him as life had beguiled him before.

He walked so slowly that we passed him on the stairs and went on ahead into the waiting elevator. He followed us in, trying not to look our way—trying, it came over me, for my sake, not to involve me again. I know, for I found myself doing the very same thing, avoiding his eyes, looking away, so as to relieve him of any obligation I might, upon our first encounter, have caused him to feel.

He stood a moment waiting for the elevator to start, but as something appeared to have detained the operator outside, and the seconds lengthened to an interminable minute and went on to another, he seemed suddenly to give up, under the intensity of too great stress, all pretense of indifference, and looked over at me with an abrupt beseeching directness, as if he besought me, for the

peace of my soul as well as his own, to give him my message and have done with it.

And I, who had told myself and believed that if ever this moment came I should be able to conquer my cowardice, did precisely the thing I had done before—stood perfectly still, in an agony of silence, so much desiring to speak that I could imagine I heard the sound of my voice, believed I was already saying the words, and felt my hand outstretched to touch his sleeve. For I had long before put my message into words.

The elevator had begun to move slowly upward.

I could not take my eyes from that pitifully grayed and terribly familiar face. The small square space seemed filled with our silence. Never in my life have I wanted anything so much as to be able to speak—to *break* that silence, for it was a concrete actual thing which had to be broken.

Overcome suddenly with a curious weariness, he sat down on the narrow bench that ran along the side; and we had all of us actively to guard against some manifestation, some revelation so immediately imminent as to inspire us with a kind of fear. It was more than we were ready for—more than, for the good of the actualities we had still to cope with, we could afford to know. The tension of that moment could not have endured, and the elevator coming slowly to a stop, gave it an end.

We waited, Aunt Martin and I, for him to rise and make his way out. And again he went up the stairs before me; again he hesitated just at the top as if he would look back, but went on instead as if he resigned himself, after all, to the inevitable mystery.

We followed in silence, and as we reached the street Aunt Martin glancing quickly after the brown-coated figure half way down the block, said, "How queerly he looked at you."

"Who?" I said, startled in spite of myself.

"That old gentleman," she said.

"Yes," I said, "you noticed that?"

She seemed to be thinking, and I, with an unaccountable access of self-consciousness, took her arm, saying there was something I wished to buy at the shop across the street. She allowed herself to be piloted across at an angle, until we paused midway for a motor to pass, and then, "You didn't *know* him, did you?" she asked.

"No," I said. "What made you think that?"

"I hardly know—except that I thought all the time he was going to speak—going to say something—to you."

The motor had passed and we moved on. As we stepped up on the curb she said, with a sharp glance at my face and another over her shoulder in the direction he had gone, "Do you know, he seemed very—strange. I shouldn't somehow have been surprised if—if—"

She seemed to wish me to help her out.

"If what?" I asked, fearing to show how much I dwelt upon what she might say.

"Well, if he had died."

I think she must have caught from her side a glimpse of my expression, and sensed from that something that kept her from going on. Or it may be that my lack of response made what she had said suddenly absurd in her own eyes. But my mind was too chaotic for any reply, no matter what she thought.

We had reached the shop. As I held the door open for her to pass in, I gave one last hurried look, and saw him far down the street just turning from *his* last look to walk slowly on, leaning more heavily still on his walking stick.

It could have been no more than two weeks after that when, impelled by nothing more unusual than a desire to breathe the fresh air, I went for a walk about the neighborhood.

Conscious of no direction at all, I zig-zagged along block after block until I came presently to a street less familiar to me than the rest. Turning the corner

to discover what lay beyond, I stopped suddenly short, pierced through by I know not what vague alarm.

Across the street, drawn up before an apartment house, stood a black hearse, its silver trimmings flashing in the morning sun. And from the entrance of the house black-garbed men were bearing an ebony coffin.

Perhaps it was its unusual length, perhaps it was a certain characteristic fastidiousness in the lines of that polished black box—but I choose to believe it was none of these visual things that made me know who lay within.

Remorse struck at my heart, blinded my sight, grew acuter than any pain.

He had gone—irretrievably gone! And my message remained unsent! Remained in my heart to forever convict me of lack of faith—in him—in myself—in everything. How he must at the last have scorned me—have pitied me!

At the thought of his pity a strange thing took place in my heart. It was as if a way had been opened for an amazing, a miraculous balm to enter and steal away all my pain and remorse.

I waited, bewildered, not knowing what it could mean. And then, like a soundless voice, straight and clear through the bright air it came, "*We need not have troubled so much, for I have delivered your message, my friend!*"

Call it delusion if you will. Ask how I know it was he. Well, I never saw him afterward, and I should have seen him if he had lived. Ask how I know that. I cannot tell you, but I know. And if I wished for greater proof, I should find it surely in this: The old remorse no longer eats at my heart, no longer stabs my laughter and my joys. Where my undelivered message rankled day and night, there now is peace. Is that not miracle enough?

And now whenever I call to mind that small company of true and precious friends with whom my life has been enriched, there is among them always a tall figure in tobacco brown, and I see again that poignantly familiar face.





## OUT FRONT

THOSE TEMPERAMENTAL AUDIENCES

BY ROBERT BENCHLEY

**W**HILE the ushers are banging up seats and salvaging white kid gloves after a theatrical performance, the audience is given to passing loud and specific judgments on the play and players as it waddles slowly up the aisle toward the exits. This is only fair. Having paid much more for its seats than they could possibly be worth, the public should at least be accorded the right to criticize what it has bought. I have never yet overheard an intelligent remark made on a play by members of a departing audience but, profound or not, the right to make comments on the cast is included in the price of the ticket.

What the audience does not realize, however, is that at the same moment the actors back-stage are indulging in a reciprocal volley of criticism as they slap on the cold cream. In the dressing rooms it is the audience itself that is under discussion. It was "great" or "tough" according to the degree of its enthusiasm. It was "sitting on its hands" if it was stingy with its applause. The vocabulary of critical terms applied by actors to audiences is less elaborate than that used in the dramatic departments of the daily press, but it is none the less searching.

We all know the audience's side of the question. We all know what makes a play worth seeing or a performance poor. But what is it that makes an audience fall down on the job? Given a play which has been proven effective by the vociferous approbation of seven audiences during the week, what is there

about the eighth audience that renders it dull and heavy and incapable of a similar appreciation of exactly the same scene? I might as well end this article right here by confessing that I don't know, and I doubt very much if anyone does. But I do know that something indefinable does exist which makes four or five hundred people apathetic one night and four or five hundred others enthusiastic the next, and that, whatever it is, I shouldn't be surprised if it were the key to what's wrong with the world. For I assume that something is.

There are, of course, certain nights on which the apprehensive performer may expect no approbation at all from the front of the house. These nights—through years of running true to form—have become by-words of gloom in the theatrical profession. For some of them one may detect a reason. Others remain mysteries even to those who accept them as hoodoos.

Monday night, for example, is terrible. As a rule Monday-night audiences seem to have gone to a great deal of bother and expense to get dressed up and tear down to the theater for no other purpose than to sit and make things unpleasant for the actors. They are comparatively few in numbers and very lethargic. One would think that after a day of prayer and fasting, or whatever it is the people do on Sunday, there would come a joyous and whole-hearted abandonment to such wordly joys as those of the theater. It may be that each Monday most people resolve to start fresh and save money,

get to bed early, and catch up on their reading during the coming week—a resolution which is sometimes in force even as late as Wednesday. This, however, would not account for the anæsthetic quality of those renegades who do attend the theater on Monday night. It is not only that business is bad on the first night in the week, but that what business there is might much better have stayed at home.

The exact reverse is, of course, true of Saturday night. You might expect that. A hard week behind them and a long Sunday-morning sleep ahead, and small wonder that the citizenry crowd out into the streets bent on merry-making and laughter at anything. Every entertainment in town, no matter how thin, can count on selling out on Saturday night to a crowd of hair-trigger, eager enthusiasts who don't seem to care what they are seeing so long as a curtain goes up and down. This Saturday-night gala spirit is easy to explain. The Monday-night gloom is more mysterious. What happens between Monday and Saturday is a gamble, with the odds favoring the latter half of the week.

And here is where the tricky work starts. Somewhere between Monday and Saturday certain psychic forces (I shall mention no names) are at work to throw one audience into a state of twelve-ton depression and another audience into a high-class frenzy. What makes it so uncanny is that the state of mind, whatever it may be, is usually the same all over town. The whole theater-going public seems to be under the spell of the same *Geist*, laughing or moping with common accord.

Let us say for example that on a Wednesday night, right in the midst of a successful and lively week, the performers (quite unsuspecting) go on and discover that they are confronted by an indifference which amounts to open hostility. It is almost a sure bet that, on checking up with members of the casts of other plays in town, it will be found that the pall was equally heavy over

their houses. Something was in the air, an all-pervading spirit of gloom which seeped into the theaters along Broadway and rendered audiences heavy and unresponsive even in playhouses which ordinarily ring nightly with hilarious laughter.

The same thing sometimes happens merely in the matter of attendance. All of a sudden one night, with weather and economic conditions perfect, the New York public will decide, in its individual homes, *not* to go to the theater that night, and the inter-box-office system of communication which exists between theater-treasurers will flash the news along the line, at nine o'clock, that business is terrible everywhere—for no reason at all.

What is it that keeps twenty-five or thirty thousand people away from the theater on Wednesday night and sends them crowding in on Thursday, regardless of the weather? What is it that makes Wednesday-night's audience reject *in a body* a scene which Thursday-night's audience receives with loud acclaim? It may be the action of the moon or the tides. It may be the Gulf Stream. It is a problem in group psychology the answer to which escapes me for the moment.

Of course, there *are* times when bad business and bad spirits can very definitely be expected and accounted for. The week preceding Christmas and the week following the payment of the income-tax installment are sure-fire depressants. Christmas week (except for plays catering to the school vacationists) is the rock on which many a production crashes. Nobody has money for theater-tickets. And the few hardy and solvent theater-goers who do brave the income tax and Christmas shopping are not buoyant enough to make it an easy job to bring a smile to their sunken cheeks. They just sit. The climax of an actor's trials comes on Christmas Eve, when all the world should be merry. He is faced by a handful of homeless and depressed expatriates and foot-loose revellers, and the whole thing might much better never have been tried at all.



Oddly enough, New Year's Eve is also a tough night for the performer. This is contrary to the general belief, fostered by the fact that lots of people go to the theater on New Year's Eve. But a large audience can be just as "tough" as a small one—tougher, because there are more people to fight. The reasons for the antagonism of New Year's Eve audiences, however, are not so subtle. In the first place, they have paid probably eleven or fifteen dollars for each of their seats. This is due to the particularly unsagacious custom among theatrical managers of raising the price of their seats on that night. As in the case of opening nights of big revues, the management has some naïve idea that the more people pay for their seats the better they are going to like the show. I should like some night to get one of these managers up on the stage with a new line of gags and have him try to make one of his eleven-dollar audiences laugh. Of course the answer is that whether they laugh or not the management has the eleven dollars, and eleven dollars is eleven dollars. But it is the performer who pays, and with his heart's blood.

My personal acting career included one New Year's Eve performance. With the rather pitiful optimism of the novice I had been looking forward to it all through the rough sledding of Christmas Week. "New Year's Eve is coming," I said to myself (I sometimes soliloquize, old-fashioned as it may be), "and they will be in fine form out front. I shall probably knock them off their seats." One gets to talk like that after a certain time (two weeks) on the stage. One is always "knocking them off their seats," especially in conversation with others in the profession.

New Year's Eve came and I was in a high state of anticipation. I had some idea of going to the management after the rioting had ceased and saying, "Look here, Sam. You heard them to-night. That ought to be worth a little more a week to you than the nominal salary you are paying me now." And I knew

that Sam would see the justice of my argument.

I shall never forgive my colleagues for not telling me what it was going to be like. Usually those who have been on earlier in the program come back to the dressing room and report on the state of mind of the audience. "They're nice out there to-night," or "They're tough" is the customary formula. Then you know what to expect.

But my dear buddies made no reports this time. However, I didn't even ask. I was confident. Everyone knew what a New Year's Eve audience was. Easy pickings. So on I went, like a racing whippet just released.

The audience was all there. Every seat was taken and they were standing up at the back. Very dressy they were. Splendid people. But in one second I realized that something was wrong. (It is something you get immediately, this verdict from the front, yes or no. To-night it was a "no" as loud as if they had all stood up and shouted it in chorus.) Taking it easy at first, I had some idea of warming them up as I went along. Since then I have tried warming up Niagara Falls in winter and found it much easier. Instead of warming up, they congealed progressively as my efforts increased. Perhaps this wasn't New Year's Eve after all. Perhaps I had miscalculated and it was only December 30th. Possibly (you never can tell about a New York audience) their New Year came later in the calendar. Whatever the reason was, it was certain that I had a houseful of auditors whose single thought was "And what are *you* doing here?"

After eight minutes, which some bad fairy touched with a wand and turned into eight hours, I crawled off to change my collar and go home and lie down. The others were waiting for me, smiling. "Well, how were they, you liar?" they asked. "And a Happy New Year to *you*, too," I said simply, and fainted.

There is one other explanation, besides the eleven dollars, for the lack of co-

operation of holiday audiences. A holiday audience is notoriously festive, but it is festive subjectively, if I may drag Hegel into the discussion. It is in a condition to amuse itself, not to be amused. There is a funny man to every theater party on a holiday night, and he is working in direct competition with the funny man on the stage. Most of the patrons are in the theater on New Year's Eve because it is the accepted place to go and sit while waiting for midnight, and the performers on the stage mean no more to them than the cabaret show in a French café. There is an idea abroad that a group of people who have been drinking are easier to amuse than those who are cold sober. They constitute probably the worst audience in the world.

This question of alcoholic content in an audience is an important one in the psychology of after-dinner speaking and entertaining. Not only is there the initial hilarity to contend with, but there is also the subsequent depression when the vine leaves begin to drop out of the wearer's hair and he sinks into the slough. Phil Baker in the Music Box Revue a couple of years ago had what is known as a bad "spot" or position on the program. His material, the nature of which had been proved successful, seemed to be suffering from some outside obstruction along about 9:15, when he went on. It was suggested that one reason might be that along about 9:15 comes that "*heure bleue*" when all good dinner-cocktails die and go to heaven, leaving the subject an empty shell to whom suicide seems the only release from the world and its futility. There may be nothing in this theory; but the fact is that Mr. Baker's "spot" was changed and in his place was substituted a spectacular number which made no demands on the turgid faculties of the audience other than that of keeping the eyes partially open, and that the effect was immediate.

The varying moods of audiences may or may not be susceptible of several explanations, but there is only one explanation of the mental intercommunica-

tion between actor and audience, and that is the existence of actual psychic waves through the intervening air. This system is more delicate and more easily disarranged than the parts of a radio set. There is a complete process of give-and-take, so finely adjusted that the slightest unpropitious sound or motion will upset the entire play of waves or notes, or whatever the favorite unit of measurement is in mental circles. A half-second of wandering in the actor's mind, a tiny disturbance in the receiving apparatus of the audience, and the illusion of five minutes may be lost.

Noises are, of course, the most elementary form of distraction. No one will be surprised to hear that the sound of a seat banging down or one of those dandy blasting explosions with which New York shakes hourly breaks the contact between actor and audience. But sometimes the sounds are so slight that you don't know you have heard them. If I may do so without sounding like an actor, I will revert again to my own fleeting experience behind the footlights because, being green at the thing, I was wide-eyed with astonishment at every manifestation of what must be an old and accepted story to real professionals. My appearance was limited nightly to eight minutes, and in the course of those eight minutes there was one point at which, night after night, I was met with a stony silence when I knew that there should have been a laugh—that is, provided those poor saps out front knew anything at all. It involved no particular gem of humor, this point, but it was amusing enough to draw down something better than it got. I thought it was funny when I wrote it in, and I'm no fool.

However, after a few weeks of failure with it I began to doubt my own judgment (one of the first things you learn to do on the stage) and decided to take it out of the act and laugh at it myself in the privacy of my own room. But one night I heard something for the first time. While I was in front of the curtain the dexterous stage-hands behind it were



setting the next scene and, although they were so quiet that I had never noticed them before, I did detect—just at the point where my favorite flop occurred—the very slight sound of a pulley rattling. The next night I listened and found that it came at exactly the same line as the night before—in other words, at my pet line. For three nights I checked this up, and sure enough, each time the pulley rattled ever so slightly just as I was coming down the stretch into what should have been the “big wow.” At the next performance I tried bringing the line in half a minute earlier and, while the resultant laugh was not as big as I felt it should have been (it never is), it was big enough to justify my hunch and to cover up the sound of the pulley the next minute.

Now, I am sure that the audience did not consciously hear that pulley. I hadn’t heard it myself until two or three weeks had passed. But there was enough of *something* set in motion to exert a pull on the audience’s mind away from what was being said, and when a laugh is at stake any pull at all is fatal.

If this seems like straining a point, listen to the testimony of Roland Young, showing that not only will a sound break the connection, but a slight motion at the wrong time, drawing the audience’s attention by the fraction of an inch, will have the same effect. In one of his roles there was a scene in which Mr. Young stepped to a table while saying a line and picked up a magazine, idly glancing through its pages as he spoke. He knew the line was funny but it did not get the desired effect. He tried reading it differently but the laugh did not come. Finally he realized that the flutter of the pages of the magazine as he drew his thumb across them, caught the audience’s eye at just the moment when he needed it for himself. He delayed thumbing the pages until after he had spoken the line, and the house responded immediately.

As Exhibit C in the case let us take Mr. John Burke, whose vaudeville monologue of the drafted soldier is a succes-

sion of sure-fire laughs. Along toward the end of his act he recounts an experience of his when he was in a hospital in France. He had been wounded.

“When I woke up,” he says, “I found the orderly measuring me with a tape measure.

“‘What are you doing there?’ I says.

“‘Measuring you for a coffin,’ he says.

“‘Get away,’ I says, ‘there must be some mistake. I’m not dead.’

“‘Lie down,’ he says, ‘do you want to make a fool out of the doctor?’”

As he said “Lie down,” Mr. Burke made an impatient gesture to the side such as the orderly might have made and turned his head as if to look down at the patient.

Now this is a pretty funny story, as stories go, but something was wrong with it. Here again the audience, time after time, seemed a little hazy when it came time to laugh. So one night he omitted the turning of the head, simply gesturing as he said “Lie down” and looked straight at the audience the while. From then on the response was all that he could have wished. Simply by turning his head he had broken the contact!

If you believe this at all you will see how unfair it is to the performers for late comers to tramp down the aisle during a scene in which an individual is struggling single-handed to hold his audience and build up his effects. The work of two or three minutes of carefully planned audience-culture may easily be lost by even a single tardy one galumping down to his seat at the psychological moment and offering a distraction which, small as it is, is out of all proportion to his importance. If you enter the theater late (and you probably do) and see that someone on the stage is engaged in an attempt to capture that particular moment, you will be displaying uncommon sympathy if you will wait at the head of the aisle until the scene has become a little more diffused before going to your seat. Or you might even try getting to the theater on time.

But the most subtle factor of all in

keeping the audience with the performer is his own mental state. The line between success and failure here is so fine that it is almost impossible to regulate it. You may go on and do exactly the same things in exactly the same way one night as you did them successfully the night before and yet, if in one tiny corner of your mind you are thinking of something else, you will get no closer to your audience than you would if you were up in the attic talking down the stairs at them. That this is not due to the difference in the audience on the two nights is shown by the fact that the thing, whatever it is, can happen during a single performance. One minute you have them. The next you have lost them. And you can't always blame it on pulleys. A perfect example of this occurred on that now-famous night in the history of the American theater when I discovered that the pulley was killing my line. Up to that point the audience was very gracious and easy to please. When I heard the pulley I said to myself, "That's what's the trouble. It's that pulley. To-morrow night I'll try placing the line a little earlier," and although there was no pause in my polished delivery and no difference in my manner, the fact that I was making little plans in the back of my head about to-morrow night lost me the rest of *that* night. Like a flash the audience let go, and from that moment until I slunk off I was working for strangers. They were like two different audiences, and undoubtedly I was like two, or perhaps three, different performers.

While this is not an article on therapeutics, no discussion of the give-and-take between audience and actor would be complete without some mention of the *élan vital* which the forces out front send rushing across the footlights to the actor. It is almost impossible for a performer to be ill while on the stage, unless it be from some critical disarrangement of organs calling for an immediate major operation. You may be standing in the wings waiting to go on and feel that you are about to die. Fever may be raging

about your ears and aches and pains grinding your bones. Yet when you step out on the stage and receive a charge of whatever it is that comes across the lights, and give out whatever it is that you send in return—everything disappears, and for the duration of the scene you are a comparatively well man.

A year or two ago at the stage door of the Harris Theatre I saw Otto Kruger being helped from his automobile to his dressing-room, supported by his man on one side and a cane on the other. He had been suffering from a painful and complicated illness ever since "The Nervous Wreck" opened. An hour later I saw him bounding about the stage, knocking over trays of dishes, shooting revolvers, leaping from chair to chair, and beaming with health. He was so full of health that it was ridiculous. And the more the audience screamed with laughter the healthier he got. At midnight I saw him again being helped into his automobile, mumbling with pain.

This, together with the temporary cure of headache, grippe, and other minor ailments under the galvanizing influence of a healthy audience, may be laid to mental healing, thought transfusion, witchcraft, or the legendary divinity inherent in democracy. Whatever it may spring from, the fact remains that it exists and that it is simply a part of the mysterious co-relation of mind and spirit which exists between actor and audience and makes of a theatrical performance an exhibition of team-work in which the entertained are of equal importance with the entertainers. If the audience are there, the show is there. Like the tree in the textbook, crashing noiselessly in an empty forest, if a joke falls on unsympathetic ears it automatically ceases to be funny. It is the mental state of the audience which makes a play good or bad at any given moment and, as we have seen that the mental state of an audience changes from Monday to Tuesday, from ten o'clock to five minutes past ten, it will be understood why so many actors go crazy.





# AMERICA, ENGLAND, AND WORLD AFFAIRS

BY ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

IN SETTING pen to paper on the subject of this article, the writer has an uneasy feeling that he may be committing an impertinence. Is it really possible to appraise the international position of a great country in which one has been a mere passing visitor? Obviously, the visitor who attempts this task will be blind to many points of prime importance and will fall into many egregious mistakes which will leap to the eye of the American reader. On the other hand, he may be vividly impressed by points which Americans take so much for granted that they are barely conscious of them. Moreover, an English visitor can put forward two additional pleas. The first is that England, during the past century, has been through some of the experiences which America is undergoing now, so that an English observer, with some knowledge of his own country's history, is perhaps better equipped for appreciating the present international position of the United States than an observer from a country with no common historical background. The second ground on which an English observer may presume is that, besides this analogy from the past, there is every prospect that, in the future, American foreign policy will affect profoundly, for good or evil, the international position of Great Britain. With these apologies, the present writer takes the plunge into commonplaces, in the hope that these may lead on to considerations of common interest to himself and to his readers.

The first of these commonplaces (a commonplace, that is, to Americans,

though a wonder to the rest of the world) is the unparalleled standard of living which prevails in America to-day, or perhaps it is more accurate to say, the unparalleled consumption per head of material values (for "standards of living" are subjective, and it may be questioned whether the average individual American man, woman, or child feels more comfortable, on the whole, than corresponding individuals in Europe whose average consumption is so markedly inferior). Continental Europeans, when they visit England, are so much struck by the relatively higher standard of consumption in England that they are apt to class England and America together in this respect; but when an Englishman in his turn visits America he is struck at least as forcibly by the difference between the American standard and his own. In fact, America is as extravagant compared to England as England is compared to the European Continent; and though the prevalent standard of consumption in America does not date back many decades, it appears to an English observer that almost all living Americans already take this standard for granted, and that the American people, as a whole, would violently resent any lowering of it.

The second commonplace is that this unparalleled standard of consumption is made possible only by an unparalleled volume of production, and that this volume depends principally upon two things—partly, of course, upon the American national character, with its energy, ingenuity, and initiative, but also upon the immense latent natural

resources which a virgin continent has poured out of her cornucopia into the American people's lap.

The third commonplace is that the greater part of this vast and wealthy continental domain has been acquired by the American people with comparative ease, without their path being seriously crossed by other nations. It is true that the first phase cost the ancestors of the native-born elements in the present American nation tremendous efforts. The struggle to secure a foothold on the Atlantic seaboard; the struggle to prevent the seaboard from being encircled by the French in the hinterland; the struggle to throw off the sovereignty of the British Crown and Parliament—all this occupied nearly two hundred years (during which, it may be, the foundations of the American national character were laid by a very severe process of natural selection). But that strenuous phase in which the destinies of America were fought out in the arena of international politics came to an end nearly a century and a half ago; and the remaining four-fifths of the present territory of the Union have been acquired, by contrast, with extraordinary facility. There was the amazing windfall of the Louisiana Purchase, which not only doubled the territory of the United States as it stood at the opening of the nineteenth century, but finally exempted North America from being a battlefield in European struggles for power. There were the hardly less considerable additions of territory obtained by the admission of Texas into the Union and by the annexations after the easy victory in the Mexican War. There were the Gadsden Purchase and the purchase of Alaska from the Tzar. Never, perhaps, has so great a territory, so richly endowed with natural resources, been acquired by one nation with so little opposition or competition on the part of others.

This second phase of American history, which has just come to an end, has induced in the American people a special

and definite national habit of mind which it may be difficult for Americans themselves to view from outside but which is striking enough to any non-American observer. For the past one hundred and fifty years, the American people's national territory has always been so much more extensive than what they could occupy effectively that the national frontiers lay beyond the horizon of the pioneers, while foreign nations, and the possible relations of the American people with those nations at some distant future date, lay even beyond these invisible frontiers in a limbo so remote that their existence hardly impressed itself on the American consciousness. During this latter phase the American people have been absorbed in the task of developing the immense wealth of their newly acquired national estate; their eyes have been turned inward; their faculties have been specialized in making the most of natural resources which were incontestably their property; and, in making the most of them, they have had no other nations to consider. They have inherited, with a virgin continent, a free hand to do as they liked with it; and the result is that, in peopling this continent and developing its resources in conflict, not with other nations of equal standing and ability, but only with savages and with Nature, they have got up an immense head of steam and a terrific momentum. The people as a whole have become accustomed to those unparalleled standards of consumption and production which at once strike the foreign observer's eye; and these standards have been made possible by the building up of unparalleled economic organizations—of bodies of technical skill and business experience and ability which are veritable Great Powers in the economic world. Meanwhile, in all this process of growth at an increasing rate, the American nation has been approaching, at a gathering speed, nearer and nearer to those frontiers which had seemed immeasurably remote only a few generations before.



Since the War of 1914-1918 a new phase has begun, for the American people have suddenly not merely caught up with their frontiers but leaped far beyond them—and possibly this is not yet a commonplace, since at the present time a majority of Americans (or so, at least, it appears to an English observer) are denying that things are not just as they were before the war as vehemently as most Englishmen are denying that England is no longer an island. Nevertheless, from an objective standpoint, the new fact is attested by unmistakable signs. The United States has become a great lending country instead of a great borrower; and the great American business organizations, which were built up in the development of the American people's own resources inside their own frontiers, are now operating far and wide over the world. After a century and a half of comparative isolation, Americans are again coming into intimate contact with other nations; and this is happening because their own country, vast and wealthy though it is, can no longer contain that volume of energy which its owners have developed in the process of breaking it in.

## II

This brings up the central question of the present article: What is going to be the national temper of the American people in the entirely new situation which has come upon them like a thief in the night? It must be reiterated that this situation has no precedent in their national experience; for during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when they were still involved in the currents and storms of European affairs, the American people were not yet a Great Power, while during the last one hundred and fifty years, when they have been growing in stature, they have been living a life apart. To-day, for the first time in her history, the United States is involved as a Great Power in the intricacies of world affairs. While growing in stature, has she grown in wisdom too?

From now onwards, the demand which will be made upon the political wisdom of the American people will be heavy. Henceforward, in their increasingly large transactions with Nature, they will find themselves involved more and more in transactions with foreign Man; for they will be dealing more and more in economic activities abroad, and there they cannot enjoy that freedom from human complications to which they have become accustomed while developing their own national domain. Instead of living and working in an international vacuum, they will have to rub shoulders with other nations as part of their daily round and common task. Will they be patient under these new conditions? To begin with, they will find that difficult, for the virtue of patience is acquired by laborious experience. During the last century and a half Americans have learned to be patient with Nature—to chop down forests with the hand ax and to wrestle with mechanical problems until they have yielded the secret of their solution; but possibly they may have forgotten—through long lack of experience—how to be patient with their fellow-men. They have not shown themselves patient with Red Indians or Mexicans when these have stood in the pioneer's way. Will they have remembered how to deal with nations which, at least juridically, are their peers and which therefore cannot be treated with a high hand without courting international conflicts of disastrous violence?

Let us take a hypothetical case of a concrete kind. One day, sooner or later, the curve of increasing production, by American enterprise, of mineral oil throughout the world may cease to rise in proportion to the growing demand of American automobile-owners for gasoline; and, if and when that happens, the price of gasoline per gallon will begin to go up, slowly but surely, cent by cent. By that time—almost *ex hypothesi*—the production of oil within the frontiers of the United States will have been forced up to its utmost capacity. If the threat-

ened restriction upon the mileage of automobile driving per annum in the United States is to be averted by arresting the tendency for the price of gasoline to rise, that will only be possible by increasing production by American enterprise in foreign countries; and here, at once, the human factor of international relations will come in. Suppose, for example, that vast undeveloped oil reserves are known to exist in certain sovereign independent Latin-American countries just outside the present zone of ascendancy of the United States in the Caribbean; there may well be a sharp divergence of view on the subject between the American public and the peoples of these countries.

"If," the Colombians and Venezuelans may argue, "we gave the great American oil interests that free hand to develop our oil reserves which they enjoy in their own country, that might possibly put money into our pockets as well as into theirs; but it is still more probable that, incidentally, it would cost us our political independence in fact if not in name. In a few years we might find ourselves in the same political position as Panama or Haiti. No, thank you. We prefer retaining our full political sovereignty to obtaining royalties on our oil (which, after all, will keep till we are able to develop it ourselves). If, meanwhile, the owners of automobiles in the United States cannot drive so fast or so far as they are accustomed to do, that does not concern us."

In face of such an attitude on their part, what would be the reaction of American public opinion? An English observer who has spent a Sunday in the country within a fifty-mile radius of New York City can imagine millions of American voices crying with one accord, "Because these dagoes are blind to the duty of developing their natural resources, shall New York City's Sunday procession of cars turn back before reaching Bear Mountain Bridge and the Storm King Highway? And shall we allow them to add insult to injury by the

intolerable insinuation that the reason why they shut their doors in the face of American enterprise is because they are afraid of American Imperialism—a thing which does not exist?"

With the American public in this temper, would the American oil interests miss the opportunity of striking while the iron was hot? For them, after all, it might be a question, not of the mere curtailment of Sunday joy-rider, but of existence itself. The development of the oil industry within the frontiers of the United States has necessitated the sinking of a prodigious amount of capital in specialized plant and the training of a considerable number of particularly competent and active American citizens as well-remunerated experts in various branches of the business. Is the capital here locked up to be written off as loss and the human ability here given scope to be thrown out of lucrative employment while oil fields yet remain to be developed in any part of the world? In such circumstances it is not inconceivable to a foreign observer that the great American oil interests, with American public opinion behind them, might bring pressure to bear upon Congress and the Administration to deal as drastically with these Latin-American dogs-in-the-manger as their forefathers had dealt with Creeks who had attempted to bar the way to the Western cotton belt, or Algonquins and Sioux who had tried to keep another stream of American pioneers from penetrating the great Northwest. This hypothetical case is taken at random from among the many which occur to the imagination.

### III

The foreign observer whose imagination runs on these lines must beg his American readers not to take it amiss. Such prognostications imply no special disparagement of the American national character. A student of history would expect any nation suddenly placed in this situation after being isolated for one



hundred and fifty years to be subject to imperialistic impulses (though not necessarily to succumb to them). For example, Baron Sonnino, the Italian statesman who crossed swords with President Wilson at the Peace Conference and who was also a student of history like the President himself, had a historical nightmare which he used (it is reported) to retail during the War whenever the prime ministers of the European Allied states met in conclave. The national states of modern Europe, he used to say, were like the city states of Ancient Greece. As the Greek cities had spent their energies in quarreling with one another in an earlier age when they were the only states in their world, so they continued to spend them when states of far greater caliber—Carthage and Rome—had arisen beyond the Western Sea. The "Cloud in the West" did not bring them to their senses, so they quarreled and quarreled till Rome stepped in and annexed them all. The modern Rome—and this was the Baron's nightmare—was the United States of America.

This learned parallel, no doubt, will raise a smile on most American faces. "We would not take Europe as a gift," most Americans will retort, "let alone going out of our way to annex it." Yet before the smile broadens into a laugh, let the American reader examine the history of Rome's relations with Greece, and he may conclude that the Baron's nightmare was less fantastic, after all, than it sounds at first hearing. At the beginning of the story, the Romans felt about Greece very much as the Americans feel about Europe now. They had a sentiment for Greek culture as the source of their own and at the same time a horror of becoming mixed up in Greek political quarrels; so, after intervening with decisive effect in one of the interminable Greek Wars in order to defend the weaker and more cultured Greek states against militaristic Macedonia, they solemnly proclaimed the liberty of Macedonia's former subject populations and then evacuated—with

the firm intention of never becoming involved in Greek politics again. That, however, was the one thing that Rome could not achieve, for the Greeks themselves refused to let her alone. One and all, they came trooping to Rome to lay their grievances before the Senate—this city against that and that faction against the other—until at last the Roman Administration, weary of being pestered to give awards which were never obeyed, cut the knot by annexing Greece, bag and baggage. The Romans of that age, though reasonably well-intentioned, were not a patient people—no more patient, indeed, than Americans are to-day.

As a matter of fact, Baron Sonnino would have been nearer the mark if he had designated some region other than Europe—say, Latin America or the Pacific—as the scene on which the United States might play the part of Rome in modern times; and on this point an Englishman could have corrected him, for an Englishman can divine, from his own national experience, how strong the American's antipathy towards European entanglements really is. He realizes this because a century ago, at the close of the War of 1792–1815, England embarked on a new era with much the same feelings towards Europe as America entertains just now. At that time Englishmen, having saved Europe from Napoleon, wanted nothing better than to see the last of her and to concentrate all their thoughts and efforts upon conquering the commerce of the overseas world and garnering the fabulous wealth with which the Industrial Revolution had suddenly endowed them. The Channel then was as broad as the Atlantic is now—broad enough, that is, to serve as a very effective moat for the Englishman's castle—and England had a century's grace before the Channel dwindled to its present width (which is approximately that of the Rhine a century earlier). One day, no doubt, the Atlantic will become as narrow as the Channel (and it is safe to prophesy that

the inventor who brings about this disagreeable change in the situation of the United States, by devising some undreamed-of improvement in mechanical transport, will be an American citizen). Meanwhile, the Atlantic may be expected to remain a serviceable moat for many years to come; and, so long as this is so, every Englishman understands that the United States will keep as clear of Europe as England did from 1815 to 1914.

However, the point of the parallel between twentieth-century America and nineteenth-century England lies not in England's abstention from interference in Europe but in her opposite behavior in every other part of the world. During this golden century, when England was rejoicing in her freedom from European complications, she was conquering India and Burma, blowing China's door open with powder and shot, earmarking a lion's share of Africa, pushing across Canada from Atlantic to Pacific, and colonizing Australia and New Zealand at the opposite corner of the vaster ocean. In other words, the psychological inhibition, half rational and half instinctive, which restrained her from meddling in Europe, abandoned her completely when she had to deal with other regions; and this is just the psychology which an English visitor observes in Americans to-day. He notes and understands their resolve to have nothing to do with Europe; but he also notes and understands equally well that they have no such shrinking from playing an active part in the international politics of the Latin-American world or of the Pacific. And it is in her Pacific policy that the United States may affect the fortunes of England profoundly for evil or for good.

#### IV

Before discussing this point it may be convenient to reckon up roughly the assets which England has lost and retained, respectively, since the War of 1914-1918.

England's losses have been serious. First, she has lost the economic primacy which she had enjoyed during the century ending in 1914 as the reward of having been the first country to undergo the Industrial Revolution. Secondly, she has lost her strategic isolation. Both these unpleasant changes were inevitable sooner or later. Other nations were bound to catch up England's initial start in the race of industrial competition; and mechanical progress was bound to produce some invention like aircraft which would wipe out the Channel. The War precipitated these changes rather than caused them; but, in any case, they have taken effect, and England has to accommodate herself to them as best she may.

On the other hand, the assets which England still retains are not only of great but of increasing value. In the first place, she retains her position as the link between the European Continent, which is the homeland of Western civilization, and the countries overseas, in which the life of Western society will be lived henceforward in increasing measure; and as the population, prosperity, and power of the overseas countries grow, and the English-speaking members of the overseas world become more and more preponderant in it, England's role as a link will be magnified in like measure. Last year a very intelligent French visitor to England—an official on the Secretariat of the League of Nations at Geneva—when asked what was his most vivid impression in England, replied that, in setting foot in England, the Continental visitor for the first time became concretely aware of the existence of America. On the Continent, America was still a dim and almost mythical New World; in England, at every turn, he met people who had just come from America or were just going there, or who had American relatives or American business connections. *A fortiori*, England is the connecting link between Europe and those younger English-speaking countries which politically are



British Dominions. This is a British asset which is likely to increase in value as time goes on.

The second asset which England retains, though more precariously, is her position as a link between West and East. The British Commonwealth is the only body politic in the world to-day which comprises both a first-class European country like England and a first-class Oriental country like India, together with overseas communities of European origin like the self-governing Dominions. This asset carries with it heavy political liabilities, but at the same time a Commonwealth in which Westerners and Orientals live in free and equal partnership (supposing that the British Empire were able to establish such a commonwealth on an enduring basis) might be of supreme value to a world in which conflicts on cultural and racial lines are one of the principal dangers of the coming era. It is here, perhaps, that British statesmanship has its greatest opportunity of performing an international service, but it is also here that British foreign policy is most dependent on the foreign policy of the United States.

## V

The political situation in the basin of the Pacific and the Indian Ocean is full of dangers. On one side lie some of the least thickly populated countries in the world—Canada, the United States, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa—which happen also to be all the English-speaking countries in the World except the United Kingdom and the Irish Free State. On the other side lie some of the most congested countries—Japan, China, Java, and India—which happen also to be inhabited by peoples of races and cultures with which the English-speaking peoples are utterly unwilling to blend, so that they would all resist to the uttermost an attempt on the Orientals' part to solve their problem of overpopulation by assisting the overseas peoples of European origin to fill up their

empty spaces with Oriental immigrants. The danger of this situation is so notorious that there is no need to enlarge upon it; but it is perhaps worth pointing out that one of the chief safeguards against a disastrous explosion is the present position of the United Kingdom as the leading member of a composite commonwealth, in which representatives of both the opposing groups in the Indian Ocean and the Pacific are included. For example if India and South Africa were not both members of the British Commonwealth, they might at this moment be at war with each other over the question of restrictions placed by the South African Government upon Indian immigration. As it is, these two countries—alienated from each other though they are by a serious conflict of interest—are in a constitutional relationship which makes war between them impossible; and, more than this, they have as their common political partner the United Kingdom, which is particularly well placed for mediating between them—not only on account of its prestige as the senior partner in the Commonwealth, but because the United Kingdom lies far from the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, in a region where the contact of races and cultures is not a burning question. Because of this British statesmanship can handle the controversy between India and South Africa in an objective and impartial way and furthermore can make the two parties so thoroughly aware of its disinterestedness that they are less unwilling to accept its mediation than that of any other Power.

Thus, in the tense international politics of the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, Great Britain is in a position to exercise a moderating and conciliatory influence; and it is her vital interest to exercise it to the utmost of her power, since, if once an armed conflict were to break out on racial lines, the British Commonwealth would be disrupted, and Englishmen would be confronted with the tragic choice of taking sides in a fratricidal struggle between their Indian and their

English-speaking fellow-citizens. Now the English of to-day are a relatively patient people in their dealing with other human beings—not from any innate virtue, but because they have made their way (since the never-forgotten experience which ended so disastrously for them in 1783) by competent handling other people, while the Americans have made their way by competently handling Nature. This acquired characteristic of patience in human affairs is the essence of statesmanship and, therefore, Great Britain has a part to play in the Indian Ocean and the Pacific which might be of the greatest benefit to all the peoples which live around their shores, on condition that the opportunity to fill this role is granted to British statesmanship.

This qualifying clause goes to the root of the matter, for, after all, the part which Great Britain at present plays in the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, great though it is, is played by her only on sufferance. The British Isles, alone of the English-speaking countries, do not possess a seaboard on this central basin of the seas of the world, but are a small and distant archipelago on the farther edge of Europe. In the last resort, the fateful decisions involving amity or conflict will lie with the Powers on the spot, and first and foremost with the greatest of them—that is to say, with Japan on the Oriental side and with the United States on the side of the English-speaking world.

In this respect the question of what temper the American people will display in this new era in their history, when they are about to play an active role in international affairs as one of the greatest of the Great Powers, ceases to be a mere question of curiosity to the English observer and becomes for him a

question in which the destinies of his own country may be involved. Will the American people, and their agents in Congress and in the Administration, be patient in their handling of this most formidable Pacific problem? The action of Congress in the spring of 1924, when they introduced the Oriental Exclusion clause into the Bill for the Restriction of Immigration, arouses some misgivings in an English observer's mind—not on account of what was done, but on account of the reckless manner in which Congress insisted upon doing it. No doubt, if the United States chooses to pursue a harsh and provocative policy in the Pacific, she could take the initiative out of England's hands. The British Dominions, which all (unlike Great Britain herself but like the United States) are directly affected by the race and color problem, might readily be induced to follow the lead of the United States in taking drastic action. They, too, have not been schooled in patience; and, as smaller and younger English-speaking countries, they would drift naturally into the orbit of the largest and nearest member of the group. England might be reduced to the role of an impotent spectator while the United States led the Dominions into a racial war. Yet any such turn of events, while it would break up the British Commonwealth, would be scarcely less of a catastrophe for the United States when considered on a long view; and hence in this matter the interests of America, Great Britain, and the world are really identical.

It should be our common prayer that the American people may be blessed with the faculty of patience in their dealings with other nations in this new era when the United States is destined to play so momentous a part in international affairs.





# THE ACTOR AND THE ALIBI

A STORY

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

**M**R. MUNDON MANDEVILLE, the theatrical manager, walked briskly through the passages behind the scenes, or rather, below the scenes. His attire was smart and festive, perhaps a little too festive: the flower in his buttonhole was festive; the very varnish on his boots was festive; but his face was not at all festive. He was a big, bull-necked, black-browed man, and at the moment his brow was blacker than usual. He had in any case, of course, the hundred botherations that besiege a man in such a position; and they ranged from large to small and from new to old. It annoyed him to pass through the passages where the old pantomime scenery was stacked because he had successfully begun his career at that theater with very popular pantomimes, and had since been induced to gamble in more serious and classical drama over which he had dropped a good deal of money. Hence to see the Sapphire Gates of Bluebeard's Blue Palace, or portions of the Enchanted Grove of Golden Orange Trees, leaning up against the wall to be festooned with cobwebs or nibbled by mice, did not give him that soothing sense of a return to simplicity which we all ought to have when granted a glimpse of that wonderland of our childhood. Nor had he any time to drop a tear where he had dropped the money, or to dream of this Paradise of Peter Pan; for he had been summoned hurriedly to settle a practical problem not of the past but of the moment. It was the sort of thing which does sometimes happen in

that strange world behind the scenes; but it was big enough to be serious. Miss Maroni, the talented young actress of Italian parentage who had undertaken to act an important part in the play which was to be rehearsed that afternoon and performed that evening, had abruptly and even violently refused at the last moment to do anything of the kind. He had not even seen the exasperating lady yet; and as she had locked herself up in her dressing-room and defied the world through the door, it seemed unlikely for the present that he would. Mr. Mundon Mandeville was sufficiently British to explain it by murmuring that all foreigners were mad. But the thought of his good fortune in inhabiting the only sane island of the planet did not suffice to soothe him any more than the memory of the Enchanted Grove. All these things and many more were annoying; and yet a very intimate observer might have suspected that something was wrong with Mr. Mandeville that went beyond annoyance.

If it be possible for a heavy and healthy man to look haggard, he looked haggard. His face was full but his eye-sockets were hollow; his mouth twitched as if it were always trying to bite the black strip of mustache that was just too short to be bitten. He might have been a man who had begun to take drugs; but even on that assumption there was something which suggested that he had a reason for doing it; that the drug was not the cause of the tragedy, but the tragedy the cause of the

drug. Whatever was his deeper secret, it seemed to inhabit that dark end of the long passage where was the entrance to his own little study; and as he went along the empty corridor he threw back a nervous glance now and then, as if something might follow him besides his shadow.

However, business is business; and he made his way to the opposite end of the passage where the blank green door of Miss Maroni defied the world. A group of actors and other people involved were already standing in front of it, conferring and considering, one might almost fancy, the advisability of a battering-ram. The group contained one figure at least who was already well enough known, whose photograph was on many mantelpieces and his autograph in many albums. For though Norman Knight was playing the hero in a theater that was still a little provincial and old-fashioned and capable of calling him the first walking gentleman, he at least was certainly on the way to wider triumphs. He was a good-looking man with a long cleft chin and fair hair low on his forehead, giving him a rather Neronian look that did not altogether correspond with his impulsive and plunging movements. The group contained also Ralph Randall, who generally acted elderly character parts, who had a humorous hatchet face blue with shaving and discolored with grease-paint. It contained Mandeville's second walking gentleman, carrying on the not yet wholly vanished tradition of Charles's Friend—a dark, curly-haired youth of somewhat Semitic profile bearing the name of Aubrey Vernon. It included Mandeville's wife's maid, or dresser, a very powerful-looking person with tight red hair and a hard wooden face. It also incidentally included Mandeville's wife, a quiet woman in the background with a pale patient face the lines of which had not lost a classical symmetry and severity, but which looked all the paler because her very eyes were pale and her pale-yellow hair lay in two plain bands like some very

archaic Madonna's. Not everybody knew that she had once been a serious and successful actress in Ibsen and the intellectual drama. But her husband did not think much of problem plays, and certainly at the moment was more interested in the problem of getting a foreign actress out of a locked room—a new version of the conjuring trick of the Vanishing Lady.

"Hasn't she come out yet?" he demanded, speaking to his wife's business-like attendant rather than to his wife.

"No, sir," answered in a somber manner the woman who was known as Mrs. Sands,

"We are beginning to get a little alarmed," said old Randall. "She seemed quite unbalanced and we're afraid she might even do herself some mischief."

"Hell!" said Mandeville in his simple and artless way. "Advertisement's very good, but we don't want that sort of advertisement. Hasn't she any friends here? Has nobody any influence with her?"

"Jarvis thinks the only man who might manage her is her own priest round the corner," said Randall; "and in case she does start hanging herself on a hat-peg, I really thought perhaps he'd better be here. Jarvis has gone to fetch him . . . and as a matter of fact here he comes."

Two more figures appeared in that subterranean passage under the stage; the first was Ashton Jarvis, a jolly fellow who generally acted villains but who had surrendered that high vocation for the moment to the curly-headed youth with the nose. Jarvis himself had a snub nose and something like a broad grin, but he was dark and could look tragic enough on the stage. The other figure was short and square and clad all in black; it was Father Brown from the church round the corner.

Father Brown seemed to take it quite naturally, and even casually, that he should be called in to consider the queer conduct of one of his flock, whether she



were to be regarded as a black sheep or only as a lost lamb. But he did not seem to think much of the suggestion of suicide.

"I suppose there was some reason for her flying off the handle like that," he said. "Does anybody know what it was?"

"Dissatisfied with her part, I believe," said the older actor.

"They always are," growled Mr. Mundon Mandeville. "And I thought my wife would look after those arrangements."

"I can only say," said Mrs. Mundon Mandeville rather wearily, "that I gave her what ought to be the best part. It's supposed to be what stage-struck young women want, isn't it—to act the beautiful young heroine and marry the beautiful young hero in a shower of bouquets and cheers from the gallery? Women of my age naturally have to fall back on acting respectable matrons, and I was careful to confine myself to that."

"It would be devilish awkward to alter the parts now, anyhow," said Randall.

"It's not to be thought of," declared Norman Knight firmly. "Why, I could hardly act—but anyhow it's much too late."

Father Brown had slipped forward and was standing outside the locked door listening, with his head a little on one side.

"Is there no sound?" asked the manager anxiously, and then added in a lower voice, "Do you think she can have done herself in?"

"There is a certain sound," replied Father Brown calmly. "I should be inclined to deduce from the sound that she is engaged in breaking windows or looking-glasses, probably with her feet. No, I do not think there is much danger of her going on to destroy herself. Breaking looking-glasses with your feet is a very unusual prelude to suicide. If she had been a German now and had gone away to think, to think quietly about metaphysics and *Weltschmerz* I

should be all for breaking the door down. But these Italians don't really die so easily and are not liable to kill themselves in a rage. Somebody else, perhaps . . . yes, possibly . . . it might be well to take ordinary precautions if she comes out with a leap."

"So you're not in favor of forcing the door?" asked Mandeville.

"Not if you want her to act in your play," replied Father Brown. "If you do that she'll raise the roof and refuse to stay in the place; if you leave her alone she'll probably come out from mere curiosity. If I were you, I should just leave somebody to guard the door, more or less, and trust to time for an hour or two."

"In that case," said Mandeville, "we can only get on with rehearsing the scenes in which she doesn't appear. My wife will arrange all that is necessary for scenery just now. After all, the Fourth Act is the main business. You'd better get on with that."

"Not a dress rehearsal," said Mandeville's wife to the others.

"Very well," said Knight. "Not a dress rehearsal of course. I wish the dresses of the infernal period weren't so elaborate."

"What is the play?" asked the priest with a touch of curiosity.

"The School for Scandal," said Mandeville. "It may be literature, but I want plays. My wife likes what she calls classical comedies. A long sight more classic than comic."

At this moment the old doorkeeper, known as Sam and the solitary inhabitant of the theater during off-hours, came waddling up to the manager with a card to say that Lady Miriam Marden wished to see him. He turned away, but Father Brown continued to blink steadily for a few seconds in the direction of the manager's wife and saw that her wan face wore a faint smile—not altogether a cheerful smile.

Father Brown moved off in company with the man who had brought him in, who happened, indeed, to be a friend

and person of a similar persuasion, which is not uncommon among actors. As he moved off, however, he heard Mrs. Mandeville give quiet directions to Mrs. Sands that she should take up the post of watcher beside the closed door; and he knew that one part of his suggestion was being very practically carried out. Mrs. Sands did not look as if the most energetic Italian lady could easily get past her.

"Mrs. Mandeville seems to be an intelligent woman," said the priest to his companion, "though she keeps so much in the background."

"She was once a highly intellectual woman," said Jarvis sadly, "rather washed out and wasted, some would say, by marrying a bounder like Mandeville. She has the very highest ideals of the drama, you know; but of course it isn't often she can get her lord and master to look at anything in that light. Do you know, he actually wanted a woman like that to act as a pantomime boy? Admitted that she was a fine actress but said pantomimes paid better. That will give you about a measure of his psychological insight and sensibility. But she never complained—as she said to me once, 'Complaint always comes back in an echo from the ends of the world; but silence strengthens us.' If only she were married to somebody who understood her ideas, she might have been one of the great actresses of the age; indeed, the high-brow critics still think a lot of her. As it is, she is married to that . . ."

And he pointed to where the big black bulk of Mandeville stood with its back to them, talking to the ladies who had summoned him forth into the vestibule. Lady Miriam was a very long and languid and elegant lady, handsome in a recent fashion largely modeled on Egyptian mummies, her dark hair cut low and square like a sort of helmet, and her lips very painted and prominent and giving her a permanent expression of contempt. Her companion was a very vivacious lady with an ugly attractive

face and hair powdered with gray. She was a Miss Theresa Talbot and she talked a great deal while her companion seemed too tired to talk at all. Only, just as the two men passed, Lady Miriam summoned up the energy to say:

"Plays are a bore, but I've never seen a rehearsal in ordinary clothes. Might be a bit funny. Somehow nowadays one can never find a thing one's never seen."

"Now, Mr. Mandeville," said Miss Talbot, tapping him on the arm with animated persistence. "You simply must let us see that rehearsal. We can't come to-night and we don't want to. We want to see all the funny people in the wrong clothes."

"Of course I can give you a box if you wish it," said Mandeville hastily; "perhaps your ladyship would come this way." And he led them off down another corridor.

"I wonder," said Jarvis in a meditative manner, "whether even Mandeville prefers *that* sort of woman."

"Well," asked his clerical companion, "have you any reason to suppose that Mandeville does prefer her?"

Jarvis looked at him steadily for an instant before answering.

"Mandeville is a mystery," he said gravely. "Oh, yes, I know that he looks about as commonplace a cad as ever walked down Piccadilly. But he really is a mystery, for all that. There's something on his conscience. There's a shadow in his life. And I doubt whether it has anything more to do with a few fashionable flirtations than it has with his poor neglected wife. If it has, there's something more in them than meets the eye. As a matter of fact, I happen to know rather more about it than anyone else does, merely by accident. But even I can't make anything of what I know except a mystery."

He looked around him in the vestibule to see that they were alone and then added, lowering his voice:

"I don't mind telling you because I know you are a tower of silence where



secrets are concerned. But I had a curious shock the other day, and it has been repeated several times since. You know that Mandeville always works in that little room at the end of the passage, just under the stage. Well, twice over I happened to pass by there when everyone thought he was alone, and what's more, when I myself happened to be able to account for all the women in the company, and all the women likely to have to do with him, being absent or at their usual posts."

"All the women?" remarked Father Brown, inquiringly.

"There was a woman with him," said Jarvis almost in a whisper. "There is some woman who is always visiting him; somebody that none of us knows. I don't even know how she comes there, since it isn't down the passage to the door; but I think I once saw a veiled or cloaked figure passing out into the twilight at the back of the theater, like a ghost. But she can't be a ghost. And I don't believe she's even an ordinary 'affair.' I don't think it's love-making. I think it's blackmail."

"What makes you think that?" asked the other.

"Because," said Jarvis, his face turning from grave to grim, "I once heard sounds like a quarrel, and then the strange woman said in a metallic menacing voice four words, 'I am your wife.'"

"You think he's a bigamist," said Father Brown reflectively. "Well, bigamy and blackmail often go together, of course. But she may be bluffing as well as blackmailing. She may be mad. These theatrical people often have monomaniacs running after them. You may be right, but I shouldn't jump to conclusions . . . and talking about theatrical people, isn't the rehearsal going to begin and aren't you a theatrical person?"

"I'm not on in this scene," said Jarvis with a smile. "They're only doing one act, you know, until your Italian friend comes to her senses."

"Talking about my Italian friend,"

observed the priest, "I should rather like to know whether she has come to her senses."

"We can go back and see if you like," said Jarvis; and they descended again to the basement and the long passage, at one end of which was Mandeville's study and at the other the closed door of Signora Maroni. The door seemed to be still closed, and Mrs. Sands sat grimly outside it as motionless as a wooden idol.

Near the other end of the passage they caught a glimpse of some of the other actors in the scene mounting the stairs to the stage just above. Vernon and old Randall went ahead, running rapidly up the stairs, but Mrs. Mandeville went more slowly, in her quietly dignified fashion, and Norman Knight seemed to linger a little to speak to her. A few words fell on the ears of the unintentional eavesdroppers as they passed.

"I tell you a woman visits him," Knight was saying violently.

"Hush," said the lady in her voice of silver that still had in it something of steel. "You must not talk like this. Remember he is my husband."

"I wish to God I could forget it," said Knight and rushed up the stairs to the stage. The lady followed him, still pale and calm, to take up her own position there.

"Somebody else knows it," said the priest quietly, "but I doubt whether it is any business of ours."

"Yes," muttered Jarvis, "it seems as if everybody knows it and nobody knows anything about it."

They proceeded along the passage to the other end where the rigid attendant sat outside the Italian's door.

"No, she ain't come out yet," said the woman in her sullen way, "and she ain't dead, for I heard her moving about now and then. I dunno what tricks she's up to."

"Do you happen to know, ma'am," said Father Brown with abrupt politeness, "where Mr. Mandeville is just now?"

"Yes," she replied promptly. "Saw

him go into his little room at the end of the passage a minute or two ago, just before the prompter called and the curtain went up. Must be there still, for I ain't seen him come out."

"There's no other door to his office, you mean," said Father Brown in an off-hand way. "Well, I suppose the rehearsal's going in full swing now, for all the Signora's sulking."

"Yes," said Jarvis, after a moment's silence, "I can just hear the voices on the stage from here. Old Randall has a splendid carrying voice."

They both remained for an instant in a listening attitude so that the booming voice of the actor on the stage could indeed be heard rolling faintly down the stairs and along the passage. Before they had spoken again or resumed their normal poise their ears were filled with another sound. It was a dull but heavy crash and it came from behind the closed door of Mundon Mandeville's private room.

Father Brown went racing along the passage like an arrow from the bow and was struggling with the doorhandle before Jarvis had wakened with a start and begun to follow him.

"The door is locked," said the priest, turning a face that was a little pale, "and I am all in favor of breaking down *this* door."

"Do you mean," asked Jarvis with a rather ghastly look, "that the unknown visitor has got in here again? Do you think it's . . . anything serious?" After a moment he added, "I may be able to push back the bolt; I know the fastenings on these doors."

He knelt down and pulled out a pocket knife with a long steel implement, manipulated it for a moment, and the door swung open on the manager's study. Almost the first thing they noticed was that there was no other door and even no window. A great electric lamp stood on the table. But it was not quite the first thing that they noticed, for even before that they had seen that Mandeville was lying flat on his face in the

middle of the room and the blood was crawling out from under his fallen face like a pattern of scarlet snakes which glittered in that unnatural subterranean light.

They did not know how long they had been staring at each other when Jarvis said, like one letting loose something that he had held back with his breath:

"If the stranger got in somehow, she has gone somehow."

"Perhaps we think too much about the stranger," said Father Brown. "There are so many strange things in this strange theater that you rather tend to forget some of them."

"Why, which things do you mean?" asked his friend quickly.

"There are many," said the priest. "There is the other locked door, for instance."

"But the other door *is* locked," cried Jarvis staring.

"But you forgot it all the same," said Father Brown.

A few moments afterwards he said thoughtfully, "That Mrs. Sands is a grumpy and gloomy sort of card."

"Do you mean?" asked the other in a lowered voice, "that she's lying and the Italian did come out?"

"No," said the priest calmly. "I think I meant it more or less as a detached study of character."

"You can't mean," cried the actor, "that Mrs. Sands did it herself?"

"I didn't mean a study of *her* character," said Father Brown.

While they had been exchanging these abrupt reflections, Father Brown had knelt down by the body and ascertained that it was beyond any hope or question a dead body. Beside it, though not immediately visible from the doorway, was a dagger of the theatrical sort lying as if it had fallen from the wound or the hand of the assassin. According to Jarvis, who recognised the instrument, there was not very much too be learned from it, unless the experts could find some finger-prints. It was a property dagger; that is, it was nobody's prop-



erty. It had been kicking about the theater for a long time; and anybody might have picked it up. Then the priest rose and looked gravely round the room.

"We must send for the police," he said, "and for a doctor, though the doctor comes too late . . . looking at this room, by the way, I don't see how our Italian friend could manage it."

"The Italian!" cried his friend. "I should think not. I should have thought she had an alibi if anybody had—two separate rooms, both locked, at opposite ends of a long passage with a fixed witness watching it."

"No," said Father Brown, "not quite. The difficulty is how she could have got in this end. I think she might have got out the other end."

"And why?" asked the other.

"I told you," said Father Brown, "that it sounded as if she was breaking glass—mirrors or windows. Stupidly enough, I forgot something I knew quite well: that she is pretty superstitious. She wouldn't be likely to break a mirror, so I suspect she broke a window. It's true all this is under the ground floor, but it might be a skylight or a window opening on an area. But there don't seem to be any skylights or areas here." And he stared at the ceiling very intently for a considerable time.

Suddenly he came back to conscious life again with a start. "We must go upstairs and telephone and tell everybody. It is pretty painful. . . . My God, can you hear those actors still shouting and ranting upstairs? The play is still going on. I suppose that's what they mean by tragic irony."

When it was fated that the theater should be turned into a house of mourning an opportunity was given to the actors to show many of the real virtues of their type and trade. They did, as the phrase goes, behave like gentlemen, and not only like first walking gentlemen. They had not all of them liked or trusted Mandeville, but they knew

exactly the right things to say about him; they showed not only sympathy but delicacy in their attitude to his widow. Indeed, she had become in a new and very different sense a tragedy queen, her lightest word was law, and while she moved about slowly and sadly, many ran hither and thither upon her errands.

"She was always a strong character," said old Randall rather huskily, "and had the best brains of any of us. Of course poor Mandeville was never on her level in education and so on, but she always did her duty splendidly. It was quite pathetic the way she would sometimes say she wished she had more intellectual life. But Mandeville—well, *nil nisi bonum* as they say." And the old gentleman went away wagging his head sadly.

"*Nil nisi bonum* indeed!" said Jarvis grimly. "I don't think Randall at any rate has heard of the story of the strange lady visitor. By the way, don't you think it probably *was* the strange woman?"

"It depends," said the priest, "whom you mean by the strange woman?"

"Oh! I don't mean the Italian woman," said Jarvis hastily, "though as a matter of fact you were quite right about her too. When they went in, the skylight was smashed and the room was empty, but so far as the police can discover, she simply went home in the most harmless fashion. No, I mean the woman who was heard threatening him at that secret meeting—the woman who said she was his wife. Do you think she really was his wife?"

"It is possible," said Father Brown staring blankly into the void, "that she really was his wife."

"That would give us the motive—of jealousy over his bigamous remarriage," reflected Jarvis, "for the body was not robbed in any way. No need to poke about for thieving servants or even impecunious actors. But as for that, of course you've noticed the outstanding and peculiar thing about the case?"

"I have noticed several peculiar

things," said Father Brown. "Which one do you mean?"

"I mean the corporate alibi," said Jarvis gravely. "It's not often that practically a whole company has a public alibi like that—an alibi on a lighted stage and all witnessing to one another. As it turns out, it is jolly lucky for our friends here that poor Mandeville did put those two silly society women in the box to watch the rehearsal. They can bear witness that the whole Act was performed without a hitch with the characters on the stage all the time. They began long before Mandeville was last seen going into his room. They went on at least five or ten minutes after you and I found his dead body. And, by a lucky coincidence, the moment we actually heard him fall was during the time when all the characters were on the stage together."

"Yes, that is certainly very important and simplifies everything," agreed Father Brown. "Let us count the people covered by the alibi. There was Randall; I rather fancy Randall practically hated the manager, though he is very properly covering his feelings just now. But he is ruled out; it was his voice we heard thundering over our heads from the stage. There is our *jeune premier*, Mr. Knight; I have rather good reason to suppose he was in love with Mandeville's wife and not concealing that sentiment so much as he might; but he is out of it, for he was on the stage at the same time being thundered at. There was that amiable Jew who calls himself Aubrey Vernon; he's out of it, and there's Mrs. Mandeville; she's out of it. Their corporate alibi, as you say, depends chiefly on Lady Miriam and her friend in the box; though there is the general common-sense corroboration that the Act had to be gone through and the routine of the theater seems to have suffered no interruption. The legal witnesses however are Lady Miriam and her friend Miss Talbot. I suppose you think *they* are all right?"

"Lady Miriam," said Jarvis in sur-

prise. "Oh, yes . . . I suppose you mean that she looks a queer sort of vamp. But you've no notion what even the ladies of the best families are looking like nowadays. Besides, is there any particular reason for doubting their evidence?"

"Only that it brings us up against a blank wall," said Father Brown. "Don't you see that this collective alibi practically covers everybody? Those four were the only performers in the theater at the time, and there were scarcely any servants in the theater, none indeed except old Sam who guards the only regular entrance and the woman who guarded Miss Maroni's door. There is nobody else left available but you and I. We certainly might be accused of the crime, especially as we found the body. There seems nobody else who can be accused. You didn't happen to kill him when I wasn't looking, I suppose?"

Jarvis looked up with a slight start and stared a moment, then the broad grin returned to his swarthy face. He shook his head.

"You didn't do it," said Father Brown, "and we will assume for the moment, merely for the sake of argument, that I didn't do it. The people on the stage being out of it, it really leaves the Signora behind her locked door, the sentinel in front of her door, and old Sam. Or are you thinking of the two ladies in the box? Of course they might have slipped out of the box."

"No," said Jarvis, "I am thinking of the unknown woman who came from nowhere and told Mandeville she was his wife."

"Perhaps she was," said the priest, and this time there was a note in his steady voice that made his companion start to his feet once more and lean across the table.

"We said," he observed in a low eager voice, "that this first wife might have been jealous of the other wife."

"No," said Father Brown. "She might have been jealous of the Italian girl perhaps or of Lady Miriam Marden.



But she was not jealous of the other wife."

"And why not?"

"Because there was no other wife" said Father Brown. "So far from being a bigamist, Mr. Mandeville seems to me to have been a highly monogamous<sup>3</sup> person. His wife was almost too much with him; so much with him that you all charitably suppose that she must be somebody else. But I don't see how she could have been with him when he was killed, for we agree that she was acting all the time in front of the foot-lights. Acting an important part too. . . ."

"Do you really mean?" cried Jarvis, "that the strange woman who haunted him like a ghost was only the Mrs. Mandeville we know?"

But he received no answer, for Father Brown was staring into vacancy with a blank expression almost like an idiot's. He always did look most idiotic at the instant when he was most intelligent. The next moment he scrambled to his feet, looking very harassed and distressed. "This is awful," he said, "I'm not sure it isn't the worst business I've ever had. But I've got to go through with it. Would you go and ask Mrs. Mandeville if I may speak to her in private?"

"Oh, certainly," said Jarvis as he turned towards the door, "but what's the matter with you?"

"Only being a born fool," said Father Brown, "a very common complaint in this vale of tears. I was fool enough to forget altogether that the play was 'The School for Scandal.'"

He walked restlessly up and down the room until Jarvis reappeared at the door with an altered and even alarmed face.

"I can't find her anywhere," he said. "Nobody seems to have seen her."

"They haven't seen Norman Knight either, have they?" asked Father Brown dryly. "Well, it saves me the most painful interview of my life. Saving the grace of God, I was very nearly

frightened of that woman. But she was frightened of me too, frightened of something I'd seen or said. Knight was always begging her to bolt with him. Now she's done it, and I'm devilish sorry for him."

"For him?" inquired Jarvis.

"Well, it can't be very nice to elope with a murderess," said the other dispassionately. "But as a matter of fact, she was something very much worse than a murderess."

"And what is that?"

"An egoist," said Father Brown. "She was the sort of person who has looked in the mirror before looking out of the window, and it is the worst calamity of mortal life. The looking-glass was unlucky for her all right, but rather because it wasn't broken."

"I can't understand what all this means," said Jarvis. "Everybody regarded her as a person of the most exalted ideals, almost moving on a higher spiritual plane than the rest of us. . . ."

"She regarded herself in that light," said the other. "And she knew how to hypnotize everybody else into it. Perhaps I hadn't known her long enough to be wrong about her. But I knew the sort of person she was five minutes after I clapped eyes on her."

"Oh, come," cried Jarvis. "I'm sure her behavior about the Italian was beautiful."

"Her behavior was always beautiful," said the other. "I've heard from everybody here all about her refinements and subtleties and spiritual soarings above poor Mandeville's head. But all these spiritualities and subtleties seem to me to boil themselves down to the simple fact: that she certainly was a lady and he most certainly was not a gentleman. But, do you know, I have never felt quite sure that St. Peter will make that the only test at the gate of heaven."

"As for the rest," he went on with increasing animation, "I knew from the very first words she said that she was not really being fair to the poor Italian, with all her fine airs of frigid magna-

nimity. And again, I realized it when I knew that the play was "The School for Scandal."

"You are going rather too fast for me," said Jarvis in some bewilderment. "What does it matter what play it was?"

"Well," said the priest, "she said she had given the girl the part of the beautiful heroine and had retired into the background herself with the older part of a matron. Now that might have applied to almost any play; but it falsifies the facts about this particular play. She can only have meant that she gave the other actress the part of Maria, which is hardly a part at all. And the part of the obscure and self-effacing married woman, if you please, must have been the part of Lady Teazle, which is the only part any actress wants to act. If the Italian was a first-rate actress who had been promised a first-rate part, there was really some excuse, or at least some cause, for her mad Italian rage. As a matter of fact, there generally is for mad Italian rages. Latins are logical and have a reason for going mad. But that one little thing let in daylight for me on the meaning of her magnanimity. And there was another thing even then. You laughed when I said that the sulky look of Mrs. Sands was a study in character, but not in the character of Mrs. Sands. But it was true. If you want to know what a lady is really like, don't look at her, for she may be too clever for you. Don't look at the men round her, for they may be too silly about her. But look at some other woman who is always near to her, and especially one who is under her. You will see in that mirror her real face; and the face mirrored in Mrs. Sands was very ugly.

"And as for all the other impressions, what were they? I heard a lot about the unworthiness of poor old Mandeville; but it was all about his being unworthy of her, and I am pretty certain it came indirectly from her. And even so it betrayed itself. Obviously, from what every man said, she had confided in

every man about her infernal intellectual loneliness. You yourself said she never complained, and then quoted her about how her uncomplaining silence strengthened her soul. And that is just the note; that's the unmistakable style. People who complain are just jolly human Christian nuisances; I don't mind them. But people who complain that they never complain are the devil. They are really the devil; isn't that swagger of stoicism the whole point of the Byronic cult of Satan? I heard all this, but for the life of me I couldn't hear of anything tangible she had to complain of. Nobody pretended that her husband drank or beat her or left her without money or even was unfaithful, until that rumor about the secret meetings; which were simply her own melodramatic habit of pestering him with curtain-lectures in his own business office. And when one looked at the facts, apart from the atmospheric impression of martyrdom she contrived to spread, the facts were really quite the other way. Mandeville left off making money on pantomimes to please her; he started losing money on classical drama to please her. She arranged the scenery and furniture as she liked. She wanted Sheridan's play and she had it; she wanted the part of Lady Teazle and she had it; she wanted a rehearsal without costume at that particular hour and she had it. It may be worth remarking on the curious fact that she wanted that. But Mandeville was only blamed for being that sort of man. Nobody thought of blaming her for marrying that sort of man."

"But what is the use of all this tirade?" asked the actor, who had hardly ever before heard his clerical friend make so long a speech. "We seem to have got a long way from the murder in all this psychological business. She may have eloped with Knight, she may have bamboozled Randall, she may have bamboozled me; but she can't have murdered her husband, for everyone agrees she was on the stage through



the whole scene. She may be wicked but she isn't a witch."

"Well, I shouldn't be so sure," said Father Brown with a smile. "But she didn't need to use any witchcraft in this case. I know now that she did it, and very simply indeed."

"Why are you so sure of that?" asked Jarvis, looking at him in a puzzled way.

"Because the play was 'The School for Scandal,'" replied Father Brown. "And that particular Act of 'The School for Scandal.' I should like to remind you, as I said just now, that she always arranged the furniture as she liked. I should also like to remind you that this stage was built and used for pantomimes; it would naturally have trap-doors and trick exits of that sort. And when you say that witnesses could attest to having seen all the performers on the stage, I should like to remind you that in the principal scene of 'The School for Scandal' one of the principal performers remains for a considerable time on the stage but is *not* seen. She is technically 'on,' but she might practically be very much 'off.' That is the Screen of Lady Teazle and the Alibi of Mrs. Mandeville."

There was a silence and then the actor said, "You think she slipped through a trap-door behind a screen into the floor below, where the manager's room was?"

"She certainly slipped away in some fashion, and that is the most probable fashion," said the other. "I think it all the more probable because she took the opportunity of an undress rehearsal, and even indeed arranged for one. It is a guess; but I fancy if it had been a dress rehearsal it might have been more difficult to get through a trap-door in the hoops of the eighteenth century. There

are many little difficulties, of course, but I think they could all be met in time and in turn."

"What I can't meet is the big difficulty," said Jarvis, putting his head on his hand with a sort of groan. "I simply can't bring myself to believe that a radiant and serene creature like that could so lose, so to speak, her bodily balance, to say nothing of her moral balance. Was any motive strong enough? Was she very much in love with Knight?"

"I hope so," replied his companion, "for really it would be the most human excuse. But I'm sorry to say that I have my doubts. She wanted to get rid of her husband, who was an old-fashioned provincial hack, not even making much money. She wanted to have a career as the brilliant wife of a brilliant and rapidly rising actor. But she didn't want in that sense to act in 'The School for Scandal.' She wouldn't have run away with a man except in the last resort. It wasn't human passion with her but a sort of hellish respectability. She was always dogging her husband in secret and badgering him to divorce himself or otherwise get out of the way; and as he refused he paid at last for his refusal. There's another thing you've got to remember. You talk about these high-brows having a higher art and a more philosophical drama. But remember what a lot of the philosophy is! Remember what sort of conduct those high-brows often present as the highest! All about the Will to Power and the Right to Live and the Right to Experience . . . damned nonsense and more than damned nonsense—nonsense that can damn."

Father Brown frowned, which he did very rarely; and there was still a cloud on his brow as he put on his hat and went out into the night.



## “TWO A PENNY”

A NOTE ON SHOULDER STRAPS IN WAR TIME

BY MAJOR A. HAMILTON GIBBS, M. C.

*“Who’ll buy my nice fresh corpses, two a penny?”*  
—SIEGFRIED SASSOON—*The Effect*

THIS is an account of what happened to four batteries of field artillery in what history calls the Battle of Hangard Wood, but which will be remembered by survivors as the Battle of the Staff.

They were quite good batteries, some of whose officers and men sported a soiled ribbon or two dating back to 1914. They had been in the Cambrai fizzle; they had fought their way out with the remnants of the Fifth Army in what is called the Great Retreat; and they had been personally complimented by Haig on their fighting spirit—not, of course, that that means anything. Such polite moral uplift was part of Haig’s job. But, on the whole, the legend on their cap badges became them well—that legend which reads *“Ubique quo fas et gloria ducunt.”*

It has not yet been entirely forgotten that on the 21st of March, 1918, the Germans, among other things, wiped out the British Fifth Army. In the early days of April the French and British line joined once more, miles farther back, at Hangard Wood, a few miles southeast of Amiens. It was then that over the signature of the British Commander in Chief a laconic Order of the Day informed every man that England had her back to the wall—as if they didn’t know it—and that the enemy must only be allowed to pass over their dead bodies.

There were no trenches any more. The infantry were holding on in shell

holes. Behind them the artillery stood nakedly in the open, field guns and sixty pounders all higgledy-piggledy, blurting shells desperately over each other’s heads.

Man power was down to zero and those who were taking part in the picnic in Hangard Wood knew from Haig’s lugubrious but well-meaning utterance that if the enemy got there—it was the end.

With this fact staring them in the face, it was no little consolation to the artillery to know that the Australians were lying out in front of them from Villers-Bretonneau, littered with corpses and champagne bottles, to Hangard Wood in whose shady depths they swapped jokes with the coal-black Senegalese, mutually appreciating each other’s technique in this four-year-old revival of the high art of killing. Both, it seemed, had the advantage of the same natural aptitude to start with.

And so the field artillery thankfully went on firing till the guns were so hot that they burned the bare hands, in answer to the S.O.S. rockets which, almost every half hour, announced another desperate German attack all along the sector.

For a week it rained coldly. A dark mist, reeking of decomposition, hung over the soddened landscape. No gunner slept. Night and day were all one. The enormous piles of shell cases behind the guns told of their reply to the infantry’s urgent demand for a barrage. Their eyes burned in the back of their



heads and they repeated the orders in a sort of sleepless stupor. Every few hours teams, skating and slithering through the oozy mud, brought them more ammunition. They ate their half-cooked food on the seats of the guns, soaked through and shivering. For days they had passed beyond cursing. They had become automata, a mere series of reflexes responding to echoes; and when on the eighth morning the enemy artillery “found” the battery of another unit a couple of hundred yards in front of them, they watched guns knocked out and men disappear, broken in small pieces, with a dull laugh as they went on slipping shells into the breach.

Day after day, in ones or twos, crudely bandaged Senegalese, whimpering like children now that they were wounded and out of the fight, filed between the batteries in an endless chain, inquiring in bastard French for the ambulance.

But for all their attacking the enemy did not break through.

And then the Staff entered the fight. Those eighteen pounders, they said, were firing at too long a range. “Can’t have that, b’Gad! They must be pushed forward a bit, what?” . . . And so the Staff looked again at the maps of country they had never seen and found “just the place for ’em, b’Jove!” And, as an afterthought, “Better send a couple of battery commanders to reconnoiter and report.”

The two battery commanders met and went forth in the rain. One was a “temporary gentleman,” the other a “regular.” Both had been majors commanding their batteries for over a year, in the firing line all the time. If either of them ever had any illusions about “glory,” and the “ennobling influence of war,” his experience from section commander to battery commander had long since taught him that such things were, in the vernacular of the day, a washout. Both of them had long since learned that the only sensible thing in war was to get the cushiest possible job at the greatest

possible distance from No Man’s Land—but strangely enough neither had taken any steps to cash in on that painfully acquired knowledge.

The position indicated by the Staff was some three thousand yards nearer to the enemy. On the map it showed as a depression that ended in a steep ridge at right angles to the line of fire. For more than a mile the approach to it was in full view of any enemy observation balloon or airplane, and the road was lined with swollen dead horses whose legs jutted up like wooden pegs stuck into a row of plum puddings. The road and the plowed fields on either side of it were pockmarked with shell holes all the way along.

Without comment the two Majors blew tobacco smoke through their nostrils and increased their pace. Decomposing draught horses created a perfume only one degree less unpleasant than unburied gunners—or infantry for that matter. Little experience was necessary to interpret the meaning of that shell-swept road. They could visualize the salvos bursting in the middle of the teams every night when the rations and ammunition were being brought up; and they observed that there was no other way to get in or out.

“How very interesting!” said the temporary gentleman.

The regular shrugged his shoulders. “Bloody unhealthy, I call it!”

They went on down into the depression. It was that in more senses than one. Half-way in they came upon a battery. The gunners, for all the world like dead bodies, were stretched out by the gun-wheels, snatching an uneasy moment’s sleep.

Their commander with cavernous eyes and a three-day beard tried to conceal the hope that blazed into his mind. “Have you . . . er . . . come to relieve us, by any chance?” he asked casually.

“I don’t know,” said the temporary gentleman. “We’ve got to reconnoiter this place and report on it.”

The other laughed dryly. "Take my tip and keep out of it. It's the nearest thing to hell I've ever been in! As soon as I open fire they drop five-nines right on top of us. Look at the place!" He jerked his head at the guns, and the two remarked that each gun was perched up on a little hill, by contrast with the surrounding shell holes. The other went on, "I've been in here a week and I can just muster three men per gun. And half my drivers have been killed. See that lad in front?" He pointed to another battery a few hundred yards on the right front. "He's had three guns knocked out by direct hits. If they don't relieve him soon there won't be anybody to relieve. . . . Have a whisky?"

The temporary gentleman shook his head. "On our way back perhaps. We'd better strafe round a bit and get the hang of this place. Cheerio, for the time being!"

Out of hearing of that battery commander, the regular permitted himself a brief emotional expression. All he said was, "Jesus Edward Christ!" It is curious what precision war lends to one's choice of epithet.

The temporary gentleman apparently did not hear. He was gazing through an angle-of-sight instrument at the forward ridge. Then he made a little calculation on the back of his map. The result sent his eyebrows up. "Look here, old thing," he said, "if Fritz advances a hundred yards one can't drop the range to go on shooting him because of the crest. Just check that, will you?"

The regular did so. "H'm!" he said. "That means that the only place one can shoot from is along the line of where that rear battery is. God knows what use that forward fellow is!"

"Let's go and see," said the temporary gentleman.

They not only did so, but they explored every inch of the area recommended by the staff. From time to time they stopped and worked out more calculations. Every one added to the conviction that tactically, strategically, and

ballistically that depression was the last place an experienced battery commander would choose to put his guns. Judged merely from the map, without having seen the actual place, it was the one spot that the enemy would naturally select to bombard because it seemed to offer positions for batteries.

"I suppose," said the regular, "that's why the Staff had us go and reconnoiter the place. Presumably there's a knowledgeable fellow back there somewhere who has got Haig's Order of the Day in his mind, and knows we can't afford to waste any more men."

The temporary gentleman laughed. Then he said, "Wait till you sign the report I'm going to write! It's going to damn this place so thoroughly that they'll be willing to let the Germans capture it! . . . Come on, let's go and imbibe some of that fellow's whisky."

By noon they were back with their batteries and by two o'clock a report, signed by them both and by the brigade commander also, condemning the suggested position for reasons that were numbered one to twelve, had been sent back to the Staff.

At four o'clock that same afternoon word came over the wire that the brigade would move up that night and take over the positions in the depression!

The forward position—where three of the guns had been knocked out by direct hits—was assigned to the temporary gentleman. The order reached him just as he finished writing a letter. For a moment he sat very still, without comment. Then he unfolded the letter and wrote, "P.S. The Staff has just picked out a new position for me, one of their very best. We shall be rather busy for a while, so if you don't hear from me for a day or two, don't worry, dearest."

Thus does the modern gladiator express his *Moriturus te salutat!*

## II

They went in that night.

It was probably the rain which put a



damper on the Germans' activity. There was no attack. Three of the batteries took over their new positions in the usual way, all the guns being brought up together and manhandled on to their platforms with the usual accompaniment of sweat and oaths. The temporary gentleman was taking no chances however. The battery was brought up, one gun at a time. As soon as a gun was on its aiming posts and the ammunition up, the gunners were told off to dig a deep trench in rear of every gun and to sandbag the sides. They needed no explanation as to the reason why.

Dawn put their work to the test. A salvo crashed into the middle of the battery and was followed by a burst of ragged gunfire. The gunners tumbled into their trenches and lay flat. When the firing ceased, as cleanly as it had begun, for all the world like a sudden squall, the temporary gentleman made two silent observations: first that the batteries in rear had not been getting it, and secondly that the enemy had his range exactly.

It was the senior subaltern who summed it up. He grinned unshavenly at the Major across a steaming cup of tea. "If Fritz begins dropping big stuff—good-night! Five minutes would wipe out the whole bloody battery."

"I wish it would wipe out the whole bloody Staff," said the temporary gentleman. "Then we could get on with the war. . . . Look here, old thing, see that they get on with the digging as soon as they've finished breakfast. I'm going to strafe round a little with the Babe and see if murder can be prevented. . . . As soon as you're ready, Babe."

The junior subaltern was lighting a cigarette. He was called the Babe not only for his schoolgirl complexion, but because he was only just out of his teens. "I'm ready now, sir," he said.

"By the way, old thing," said the Major to the other one, "if it 'snows' badly while I'm away, clear the position. Take 'em forward and half left, under that ridge."

The senior subaltern followed his pointing finger, nodded, and watched the two of them stride off into the mud, each leaving a thin blue swirl of tobacco smoke. He finished drinking his mug of tea, lighted a cigarette, and walked over to the guns. The gunners were already silently digging again. And as he looked at the new shell holes around each gun emplacement his eyebrows went up, and a queer smile twisted his face.

"Jesus!" he muttered.

Not more than an hour and a half had elapsed and the sand bags behind each gun began to form a low protecting wall, when the subaltern saw the figure of a man coming down the ridge in front. He pulled out his glasses.

"The Major!" he said. "Cheers! He's found a position and left the Babe up there marking it out." He walked out to meet him. "Any luck, sir?"

The temporary gentleman looked at him for a moment without answering. Then he said, "They've got the Babe." He held out his hands. They were sticky with blood. "Just one shell," he said wearily, "a whizz bang. Burst right by us, we both walked on a couple of paces and the kid grinned and said 'They've got me, Major!' and he fell on his face, spouting blood. Before I could pick him up he was dead." He wiped the back of his hand across his mouth. "Come on, let's get on with it. There's no position anywhere forward. Tell Brown to bring me some water to wash with. . . . Everything all right here?"

The senior subaltern nodded. "Shall I take a couple of men and go and get the Babe, sir?"

"No," said the Major, "I got two infantry and a stretcher and they've taken him to a dressing station up on the ridge."

At that moment in the far distance they heard a violent popping as though a dozen champagne bottles had blown their corks out.

"That sounds like us!" said the Major and, as the two of them jumped into the square hole some three feet deep with

a canvas sheet over it that was their "mess," the scream and crash of the first shells were almost one sound.

"Big stuff this time!" said the subaltern.

The major watched it silently, ducking as bits of shell screamed over them. "Get Brigade!" he yelled to the signaller's who were plastered flat in the next hole.

"Line!—gone, sir!" came the reply. "O. P. line too! Two men out on it!"

There was a deep furrow between the Major's eyebrows. He swung round on the subaltern. "Get 'em out by subsections. Tell 'em to follow you, half left and forward to the ridge. I'll wait till they're all away."

The senior subaltern watched for a moment to see if he could snatch the opportunity of a lull in the shelling. There was no lull. So presently he leaped out and dashed from gun to gun, yelling the orders.

Judging their time by some atavistic instinct, each detachment, waiting till the next one had got away, scrambled out from its trench and doubled after the senior subaltern to the left flank of the battery, where they flung themselves down in the comparative shelter of the ridge from which they could look back and watch the murk of smoke from the bursting shells as it blotted out the position.

When by some miracle they were all out without casualty, the Major gathered up his papers and instruments into a dispatch case, and doubled after them.

A breast of ground hid the other batteries from view, but in a few moments the soul-shattering crashes of "big stuff" that fell on their own gun position were punctuated by the staccato double-crack of the other three batteries in action—gun-fire.

"Jesus!" hissed the subaltern. "It's an S.O.S.!" and he looked up at the Major expectantly.

It is an unwritten law that all guns go on firing during an S.O.S. until the last gunner is dead.

Under the bank the men and the sub-

altern were lying flat on their stomachs huddled together. They seemed to be on the very edge of the barrage. Its fury began fifty yards away from them, and as though the Germans were enraged by the reply of the eighteen pounders, the volume of the bombardment redoubled. The tremor of the earth made itself felt through their bodies. Space—time were annihilated by the rush and crash of shells. The air reeked with the bitter smell of them, which was so strong they could taste it. The battery position could no longer be seen. It lay under a black shroud of rolling smoke, pierced by a multitude of momentary flashes.

"S.O.S! . . . S.O.S!" The call hammered itself in the Major's brain. It was his job to go and fight those guns of his. . . . He stood there, regardless of bits of steel that whizzed back like wasps of death. "S.O.S.!" It seemed as though all the centuries of tradition of the British Army were ordering him to take his men back and get into action. He saw himself courtmartialled and shot for cowardice in face of the enemy if he didn't. Suppose the enemy was breaking through at that very moment! . . . If he went back to the guns there wouldn't be a man alive in three minutes. The whole battery must be wiped out. If he stayed out until this hell was over he could move the guns back a few hundred yards and, even if they courtmartialled *him*, the battery could go on shooting for many a long day. . . . Tradition or common sense? . . . He was alone with his responsibility. . . . Suddenly he flung himself down and put his mouth to the subaltern's ear. "Look here," he said, "I'm going back to the next battery to report that I'm out of action. If I'm not back in an hour, wait till this stops and send out a couple of men to look for me."

"Christ, you're not going *now* Major?"

"Don't interrupt!" snapped the Major. "These are your orders. Stay here till I come back or till this stops. If some bloody Colonel or brass hat should



come and order you back into action with that stuff dropping, tell him you've got definite orders from me not to do so, see! It's too bloody unintelligent. . . . I'll be back in an hour! What's your time?"

They bent back the sleeves of their raincoats and checked watches.

Speechless, the subaltern saw the Major get up and start striding off into the barrage.

It was a little matter of just over a quarter of a mile to the next battery—a nice brisk walk on a calm spring morning. When the Major emerged from the barrage and walked into the "regular's" battery no comment was made. For one thing they were too busy. For another thing the only Death that was really interesting to a man in the line was his own. And so once more only the mildest and most momentary interest was displayed when they saw the Major start back into it again some twenty minutes later, taking with him one of their own subalterns to replace the deceased Babe. Nevertheless, it was that subaltern who involuntarily illustrated the whole psychology of it: having saluted with a cheery grin and the offer of a cigarette on the Major's arrival in the battery, he smiled grimly a few minutes later when the Major told him to "get ready to come along." The personal aspect of the Major's survival struck him for the first time, since it was now linked to the improbability of his own; an improbability that changed to icy blind terror as they went back down the valley which changed its contours as they walked, which opened up into holes beneath their feet—black smoky holes that reeked of cordite. The quarter of a mile was an eternity of more concentrated fear than the boy had ever known. As they came out of it at last, his eyes were dilated, his hands clammy, his face chalky-white. He fell, rather than dropped, beside the subaltern and the men in the shelter of the ridge.

When it finally slackened and stopped they went over to the battery. The

muzzle of number one gun was smashed off, the wheel of number three was on fire; number six had three jagged holes through the shield. The others were undamaged, but the trenches in rear of them were blown in. A five-nine had converted the signalers' and the officers' holes into one loose slimy mess.

The senior subaltern gave a silent whistle. Then he laughed. "About the prettiest shooting I've seen!" he said.

"Yes, but damn it!" burst out the Major, "don't you realize that we're not supposed to be bloody spectators? Curse the fool who ordered us in here! . . . Get the guns ready to move—now!"

### III

The new position was half-way up the rear slope of the depression—about fifty yards behind and a hundred to the flank of the "regular's" battery. Roughly speaking, all four batteries were now in echelon down the slope. The second phase of the battle of the Staff began in comparative calm. For a couple of days the enemy, with the customary singleness of idea, continued to plaster the evacuated forward position. About every hour he would drop a few thousand rounds on it. At night he made most excellent practice on the road in. The list of dead drivers began to be quite imposing. But on the third day the enemy lengthened his range and in great leaps the shell bursts began creeping up the slope. It was as though in a nightmare the hooked hands of some blind blood-lusting giant were groping nearer and nearer, feeling for one's throat. There was no moving possible, since there was no other place in the depression to move to, and they might not go outside it. Judging by results, one can only imagine that something like the following monologue ensues when the Divisional Brass Hat glances over the day's casualty returns: "Seven drivers . . . h'm! . . . Eight gunners . . . phew! . . . Four second lieutenants . . . oh well, rafts of 'em down at

the base! . . . Two battery commanders . . . dear, dear, that's too bad! . . . What's this? Three guns knocked out by direct hits. . . . Good God! That's terrible! Something had better be done immediately! Where *are* those batteries, Jones? Show me on the map . . . what d'you think? Hadn't we better move 'em?"

That, at least, was the fate of those batteries in the days which followed. Daily the ammunition wagons, having dumped their load, went away with the bodies of the dead lashed to the limbers, jolting woodenly as they lurched over shell holes. Daily the stretcher bearers picked their dubious way through the mud with their flinching burdens. And yet, for every S.O.S. rocket sent up by the infantry, the rest of them, pressed close to the flimsy gun shields, laid down a barrage.

One afternoon in the cold drizzle of dusk when the evening's shelling had fallen off to a few lazy rounds, the temporary gentleman was sitting under the flap of canvas, holding a mug of hot tea in his chilled hands. Brown, the servant, popped his head under and announced, "Rations up, sir!"

The Major, still nursing his tea, stepped carefully out. Blowings, the jingle of bits and the sucking and clumping noises of the feet of horses in the mud meant one supreme thing to those war-wracked beings. They meant letters, possibly parcels, from some thirty women in another world. Out of the dark came the Quarter-master sergeant and saluted. "Only one for you, sir!" he said. "I'll give the rest to the gunners when the wagons are empty."

From the feel of it the Major knew it was the one he wanted. He gave various orders with regard to the ammunition, and turned to go back under the flap, the letter throbbing in his hand, when he became aware of another figure standing there, his wagon line subaltern. "Oh, hullo there!" he said, "come in and have some tea while they're unloading . . . Brown! More tea!"

He led the way in and lighted the two candle ends that were stuck on the biscuit-box that was the table. An eager thumb pried under the flap of the letter. He glanced across at the subaltern. The boy stood there shaking, his teeth chattering. At the sight of his face the Major's thumb was stilled. He put the letter in his pocket. "Anything wrong?" he asked quietly.

The canvas flapped and Brown came in with a dixie of tea.

"Drink that first!" said the Major.

Obediently the boy gulped down a couple of mouthfuls. Then somehow he slapped the cup on the biscuit-box. "They've . . . they've been shelling us down there all day, Major," he said, "and I . . . I . . . it's no good. I've got to tell you. I can't stand it any more . . . God damn you, I tell you I can't stand it any more! D'you hear!" His voice went up almost in a scream. He put his fingers in his mouth and bit on them, staring at the Major, panting wildly. The Major stepped towards him and slid an arm round his shoulder. "It's all right, old thing!" he said quietly. "I know! I know!"

The boy's head dropped on the wet rough cloth of the Major's coat and he sobbed chokingly, clinging like a child.

The Major's grip tightened. "It's all right!" he said, "it's all right!"

Outside were voices, rough jokes, the clang of shells being piled behind the guns, the occasional crash of a tired long-range five-nine, and through it all the gentle patter of the rain on the canvas. Whether one were dead or merely shell-shocked, things just went on.

Presently the Major sat the boy down on a box and with oddly hesitant hands lighted a cigarette, blowing the smoke out of his lungs fiercely.

"Now listen," he said quietly. "You'd better get out of this bloody push. You can't go home because all leave's stopped. But when you get back to the wagon line make out an application for transfer to the anti-aircraft. That's the cushiest job in the line, so cushy that in



a month you'll be spoiling to come back again! Only take my tip and don't come! I'll see that the transfer goes through at once. . . . Now lap down that tea and then don't wait for the wagons. The Q. M. S. can look after them. . . . You'll be all right!”

The boy's hands dropped away from his face. “Oh, Major, I . . . you . . .” His attempt at thanks never reached their mark.

The Major had stepped outside. For a moment he stood there in the rainy darkness not seeing the blurred activities of shell carrying and unloading, nor yet the flickering in the sky that was not lightning. “If only I could transfer myself,” he muttered, shivering.

A moment later the Quarter-master sergeant came squelching up. “Wagons all unloaded sir!” he reported.

The Major nodded. “Good. . . . Take them down, will you, Quarter? Mr. Jones is—not very well. I told him not to wait.”

“He's a bit young for this game, sir,” said the non-com. “By the way, sir, it's going round that we're to be relieved. Have you heard anything?”

“Relieved?” The word came from the Major almost like an oath. “Hell!” he said. “Latrine gossip, man! That's all. But you might just drop a hint among the men before you go down. They need a good laugh!”

As it turned out, within twenty-four hours they were to have that good laugh,—those of them that were left. For at dawn the next morning the enemy came leaping out of their shell holes, the signal apparently being the opening of their barrage. Down forward in the opposing holes the Senegalese spat on the handles of their stabbing knives with strange throaty cries of sensual ecstasy. The Anzacs tucked their cigarettes behind their ears, and got down to business. And back at the batteries occurred something in the nature of a shambles—the same old shambles that always happens when they've got your range and you've got to sit there and take it.

They took it for hours, each one of which was a longer eternity for the living than for the dead.

And then, in the early afternoon, when reports came back from the infantry that the attack had been repulsed and their own counter attack entirely successful, and the fury of the guns died down to occasional mutterings—then the Staff sprang their little joke.

Orders came through from the Brigade Commander to have the teams in readiness to move.

“Where to?”

“Don't know! The details haven't been received yet.”

And so for an hour, in a sort of numbed quiescence they cleaned up their dead and evacuated their wounded and ordered their teams under cover.

At last the Brigade called up again and each battery was given a map reference. The move would take place immediately.

As the temporary gentleman received his map reference he blinked. It seemed to him to stir some chord of memory of a distant past. Then he reached for his map. One glance was enough. The position was already marked with a pin-hole. It was the old spot from which the range had been deemed too long, the spot from which the Staff had ordered them forward into the depression, the spot in which without casualty they had kept the enemy from breaking through.

Gun by gun the remnants dragged themselves out and slithered back through the mud to begin again in that old position—with this difference, however, that where four batteries went forward, only three came back. Of all that were left of them they could only muster enough guns and horses, officers and men to make three batteries.

The remainder had become aware of the eternal truth of that motto on their cap badges, the motto of the Royal Regiment: *Ubique quo fas et gloria ducunt*—which, being translated, means, as every gunner knows, “whithersoever the Staff and the enemy get you.”



## ETERNAL LIFE IN THE JUNGLE

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

**T**HERE is no winter in the jungle. The trees are never barren. The world's green never fades into the harsh chiaroscuro of brown and white which frost brings to the North. Nature is eternal. The forests that cover Suriname with the blanket of their mystery have never paused since the first morning scattered the barren mists. . . . Though the verdure is constantly dying to make room for new, all decay is immediately covered over by new growth. That is the spectacle. Every hour gives vivid proof of all other hours' eternity.

The Bushnegroes of Suriname are a far-scattered race of jungle blacks who for a century have lived in independence back in the unknown woods. They are the descendants of slaves who escaped from bondage on the plantations. But here in the new world they have forgotten slavery, forgotten the old tears, and now remember only the greatness, the mystery, and the peace of ancient Africa. In the eternal forest they, too, enjoy a perpetual summer of the soul. They never die.

They have a word for the body. It is Kra—a syllable that antedates Egypt by a thousand years. They have a word for the soul. This, too, is Kra. The shadow behind a black warrior when he stands with the sloping sun in his face is Kra. The mysterious part of one that adventures abroad in dreams is likewise Kra. Each thing is a different manifestation of the one truth—life. Body, soul, shadow, and dreams—all are true, inseparable, everlasting realities.

The Bushnegroes recognize no differ-

ence between these things. The men of the jungle see themselves as part of the vast scheme of immortality as manifest in the equatorial woods. The notion has a logical basis in every-day observation. The great bullet tree that towered above the rest in the woods there just beyond the clearing had not varied in appearance during the memory of three generations of men. But at last a time came when its hulk was eaten away by the white termites that had made their cancerous nests along the branches. The tree form was no longer a fitting dwelling for the great spirit of the tree. So the heavy trunk gradually crumpled into a black moist powder that returned to the earth and became part of the earth.

With the final decay the black shadow that was wont to creep across the clearing each sunlit afternoon faded away and in the end was gone. But soon a new bullet tree stood in the same place, cast a groping shadow as before. The ancestor tree had sown itself and now new trees have grown. The old spirit inhabits the new and worthier dwelling. There has been mutation but there has been no change.

It is the way of the forest that has produced the Bushnegro way of thought. They see the interdependence of the varied expressions of life but they do not trouble to differentiate. All is Kra.

When a Bushnegro child is born the umbilical cord is cut off and placed in a little box that has been made for the purpose by the father. The box is diminutive in size, but weeks of the most careful work have been devoted to its construction. Some beautiful, close-



grained wood is selected, cut, carved, joined, and polished. At last a cabinet is produced that for perfection of workmanship and symmetry of line equals any jewel box ever made by the most expert Florentine workman. With appropriate ceremony attended by the parents of the new-born and the headman of the village, the box with the umbilical cord inclosed is buried in the ground exactly beneath the place where the woman lay when she gave the child out of her body. The act forges the link between the newborn and the earth. The buried box marks the place in the forest where the child-spirit—the eternal Kra of the hitherto unknown being—became one with the body-Kra born of woman. The umbilical cord has bound the babe to the body of the mother. It is buried in the earth to tie the body-soul to the body of earth that is the eternal mother.

This is not merely symbolism. It is a true thing, a material manifestation of a material conception of immortality. Judged by white men's standards, it is not a "spiritual" attitude at all. Kra is body—the thing. So, too, is Kra the spirit, a thing: Our spirituality is the philosophy of what is guessed—it is our conception of the unknown. With the Bushnegroes all philosophy is a part of what is known—the way of mind that has grown through the ages out of what is seen and felt and heard.

With birth the body-Kra and the spirit-Kra become a single, human entity. But eventually a time comes when the body is old and, like the bullet tree beyond the village, it ceases to be a fit place for the residence of the soul's undiminished strength. So the Bush-negro, as we say, dies.

The family make another little box, even finer, more delicately carved and brightly polished than the first. Then they cut a lock of hair from above the forehead of the corpse and clip the nails of the right hand and the toe-nails of the left foot and put the relics in the box and bury them in the place where

the babe's umbilical cord was hidden at birth—no matter how far that bit of land may be from the spot where death at last occurred.

Each relic has significance. The head is where the Kra-spirit dwells. In the head all thoughts, desires, and regrets transpire. The head is the apex of the triangle of life. So a lock of hair goes into the funeral box. The right hand is the hand that has met and conquered the travails of life. It has guided the dugout canoe in the rapids, drawn back the arrow and let it fly from the hunting bow. The right hand caresses in love. It is the hand of friendship, the strong hand, the part of the body that is second only to the head in service. So part of the right hand—the nails—must be included.

The nails of the left foot are cherished because the left foot is the foot that takes the first step forward. It has gone first upon all journeys and into every adventure. Men lost in the woods are said to wander in a leftward curve because of the natural tendency to stride more vigorously with the foot that is on the side of the heart. Sleep-walkers always step out first with the left foot. It is third in use and virtue of the vital parts of the body.

When the three symbols have been returned to the earth the circle of immortality is joined. The immortal Kra-spirit is released forever from the worn-out place where it has spent the years of human mingling. When the three major expressions of the living body go back to the earth from which they first emerged the body-Kra disappears from physical sight forever. Nor will the spirit of the dead man return as another personality. One thing can't be another thing.

But the individual whose body dies remains in the village as himself. Nothing has changed. He eats invisible food, has the emotions and favoritisms of carnate men. He enters into conversation freely with anyone and gives and receives advice and blame.

The dead make the same mistakes that men do, except that the tendency to err has been minimized by long experience. The status of the dead in the community in no wise differs from the status of the living. Residence is limited by one thing only—memory. The *yorka*—the ancestor spirits—go away—they cease to exist—when, and only when they are forgotten. Immortality is founded, in actual practice, upon the sound basis of distinguished accomplishment.

## II

*Beikaaka's* great-grandmother was a silly old lady who always burnt her cassava cakes. Her descendants were kind to her while she lived in human form, but when she died there was no need for her in the jungle village that was her home. To be quite frank, it was just as well for her body-Kra and spirit-Kra to sever company. The event placed all responsibility for food and shelter upon great-grandmother herself for the first time in many moons—a good thing for the old lady. She was no use to her family while she lived. No one thought of asking her advice during life, so no one cares to chat with her now she is a *yorka* spirit. Death brought no change. She is utterly forgotten—she has ceased to exist. Her spirit no longer dwells among us.

But *Beikaaka's* great-grandmother's father was a *granman* of the village. He was famous over all the jungle territory for his strength, his force of mind, his tact and cleverness in dealing with the gods. The whole town depended upon him for advice and assistance in every important undertaking. His spirit, in fact, was so powerful that his body died when he was a comparatively young man. Though it was more vigorous and upright than most men's, it was nevertheless inadequate for his transcendent soul. But he did not leave his people. He is as definitely alive to the townspeople to-day as he was to his contemporaries those many years ago when he

walked the paths. His descendants talk to him, ask and receive his advice at every crisis. He was great, so he is fresh in the recollections of living men. He is *still* immortal.

This belief—that persistence is founded on good works—does not coincide with the theoretic Bushnegro philosophy, but it exists, none the less. The Bushnegroes do not differ greatly from their brothers of all colors and all countries.

There is sorrow, however, when a Bushnegro dies. The relatives of the dead cannot help but mourn a little—even though they feel he is near them still. His smile has gone.

There is a ceremony of parting. Beside the rivers of Suriname one may find, growing close down the bank, half in the water and half out, a curious, oily-textured, pungent-sweet smelling flower which the Bushnegroes call the *sangra-foa*. It is a remote species of marshmallow, I believe. When a wife or husband dies the mate cruises in a *corial* until a *sangra-foa* is found. There are two colors, orange and white. Both are adequate for ceremonial purposes, but the orange variety is preferred because it is rarer and more beautiful. The *sangra-foa*, still cool from the water of the river, is closed in the right hand of the dead. When the time comes for the body to be disposed of, the mate of the dead breaks the fading bloom of the *sangra-foa* from the stalk in the corpse's hand. . . . The parting is complete.

The Bushnegroes have no thought of a future meeting beyond the grave—as a distinct and faraway occurrence. That belief is founded on the Christian premise that a definite separation and change of residence comes with death—a view which they do not share.

One custom, however, does coincide with Christian usage. They do, unreasonably, attach special importance to the physical form of the dead. Christians avidly rear up monumental tombs—though Christian teaching is emphatic in insisting upon the utter negligibility of a soul-empty carcass.



The Bushnegro carry the inconsistency still farther. Their attachment to the physical form of the dead leads them to postpone final burial sometimes for an inconceivably long time.

After the hair and nails have been properly confined to the earth in the funeral box, corpses are set up in a central place in the town upon a high scaffold open to the sky. Beside this the family and friends of the dead congregate and ask many questions about things they have forgotten to discuss with the departed until this late hour. The talk also touches upon problems about which they believe the release of the spirit from its body will have given wisdom. *The dead man answers.*

This conviction of actual converse between the dead and living is one of the strangest things with which one comes in contact in the Suriname bush. It is a long, uphill mental exercise for a white man—I know it was for me—to dissipate the idea that the talk between the carnate and the shades bears no resemblance whatever to our sort of spirit communion. Trances, red lights, slates, tea-tables, and ectoplasmic cameras enter into the performance not at all. It is not mental—it is *literal*. The phantasmal dialogues of the Bushnegroes take place at any hour of the day or night. No preparation or special knack is required for communion. It is, above all, a commonplace. It is, literally, a true, actual experience of every Bushnegro man, woman, and child.

They insist so emphatically that they can hear the answers of the dead, that it is, from a strictly legal standpoint, impossible to deny the verity of the statement.

In our country we believe a man is telling the truth if he can bring forward half-a-dozen reputable people who will testify they agree with him. In Suriname there are twenty thousand witnesses who will swear upon their life that they *do actually, physically hear the discourse of dead lips*. Yet we whites complacently make an exception to our

own law of evidence in this extracurricula case and sniff intolerantly.

There is no doubt whatever to my mind that the Bushnegroes do talk to their dead and hear them reply. The colloquy is utterly free from flim-flammy or ritual. To them, at least, it is as real as the river.

A man arguing hotly with a friend upon some petty point will turn suddenly to the air at his side and ask, "Is that so, my mother?"—though she died ten years ago. He receives confirmation or denial of the point and the argument goes on. His friend has also heard—perhaps enters into heated debate with the shadows by his side.

The words of the dead are not always accepted at face value. Often, even during the period of formal questioning which takes place when the lately extinct corpse rests upon its sun-scorched, fetid scaffold in mid-clearing, the living differ violently with an answer and say so. Heated arguments ensue until a common ground of opinion is arrived at.

Sometimes, in the case of eminent men whose advice is in especial demand, the corpse is left on its platform for a month or more, but ordinary folk are done with in two or three days and the body is taken into the jungle and left where its decay will cause no annoyance.

Rot occurs quickly in the tropic forest. Ants and wild beasts and grubs and snakes all help the work along. There is no need to bury a corpse underground. The wood-creatures will reach it no matter how deep it is hidden, so why trouble? After the hours of questioning are done, reverence for a corpse no longer exists.

The "postholders," or ambassadors whom the Dutch Government still sends into the bush in accordance with the terms of the old treaties which gave the Bushnegroes their independence, try to see to it that the final disposition of bodies is not delayed past a limit of three days. A *granman* who does not enforce this rule in his town is punished. His stick of office is taken away and an-

other headman is appointed. The government can do this by the simple expedient of "closing the river" for six months or a year.

### III

In the central place of every jungle town is a little hut. From the roof-peak projects a tall pole, topped by a small board platform. This is the ancestor-house. The high platform is the place where gifts are offered by grateful relatives for the pleasure of the kindly *yorka*—the ancestor spirits which inhabit the house.

Nearby are several tall, roughly cut sticks driven at an angle into the ground. From the tip of each pole hangs a weather-worn strip of cloth. The sticks are tributes raised in appreciation of a *yorka's* favor—some advice which has proven good. Neither sticks nor rags have the slightest use or value, either in dead or living eyes. But it was trouble to put them there. The well-intentioned meaning of the thing is plain, and the *yorka* are glad for the thought and effort which they prove.

The *yorka* hut is, however, primarily the place where individuals, and sometimes the whole community *en masse* congregate for special converse with the dead. It is not just a terminus for gifts.

Suppliants speak aloud, without display or secrecy. If a friend passes by he pays no attention. There is nothing novel or self-conscious about the colloquy.

Sometimes the questioner brings a gift of cassava or rum or calico to offer as a present to the old friend he wishes to consult. But more commonly donations are postponed until event proves that the *yorka's* advice was good. Ancestors are expected to earn all they get.

It must not be thought that these presents are in the nature of sacrifices. Emphatically they are not.

The Bushnegroes do not worship their ancestor spirits. The whole mood of worship is utterly foreign to them. Wor-

ship has no place in any aspect of their thought, least of all does it enter into their relations with the dead.

I know that many travelers write of ancestor-worship in Africa, but I am quite sure they are mistaken. The Bushnegroes may differ vastly from others of their race in various parts of the world but they are Negroes, after all—and must therefore be fairly representative. I doubt if worship of the dead has a place in the thoughts of any Negro in what is called the "primitive" state—for the simple reason that worship of any kind is impossible for a jungle black. It is not possible to worship a spirit unless there is first the belief that spirits take on a higher, differing, supernatural form. And they do not. Bushnegro dead do not dress in white gauze like comic-opera phantoms. Nor do they glide mysteriously, appear and disappear. In short, they are not "ghosts."

The good dead make easy transit of the vast highways of the skies. They can reach to the top of the ancestor-house for their gifts and mingle with the thunder. But still they are sensed as beings with arms and legs and head and loin-cloths like the old men of the town who sit and talk before the headman's house. The bad dead are less free. The bad are earth-bound. They cannot reach the lofty gifts that are offered to the kind. They follow only paths cut for the use of the living and venture in the moonlight on the rivers only in phantom *corials* hewed from the stuff of air for their evil journeyings. They are trapped forever in realities. The good *yorka* hold them in easy subjugation.

An *asung-pau*—a barrier against bad phantoms—hangs across the mouth of every Bushnegro path in the interior of Suriname. The utility of the thing is important, its form simple. An *asung-pau* is nothing but a long palm branch with hanging leaves supported across the way by two long forked sticks stuck in the ground at either extremity. To go up the path toward the village that hides up the rise of land, one must walk



through and under the *asung-pau*, letting its rattling fronds brush against the face. A stranger who attempts to make his way around the end of the barrier is loudly called back and made to walk straight through, legitimately. The theory, based on actual experience, is that no one who comes to the town on an unholy mission will venture boldly through the *asung-pau*. Fear of the avenging fetish that protects the path will prevent. The same rule that applies to the living affects the dead. Good spirits can march through the palm-barrier. Bad phantoms cannot.

The Bushnegroes believe that the physical strength of the evil dead is so inferior to the vigor of the good that the branch which deters the one will present no obstacle to the other. . . . Thus is the *asung-pau* doubly effective.

Physical strength, wisdom, and goodness are synonymous terms which express the same quality—the Bushnegroes think. Weakness, stupidity, and evil are equally correlative. Wisdom is strength of mind that shows itself in carrying life to a successful and, therefore, a "good" conclusion. Stupidity is a sign of weak inadequacy that fails in every encounter and is therefore "bad." Bushnegro morality is a positive virtue. Sin is negative.

As a result of their beliefs the jungle people fear neither living nor dead. Evil is its own punishment, here and hereafter. Bad folk are paltry, pitiable, frail, inferior—butts for contempt eternally. The good, in death as in life, are proud, resourceful, able, and admirable. Wisdom keeps the belly full, the heart glad, the lips relaxed for eternal laughter. Virtue, truly, is its own reward. The concept is rare, proud, magnificently just. Forgiveness—written into a theology—seems sickening, weak-brained stuff to the Bushnegroes. Man knows what he's about. He may choose his own way. No paths are blind. Let no one who goes against the ancient forest laws come whimpering for mercy.

Some Bushnegroes believe that the

spirits of the very good, who are so notably superior to the living that it irks them to remain after death in the unworthy village, depart into the distant places of the sky to dwell in a sort of eternal quiet palaver with the farther gods. But the belief is not commonly shared. It seems to be an isolated instance of one idea which is tracable back to the slave times when the Negroes heard tales of the white God and his golden Son who hide away from black men's sorrows in the sky. It is too impersonal, too snobbish a belief to have been born out of the jungle Negro's mind.

There is infinite difference of opinion between individual Bushnegroes concerning details of belief. Each personal philosophy is limited by the temperament and imagination of the person. Some say the *yorka* continue eternally. Some cannot conceive so abstract a belief and shake their heads. But no one is so unskilled in experience of mind as to consent to parrot the opinion of one wiser than himself. If *Gadu-Horri* doesn't go quite so far as his uncle in things spiritual—that's his business and not his uncle's business. One will not argue nor the other listen. The autonomy of small minds is tolerantly granted.

#### IV

In the civilized world, or rather, in those regions that fancy they hold all copyright privileges on civilization, there is a universal tendency to think of races who live in jungles as people ringed around with terrors. This is not true of the Bushnegroes. They have few fears. They are not ghost-ridden, and they have learned how to conquer the night-moods. Survival in the tropical forests would be impossible were this not so. The failure of foreign races in equatorial regions has not always been through want of food, or guns, or quinine. Many more have died because they were afraid.

The forest is truly terrifying to an outlander. My wife and I spent our first night in the jungle just twenty-four

hours after we landed in Suriname. It was our first experience in the tropics.

In company with our guide and interpreter, we arrived at Kabel Station, the terminus of the government railroad, late on a sun-drowsed afternoon. We invaded a shabby frame hut where a railway foreman lives and made ourselves comfortable. Kabel Station is an empty, sandy clearing of about two acres in extent, walled around three sides by jungle. The Suriname river murmurs past. The scene was as calm as an English lane in summer twilight. Then the sun went down, as suddenly as if it had been doused in a pit.

From the dreary little screened porch where we sat and opened tin cans for supper we watched some Bushnegroes pass by in the thickening shadows on their way home to a nearby village. They were naked except for loin-cloths of vivid calico. The men carried gleaming axes and across their backs were slung their polished rifles. They walked with a silent tread that made them seem like unreal things, unguessed, unfathomable human mysteries of the weird land. Then utter darkness fell.

The wall of trees about the house seemed to take a gigantic stride forward out of the dark from every side until we were hemmed in, locked around and above and beneath in the unbreakable grip of unknown things. The shrieking voice of the tree-frogs, the cicadas, the countless noisy insects of the woods greeted the signal of night with a roar of sound, so weirdly pitched that it seemed to come from somewhere just beyond the range of human hearing. It is like the partial overflow of a voice immeasurably vast.

In an hour we had heard three other sounds. A jaguar roared somewhere beyond. A troupe of red baboons howled a fierce and maniacal tune. From the Bushnegro town nearby came very faintly the booming of a black man's drum signaling our coming.

Vague echoes lapped against the sky like a voice heard from another world, remote, unutterably far away—a place of different dreams.

The physical aspect of the great forest has but little to do with the state of mind which impresses the outlander. There is a mystic something there too, a heavy incubus of curious moods that lies upon the soul of the intruder and can never be thrust off.

This undefinable fear, I think, explains to a large extent why most colonization experiments near the equator have failed. The forest enmity has made us furiously, impotently angry, and anger has found vent in the passionate cruelties that have sullied the banner of empire in all far domains.

If the Bushnegroes, or, for that matter any other tribe of "primitives" shared this fear it is inconceivable that they would have continued upon earth.

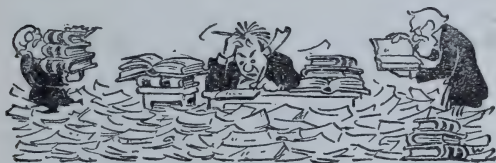
Hourly conflict with nature in the tropics for the barest needs of subsistence is heroic. It must be. The Bushnegroes are forced to feel the consciousness of conflict, the sense of man pitted against nature in an endless struggle for the things of nature that man appropriates to his own needs in order to live. But they believe that they are equipped with skill of mind and hand which make them a fair match for all the things that be. So they are not afraid. Above all else, they are rid of the fear of death. They never die.

The day is a strenuous time. The rapids are fierce, the cassava does not grow, and there is the prospect of coming months of famine. . . . But each night the sudden twilight falls. The moon comes up. The mood of life changes—for them. All conflicts are forgotten. This is the time for the drums. The desires and regrets of the day depart on the tides of tomtom rhythm which flow down the long corridors of memory.

Sleep comes as a new adventure into an old eternity.



# The Lion's Mouth



## WANTED: AN INCOME TAXIMETER

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

I SEE that Mr. Mellon and his friends in Washington are engaged in their annual sport of lowering the income taxes. This is all right so far as it goes; but if they want to make a real hit with a suffering public, why don't they invent an income-tax blank that can be filled out without the aid of slide-rule, a dictionary, and a staff of learned statisticians? I have just been taking the examination in higher mathematics known as Form 1040, and I speak from a full heart and an aching mind. The moment I saw the paper I knew I was going to flunk.

The beginning of it was comparatively easy, but I didn't let that fool me. In my college days I knew too many fellows who would come out of the examination room groaning that the first question was such a snap that they spent an hour and a half writing on it, and didn't even get to question 7b. So after printing my name and address in beautiful big letters, I started in concisely:

1. *Are you a citizen or resident of the United States?*

*Answer: Both.*

2. *Is this a joint return of husband and wife?*

*Answer: I'm doing all the work myself, if that's what you mean.*

3. *Were you married and living with*

*husband or wife on the last day of your taxable year?*

*Answer: Yes and no; wife, not husband.*

I got this far and stopped. That last question kept running in my mind. *Were you married and living with husband or wife on the last day of your taxable year?* It had a sort of lyrical quality, although the scansion was not quite perfect. It faintly suggested the work of Alfred, Lord Tennyson on an off day. Would I be given extra credit if I caught the spirit of the thing and answered in verse? Perhaps the examiner expected something like this:

Was I married and living with husband  
or wife

On the last long day of my taxable  
year?

On the last long day when the old year  
tarried

I was living with someone to whom  
I was married.

or possibly even this:

You must wake and call me early, call  
me early, Mellon dear,

To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all  
the taxable year,

Of all the taxable year, Mellon, the  
last and merriest day;

I'll be married and living with my wife,  
and it will certainly pay.

But with the next question came disillusionment. No longer did the bard of the Treasury strum his lyre. He descended from Parnassus to the somber levels of prose and asked, *How many dependent persons (other than husband or wife) under 18 years of age or incapable of self-support because mentally or physically defective were receiving their chief support from you on the last day of your taxable year?*

That fatal day again! Little, thought I, do we realize till long afterwards which are the really significant days. I looked at the instructions. Four hundred dollars apiece for dependents on that day, and I had let the chance slip! Next year I should be prepared. I took my engagement pad, turned to the page for December 30, 1926, and wrote firmly:

"To-morrow is the last day of my taxable year. Have guest room ready for mental and physical defectives."

It was while I was looking at the instructions that I began to realize why so many of our young men are unwilling to get married nowadays. Getting married (or, as the unromantic Mr. Mellon would put it, having a change of status) involves too much mathematics.

"Listen," I cried to my wife, who was reading in the next room, "aren't you glad our status didn't change during the year? I'll bet you can't understand this." And I read from the instructions:

"In case the status of a taxpayer changes during the taxable year, the personal exemption shall be the sum of an amount which bears the same ratio to \$1000 as the number of months during which the taxpayer was single bears to 12 months, plus an amount which bears the same ratio to \$2500 as the number of months during which the taxpayer was a married person living with husband or wife or was head of a family bears to 12 months."

"What are you reading?" said my wife sleepily. "A bear story? I thought you were figuring out your income tax."

"So I am," said I.

"All I could hear," said she, "was something about bears—single bears and family bears. Didn't you say family bears to 12 months?"

I looked at the instructions again. "Yes, but—"

"Well," said the voice from the next room, "what do they think we're running—a zoo? Tell them we have no bears; tell them all our bears are more than 12 months old; tell them—Look here, do we get credit for bears or do

we have to pay for them? It might come in handy to know in case we're offered one some time. 'A delightful pet,' we could say to our visitors, 'and we get a reduction on our income tax for him. In confidence I may add that he's a family bear, with defective dependents.'"

I gave her up as hopeless and turned swiftly to the section marked INCOME.

For some minutes I worked busily, and the figures flew. I consulted Schedule A, I consulted Instruction 18, I stated nature of income, I explained in Table on page 2. I was away down in Item 3a, trying to decide whether I had claimed exemption during the year, and if so, from what, when my wife wandered in and looked over my shoulder.

"Are you going to claim obsolescence?" said she.

"Why?" I asked.

She pointed to the instructions, and I read, "Enter on line 15 the amount claimed as depreciation by reason of exhaustion, wear and tear, obsolescence or depletion."

"I was thinking of your hat," she went on amiably. "You know—the gray one. That sentence sounds to me like a direct invitation to make a claim on that hat. Only if you do it, you seem to be letting yourself in for a good deal. The very next sentence says, 'If obsolescence is claimed, explain why useful life is less than actual life.' That would seem to call for a short metaphysical essay."

I looked long and hard at the instructions. *Useful life is less than actual life.* "I don't know just what that means," said I, "but I don't like it. It has a cynical sound. Do you think it proper for the Government to circulate a document like this, which may fall into the hands of the young? Think of the young men—minors having a net income of \$1000 or \$2500, according to the marital status, or a gross income of \$5000—who may read this and go about saying hopelessly to one another, 'It's true, it's true, as we feared. There is



no Santa Claus, and useful life is less than actual life.' Here is the Collector of Internal Revenue, who only a little while ago was writing poems about living with husband or wife, practically admitting that the whole thing is a miserable farce. 'Why go on with it any longer?' he seems to imply. 'Why not become a decedent, and let your executors or administrators make returns for you on Form 1040 or 1040A?'"

"Something ought to be done about it," agreed my wife. "You might write to Mr. Mellon. But meanwhile don't forget your hat."

It was days and days later in the taxable year when I finished my ordeal of additions, explanations, deductions, and computations and, sitting in the midst of a perfect snowdrift of scratch-paper, feebly set down the last item of all—BALANCE OF TAX. It wasn't very big, that last item; the newspapers will not itch to publish it; but by the time I reached it the words in the tax-return which had come to have the most vivid meaning to me were exhaustion and depletion. Oh, Mr. Mellon, why must you make things so complicated for us? Why don't you just ask us how much money we have made during the year and tell us what to divide it by, and ask us whether we had rather pay in advance or have it put on next month's bill?



## THE STRUGGLE FOR BATHROOM SUPREMACY

BY MORRIS BISHOP

**B**ILLY BURTON and Will Westover bought adjoining lots in the new Ferny Dell Communities Development. Each planned a house to cost about twenty thousand dollars.

The Burtons had the Westovers in to dinner, to talk over building plans.

"I'm going to have three bathrooms in my house," said Will Westover. "Three bathrooms, each with an adjoining bedroom."

Billy Burton flushed. He had planned only two bathrooms and three bedrooms. He countered, "Each of my bathrooms will be equipped with shower, tub, inset electric heaters, soiled-clothes-chute, running ice water, magnifying shaving-mirrors and cigar-lighter."

A sudden spasm of alarm shot through Will Westover, but he rallied against the onslaught. "Above my bathtubs I am going to have a set of wheels, buttons, and indicators like the instrument room of a battleship. A thermometric gauge will regulate the water to any desired temperature, Fahrenheit or Centigrade. There will be separate inlets for liquid soap, salt water, bath salts, and goldfish. Anyone taking a bath will have to study a special book of instructions. The bathtub will require as skillful handling as a steam-shovel."

The party broke up early; Billy Burton immediately got at his plans and converted one bedroom into a bathroom; Will Westover appropriated another thousand dollars to bathroom fittings, cutting down expenses by doing the rest of his house in the Japanese style, which dispenses with all furniture except a bamboo tea table a foot high.

Billy Burton announced that he was going to install steam and electric-light baths, hot- and cold-air blasts, and electric vibrators; he was going to have the bathrooms completely surrounded with plate-glass mirrors like a Greek candy store. Will Westover came back with the announcement that his bathrooms would be decorated with period fittings; one would be Pompeian, one Italian Renaissance, one early Chinese; the porcelain ware in the last one would be genuine Ming.

Billy Burton had his plans redrawn to allow for a circular pool in the center of the great bathroom, with pond-lilies and

an ornamental fountain, to consist of a naked four-year-old boy holding in his arms a dolphin upside down, a thin stream of water to gush forth from the dolphin's mouth.

Will Westover then installed radio outfits in his bathrooms and added a kitchenette with special equipment for sea-foods.

Naturally all these developments cost money; Will and Billy were gradually obliged to cut down the rest of their houses; at last nothing remained but the series of bathrooms, with the necessary power rooms, furnace rooms, and pumping stations. But by this time they had in the bathrooms everything necessary to their existence.

Ferny Dell Communities, long known as the City of Beautiful Bathrooms, is immensely proud of the achievements of Will and Billy. People come from far and near to inspect these lovely bathrooms, Dream-Bathrooms, they are called, and to watch with awe those two implacable enemies, Billy Burton and Will Westover, defiantly taking baths at each other.



AT THAT, MAYBE THEY ARE

OR

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF  
FAMOUS LOVERS SEVERAL YEARS  
AFTER THE TRUSTING READER  
HAS LEFT THEM LIVING  
HAPPILY EVER AFTER

BY KATHARINE DAYTON

# I. CINDERELLA AND HER PRINCE

*Scene: A small salon in the palace, in which Cinderella and her Ladies in waiting are having tea. As the curtain rises the Newest Lady in waiting is helping Cinderella to a particularly deadly-looking pastry from a silver tray.*

CINDERELLA [*naturally not as young as when we saw her last and, owing undoubtedly to living so happily ever after, not nearly so slender, everything about her having the air of being just a bit too tight, particularly in the armholes. The famous feet—no longer than we remember them, but considerably broader, with a decided tendency to puff and bulge through the interstices of the multi-strapped and perforated contraptions in which they are shod—are crossed conspicuously on a small red velvet-and-gold footstool before her. And—yes, she has no ankles to-day.*—That one with the whipped cream, if you please, my dear. I know I shouldn't but I simply can't resist—um-m-m-m! Mocha filling! And would you believe it, my dear Countess, before I was married I weighed only ninety-six pounds and wore a two-and-a-half shoe? [*The Newest Lady in waiting, who is very young and very pretty, says nothing, there being obviously nothing but the wrong thing to say. Cinderella continues fatuously.*] The Prince, you know, really fell in love with my little feet. Have I ever shown you the glass slipper? I was the only girl in the country who could wear it, but, as I said, until I was married I wore only a two-and-a-half shoe, and when he saw me—oh, here he is now! [*The Prince has entered. His hair is rather thinner and his neck rather thicker than formerly, and one feels certain that he touches the floor with his finger-tips twenty times morning and evening from a sense of panic rather than pleasure. In a word, he is at that time of life which everyone who has reached it tries valiantly to persuade himself and everybody else is the prime of life—and he looks it. He has involuntarily brightened at sight of the Newest Lady in waiting, and instinctively pulled down his waistcoat and straightened his tie as he crosses the room. But at the words "two-and-a-half shoe" a shadow of resignation falls across his face.*]

CINDERELLA.—Come here, darling—I was just telling the Countess how perfectly silly you were about my feet! [*She looks happily at the footstool, and the*



*Prince and the Newest Lady in waiting look unhappily almost anywhere else.] Just hand me the glass slipper, will you, dear? It's in that little ivory box on the table there. [The Prince obeys mechanically, as if he had gone through these same motions several thousand times. As a matter of fact, he has.] You see, Countess, as perhaps I've told you, I lost this at the ball the third night—but I'm forgetting you've never heard our romantic story, have you, my dear? I'd better begin at the beginning. [Which she does, with the thoroughness and attention to detail characteristic of a feminine recital of an early love-affair. The older Ladies in waiting occupy themselves with their embroidery. The Newest Lady in waiting divides her gaze between Cinderella's second chin, and the puffy little feet on the footstool. The Prince does nothing and does it very badly. At length Cinderella concludes]. And so we lived happily ever after—didn't we, darling? Hand the slipper to the Countess, dearest, and she'll put it back. [Again the Prince obeys mechanically. As he is about to hand the glass slipper to the Newest Lady in waiting their eyes meet. Suddenly there is a muffled report like the shattering of an electric-light bulb. The Prince has let the glass slipper fall—accidentally—on to the polished floor. It flies into a billion infinitesimal splinters. The ensuing scene is horrible. At last Cinderella and the Newest Lady in waiting are both borne from the room in hysterics, and the Prince is left alone. He gazes dazedly at the shining wreck. Suddenly his expression changes. His face brightens. Involuntarily he straightens his tie and pulls down his vest. As he picks his way carefully to the door through the shimmering splinters there is a spring in his walk that almost convinces one he has reached the prime of life.]*

Curtain

## II. THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND HER PRINCE

*Scene: A boudoir. As the curtain rises the Princess—she that was the Sleeping*

*Beauty—is seated, cold-creaming her face before the mirror of her dressing-table, which is littered with the paraphernalia essential to this rite. She has retained her youthful freshness of face and figure to an astonishing degree, and manages with apparent ease the difficult feat of appearing charming even in the extraordinarily trying feminine cold-cream costume, with her hair screwed into a knot on top of her head. She is so engrossed in patting a fragrant skin-food into an incipient wrinkle between her eyebrows that she does not hear or see the Prince enter. He shows his age—not so much in his figure, for he is the lean, spare type, but in the lines around his mouth and the tired look in his eyes. He watches her preparations in dismay.]*

THE PRINCE.—Not again!

THE PRINCESS (looking around at him. Her eyes are very bright, in sharp contrast to his dull and strained expression).—Not again what?

PRINCE.—Not going out again!

PRINCESS.—Why not? What on earth should we do if we didn't?

PRINCE (throwing himself exhausted into a deep-winged chair).—Well, we could stay home for once, I should think. I thought you said we needn't go anywhere to-night. I thought you said—

PRINCESS.—Well, what if I did? That was this morning. The Duchess de Montmorency only called up about an hour ago. It seems somebody died or something, and a dinner was cancelled, so there she was with nothing to do but stay at home, so she thought if she could get a few of the crowd together we'd all dine somewhere, and then go on to the theater, and then to that new place for supper, and we could dance there afterwards or go on somewhere else, and then we could go—[She pauses a moment to throw back her head, slowly opening and shutting her mouth to exercise the muscles of her pretty white throat.]

PRINCE (sarcastically).—Not home, surely?

PRINCESS (carefully wiping off the cream).

—Oh, no. I suggested trying that new roadhouse out on the Boulevard, where they have that marvellous jazz person—*[the Prince groans.]* Now, why do you have to go and be so horrid about it every time I want to have a little fun? *[She goes on with her work and presses a lump of ice to each cheek, but she is becoming rapidly angry.]*

PRINCE (too tired to care).—Yes, but can't we stay home *one* night? I'd like to stay home *one* night in our own Palace! I'm tired enough to drop. I can't stand it, I tell you—I simply can't stand it. And I don't see how you can much longer!

PRINCESS (turning suddenly to face him, slapping her cheeks briskly with the tips of her fingers. They are very pink from her massage, and her eyes are very bright with defiance, and she looks very pretty and the picture of health).—That's just where you're mistaken. I expect to stand it a whole lot longer, and you would, too, if a nasty old fairy had put you to sleep for a hundred years just when you were eighteen and beginning to have some fun! I wasted the best hundred years of my life sleeping—sleeping—sleeping—and I don't intend to waste any more that way if I can help it. You'd like me to sit so still cobwebs would form over me again, wouldn't you? And yet you were the very one who promised to make it all up to me—all the parties and dancing and everything I'd missed—and said we'd live h-h-happily ever after! If this is the way you feel about it I wish you'd n-n-never w-waked me up at all—I w-w-wish you'd never k-k-kissed me—I wish—*[she is sobbing violently]*.

PRINCE (miserably and despairingly).—Now, don't do that, Beauty.

PRINCESS (with a fresh outburst).—And d-d-on't call me B-Beauty! What g-g-good does it do to be a b-beauty and feel on the t-top of the wave and have to s-s-stick in this old Palace day in and day out?

PRINCE (desperately, takes her in his

arms).—I don't want you to stick in the Palace, darling. I want you to go out. I know you had a rotten time of it when you were a girl, but I just meant I'd like to stay home once in a while—have a quiet evening with just ourselves. But of course I'll go to-night. I—I'd like to! PRINCESS (radiant through her tears).—That's my sweet old thing! And we *will* have a quiet evening sometime soon. Let me see—I couldn't do it to-morrow because I promised the Chancellor's wife we'd dine there, and the next night is the State ball, and the next is that charity costume thing, and the next night—*[She is so intent ticking off their prospective engagements on her fingers that she doesn't notice that the Prince's arms have dropped listlessly to his sides, or that he suddenly looks quite drawn and gray.]* Well, I can't say just when until I look at my engagement pad, but the season ought to slow up in six weeks or so. Hurry, darling—you'd better dress or we'll be late. *[She turns again to her mirror and begins applying a vanishing cream over the smooth flush on her cheeks. The Prince turns wearily, to leave the room. At the threshold he stops suddenly and turns back.]*

PRINCE (an odd expression on his face).—Oh, by the way, dear—what ever became of that fairy—you know, the mean one? PRINCESS (rather indistinctly, as she is rouging her lips).—Um-m-m-? Oh, that one? Why, I don't know—she's around somewhere. She's in the telephone book, I guess. Why?

PRINCE (with a somewhat forced note of casualness).—Oh—nothing. I just wondered. *[He stands irresolutely a moment. The Princess is occupied to the exclusion of everything else in applying an even layer of power to her face, neck, and shoulders, an operation which demands undivided attention and some time. With a sudden determination the Prince very quietly traverses the few steps to the ornate little telephone table. He picks up the telephone book. He exits.]*

Curtain.





## *Editor's Easy Chair*

### REOPENING UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

**I**N THE annual report issued last fall by the President of Columbia University, a document of extraordinary interest and value, there occurs this passage:

As the years pass and the time comes when our older scholars of distinction and large achievement apply to be relieved of farther active service, they are uniformly asked where the University is to look for the best and most competent scholars for appointment to succeed those who are laying aside their burdens. With discouraging frequency the reply is made that there are no outstanding names which deserve special consideration, but that a choice must be made from a larger or a smaller group of mediocrities. When the question is pressed as to why such a condition exists, particularly in fields of knowledge that are eagerly pursued and that have large present public interest and importance, the answer is that while there are many narrow men of competence within the limitations of their interest, there are few broad men able to grasp and to interpret a given field of knowledge, as well as to advance its boundaries by independent study and reflection.

To very much the same purport is a bit of testimony derived from quite a different source, to wit: from a medium sitting in company, and communicating, or purporting to do so, the sentiments of invisibles to their friends still in this life. Attached to the name of a man well known in the great work of constructing northwestern railroads of the United States, and addressed to another

man well known to him in life and in the same employment, came this:

Does it ever occur to you that when our generation passes, something distinctly real in American life will be lost? There are no such minds at work now as Hill or Kitson, Moffatt, and the rest, that came up in our neck of the woods; no one to take their place. Instead of a few real people, a great mass is coming along and where is it all going to end? That is what we (the invisibles) are thinking about. That is what we are wondering. Even to-day the laws are being flouted as never before. This either means that the laws are bad, or that there is too little resistance and stamina to enforce laws. Certainly something is wrong.

We have then the impression of the veterans of teaching and of the veterans of certain lines of material development, that their sort has done its work and has gone, or is going, for good, and that more of their kind are not to be expected, and they wonder how the world is going to get along without it; and neither living survivors nor communicating shades seem very hopeful about mankind confronting successfully so grave a failure of what seems to them necessary energy and guidance.

All that is just another indication of the ending of a period of time and the beginning of a new one. The management of the world is not going to be such as it has been. Roosevelt and Wilson have passed on, and Coolidge is President. The managers in the new period are apparently to be men of another sort

than the men of the old, and with other talents directed to other aims.

Of course, that is always happening but nowadays in an unusual degree. When one wants to know who is going to run the world that is making, he turns, of course, to youth, and never was youth more confident that it can do it than it is to-day. Never was it cockier, never more irreverent to the conclusions of its elders on all subjects, never more undaunted, more inquisitive, or bolder in inquiry and suggestion. Just at this writing a convention of college students gathered from all over the country has been meeting in Chicago to consider whether the church is up to its present job. The inquiry is timely enough, but think of its being undertaken by a lot of college boys!

THIS transference of the concerns of this life and this world to people of another sort from those who have managed it up to now means that the job itself has changed; that some things important to life are accomplished; that another set of things is to be undertaken. When Doctor Butler talks about "mediocrities," when the admonitory shade speaks of "a great mass" coming along it cannot really mean degeneration of mind or spirit. It must mean rather the development of a new generation for a new kind of work, a work of limitation and adjustment, a work probably of more precision than the job of "Hill, Kitson, Moffatt," and the rest, a great work of providing that an immense number of people shall live together in the use and enjoyment of an enormous collection of material provisions, shall share somehow in the production and enjoyment of enormous wealth, shall give and take without destructive fighting, shall have all the freedom that is consistent with order, and more and more of it as the provision of order is more wisely and intelligently conducted. The past management of the world, and especially the American world, has been largely pioneering. It has called for courage, energy,

boldness of conception, and a driving power of construction that at times have been ruthless. The age that is now come calls for more scruples, more skill, nicer calculation and, besides all that, it seems evident that there is coming to it the exploration of extraordinary fields of new knowledge. There is more for our new leaders and managers than a nicer adjustment of what past leaders have accomplished. They are going to have a field of their own, and it may be by their achievement in that field that their qualities and powers will mainly be rated, though the job of adjustment seems for the moment quite enough to engage them.

The world is greatly oversupplied with roughneck legislation. The Treaty of Versailles made a great contribution to it; American prohibition did the like. Laws and their administration in these States are under constant discussion and are all but universally censured. Europe, trying to adjust its bellyful from Versailles, is doing a kind of egg dance, trying to manage its necessary activities without smashing anything. Authority of every kind has declined. The respect paid to money has been waning for twenty-five years. The men who can get it are no longer looked upon as wise because of their demonstrated capacity to become rich. Creeds in the last generation found it hard to share the world of belief with science; but nowadays science is at least as much questioned as creeds have been. Hardly any of its conclusions nowadays are accepted as final. Nothing in science seems proof against the possibility that something discovered to-morrow may contradict it. Even the scientific method is assailed as not of universal application. As to that Doctor Butler said in his report above quoted: "The essential fact in all scientific study is the use and the comprehension of the scientific method. Nothing is to be taken for granted and no test, whether quantitative or qualitative, is to be overlooked. Every conclusion as it is reached is held subject to the re-



sults of verification, modification, or overthrow by later inquiry or by discovery of new methods and processes of research." Furthermore he said, "One would suppose that after a half-century of this experience and this discipline, the popular mind would bear some traces of the influence of scientific method, and that it would be guided by that method, at least in part, in reaching results and in formulating policies in social and political life." For himself, however, he could find no evidence of such an effect. Passion, prejudice, and unreason, he says, sway men just as if the scientific method had never been heard of and, in searching for a reason for this, he concludes that science has not been and is not being well taught and, since that belongs to his employment as college president, he goes on to discuss it.

It may be permitted to wonder whether as yet the scientific method can cover religion. The great beliefs which have moved the minds of men and affected their action have come by faith, by belief not based on scientific proof but somehow attained without it. If we look forward to a world governed by what we are used to call knowledge, we must despair because of the great disparity between the size of the job and the means of passing around knowledge enough to handle it. That is why most of the thoughtful people, when they think about human life on this earth and its complicated prospects, say that the only thing that can pull us through is religion. If we have enough religion we can manage with a moderate amount of knowledge. Knowledge means experts. We do not have to have so very many of them. We do have to have the will to use them, and that will religion may supply.

**T**HE man who knows is helpless without a power somewhere which permits his knowledge to be used. Regard the coal situation which, at this writing, shows no prospect of solution. But it could be solved; anyone would admit

that. It would not be difficult to supply the necessary knowledge and sympathy and integrity to reach a solution fair for the time being to miners, operators, and consumers, and to embody in that solution a provision for self-correction as conditions change. That could be done if the minds of the parties most concerned could meet. Very likely that will be the solution, but at this writing no one can say when. It is the same way with the world generally. Life can be planned so as to move along prosperously if only the people concerned can be induced to agree to the plan.

Someone said the other day that all the frontiers in Europe were unjust; that is to say, unjust to some people. It seems obviously true that the frontiers in Europe have got to diminish in economic significance before the enjoyment of life in Europe can be what it is physically possible to make it. That continent, as we see it, and as more and more Europeans see it, ought to be some kind of a United States. This may be coming, and this mass of young experts that is going to manage the world may somehow get it done.

The great value of the young is that they have less to unlearn than the older people. Where there is to be a large conveyance of respected properties to the junk pile, it is the young who are suitable to be called to the work. The fathers of our Republic were most of them pretty young, Hamilton particularly; though Hamilton, it is true, was by no means a radical, but a convinced conservative, who believed in government by aristocracy, distrusted and despised control by popular majorities, and only accepted the Constitution because some sort of machinery of administration was indispensable and the Constitution was the best that offered. Hamilton was not disposed to throw on the junk pile anything he could keep. He was at heart a monarchist, but with him it was a case of any port in a storm and, so feeling, he was a wonderful pilot to democracy. But Napoleon, who

junked so much of Europe a century ago, was also young. The junking of our world has been pretty well accomplished by the war, but whereas the older generation may know something about putting it together as it was, the younger generation may prove to be more efficient in putting it together as it ought to be. Few people want it as it was. Even people who lost by the change want something better than that if they can get it.

THE processes of change are most interesting to watch. For example, the foreign debts that are owed to us. What is really going on about those debts is a gradual readjustment of the American mind. Little by little, we are thinking of them differently. One day we read that France is immensely prosperous and can pay everything it owes us, and the next day we read that it is a superhuman job to keep the franc from going to grass; that the best people in France are taxed to destitution; that her budget does not balance and that she cannot make it balance. We get a like order of stories about England: that England is going down hill; has lost half her trade; is choked up with unemployed, and ought not to be paying us anything. The last may be true—true for the time being anyway. The rest of it describes, no doubt, a temporary condition which will presently be better. But nothing that has been done about those debts is more than provisional. It is like the discoveries and conclusions of science, useful to-day, to-morrow, and probably the rest of the week, but likely any moment to be superseded by new knowledge. Our world is run on working hypotheses—that is the best we can do and that is all which has been done about the foreign debts.

That, however, has been very useful, and really we have done much better by Europe than we get credit for either from Europe or from many of ourselves. Anyone who wants to think so may be assisted to that opinion by the address of

Secretary Kellogg before the Council on Foreign Relations on December 14th in New York, while the present attitude of the Administration was doubtless imparted by Secretary Mellon, when, on January 4th, in arguing before the Ways and Means Committee of the House for acceptance of the agreement negotiated with Italy, he said:—“*The entire foreign debt is not worth as much to the American people in dollars and cents as a prosperous Europe as customer.*” That is the pith of the situation about those debts. Those words of Scripture, “Let the dead bury their dead,” have application sometimes to money matters. The first thought of the living must be, not for yesterday, but for to-morrow.

The problem of the foreign debts seems to be on the way toward solution, and the spirit and the pact of Locarno have encouraged every one about Europe, and the coal strike will probably be settled before these lines are read, and the hands of the younger generation are reaching for the steering wheel of the car humanity now rides in; and the feet of men still young will presently step on the gas. Timorous passengers are welcome to alight if they prefer and can find a suitable getting-off place not in the earthquake belt and not liable to floods. But it is much more interesting to stay in the car and see where it gets to.

There are those whose chosen field is that of knowledge who expect great things from the new drivers. Professor Bovie of Harvard was quoted as saying in a Lowell Institute lecture early in January that man “is just now undergoing an evolutionary change at a more rapid rate than has ever been experienced before. Surely formed in God’s image, he shares in the bringing into existence of a new kind of individual, and we may expect achievements from the social organism beyond the power of the imagination to conceive.”

That is the sort of talk the really hopeful observers give us. Let us stay on with them at least until it becomes less awkward to get out.





## Personal and Otherwise



SOME twelve years ago Graham Wallas, the veteran British political scientist, astonished the bigwigs by dedicating *The Great Society* to a young American who had just produced his first book, *A Preface to Politics*, at the age of twenty-three. The young American was **Walter Lippmann**. Mr. Lippmann followed *A Preface to Politics* with other books, of which the most recent are *Public Opinion* and *The Phantom Public*; he was for several years an editor of the *New Republic*; he is now in charge of the vigorous editorial page of the *New York World*. His record makes it plain that his discussion of the wisdom of majority rule is based on sustained and sympathetic study of democratic doctrine.

The special interest of **Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick's** statement of "The Dangers of Modernism" is somewhat similar to that of Mr. Lippmann's article. Doctor Fosdick is himself so thoroughly a modernist that his criticism of those in his own camp carries added weight. His department is now a regular feature of **HARPER'S MAGAZINE**; next month he will write on *Our Desire for Immortality*.

**Wilbur Daniel Steele's** recent stories ("The Man Who Saw Through Heaven," "Blue Murder," and "Brother's Keeper") have been enthusiastically praised by so many discriminating readers that it is a particular pleasure, in presenting "The Gray Goose," to announce that other stories by Mr. Steele will follow it in the near future. He recently left his home at South Norwalk, Connecticut, for a voyage to Europe.

Nephew of the former Lord Chancellor, **J. B. S. Haldane** is a distinguished British biologist; until recently he was reader in biological chemistry at the University of Cambridge. He is the author of *Daedalus* and *Callinicus*, two volumes in the Dutton "To-Day and To-Morrow Series."

Another discussion like that which raged over "Living on the Ragged Edge" would seem to be impending. This month **Emily Newell Blair**, vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee and author of our recent article entitled "Are Women a Failure in Politics?" advances her arguments in the question of boarding school for boys and girls *versus* "home influence." Those who wish to defend the negative are asked to be brief; the space in the Personal and Otherwise department is limited.

To return a moment to political theory: we all agree that absolute freedom in a complex society is impossible. For example, we should suspect the sanity of a man who attempted to drive up Fifth Avenue when the traffic signals were set against him and claimed that this action was undertaken in defense of human liberty. But where shall the line be drawn? For many reasons it is a question of special interest to Americans in 1926. **Bertrand Russell** turns from such scientific labors as the writing of *The A B C of Relativity* to answer it for us.

As the second and concluding installment of **Christopher Morley's** fantastic comedy, "The Arrow," goes to press, his *Thunder on the Left* is repeating in book form the success it won serially in the Magazine. More than fifty-three thousand copies were sold in the first six weeks: a remarkable record for a story of such subtle workmanship. Mr. Morley returned from Europe last fall, began "The Arrow" while *Thunder on the Left* was appearing in **HARPER'S**, and finished it shortly after Christmas.

**Ernest Boyd**, Irishman by birth, New Yorker by present preference, translator of Guy de Maupassant, lively literary critic, and author of a recent series of **HARPER** articles entitled "A New Way with Old Masterpieces," was provoked by "Living on the Ragged Edge" (in our December issue)

to his present observations on the American habit of looking for happiness in boxes.

Another familiar HARPER contributor who has not appeared in our pages for several months returns in the person of *William McFee*, former sea-going engineer and author of *Casuals of the Sea*, *Command*, and other books. Three chapters of Mr. McFee's latest volume, *Sunlight in New Granada*, appeared in the Magazine last spring and summer. Although he now lives in Westport, Connecticut, his comment on "The Cheer Leader in Literature," like Mr. Boyd's article, represents to some extent a foreign point of view: Mr. McFee was born and educated in England.

The second short story of the month is the work of *Fleta Campbell Springer*, whose last HARPER story, "Legend," won first prize in one of the competitions of our 1924 Short Story Contest. Mrs. Springer, after a prolonged visit to Italy, is now living in New York.

In the days when *Robert Benchley* was president of the Harvard *Lampoon*, his classmates discovered in him an after-dinner speaker with an extraordinary gift for burlesque. Nobody who heard him impersonate a Congressman speaking of the bill that lay closest to his heart, or a headmaster describing the influence of his little school among the hills, can ever forget the hilarious experience. Mr. Benchley came to New York, became in due time dramatic critic of *Life*, and finally, two years ago, was persuaded to appear nightly in the "Music Box Revue" and present a burlesque treasurer's report in his old *Lampoon* style. What he learned, during that experience, of the relation between audience and performer he sets down in "Out Front." He has written three riotous books, of which the latest is *Pluck and Luck*.

*Arnold J. Toynbee* is a professor at London University and a recognized authority on European and Near-Eastern affairs. He recently visited this country to lecture at the Lowell Institute in Boston; and at our request, made at that time, now contributes a valuable study of the relations between England and America with reference to the general international situation.

Another Father Brown detective story by

the redoubtable *G. K. Chesterton* concludes the fiction of this issue.

*A. Hamilton Gibbs*, brother of Sir Philip Gibbs and of Cosmo Hamilton, achieved an unusual success last summer with his fine novel, *Soundings*. He enlisted and served at the front through the entire duration of the war, finally becoming a major of artillery; and now he tells the plain story of what happened during those days as the result of a piece of military stupidity for which parallels might, we dare say, be found in the experience of other armies.

The final article of the month is by *John W. Vandercook*, a young American journalist who recently spent several months in the jungles of Suriname on the north coast of South America, a region occupied by Bush-negroes and seldom penetrated by whites. His article is one of a series of which the first was "White Magic and Black in the Jungle" (in the October issue), and the second, "Jungle Survival" (in January). These articles are taken from a book shortly to be published by Harper & Brothers entitled *Tom-Tom*. Mr. Vandercook has sailed for Liberia, where he will continue his study of the Negro race.



Everybody knows *When We Were Very Young*, and most HARPER readers have seen "The Dover Road" or "Mr. Pim Passes By"; it is unnecessary to say more of *A. A. Milne*, whose new series of Christopher Robin poems we are now publishing month by month. The other poets are *Elizabeth Morrow*, the wife of Dwight Morrow, the New York banker; *Ruth Fitch Bartlett* (Mrs. Walter S. Bartlett), whose sonnet, "Bluebeard," appeared in our January issue; and *Joseph Auslander*, whose new volume of verse, entitled *Cyclops' Eye*, is about to be published by Harper & Brothers.



The contributors to the Lion's Mouth are *Frederick L. Allen* of the editorial staff of HARPER'S; *Morris Bishop* of Ithaca, New York, whose humorous sketches appear frequently in this and other magazines; and *Katherine Dayton*, a New York writer who makes this month her first appearance in our pages. In response to many requests, we are



glad to reveal the identity of the artist whose diminutive sketches appear each month at the head of the *Lion's Mouth* articles: he is *A. B. Walker*, whose illustrations are familiar to readers of *Life*, *Judge*, and other humorous periodicals.



Last September we reproduced as the frontispiece of the Magazine *Maurice Fromkes'* painting, "Black and Gold," a portrait study of Claire Eames. This month we present "Candida," another painting by Mr. Fromkes, done during a recent trip to Spain.



The discussion of "Living on the Ragged Edge," begun in our December issue, must be brought to a close, for other topics demand attention. But it is hard not to be able to make space for more of the replies (over a hundred in number) which we have received. We are thinking especially of one from a woman in her fifties who wishes that she had begun to save twenty years earlier instead of condemning herself by her extravagance to a life sentence on the ragged edge; of another from a newspaper editor who has saved over fifty thousand dollars out of a moderate salary by the simple expedient of dividing it into two parts *as it came in*, and setting one part aside as a sort of trust fund which he would under no circumstances touch for current expenses; and of many from other readers who have solved the problem of living happily, fully, and securely on small incomes. We reluctantly adjourn the discussion with an excerpt from a letter which comes to us from Montclair, New Jersey:

I should like to try to answer the question in the mind of the writer who tells of "Living on the Ragged Edge," because I feel that her problem is perhaps the most serious one in America to-day. It may be equally serious in other countries, but I hardly think so. America is the wealthiest nation in the world, and it has got into the habit of judging success in terms of money. There are many people who frankly believe and avow that the successful man is he who has achieved a big fortune. There is a much larger class who think they believe that money is not the mainspring of man's activity, and yet defer unconsciously to the possession of it. They protest, "Of course I don't think money is the most important thing. I like it and need it for what it will give me, but I realize that artists and mu-

sicians and poets and ministers sometimes make a larger contribution to civilization than mere money-getters." Yes, but in the minds of the majority, the most successful artists and musicians and poets and even ministers are those who have been able to turn their talents into money. Then I can think of about six people I know who fall into a third class, and honestly believe that money is not so important as other things; but they do not say much about it as a rule, for they know that most people will not believe them. Anyone who has given up a more lucrative job for a lesser, for reasons of personal preference, will remember the pitying or incredulous expressions on the faces of those to whom he was so rash as to tell of the affair.

I think the writer of "Living on the Ragged Edge" belongs in the second of these three groups. I feel sure that she and her husband would utterly repudiate any suggestion that they considered money the *sine qua non* of a happy life, and yet they apparently let their lives be bound by the tyranny of wealth, or lack of it. To put it baldly, their happiness is dependent upon their income. Undoubtedly if either of them thought that some very big and important thing, such as the life of a child, required an utter change from their present way of life, they would unhesitatingly change it. But, because happiness and peace of mind are the indefinite and intangible things they are, it seems difficult to adjust or make over their living scale to obtain them. . . .

The thing that makes life difficult for most of us, and especially for the more ambitious and sensitive ones, is that passion for perfection with which we are born. Little children have it. Each of us wants the best, and feels thwarted if he cannot have it. We want the best food for our tables, beautiful furnishings for our homes, becoming clothes for our bodies, the greatest advantages for our children, time and a chance to read the most interesting books and meet the most charming people, in short, opportunity for the perfecting of our lives on all sides. And yet none of us can have everything in equal perfection. And what about the perfections of the spirit? We have to weigh the desirability of this over that, and choose which we want. And if perchance we choose wrong occasionally, the choice is almost never final; it can always be reversed. The main thing is to know whither our choices are tending. The writer of "Living on the Ragged Edge" has summed up the situation for herself in the closing words which, she says, represent her feelings of hope for the future: "Next week it will be better. Next month I can earn more. Next summer we can spend less. Next year the firm will hit it big." Surely it would be wiser, surely more optimistic, and far, far more romantic to say, "Next week and next month and next year are too far away. To-day is ours, and to-day we are going to find out where we are really going, and what we are really aiming for; and having found out, we shall try to aim straight."

From one of many replies to "Is Big Business a Career?" we quote two paragraphs, wishing that we had space to publish the whole of the author's dissenting opinion.

The place for the young man, from college or school, who is looking for a good fight, is not in the white collar job of the office. Let him put on his brogues and flannels and step out to the firing line, where the best man wins and where he will learn to fight. Then, when he has earned the mahogany desk, which is as sure for him as for the clerk, and he reads a report of a good fight won or lost, there will be for him the appreciation of the hardships undergone, the romance of distant battle, and he will live over the things he reads in what to the clerk is a simple memorandum.

And where may one find these satisfying outlets for energy, these battles for supremacy over opposing forces, human or inanimate? Will one go to a small company where the problems are simple and few, or to the giant corporation whose arms reach out to many lands? The only answer is in the temperament of the individual. If he wants the quiet, small problems of the single plant and the goal of being, after a few years, the boss of a "small but growing company," well and good. Strange that to me that road leads to ease and certainty and perhaps smugness, with not so much to lose. But does he have a vision, as did the leaders of the last century, of an empire of those small factories working in unison, all to a single purpose? If so, let him go there and help to make them work in unison. He will find problems he never dreamed existed,—problems that the New York office doesn't know about. That is the life for a man with energy. Things may seem smooth in New York to the man who hasn't been at the front, but let him fight a fire in an oil refinery, or save a hundred tons of molten steel from breaking through a furnace wall, or clear a main line track of a railroad wreck, or ride out a hurricane in a southern sea, or land a million dollar contract, and he'll come to his job in the canyons of New York with a preparation that will make it a joy to read between the lines of every slip of paper to cross his desk.

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A footnote to Mr. Guedalla's "Portrait of a Red-Faced General" comes to us from Professor Johnson of the University of North Carolina:

EDITOR OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

"As he sat dreaming in the heat of 1805," Philip Guedalla writes in the December HARPER'S, "Cornwallis had forgotten Yorktown." Then he must have forgotten Guilford Court-

house earlier, for that was only one of the preliminary steps toward Yorktown. Yet one wishes that Mr. Guedalla might have included in that vigorous, brilliant "Portrait of a Red-Faced General" one more little detail. Guilford Courthouse has not forgotten Cornwallis. He said, "Take them as they come," and after 145 years Guilford Courthouse remembers that.

Greene's armed mob had lacked the stamina to withstand the charge of the Black Watch, whose line never faltered under a withering fire. The American first line was composed of the rawest of raw militia, recruited locally, for all the North Carolina Continentals had been lost with Lincoln at Charleston. The luckless militiamen were regarded by Greene as highly expendable troops, so they were thrown squarely in the path of the Highlanders and the Welsh Fusiliers. At the end of that March day in 1781 the field was in possession of the British and it was littered with farm boys from the country round about, boys who had never stood in battle before, but who had that day shot down the soldiers of the red-faced general in whose power they now lay. After dark it turned bitterly cold and began to rain. The hearts of the Quakers who inhabited the region were not with the armies; they were with the broken country boys out there on the ground in the freezing rain. What mercy could they expect from a red-faced general whose troops they had shot down?

Cornwallis' surgeons were overwhelmed. The night was dark, the terrain wooded. How, they inquired, were they to organize their searching parties so as to pick out their own men in the dark? Then the red-faced general said that they were not to try it, but that they were to treat all the wounded they could reach, regardless of the uniforms they wore. "Take them as they come," said Cornwallis.

The bloody mud disappeared from Guilford Courthouse almost a century and a half ago. The battlefield is beautiful, now that the earthworks have sunk into low green mounds, and marble and bronze mark the spots where huddled corpses were. On an eminence Greene sits his charger, permanent possessor of the field at last, and Fame in bronze bears a laurel wreath before him. To Cornwallis there is no memorial in metal or in stone, but Guilford Courthouse has not forgotten him. The Quakers still inhabit the country and they remember that he said, "Take them as they come."

A red-faced general who lost his campaign is entitled to small consideration, no doubt, but somehow Guilford Courthouse clings stubbornly to a curious respect for him as one who did honor to the king's uniform.

I wish Mr. Guedalla had known that.

GERALD W. JOHNSON







THE CAPTAIN, THE COOK, AND THE FIRST MATE

By Charles Webster Hawthorne

Winner of the Highest Award Given to an American Painting  
at the Recent Carnegie International Exhibition in Pittsburgh

*Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries*





# Harpers *Magazine*

## WILL SCIENCE DESTROY RELIGION?

By JULIAN HUXLEY

*Senior Demonstrator in Zoölogy, Oxford University*

**W**HAT contributions are scientific method and its results likely to make to general thought; what influence may it be expected to have as its results and ideas are incorporated into general culture in the broader sense of that word?

Before attempting an answer to this question, I should like to remind you a little more in detail of the position in which natural science stands to-day. Each science or branch of science seems roughly to go through three main phases in its development. There is first a preliminary phase in which miscellaneous sporadic knowledge is amassed and is dated; theories are pursued, often only to be proved valueless. There then comes a classic or heroic age, in which a general foundation of firmly interrelated principles is gradually laid down, upon which in its turn a coherent architecture of theory can be built, and finally this passes over into a period of maturity, in which the position is consolidated, the scope of the principles widened, their bases more finally tested, and their consequences worked out in fullest de-

tail. Naturally, each stage lasts for a considerable time, and in many cases a science which thought itself securely embarked upon the third phase is reminded by some fundamental discovery that it is still only in the second.

Mathematics, mechanics, and astronomy all emerged into the beginning of their second period (thanks especially to Galileo and Newton) before the end of the seventeenth century, while chemistry can hardly be said to have left her empiricist or preliminary phase until Lavoisier and Dalton; nor physics—in spite of men like Torricelli, Boyle, and Cavendish—until the time of Faraday and Joule. Nor can even the notable achievement of Haney or Hales or Wolff, of Linnaeus or Buffon or Cuvier be said to have carried either physiological or evolutionary biology to a point at which any unity of principle could be seen; and it was not till the time of Schwann, Claude Bernard, and Pasteur on the one hand, and on the other Darwin with his associates such as Huxley and Hooker—a time less than a century ago—that biology entered upon her second phase.

Meanwhile geology remained in her speculative childhood until William Smith and Lyall in the early nineteenth century; and seems to wait to-day for some new verifying ideas, perhaps from geophysics, perhaps from paleontology, to attain to its maturity.

Physics, it had been thought, had reached her third stage before the close of the last century. But the discovery of radioactivity and the development of spectroscopy opened a new world, and finally the conceptions of quanta and of relativity have thrown her old and her new world alike into the melting-pot. She continues youthful and heroic even in maturity.

Finally there come the latest sciences of all—psychology and human biology.

Psychology, as even her warmest admirers would admit, is still in her first period. She teems with violent and mutually contradictory theories, about which the feelings of partisans run nearly as high as they once did about rival theological dogmas. I do not know who first made the caustic remark that the vigor with which an opinion is held is usually in inverse ratio to the amount of proof which can be brought forward in its support; but one sometimes feels like reminding Freudians and Jungians and the other psychological sects that it contains a considerable element of truth!

None the less, it is clear that the work of men like Mesmer, Braid, Charcot, Richet, Janet, and later of Feud, Jung, Rivers, and many others, has totally altered the position of psychology. Psychology used to lead a dual existence, partly as the academic and introspective handmaid of philosophy, partly as an epiphenomenal ghost or Brocken specter attendant on nervous physiology. From that uncomfortable state she has been raised to the dignity of an independent science; so that psychological data are now acknowledged to have as complete validity on their own level as do biological data on the biological level, irrespective of whether their explanation is possible in terms of chemistry; and what

is more, vast realms open before her to be conquered by her own special methods.

Finally, there is human biology—in other words, the social sciences: and here, in spite of the existence of the sub-sciences of anthropology, of comparative religion, of sociology, economics, of political philosophy, we are only at the threshold. We can see that the social sciences can and must become a full-blown science; but we have not yet quite found out how to effect the transformation.

However, both here and in psychology the scientific method is actively at work; and that is the main point.

As a result of all this activity of the mind, we are now reaching a new position. We are, I suppose, nearing the end of what may rightly be called the Scientific Revolution, since it has effected a real revolution of thought. But revolution, whether in government or thought, can obviously not be a permanent phase; and we need not be surprised that many, especially of conservative upbringing or turn of mind, have demanded not without alarm, to know where the scientific revolution is leading the world.

## II

I think that the answer is fairly plain. It is leading us, in spite of many drags on its wheel and many deliberate attempts at obstruction, to what we may call Scientific Humanism. The term Humanism, according to the dictionary, is applied to "any system of thought or action which assigns a predominant interest to the affairs of men as compared with the supernatural or the abstract." It is a particular form of naturalism. It has in the past been specially applied to the Humanism of the Renaissance, which was of course primarily a revolt against the authority of ecclesiasticism in general, and theology and scholastic philosophy in particular, and a revolt which drew its inspiration from the re-discovery of the classics.



The scientific humanism of to-day is again a form of naturalism—how could it be otherwise?—and again is beginning to concentrate its different rays upon human life. But it has penetrated far wider and deeper in digging its foundations. It has started with an aim quite other than that of humanism—the pursuit of natural knowledge for its own sake. And gradually the increase of natural knowledge has overflowed into knowledge of man, and man is seen in a new relation to the rest of the world.

Science universalized the laws of mechanics, and the planets became servants of man's thought—because intelligible—instead of the supposed arbiters of his destiny. She reduced all material properties, whether of the stars, of the air, of the rocks, or of living bodies, to the combination and permutation of a few dozen chemical elements. And now she is making further studies in the direction of reducing these to permutations and combinations of electrons and protons. All energies become interchangeable before her analysis. The whole infinite variety of things is generated from one matter, one energy, world without end.

On the biological level, she established the continuity of life within the species; and then through the evolution concept, of the whole of life, existing and past. She showed that life was built of the same matter and operated with the same energy and changes as the rest of reality. She showed that man, too, had an evolution, and could only be fully understood, mentally as well as physically, in the light of his past.

And meanwhile psychology and anthropology were becoming sciences and archaeology was opening new doors to history; and the principles of philosophy and the dogmas of religion were being shaken or remodelled under the influence of scientific advance.

It may be as well to remind ourselves of some of the ways in which our whole perspective and view of ourselves has been altered. In the first place history

has enlarged. Until less than a hundred years ago men reckoned the whole life of humanity as a few thousand years. "Antiquity," so called, was sharply marked off against modernity, and antiquity meant the civilizations of classical Greece and Rome, and of the Israelites. It is difficult to realize to-day what a revolution such work as Layard's on Nineveh created when it was first published; for to-day we see a perspective of cultures reaching back far into the past. Beyond the classics and the Old Testament are Crete, Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt. We know something now of ancient India and ancient China; and in the Americas there are not only Mexico and Peru, but the strange lost world of Maya civilization. Not only did these extend far back in history, but culture is seen to have formed a number of separate lines.

Time suddenly enlarges at a bound, and classical Greece and Rome suddenly shrink and cease to have the exaggerated and one-sided importance with which they had previously been invested—a fact not without its moral for educationalists. Then comes prehistoric archeology and opens vaster vistas. We see high civilizations already existing close on ten thousand years ago. Flint implements take us back through a space of time that must be measured in hundreds of thousands of years. Even the Cro-Magnons had a splendid art; and they were of the paleolithic period. Behind them there stretch dim ages of eolithic culture, back now, it would seem fairly certain, well into the Tertiary period, perhaps half a million years ago, before man fades out of the record. And Archbishop Ussher dated the creation at 4004 B.C. . . . Poor man, what would he say to Elliot Smith or Osborn!

But if these human sciences have made man seem old, geology has rejuvenated him. When we begin to think geologically, in terms not of millenia but of geological formations, and to compare the length of time taken for the evolution of the human type and

human society with that needed for the evolution of a new type of animal like the mammals or a new special type like the horse or the elephant, we find man a mere stripling.

What is more, it is seen to be not only the absolute amount of time in his past history that matters, but the position of the present moment in the whole cycle of human evolution. The rapidity of human evolution, in so far as concerns man's tools and traditions, has become increasingly swift since the time of the first recorded flint implement until now. The paleolithic age is far longer than the neolithic, the neolithic age than the age of bronze; and from that time on fundamental inventions have followed one another with increasing rapidity, until finally we have had gunpowder, printing, steam, electricity, the motor vehicle, anaesthetics, asepsis, wireless, and flying, all crowded into less than one millennium. Moreover, the rate of change shows no sign of slackening—rather the reverse. It is abundantly clear that man as a species is still on the rapid up-grade of his development, in the wild tide of an adolescence that is still far from the peace of stable maturity, let alone, from senility or degeneration.

Nor does the evolutionary view of man permit either the false optimism of a necessary human progress, or the false pessimism of inevitable collapse of each and every civilization. Dean Inge and Professor Bury have dealt faithfully with the former: perhaps too faithfully, for it is at least true that the movement of human affairs has been, in broad outline, consistently progressive. The prophets of cyclical recurrence and inevitable degeneration can be readily disposed of; they can of course point to the fact that civilization after civilization has collapsed in the past, but they studiously forget that the world of to-day is different from any world of the past in at least four fundamental characteristics—the increase of population, the rapidity of communications,

the rise of science, and the increase of humanity's knowledge of its past mistakes.

Never before has it been even possible to think of progress of thought or movement in the world as a whole; the world had had no unity. The Roman Republic and the Roman Empire were first attempts in this direction; but beyond their confines other civilizations were pursuing independent ends, and whole regions and peoples were still undiscovered.

### III

The sober doctrine of progress that emerges from biological studies is this: That slow progress has been a constant accompaniment of evolution, and appears to be a necessary accompaniment of solution intelligible on simple Darwinian principles, so long as the external conditions remain within certain limits. But that it *never* affects all organisms, and need not affect any particular one—either standstill or degeneration may equally occur. But with man the matter is on a new plane, since his evolution is in part at least, in his own power: conscious control of the world-process is open to him.

Thus we are back at the age-old, obvious idea that advance is in our own hands—the gods help them that help themselves. Only there is a wider background—a background on which are depicted all the failures of the past of the world, whether plant or beast or man; and on the other hand the vision of a general progress of a certain limited kind, a progress slowly ground out by the machinery of existence, of which movement we are the latest and highest product; our direction one with the general direction of what has gone before.

But it remains to ask how the sheer naturalism of science, not merely not humanist but almost inhuman, with all its beams directed outwards, can be generating a new humanism, and once more focussing light upon the central figure of man? The astronomer is oc-



cupied in weighing and analyzing the stars, discovering their history and movements; that interest absorbs him and carries him on, even if he trample out the most cherished cosmogonies in his advance.

The physicist, pushing farther and farther into the nature of matter, finally robs it of all of its attributes that are most familiar and most comfortable to us, and leaves us with a world of units all alike save in positive or negative nature, impalpable, invisible, without taste or smell, their very mass appearing to dissolve at the last into energy, their very materiality perhaps being only a local distortion of a more universal substratum.

Biology often continues quietly to dissect and describe, and to apply the method of physics and chemistry to living matter, only because biologists are desirous of knowing. They must know, even if the consequences of knowledge are to link man's ancestry, once regarded as heroic or divine, with that of the apes: to overthrow the accounts of self-styled revelation; to show the complete interdependence of brain and mind, and the necessity (even for the apparently simplest and most unitary acts of consciousness) of an almost inconceivably complex machinery of thousands of millions of carefully arranged brain cells; and to demonstrate that life is under one aspect, pure chemistry. The combined effect of all the sciences has been quietly to cut away the simple framework of divine purpose on which the older civilizations trained the tendrils of the growing human plant.

At first sight it seems that science, this emanation from human minds, has not only turned her face outwards from man, but stripped him of all the robes of his divinity, turned him out of the palace that he had so laboriously built in the center of the world, and left him in rags, pitifully insignificant and suddenly transported to an outlying corner of the cosmos.

How can this be humanism, or how

can it even lead to humanism? The answer springs from the application of the methods of natural science to human problems, and the consequent building up of new constructions of thought in the place of those which, with a crash or slowly bit by bit, have fallen before the nationalist attack. It springs in particular from a proper grasp of values.

#### IV

To the child most of the standards of value to which it is asked to conform its life are external, imposed from without. It is to be "good" because it is told to be good, and because it finds that obedience pays. It is to tell the truth because it is assured that to tell the truth is right, and that one day it will understand why it is right. So with most grown men and women up to a very late stage in history. They are to submit to events because events are the will of God: they are to do right in order—like performing dogs—to avoid punishment and to attain rewards; they are to carry out certain ritual and moral ordinances because these have been divinely revealed.

Even when religious and philosophic thought rises to higher levels and asserts the need for loving righteousness, for loving the sacrifice that at first thought seems so disagreeable, even for loving one's enemies—such precepts are almost invariably in relation to some fundamentally external standard, whether a divine command, or the necessity of being at one with some assumed absolute canon of right and wrong, or the desirability of closer union with God or the Absolute. Anthropology, the higher criticism, and the implications of the general principles of scientific law and order have between them, it seems to me and many others to-day, made these views untenable. Gone is the authoritarianism of revelation, gone the complacent assumptions of a simple personal theism and the consequences which followed so logically therefrom. Gone—clean gone—to an ever-increasing num-

ber of thinking men and women is all the necessary basis for that whole magnificent scheme of thought which has dominated the western world for over a thousand years, that comprehensive scheme of theology and philosophy which rose to its greatest heights towards the thirteenth century; and with its basis is gone all its compulsive force upon the mind.

But—and a most important *but!*—the realities by virtue of which that construction had life—they are found to persist. Orthodoxy prophesies for the inquirer and doubter the penalties of blank negation and hopelessness if he venture outside the orthodox scheme; and it is perfectly true that one can no more build a new house in place of an old without passing through a houseless stage, than one can break down old constructions of thought, philosophies, religions without at least passing through a time of mental homelessness.

But the values are there. They may be perceived practically by the man who ruefully surveys the self-caused ruin of his old beliefs; or they may be perceived intellectually by the scientific mind which has analyzed away the sanctions of the codes and theologies of humanity into myth, or false assumption, or error. The former will find that he still has within himself the mainsprings that prompt him to the same kind of conduct as before; the latter, if he be not superficial, will ask himself how it was that any purely external standards and commands could have caused the amazingly powerful effects which in point of fact they did.

Even the complete mechanist cannot escape the facts of life—he must acknowledge that the ecstasy of the emotion of beauty, the overpowering awe that sometimes seizes upon reflection, and the rapture of love are facts and have utmost value for men; and the more mechanist he be, the more will he wonder and glory in the fact that such phenomena are properties of human nature.

We find that some values are higher

than others; there is a scale of values. Some are ends in themselves, some only means to ends. The ultimate values, which are ends in themselves, all result from the full realization and free exercise of our various human faculties; and the higher among them, by universal consent, are the values of truth, beauty, love, and goodness. Why should men be willing to die for their country, to slave on a pittance in pursuit of natural knowledge, to live in a garret in order to be free to write or paint as they desire, to go through fire and water to gain the object of their love, to suffer ostracism or martyrdom for their convictions? Not because of external commands, but because the value of those activities is to them above the value of the rest of life—because these have value in themselves, for their own sake.

To put it in another way, certain activities of man, to the evolutionary philosopher, are not only high or valuable in themselves, but the highest and most valuable phenomena of which we human beings have any certain cognizance. Indeed, it is possible to go farther and to assert that, in so far as we have definite knowledge (and it is a good principle to remain agnostic in regions where our knowledge is not definite), it is only in the interaction of objects with minds that value is generated. There is on record the definition, presumably by a bored philosopher, of existence as consisting in the moving of objects from one position to another. But this leaves out of account the setting of objects into relation with minds, and in so doing generating experiences which in their turn have value. The planets move in their courses whether we think about them or not; but the laws of their motion are a product of human mind. In the same way the order of the universe or the steady progress of evolution are only perceived as such (so far as we know) by our minds; and they acquire interest, significance, or grandeur only when so perceived.

The beauty of a mountain view, of a



tree against the sunset, or of a human face is a joint product of the external object and the mind which finds it beautiful. The mind of a sheep or a cow apparently does not co-operate with such objects to produce beauty—at any rate these animals are not observed to waste time in looking at them. And most moral philosophers agree that moral values are only possible because of freedom to go wrong. "It is better for a man to go wrong in freedom than to go right in chains."

In any case, science, in taking stock of the world, is brought up against the existence of values, and must then acknowledge that certain attributes of man possess the highest values known. And it is in this way that science is brought back to become the basis of a new humanism.

The search for truth for its own sake, irrespective of apparent value; the realization of the existence of value and of a scale of values as facts; and then the adjustment of mental knowledge and of the control born of that knowledge to the value-charged scheme of human thought—those are, it seems to me, the steps in the process.

## V

But to what sort of a culture does this scientific humanism lead us? Even to attempt to answer this would be to expand this essay into a book; but I am tempted to touch on a few points. In the first place, of course it leads to naturalism, in however exalted a form. It leads to the view that artistic inspiration for instance, or religion, are human functions as natural, if not as universal, as memory or digestion.

Too often in the past, and even in the present, do we find the view that religion is a regimen imposed by an external authority, a spiritual patent medicine, to be "taken" like a gray powder, and administered by force if necessary—though it is only fair to add that in every age the truly religious have heartily repudiated this conception.

Religion has two functions, one individual, the other social—which naturally overlap and blend in certain places. For the individual it represents an attempt to bring the whole of his personality, including those hidden parts that are not called upon in every-day life, and may be scarcely realized by their possessor, into a relation of harmony and meaning—with as much as possible of the rest of the universe, the external environment in which, through no fault or desire of his own, he finds himself. In this external world there of course bulks very largely the society in which he is brought up.

Or we might alter our definition a little, though in reality keeping to its essentials, by saying that religion was an attempt to harmonize our scale of values with external fact, and to harmonize them not only theoretically (which is theology), but in everyday life (which is religious morality), and also by special expressions of religious emotion (which constitute worship, prayer, and mystical experience). And the social function of religion is, or should be, to provide a common basis for the behavior of society—a common basis which shall contain both intellectual and emotional elements, both feeling and belief, and out of which therefore action can readily spring. A religion, to exercise its social function, must concern itself with the realities of society. To point my moral, I may perhaps refer to some recent articles by J. M. Keynes in which he points out that the Communism of Russia acquires its force from being tinged with feeling. At one point he says, "to me it seems clearer every day that the moral problem of our age is concerned with the Love of Money," and goes on to assert that the present decay of orthodox religions is due to the fact that they "have lost their moral significance just because—unlike some of their earlier versions—they do not touch in the least degree on these essential matters. A revolution in our ways of thinking and feeling about money may become the growing purpose

of contemporary embodiments of the Ideal."

While not altogether agreeing with Mr. Keynes, I feel that he does clarify the matter considerably. The growth of science, of democracy, and of material and spiritual opportunity appear to many to-day to make it impossible for any supernaturalist and other-worldly religion to become the basis of future civilization. But if future civilization is to reach a fruitful maturity, it must have some religion; nor do I see insuperable difficulties in the way of its growth of some new religious form. What we call religious feeling is an inevitable outcome of human nature in any state of society which we can imagine as possible; and it is that which will always provide the motive power, it is that which will generate religions. When Lord Morley wrote that, "the next great task of science is to create a new religion for humanity," I do not think he was being accurate; her task is rather to construct a new framework for the flesh of the religious spirit to clothe, a new mechanism for the power of the religious emotion to operate.

Many people appear to regard dogma as unnecessary and even undesirable. For instance, some of my scientific friends, when I tell them that every morning on the way up to my laboratory I pass a large door labelled "Dogmatic Theology" evince a tendency to laugh, while others gloomily shake their heads. But dogma in some form, theology in some form, is a necessary part of any developed religion. Perhaps some of you read the articles on "My religion," recently contributed to one of the daily papers by a series of well-known authors. Most of them were in revolt against accepted orthodoxy and, in their distaste for what they believed to be false dogma, had overbalanced into a position in which they were without dogma at all. And the effect was often nebulous. A modern society with such absence of beliefs would be like an organism essaying motion on land without a skeleton—it

would collapse gelatinously. A religion needs a definite intellectual framework for two reasons: in the first place to guard it against doing the wrong things; and in the second to help it to do the right things.

Organization is as necessary to a religion as to an animal or a business—though it is an organization of ideas that is needed. Without its tested framework of ideas it may tend to the excesses of intolerance and of exaggeration of its own importance, and will certainly proceed to draw false conclusions from half-baked premises if the utmost pains is not taken to do the baking in the most scientific way. In other words, an intellectual basis is needed for religion, because religion must overflow into action, and because in the long run the qualities and values of actions are always determined by the correctness of the intellectual premises on which they are based.

Science too has its dogmas, but is (or should be) willing to change them quickly and painlessly as occasion demands. In the same way, the set of dogmas for any future type of religion will need to be flexible and capable of development, so that they may not incur the evil repute which, not without considerable reason, attaches to the term at the present day.

## VI

Here it is that I must call a halt, and content myself with a final throwing before you, without any particular arrangement, of a few more of the facts and ideas, all sprung from the advance of scientific knowledge, which will inevitably modify human life and human outlook in the future.

Human life, then, is no static affair, but is engaged in evolutionary movement upon a time-scale far vaster than anything previously imagined by the most unorthodox of speculative minds.

Human evolution during the historical period, however, has differed from other organic evolutions in that man has de-



veloped a new racial organ, namely tradition, with all that it implies—of tools, machines, history, and government; and that, therefore, the evolution of the human species during this period has been the evolution of his tradition, not of his innate physical or mental characteristics. Human evolution has also another distinctive feature: it can be guided by consciousness, and it is increasingly so guided. But our conscious knowledge is now opening to us possibilities of changing the innate character of humanity as well as modifying tradition.

It is exciting to contest nature; and our contest over nature is certainly reacting upon our mode of life, but a good many people are feeling a little skeptical about its advantages. Mr. Grant Robertson the other day seemed inclined to think that printing and the universal ability to read, between them had had as chief result only what he called "slums of the mind"; and certainly the modern inventions of telegraphy, journalism, cinema, radio, and the like have so far produced as their most prominent and obvious effect the substitution of effortless mental occupation for any pretence at thinking.

To take this view too seriously would be to forget that the cure for education is more education, as for democracy it is more democracy, and for progress more progress; and that in any case universal education is such an absurdly youthful phenomenon that we are no more entitled to draw any adverse conclusions about its ultimate value than a Martian would be in drawing adverse conclusions about the ultimate value of human beings if his experience of them were confined to a baby of a month old.

However, it is true that mechanical contrivances do not alter human nature, and that so long as human nature remains what it is, the bulk of humanity's spare time will be wasted in one way or another.

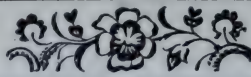
But what we most of us forget is the fact that there now exists a science of biology as well as one of physics and

chemistry. Physico-chemical knowledge has already given human nature a vast increase of control over its non-living environment. Biological knowledge gives human nature the promise of control over itself. There is no reason whatever which we can see in the nature of things why human capabilities should be evolution's last word, instead of merely its *dernier cri*. Our faculties are no more superior to those of a cat than are a cat's to those of a sea-anemone; and there is no evidence that variation is less prone to occur in man than elsewhere.

Eugenics, in other words, is a possibility. A practicable eugenics seems to me to bear about the same relation to existing biological knowledge as flying would have done to the physico-chemical knowledge of the time of Empedocles, and stranger things than flying have come into being since then—things like wireless transmission of speech and television which the alert men of his time could not have imagined possible.

And then to-day we are continually reminded of the orderliness of nature—a view with which primitive man radically disagreed, and the realization of the necessity of organization, and of a certain type of organization, for ensuing efficiency and progress—and I do not use the terms efficiency and progress in the sense in which they are customarily employed by American advertising experts, but as meaning the smoothest possible working of our faculties, the greatest opportunity for self-realization, and a door open to improvement of what most deserves to be improved.

But the kernel of the changed outlook lies in this—that the control of the world-process known as evolution is being increasingly delegated to the latest child of evolution, consciousness—conscious knowledge, purpose and goodwill—as embodied in man. The cynic will continue to call men forked radishes or by other depreciatory names; but, forked radish or not, man is the highest thing that we know, and he is being offered the trusteeship of evolution.



# WHAT BABBITT WON'T TALK ABOUT

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

OLD Man Barton was born just too late to fight for the Confederacy, and is now past hard work. So he has come up from the rural county seat in the cotton lands where he was born, and in a southern metropolis of hustling northern ways sits all day in the smart motor-service station kept by his middle-aged sons, sometimes vaguely and at leisure attending to the simpler wants of customers.

"Now that side-bar buggies have gone up the lane for eternity," Old Man Barton will tell you genially, "all I'm good for is talk."

Old Man Barton probably never had three years of formal schooling in his life. As a member of the industrial community, he may be, as the young helpers around the repair shop suspect, sunk in his dotage. Yet in the little space around his shaded seat in summer and his kerosene hand-warming stove in winter he keeps alive an ancient American practice from which the institutions of the republic once drew a wholesome vitality, now, it seems, sadly declining: the habit of critically observing and racily discussing what goes on in the world.

"That feller Mitchell," he would say of the early fall's aircraft sensation, "talks almost as fierce as an orator for the old prohibitionist party. Well, when a feller lets the air get that hot around him, you can always take pretty big odds that he ain't *altogether* right. . . . All the same, I'm for him to this extent. You've got to burn them old-fashioned army and navy officers once in a while to make 'em move at all. An'

this Mitchell, he sure burns 'em where it hurts."

From time to time, too, there have been memorable conversations concerning "that feller Coolidge." For instance, after the presidential address on law enforcement last Memorial Day, Old Man Barton wanted to know what I thought of the chief executive as a "states righter." I replied, with the wisdom gleaned from various urban editorial writers on the Democratic and liberal side, that the President seemed, for a New England Republican, to have stolen an almost illegal amount of ancient Democratic thunder.

"Oh, yes," said the old man with pleasant irony, "he's a regular states' rights fire-eater, that feller Coolidge is. Why he actually believes that a state's got a right to choose between doing what Coolidge tells it to and being made to do it."

Again, I found him during the Dayton evolution trial "studying up" his Genesis for learned dissertations on inconsistencies in the accounts of creation. "Trouble with Bryan is," he said out of a clear sky one day, "he can always believe anything he wants to believe. Facts just don't interest him. He can even believe everything in Genesis all at once."

Indeed, in four years of close acquaintance, I have never yet found Old Man Barton at loss for an opinion on a consequential public issue, based on good critical faculties and well-digested general information, salted with wit, and cogently delivered.

Yet among contemporaries, social and



business acquaintances in the same city, I find nothing like it. Most of them are men—or women—of infinitely better educational advantages and of far more cosmopolitan social backgrounds than Old Man Barton. Here and there one of them talks well and convincingly of such public questions as directly affect his, or her, personal interests. But when events of a merely general connection intrude themselves in a conversation, after a round of apathetic and vaguely polite comments they are dismissed with an air of general agreement that such matters are no more interesting to sane adults than high-school algebra. The gentlemen, and the ladies, would rather, as a desperate alternative, discuss card tricks, or even literature.

"These young people who have been through high school and college think they've been taught everything," Old Man Barton frames the indictment. "So they figure they don't need to learn nothing any more, nor even to think. Us old-timers knew we didn't know much to start with, and so we've spent our lives mostly trying to study things out."

## II

I was skeptical, but, curiously enough, in a few days, came confirmation of a sort, right in the Barton family. The old man's grandson is the pride of the flock. Two years out of a state university, where he was made a Bachelor of Arts in salesmanship, this youth rejoices in the distinction of being the town's youngest proprietor of a motor-car agency. Immaculately groomed for a demonstration engagement, he dropped in one evening to show the family his Company's new 1926 model. The old man, as it happened, was deep in some shrewd observations on the war-debt question.

"Aw, what good will it do us if these frogs and wops do pay up?" the rising young Babbitt inquired disgustedly. "The grafters will get it all anyway. . . . Say, granddad," he went on amiably,

"why don't you cut the bull and take up golf?"

From a large round eye a-light with the salesman's professional jocoseness, he tipped me a wink. It was plain that he regarded his grandfather's interest in public affairs as a shameful confession of extreme old age and rather bad form to boot; but, being a tactful youth, he preferred to pass it off as a mild aberration, grotesquely amusing.

It was during the same week, I believe, that John Henry, the grandson, essayed to complain of prohibition and enlightened us as to his firm conviction—he wanted to bet on it—that that sorrowful régime was ordained by a corrupt popular vote at the same election which yielded a second term to President Wilson. When his grandfather mentioned President Wilson's veto of the Volstead Act and called the constitutional amendment process to his attention, he objected that we were "getting beyond his depth." And John Henry was off to the movies, thus serving polite notice that the privilege of "studying about" public questions is reserved for Nestors only.

## III

But once the Nestors were young, and American talk was different.

The country was new then, or relatively so. To-day's Nestors hardly knew Revolutionary veterans, but their fathers certainly did. The tradition was still strong in their early manhood that we had done a marvelous thing in wrenching ourselves free from European sovereignty and setting up a government on our own account. The mere existence of the republic was a perpetually exciting, almost a unique fact. From his first schoolroom onward—where that fact was dealt with rapturously by the schoolmistresses of the vaguest sort of constitutional learning—the future Nestor was encouraged to be self-conscious about his status as a citizen of this unique free republic.

So, whether he was plutocrat or day

laborer, our shiny, brand-new, and supposedly original institutions, and the whirr of their machinery as they went round, were fatally attractive to the average citizen's curiosity and emotions. Not as a matter of duty, but simply as a matter of irresistible fascination, he devoted to them almost all the powers of observation, speculation, and argument that he had left over from his business and domestic life. He watched politics, he thought politics; and his newspapers rated only the most shattering disasters, the most gruesome murders, as on a par with the discussion of minor political issues. In fact, the possibility has to be faced that the Nestors, and their ancestors of three generations, overdid it.

At any rate, the old-time American inevitably talked politics. It made little difference whether the issue was local, national, or international in scope, he was ready for it. Except for his private affairs, it was what he was most interested in, and having his say on it was as instinctive as having his breakfast. He talked politics to his friends because a full and subtle comprehension of individual political opinions, even when they sometimes clashed, was the surest bond of intimacy. He talked them with strangers because such talk was the easiest road to acquaintance without familiarities, and there was a subtly hospitable courtesy involved in introducing an inexhaustible and mutually interesting topic. He talked them at his enemies because strokes could be dealt in political controversies whose fine points did not have to be explained to the onlookers.

So it went from the excitement over the Washington foreign policies down to the free silver campaign of 1896. Issues, were, it is true, tremendously vital, often direct in their bearings on the individual, relatively untechnical. One could have plausible and more or less convincing opinions about our proper relation to the Napoleonic wars, the United States bank question, the long contest over states' rights and slavery, the problems

of finance and economic expansion which came with the generation after the Civil War, without being that offensive object in all informal neighborly discussions—the expert. But on the other hand, barring the complexities of the federal reserve banking system, the issues we have to-day are hardly more obscure or less intimate and consequential. The average man can surely think his way through to logical and more or less original conclusions on the questions of government regulation of private conduct and private business initiative; of disproportionate taxation; of American participation in world affairs—if he cares to take the trouble. The difference is that the old-time American did care.

So he shouted and marched in processions, and argued not only for Jackson, Lincoln, and Cleveland, but also for Hayes and Hancock, and for such amusingly uninspiring and uninspired statesmen as the presidents and presidential candidates of the '40s and '50s—surely no more seductive figures than the Coolidges and Davises of our day. So, as far back as the first decade of the constitution, he was sufficiently excited over issues to turn his theatrical entertainments, and occasionally his very religious gatherings, into demonstrations for and against the Federalist foreign policies, the alien and sedition acts, the Jeffersonian view of the rights of men. Down into a period remembered by middle-aged men, he was so enthralled by the political wisdom and personal idiosyncrasies of mere governors, congressmen, and state legislators that he would gladly discuss them for hours with his neighbors, and held the communication of his wisdom on these matters to be his first hospitable duty to strangers. Foreign observers found us unnecessarily concerned about political trifles and often wrote superciliously about it.

#### IV

Yet this over-concern had its good points. Opinions may have been more



biased in the nineteenth century than in the twentieth, but at least as a people we knew rather minutely what our governments, state and federal, were doing all the time, and we cared. We thought of the government as being intimately ourselves, and not an extraneous group of experts and political tricksters in Washington, and of irresponsible, fate-imposed federal policemen in our own bailiwicks.

Our constant argumentation probably changed few opinions in our unregenerate neighbors, but those neighbors were automatically forced to keep abreast of the information on their side in order to maintain it against us with an impressiveness satisfactory to their natural vanity. The information may have been partisan, but at least it was better than no information at all. Furthermore, we forced one another to a good deal more straight thinking on public affairs than probably came natural to us. The man who had the weak side of an argument may have stuck to it just to show that he could not be "influenced." But when the next issue came along he was more likely to choose, for his own safety at the country store conclave, the side on which was the greater wisdom.

Nor is it to be forgotten that a vast proportion of our political discussion was not controversial at all. It was simply the exchange of political information between friends who agreed. That was the best news of the day, its most interesting talk—better than gossip, more thrilling than sport—as important, even, as business. So it happened that men of only the slightest formal education, whatever their views, knew the great speeches of Calhoun and Webster and, later, those of Blaine and the Bryan of "free silver" days, almost paragraph by paragraph. And as far back as the 1790s, despite illiteracy, despite hopelessly inferior newspapers and the almost total absence of "journals of opinion," they had a keener sense of foreign policy and international politics than all but

one out of a thousand of our contemporaries seem to have of world affairs to-day. If information was often erroneous, it was because the sources of information were bad.

Interest, at least, drove Americans of the first century of the republic to absorb such information as they could get. To-day, with facilities for information unexcelled in history, one is confronted on every side with otherwise intelligent and agreeable people who have no information at all. And instead of interest, one is confronted with their blank apathy.

At the height of the 1924 presidential campaign, I overheard a rash elderly gentleman—not exactly a Nestor but obviously a voter before 1896—introduce politics into the general conversation of a Pullman smoking compartment on a train between Los Angeles and the East. Even I, who am scarcely venerable, can remember the time when to introduce politics in such a place was the surest known means of vitalizing the conversation indefinitely. And the old-fashioned person began it carefully with a shrewd analytical reference to the merits of the Coolidge-Mellon tax reform proposals.

Vacationists and prosperous salesmen, the company were all business men with the sole journalistic exception of myself. The problem the elderly person suggested intimately concerned all of them.

But this was all that happened.

"Yeah, Coolidge is a good man," one of the salesmen admitted.

"Davis is a good man, too," said a vacationist.

A long silence. The conversation was plainly ready to die of malnutrition.

"Yeah, the country'll be safe no matter which is elected," another salesman yawned with finality. Then, with an air of contributing some extraordinary wisdom, "Coolidge and Davis are both conservative."

Thus the company had paid its polite tribute to the Nestor's incomprehensible interest in these tiresome matters. The talk went back to comparisons of Cali-

fornia hotels and golf courses, and the boosting spirit of its various towns. When I left, the Nestor himself was repeating the "wise cracks" the driver of the sight-seeing bus in Los Angeles had made about San Francisco. His audience appeared delighted.

## V

One can tour the country to-day from coast to coast, from border to border, and scarcely hear public affairs mentioned above this languid key. Within the past twelve months I have traveled from San Francisco to Vermont and back by way of the Mexican border and the Middle West, and have checked up on friends who have made similar journeys. The unanimous impression is that by common consent public affairs have been dropped as an eligible subject for conversation among the so-called "average Americans" in their casual contacts. "The public," if such an expression properly denotes those who work at jobs which do not directly require an attention to public issues, apparently cares little more about them than it does about the politics of medieval Poland.

In the country store, the hotel lobby, the club, the Pullman smoker, the neighborhood drug shop, the friendly dinner party, one can start almost instantly a fairly shrewd and lively conversation about batting averages, golf scores, Jack Dempsey, Andy Gump, the cleverness of magazine advertisements, the vicissitudes of home-brewing and buying bootleg, the naughtiness of women's dress, the morals of "movie" stars, the social significance of "flappers." Where the air is not too thick with rancor and suspicion, the fundamentalist controversy and the Ku Klux Klan may arouse a little tall talking in their strictly theological and social significances. But mention public affairs in any more direct political sense, and the normal group responds with apathetic platitudes or bored cynicism—and a quick change of subject.

People are through with American-Japanese relations when the thoughtful sentiment has been uttered that we white races are the superior races and may some day have to show yellow persons where they get off.

When I came east last summer after several years on the Mexican border, the only individual who asked me shrewd questions as to how "that fellow Calles" was straightening out the affairs of the southern republic was a retired small-town merchant who will be eighty-five on his next birthday. Others were through with the subject when I had replied to their inquiries that real Mexicans were seldom like the "movie" version and that there were few good motor roads in the republic.

Similarly, one's fellow citizens are through with the League of Nations and the whole vital subject of our relation to post-war European developments when the group's first inspired "wise-cracker" has declared, "Aw, we voted to forget all that." It is not quite, perhaps, as though the war, with its temporary forcing of our attention upon international events and foreign policies, never happened. It is more as if we were adolescent students who had barely passed—or perhaps failed—a difficult and disagreeable course in a temperamentally uncongenial subject, and were now unanimously resolved to ease our wearied minds by dismissing the whole confusing business from memory. Indeed, the more one observes this instinct of "for God's sake, get Europe off our chests" functioning, the more it appears to explain the defeat of American affiliation with the League of Nations and the Harding administration's absurdly immaculate, but politically shrewd aloofness from that relatively harmless body. To-day, at any rate, the cogency of the constitutional arguments against League membership appears forgotten, but the "Aw, let's forget it" instinct continues to inspire the average American's sublime faith that the funding of the war debts is no more complicated a business,



economically, than collecting a one hundred dollar bank loan with the legal rate of interest.

It is in this universal insistence upon simplifying issues, when they are allowed to break into the discussion at all, that one finds perhaps the most striking sign of our new political decrepitude.

The old-time American was interested in the complexities of issues. They were his means of entrapping his enemies and of impressing his friends with his learning. Whichever his side was, he could sound and counter all the subtle constitutional notes in the states-rights' argument. He was at home among the syllogisms and the sophistries by which the cause of free silver was demonstrated and demolished. If this foreign debt question had arisen forty years ago, he would have been full of complicated economic theories and statistics, showing the effect of vast international money transactions on export and import trade and the prosperity of the nation. Not all, but an impressively large and articulate mass of voters would have been equal to the mental effort of acquiring an intricate view of the subject in order to reach conclusions which satisfied their consciences as being based on logic and a knowledge of the facts. Some of them would be deceived by propaganda information, and their thinking take on an intense and unattractive bias. But at least they were not afraid of the hard labor of thought.

But to-day between his (or her) interests in Freudian smatterings, carbureter efficiency, correspondence courses in personal efficiency, new niblicks, world's series prospects, service-club engagements, and bootlegging intrigues, the voter must rest that precious mind. Hence, if public affairs are going to ripple his interest at all, they must expect to do it in simplified form.

What time, he'd like to know, has Al Johnson—rising young real-estate agent with a big ad and sales campaign on for Boosterburg Heights, and chairman of the Shrine initiation committee, and

runner-up for the Country Club championship, and candidate for next year's Lions Club presidency, and trustee of the First Methodist church, and director of a new bank, the Y.M.C.A., and the municipal Boy Scouts' organization—to be digging into questions of foreign exchange and what the "frogs" and the "wops" can afford to pay us? Let the bankers and the exporters and the importers figure it out—they've got a stake in it. Let Cal Coolidge and Secretary Mellon, and Senator Blatt and Congressman Logroll attend to it; they're paid to. Let the highbrows sniff around at it; maybe that's their idea of a pleasant evening.

But if you force Al Johnson to express an opinion, he'll tell the world these foreign debts are like loaning Eddie Billheimer five thousand dollars on a second mortgage and damn well seeing that he keeps up his payments. And that is that, as Al will witheringly inform you if you try to "confuse the issue" with world-trade statistics. He'd rather tell you about the wild women he met on a party when he was out at Hollywood last month anyway.

Similarly, when Colonel Mitchell diverted some popular attention from a local bathing-beauty contest to the state of American aviation, I remember overhearing a few of the outstanding leaders on a certain Main Street dismiss the issue with declarations that Mitchell was an "ass" or that the war department must be run by "boobs." But of the possibility that there might be a vital and complicated question of national defense involved, of practical interest to every American, not a word. When the Dayton trial flourished, it was easy to hear personal denunciations of Messrs. Bryan and Darrow and their respective theologies. But, except for one stranger, an elderly relic of the past, who began an unsought but agreeable conversation with me in a bank lobby one day, there was hardly a sign that a typical and fairly well-educated American population of fifty thousand appreci-

ated the delicate issue of young Mr. Scopes' constitutional rights or cared to investigate them.

Going farther back into history, I recall a somewhat cynical patriot remarking with bored bitterness to two companions in a Pullman smoker that he had "seen where" the supreme court decision on the Oregon school law compelled all Catholics to send their children to the parochial schools. The other man answered, "Is that so? I didn't know that." In the same flat tone he might have received information that the bees in Ecuador produced more honey per head than those of Peru.

Thus are the issues of the republic simplified out of all relations to reality. And sometimes they appear to be simplified out of existence altogether. During the significant struggle over the ratification of the child labor amendment, I never, on my particular Main Street, heard the question mentioned. Old Man Barton was having his winter lumbago!

## VI

When the old man Bartons are all dead of their various ailments, will anybody but stigmatized "highbrows" ever discuss public affairs at all?

Surely no more ominous signs could be present than artificial efforts at resuscitation. When a man requires a pulmotor, his case is at least dangerous. When attention to public issues becomes a conscious "duty" to be performed only with the aid of organizations, "madame presidents," semi-monthly meetings and set programs with cinnamon toast afterward, the spontaneity which once made political discussion the republic's eighth lively art may be recognized as already a long way departed. Yet as public questions—barring prohibition which becomes more and more a private question of where and for how much can I get it—command less and less instinctive attention, the "current events circles" multiply. Chiefly among ladies of more or less maturity, it should be stated, for

if men and flappers prefer private personalities to public events, they at least have the honesty to admit it.

At any rate, the "circles" have multiplied sufficiently to make life more complicated than nature intended for those who follow public affairs as a matter of professional obligation. There come to mind the confessions made to me by a newspaper editor and a professor of modern history.

Both were approached with duly winning courtesy by the well-informed ladies in delegation. Of the professor they wished some references regarding the proposed Franco-German security pact. The professor spent an honest working day in the university library and emerged with a schedule of compact elementary reading on the Rhine frontier in military and diplomatic history since the Thirty Years War.

"Oh," said the delegation's spokesman in the second conference, "but I'm afraid you didn't understand what we're after at all. We just want a little something about this security business and world peace, and how much the women have done to help the cause—what is it they're trying to secure anyway?"

To the newspaper editor came the wife of a distinguished advertiser demanding what a middle-aged woman ought to know about the Tacna-Arica arbitration. The editor mastered that tangled subject as best he could in the intervals of guiding a local political scandal story, and presented his references.

"It's awfully good of you, but I haven't time to go into all that," the lady thanked him. "You see, I just want to get up and give a simple little talk about Pershing's being sent down there to settle this thing, and how charming he is, and how the Argentinians (sic) and the Chileans will do anything he says, because good manners mean so much in South America. . . . Now can't you just tell me some little story about General Pershing's manners, and I'll never bother you again?"

Scholarly New England, and the alert-



mind Middle West produced these two ladies, but from a Southern metropolis hailed the eager spinster who confessed to me, "Our Current Events Club is doing *so* much to broaden the women. Of course, we can't discuss controversial topics, so this quarter we're studying Eastern European costumes; but we know almost as much about politics as you men do already."

I told her I was sure of it.

## VII

For good or evil, this apathy and its absurdly artificial and ineffective counter-irritants are with us. How far do they indicate deterioration in the vital political fiber of the republic?

The prognosis is surely unfavorable, insofar as our languishing interest in public affairs and insistence upon kindergarten simplicity in their interpretation represent a tendency to let slogans and easy platitudes do duty for thought. In Old Man Barton's view, too many of us accept our college degrees and certificates of vague formal educations as excuse for going through life without "studying about" its political processes.

Insofar as we have permitted our institutions to become tiresome to us through familiarity; insofar as we cynically pronounce ourselves unable to shake off political incompetence and corruption whether interested or not; insofar as we let ourselves become afflicted with what Bryce called the "fatalism of the multitude" and evade all inquiry into public issues with the philosophy of "What's the use, let George do it while you and I talk about movie plots," we are approaching the borderline of unfitness for self-government. Insofar as we are trying to rest our lazy minds from the strain of trying to think internationally during the war, or are afraid that a too frank expression of our political views might now and then hurt us socially or in business, our grandparents ought to be ashamed of us,

and, when they are still living, usually are.

Yet these unadmirable motives hardly explain altogether our evasion of the subjects that once most fascinated us. Partly the exaggerated nature of that fascination must explain it. Politics were for a century an obsession with us. Raging and wrangling and whooping up unwarranted enthusiasms, we raised them, important as politics are, ridiculously above their due proportion. The nation, it is to be remembered, made a Homeric hero and colossal statesman out of Gen. William Henry Harrison. It found a commanding intellect in William McKinley. After such romantically imaginative achievements we might do worse for a generation than to silence the windy pomposities, the ill-informed sophistries of our constant political banter and argumentation, with the leer of high-powered cynicism.

Behind much of our apathy lurks a determination to put popinjay debaters and Main Street world statesmen in their places. There is no caustic for such persons like not finding an audience, and caustics are curative. Their worth is to be measured to-day in the apparently increasing number of Americans one meets who, though their reading may be sound and considerable, are slow and deferential about uttering political opinions in casual company because they are not sure of all the facts.

Nor are we necessarily subject to criminal charges for letting other interests temporarily crowd public issues out of the procession. For the time being we may overdo the other interests. They have that fascinating newness for us to-day which the institutions of the republic once had when they were new. But a people which has a wide variety of sports and wholesome amusements to discuss, which has more books, more æsthetic and artistic interests than ever before, even if these be on the tawdry level of Mr. Harold Bell Wright and the more sensational movies; a people which has a constantly keener interest in the

human individuality and its problems even if this is sometimes to be measured by the debasement of psychoanalysis in the lower form of popular magazines—such a people surely is better on the way to learn what its business on earth is than a people for whom political “rag-chewing” and doctrinaire constitutionalism were the sole conversational diversions besides “shop” and domestic gossip. Certainly such a people is not in the throes of intellectual decadence.

Nevertheless, a degree of political apathy we have now with us, perhaps greater than at any period in our history. If less than half our eligible voters were at the polls in 1920 and barely half at the election of 1924, the fact that nothing in their daily human contacts had fired them to any political interest must be held primarily responsible. Of those who did go, how many, during these

campaigns of subtle and complex bearing upon the future of the republic, were ever forced to defend their views against shrewd and vigorous opposition, or encouraged to formulate them in any constructive fullness among friends? Probably but an insignificant fraction of those who in 1896 and 1856 met such tests with gallantry and virile delight, and to the improvement of their mental resources and the character of their citizenship.

The danger is, that our apathy of to-day may become a fixed habit. We can breed up generations of slackers of democracy as easily as the other kind—perhaps more easily. Something of the old instinctive sense of the vitality of our institutions and of the citizen's intimate and individual relation to them must return, or we are likely to do it.

## BUTTERCUP DAYS

BY A. A. MILNE

**W**HERE is Anne?  
     Head above the buttercups,  
 Walking by the stream,  
     Down among the buttercups.  
 Where is Anne?  
 Walking with her man,  
 Lost in a dream,  
     Lost among the buttercups.

*What has she got in that little brown head?  
 Wonderful thoughts which can never be said.  
 What has she got in that firm little fist of hers?  
 Somebody's thumb, and it feels like Christopher's.*

*Where is Anne?  
 Close to her man,  
 Brown head, gold head,  
     In and out the buttercups.*





# THE NURSE

A STORY

BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS

**T**HERE is a curious institution, widely distributed, called the waiting room. You will find specimens almost everywhere, in railroad stations, in hotels, in department stores, and in business offices of every description. The waiting room is a fearful thing. At best it offers boredom, and at the worst it is a place where one sits through minutes that seem interminable, filled with apprehension or with despair.

Millie had had some experience of waiting rooms, and she dreaded them. She had been sitting in this particular waiting room at the employment agency for three days. She was a little woman, one of those women whose appearance suggests that they have been wrung dry by the torque and torsion of their own emotions; a little woman thin and taut and just now curiously tremulous. She was probably about forty-five years old and she sat among the others without taking any part in the occasional passages of conversation among them. She seemed to be unconscious of their presence, and her eyes, inflamed and weary, looked blankly straight before her. And sometimes, for no apparent reason, they became suffused with tears; not merely misted with moisture, but drowned in a swimming, drenching flood which flowed over her lids and down her dry cheeks until she remembered to wipe away these evidences of the grief which racked her.

On her first day, when she had tried to talk with a prospective employer, she had been unable to control her voice;

and her eyes had thus gushed tears till the other woman said impatiently:

"Well, I certainly don't want you if you're the crying kind," and turned away.

Millie had then been rather relieved than disappointed. She always dreaded this necessity of seeking new employment while she was still in the throes of her latest loss. So she sat all that day and the next and into the third. And whenever it appeared that she must talk with one of those who came here seeking servants, she averted her eyes, weakly endeavoring to avoid attracting their notice, willing to put off the inevitable adventure of new employment.

But on the third day she found herself replying in a dull voice to the questions put to her by a woman, perhaps thirty years old, who introduced herself by a name which Millie scarcely heard. She was not interested in the names of her mistresses; she had had so many of them. They were a shadowy procession in the background of her life, those in the past no more definite in her mind than those who waited for her in the future. This woman's name might have been Smith or Brown. It happened to be Mrs. Jones.

Millie answered her questions in a dull and lifeless tone, telling as impersonally as though she spoke of someone else what her life had been. She had been a baby nurse since she was seventeen years old. It would be hard to pack into one sentence a more tragic biography. A woman who has loved one baby and lost it wears forever after in

her eyes the mark of her grief like a pale flower. But Millie had been condemned by life to love many babies and to lose them all.

Mrs. Jones asked question upon question, but Millie asked only one. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A little girl," Mrs. Jones replied, and Millie's ravaged face seemed to lighten faintly at the word.

"I always like the girls best," she confessed.

They arranged for Millie to come the next morning to take the place, and Millie was for the rest of that day a little more cheerful. Her aching grief found anodyne in the prospect of having another baby to love.

There is hardly another ordeal comparable to that of entering the home of strangers and finding yourself there at once an alien, an outsider, liable to instant dismissal, and at the same time in such an intimate relation to the life of the family as that held by the baby nurse. Millie was still sick with sorrow over the loss of her last baby, a loss as irrevocable and a grief as poignant as though the baby had died. But she had no more tears, and she entered this new household, hiding her misery behind a stony countenance.

Mrs. Jones was a friendly, kindly young woman, competent, sure of what she wanted, and at once firm and conciliatory. She was just out of the hospital, and there was still a trained nurse in the house. The little girl who was to be Millie's baby now was about six weeks old.

"Her name is Joan," Mrs. Jones explained to Millie. "This is her room, and you will use this bathroom, and you can keep her things on these shelves, and you will sleep here across the hall."

Millie, with every desire in the world to conciliate her new mistress, nevertheless found herself saying in an exacting tone:

"I always want to sleep in the room

with my babies, so I can hear them in the night."

Mrs. Jones nodded willingly enough.

"If you prefer, that is quite all right," she assented. "I will have a cot put in here for you; but I think by the time Joan is three months old we can give up her night feedings altogether. We did with Johnnie."

Millie had already seen Johnnie, the son of the house, about six years old and a lively youngster. Although she had an infinite and understanding tenderness for little babies, she had long since learned that when they grew old enough to walk and to talk they began to escape from her. She knew that she could not, as the saying is, "get along with older children"; and she asked Mrs. Jones now:

"Do you want I should take care of Johnnie too?"

"He can dress himself," Mrs. Jones said proudly. "And he sleeps all night, and he has breakfast and lunch with us. Charles gives him his supper, and he goes to bed before our dinner. I will want you to keep his room in order; but you won't have much to do with him."

"I like to give all my time to my baby," Millie explained, and Mrs. Jones agreed:

"You'll have very little else to do."

The trained nurse left the next day, and Millie threw herself at once into the interminable routine of petty tasks which the care of a small baby brings in its train. Mrs. Jones had been unable to nurse the child more than two weeks, so that Joan was already on the bottle. Millie roused at about half-past five every morning, heated the first bottle over the small electric plate in the bathroom, and held it while Joan absorbed its contents. Afterwards the baby slept for an hour or more, while Millie had time to dress, to have her breakfast in the kitchen with Charles and Laura, and to do some of the enormous amount of washing which had to be done every day. At eight o'clock she took Joan up and bathed her.



Another bottle, another sleep, another waking and another bottle, fresh clothing, and so to sleep again. Thus the recurring days.

In the care of Joan, Millie was perfectly and passionately happy; but not in her other relations. From the beginning she disliked young Johnnie so definitely that at times her feeling amounted to hatred. He was, of course, disorderly, and even though she might be tired and her back might be aching, it was necessary for her to busy herself about his room, forever putting back in their places things which he as continually threw into confusion again. Also, he was noisy, and whenever his shrill voice was upraised she expected him to wake Joan; and if she was near enough, she always tried to command him to silence. But the second or third time this occurred, Mrs. Jones reproved her.

"You must expect Johnnie to be noisy, Millie," she told the nurse.

"He'll wake my baby," Millie jealously retorted.

Mrs. Jones smiled a little, and said, "I'm afraid we're a noisy household. Joan will have to get used to living with us. You mustn't keep hushing Johnnie. After all, he has his rights as well as Joan."

Millie was silenced, because she knew by experience that those considerations which seemed to her so overwhelming would have no weight with her mistress; and her position was weak, since Joan was from the first a sound sleeper, quite undisturbed by anything that went on in the big house. But the fact that Joan never did waken could not prevent Millie's being constantly afraid she would, and a remonstrance at Johnnie's noise was forever on the tip of her tongue.

There were many other disturbing sounds in the house, and they all jarred on her taut nerves; so that after each burst of laughter, or cry, or concussion of a slamming door, she would sit tensely listening for long seconds, expecting a

wail of distress from the room where Joan was sleeping.

It did not matter what the source of these noises might be, she resented them all equally. When Johnnie was to blame she was furious; and when older folk were responsible her anger was even more intense. One night two guests came in to dinner and, since the weather was bad, Mr. and Mrs. Jones insisted that they stay over night. When the four of them came upstairs to go to bed, there was a good deal of talking and laughing in the halls; and Millie's anger overcame her prudence so that she put on her dressing gown, and—an absurd little figure with her small braid hanging between her shoulders—she came out into the hall and faced them with burning eyes, and said sharply:

"Joan has just gone to sleep. You'll have to keep quiet. I can't have her waked up now."

Mr. Jones himself replied sternly, "She never wakes, Millie. And even if she did, she cannot expect us to go whispering about the house all the time." He was a large man, his very bulk impressive, and Millie hated him as much as she feared him. But she dared make no reply and retreated to her own room full of bitter rage.

She soon found herself involved in continual discord with Charles, the house man who did the chores and served the meals, and with Laura, his wife, the cook. Millie had her meals with them in the kitchen, and it seemed to her that they were extravagant in their use of electricity and gas, and that they wasted food. The great love which she always gave her babies left in her nothing but angry resentment at the rest of the world; and, although she knew from experience that only trouble could come from any altercation between her and the other servants, she was unable to refrain from criticizing their methods to them and to Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Jones at first received these reports without comment; but the situation became more and more acute

until she was compelled at last to silence Millie and to bid her attend to her own work and let the others attend to theirs.

"You are here to take care of Joan, Millie," she said definitely. "I do not ask you to supervise Charles and Laura. That is my business. They do their work and you do yours, and what they do or how they do it does not concern you."

Millie, knowing the danger in such a course, nevertheless could not refrain from a protesting word. "I can't have them wasting electric light the way they do," she said stridently. And Mrs. Jones replied:

"If you can't be happy here, Millie, you are perfectly free to go at any time; but I will not have you interfering with the other servants."

Millie made no reply. At this word, this suggestion of her leaving, she had been struck with such stark terror that she could not speak. At this time she had been only about two months in the Jones household. In the normal course of events she might expect to stay until Joan was two years old, and there was always a chance that another baby might appear in the meantime to prolong her sojourn. To leave now, while Joan was still small, would be to lose her baby; and she could not bear to contemplate that possibility. Already Joan had ascended to that throne in her heart which so many babies had occupied before. They had become shades, shadows of lost loved ones in the background of her thoughts; but Joan was alive, actual, twelve or fourteen pounds of substantial, tangible, sweet flesh; and she began already to know Millie, to look forward to her appearances, and to respond to her caresses and endearments with wide and toothless smiles.

This is the tragedy of the baby nurse, that she loves her baby so completely that she will endure anything human flesh can endure, rather than be separated from her charge. Millie would go to any length to avoid this catastrophe; and that afternoon, in a desperate de-

sire to placate Mrs. Jones and to ameliorate the impatience which the other might be feeling, she made a cup of tea and took it up to her mistress with an apologetic word.

"I thought you might like it," she explained.

And Mrs. Jones thanked her, and the world was thereafter for a while serene.

Millie's life during the next few months was a succession of irritating incidents from which she found escape in the hours she spent with the baby. Joan now slept less. Her night feedings had been abandoned. She had bottles four times a day; and from about seven o'clock in the morning till the ten o'clock bottle, and from the two o'clock bottle until that which she had at six, she was awake. In the morning Millie brought her downstairs to sit in the dining room while Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Johnnie had their breakfast. In the afternoon she took the baby for a walk in her perambulator and stayed away from the house, when the weather was fair, as late as it was possible, reveling in the long hours alone with Joan. But she could not always be with her baby, and in her relations with Charles and Laura and with Johnnie there were continual irritations.

Between her and Charles there was a continuing feud. Charles was devoted to Johnnie, and he so contrived his time as to be able to help the little boy dress in the morning and undress at night. The two were boon companions. But Millie hated Johnnie, and he returned this feeling not with hatred, because he was too young to feel that passion, but with resentment of her attentions and with an inclination to become fretful and angry at her ministrations. She hated Johnnie; but the fact that he welcomed Charles and liked to be with the man aroused in Millie an infuriating jealousy. Sometimes she and Charles became involved in arguments as to the simple business of keeping Johnnie's room in order; and it seemed to Millie



that Charles encouraged Johnnie to rebel at her authority and to be impudent to her.

One morning when she brought Joan to the dining room she had had such a passage with the man, and it had so wrought upon her nerves that she was in tears. When she came in, Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Johnnie were already at the table; and she burst out in explosive complaint, hating herself for doing it, knowing the risk she ran, yet unable to control her tongue. With tears streaming down her face she cried:

"Mrs. Jones, I want you to tell Johnnie that he isn't to talk back to me the way he does."

Mrs. Jones said quietly, "We'll discuss that by and by, Millie."

"He won't do anything I tell him to," Millie insisted. "And him and Charles just laugh at me."

Charles, coming in just then with the coffee, was driven to self-defense.

"Johnnie's all right, Mrs. Jones," he said stoutly. "She won't let him alone. She don't understand boys. I can take care of Johnnie all right if she'd just leave him alone."

Mrs. Jones said decisively, "That will do, Charles!"

"Yes, ma'am," Charles agreed and left the room.

But Millie, unutterably exasperated, cried again, "Johnnie's got to be made to behave, ma'am."

Mrs. Jones repeated, "We'll discuss that later, Millie!"

And Millie, though she was almost beside herself with weeping rage, felt the menace in the other's tone and left the room.

After her husband had gone, Mrs. Jones summoned Millie and said to her steadily:

"You are not to do such a thing as that again, Millie. I don't want Mr. Jones bothered by anything that goes on at home. If you have anything to say to me, wait until he has gone and come to me quietly."

Millie cried, "Well, I can't stand the way Johnnie treats me."

"Hereafter," Mrs. Jones told her, "you need have no contact with Johnnie except to keep his room in order. Charles will take care of him, and I am sure you will get along all right if you avoid trouble with Johnnie or with Charles."

"I can't stand it," Millie cried.

"If you can't be happy here with us," Mrs. Jones told her, "I would rather you did not stay. I don't want anyone in the house who is unhappy."

The words struck Millie with a sobering effect, as though Mrs. Jones had dashed cold water in her face. They silenced her utterly, and drove her from the room to fight down all that day her desperate fear. That afternoon she made Mrs. Jones another cup of tea.

She thought Joan the most beautiful of babies and she thought of Joan always as her baby, and Joan seemed to Millie to feel that Millie was her whole world, too. When Millie came to her in the morning, even before the nurse entered the room Joan was apt to begin to crow with delight at her coming. And when Millie bathed her, changed her garments, talked to her in that cheering, reassuring tone which, no matter what her own mood, she was always able to summon for Joan, Joan fairly wriggled with delight. When in the morning it came time for Mr. Jones to go to town and Millie was summoned to take the baby, Joan always came to her eagerly. And sometimes when either Mr. or Mrs. Jones offered to take the baby from Millie, Joan would laugh aloud, and throw her arms around Millie's neck and snuggle her face into the nurse's shoulder as though it were a game which she played.

Millie used to nurse the memory of these scenes, and to tell herself over and over that Joan loved her more than she loved either her father or her mother; and thus thinking, she would hug Joan with a fierce tenderness full of passion. At such times Joan chuckled and babbled with delight as though these ferocious

caresses were delightful to her. Millie reveled in these hours when she had Joan to herself, the rest of the world apart. But at those moments when she perceived that Joan had passed from one of the phases of babyhood to another, abandoning one little trick for the next, Millie felt a poignant alarm at the approach of the time when Joan would no longer be a baby at all and so would escape from her.

She stifled these forebodings, clinging to the present, refusing to consider the future, blinding herself to the inevitable end of all this happiness, insistently declining to look forward to the day when—one way or another—she would lose this baby, whom she loved, as she had lost so many before. Yet these fears, though they were stifled, had their effect upon her; her furtive dread sharpened her tongue, and she found herself saying and doing irritating things. At such moments she was full of regret, regret not so much because of what she had done as because by such actions she laid herself open to dismissal, ran the risk of losing Joan. And afterwards she would seek to make amends, throwing herself into her work with new zeal, seeking tasks outside her appointed duties, paying her mistress small attentions, bringing her a potted plant, making a dress for Joan, or serving Mrs. Jones a cup of tea in the afternoon.

Thus her life was a succession of crimes and repentances, a series of passions each followed by fearful remorse. And there were days, occasionally weeks, when she held such a rigid bridle upon her tongue that her silence made her seem sulky; and there were other days when the check which she kept upon herself slipped, and she loosed in bitter words the blind and venomous anger which she felt against the whole world.

Once or twice she caught herself talking to Charles and Laura of Mr. and Mrs. Jones in terms frankly slanderous, and for days thereafter she was full of bitter and terrified self-reproach, moving cautiously, watching the demeanor of

her mistress for any sign that her words had been reported, shrinking with fear of the destruction she had invited. She was her own worst enemy and she knew this as well as anyone, but it became more and more difficult for her to keep a curb upon her tongue.

As Joan approached her first birthday, half a dozen influences combined to produce a cumulative nervous strain which Millie found more and more tormenting. For one thing the baby was maturing. Millie had wished to keep her as long as possible completely helpless and dependent, so she had prisoned her in her crib or in her perambulator, and Joan had not yet learned to creep. But Mrs. Jones at last insisted that Millie put the baby on the floor for an hour or two a day, to exercise those muscles which were ready to assume their functions.

The result was an increasingly rapid development of Joan's powers. She set herself to the task of learning to manipulate her small body with a persistency as deliberate as though she were quite conscious of what she did. And she would sit up on the floor, pull herself forward over her legs until she lay on her face, push herself back up to a sitting posture again, pull herself forward once more and roll on her back, and from this position again push herself up until she was sitting erect, following this routine over and over as though she had been set these tasks to do. She began also to exercise her voice, no longer in the meaningless outcries of infancy, but trying different tones, now shrill, now guttural; and some of these utterances assumed a form suggestive of speech, till it was easy to imagine she was trying to say something.

Millie had cared for so many babies that she knew what these signs portended. She knew that Joan would soon escape from her ministering care, and this knowledge oppressed her dreams.

The nurse was also at this time under



an increased physical strain. Mrs. Jones was planning a birthday party for Joan, to which half a dozen other babies, a little younger or a little older, would be invited. Millie decided to make a dress which Joan should wear on that occasion; and into this work she threw all her energies, spending upon it every hour not directly devoted to Joan herself, working at it in the early morning, at moments snatched during the day, and late at night when she might better have been asleep. The result was that she was tired almost all the time, and this weariness served to break down in large and larger measure her self-control, till she was in continual conflict within herself, fighting to stifle the resentment which she felt against those among whom her life was cast.

There had long existed between her and Charles a state of open warfare; and this was brought to something like a crisis one evening when Mr. and Mrs. Jones had gone out to dinner. Charles, as he liked to do on such occasions, had put the young son of the house to bed. Millie was moved by some blind and senseless impulse, after Charles had gone downstairs, to get Johnnie up again and insist upon giving him a bath.

The little boy felt the injustice of this. "I don't want to take a bath," he cried.

"You're dirty," Millie told him. "You ought to be ashamed to go to bed as dirty as you are; and Charles ought to be ashamed to let you. Now you come right along into the bathroom and Millie will give you a nice bath."

"I had a bath this morning," Johnnie insisted bitterly. "I'm not going to take a bath now."

Millie's tone was soothing, yet there was in it at the same time something acidly venomous.

"Come right along," she retorted. "There's no use fussing. You've got to have a bath the way Millie says."

Johnnie still resisting, she undertook to compel him; but the result was such an outcry that Charles heard and came

swiftly upstairs, and there followed a bitter altercation between the two servants, Johnnie clinging to Charles for protection, Millie reduced to a state of blind and incoherent frenzy.

But there was no way she could carry her point, since Charles was quite obviously the physical master of the situation. She surrendered because she had to surrender; but the episode remained in her mind and accentuated the developing enmity between her and Charles to such a point that the least incident was sufficient to set them into open wrangling. Millie, out of necessity, ate in the kitchen with Charles and Laura, and it is not to be wondered at that under the circumstances she had no relish for her meals, and her digestion suffered.

Yet still she tried desperately to control herself, to avoid giving further offense to her mistress in any way. But the very desperation of her efforts in this direction led her into error. Millie's greatest virtue had always been that she gave her babies perfect care; but now, once and then again, she was guilty of negligence even toward Joan. The first occasion followed a night when she had worked late upon the dress for Joan's birthday party, and her resultant weariness made her oversleep the hour for the morning bottle. The baby awoke and cried, and Millie did not even hear till Mrs. Jones came to her door. Millie's bitter self-reproach translated itself into anger against her mistress. She said sharply:

"You don't have to come after me. I heard her. She's all right to cry a little while. I'll get to her in a minute. You can't expect me to keep on the run all the time."

Mrs. Jones hesitated, as though to control her voice, but she only said:

"You had better take her up now, Millie. I don't want her to cry when it isn't necessary," and turned away.

The final incident occurred one afternoon when she was about to take Joan out for a ride in her perambulator.

Joan was by this time more and more vigorous and active, and when Millie put her in the baby carriage she did not buckle the safety strap sufficiently tight. She went back into the house to get her own hat and coat and while she was gone Joan, wriggling this way and that, managed to twist herself till she was hanging half out of the carriage and forthwith began to scream with fright and despair.

As luck would have it, Charles heard her and ran out from the kitchen in time to avoid any serious result from the mishap. But Millie also had heard Joan crying and was only a second behind Charles; and the fact that he had interfered seemed to her so bitter a wrong that she upbraided him violently.

"Take your hands off my baby," she cried in a shrill and exasperated voice. "I won't have you touching her. I won't have you bothering her."

Charles said sternly, "It's lucky I did touch her. She'd have bumped her head. You ought to take more care the way you buckle her in."

"I don't need any man to tell me how to take care of babies," Millie screamed at him. "You get back into your kitchen, you scullery maid."

Charles laughed shortly. "Hard names never hurt anybody," he retorted. "If they did, I could think up one or two myself."

But the fact that he stood his ground, as though passing judgment upon the manner in which she now bestowed Joan in the perambulator, whetted Millie's anger to a pitch near delirium; and when Mrs. Jones, attracted by the sound of the nurse's shrill and frenzied voice, came to the door, Millie was in a perfect paroxysm of fury.

The result of this culminating incident was her dismissal.

"If you can't control yourself," Mrs. Jones said in a tone of finality, "I can't let you be about Joan any longer. I'm sorry, Millie, but you will have to go. I'll have a taxi come for you at three this afternoon."

Millie cried all that day, not silently, but with wild and explosive sounds, the tears streaming from her eyes. She at first accepted her dismissal without argument, but when Mrs. Jones insisted upon bathing Joan herself, and told Millie to go to her room and pack her things, the old woman for the first time fully realized that sentence had been passed upon her. Her agony of spirit was like that of a man condemned to death; and when Joan was asleep—for even now Millie would not do anything calculated to disturb the routine of the baby's life—the nurse went to Mrs. Jones' room and sought to bring about a change in the other's decision. Her abject grief, the craven pleadings to which in the end she was at last driven, worked upon her mistress intolerably; and there was a moment when one of these women was almost as unhappy as the other. But although she perceived how much of a tragedy this was to Millie, Mrs. Jones had made her decision and was strong enough to hold to it.

"I've only kept you so long," she said, "because you've been so good to Joan. You're a good nurse, Millie, but you're a most uncomfortable person to have around. If you would learn to be civil and to attend to your own affairs, you'd avoid so much trouble. I've made up my mind. I'll have to let you go."

Millie left the house in mid-afternoon. As her belongings were being packed into the taxi-cab which Mrs. Jones had summoned, she wept unbearably, and Mrs. Jones could not refrain from asking:

"Where do you plan to go, Millie?"

Millie said desperately, "I'll go somewhere. I don't know where."

"Shall I send you to a hotel till you can get another place?" Mrs. Jones suggested, and Millie shook her head.

"No," she replied. And she named a woman whom she knew and said, "I'll go to her house for a day or two."

When she said good-by to Joan she tried to control herself. She had dried



her eyes and she fought to achieve the smile and the soothing and agreeable tone which she always used to the baby. Mrs. Jones had Joan in her sitting room on the second floor, and Millie went in there, and Joan saw her enter and lifted both arms in an appeal to be taken up from the floor. Millie picked her up, pouring out upon her that meaningless flood of words which Joan always found so delightful, while Mrs. Jones watched the two unhappily.

After a moment Millie said:

"I'll not be here for her birthday party."

"You might like to come in that afternoon," Mrs. Jones suggested; but Millie shook her head, and the tears burst from her eyes.

"I left a dress for her on my bed," she explained. "I've been making it the last month."

"She shall wear it," Mrs. Jones assured her, unable to feel anything but pity for the little old woman, and fighting for strength to maintain her decision that Millie must go.

Joan was pounding at Millie's face with her small hands, and Millie for a moment forgot Mrs. Jones, turning her attention to the baby again. "Good-by," she said. Joan wrinkled her nose and screamed with delight, and as she slapped Millie's cheeks the tears splashed under her hands. "I'm sorry I'm going, Joan," Millie told the baby. And Joan crowed, and Millie turned to Mrs. Jones and said:

"Take her."

Mrs. Jones held out her arms to the baby, but Joan had played that game before, and she knew what was expected of her. She laughed gleefully, threw her arms around Millie's neck, and snuggled her face into the nurse's shoulder; and Millie gave a little gasping cry and turned abruptly and set Joan down upon the floor and fled from the room. Only in the doorway she paused for a moment to turn and look back and to say over and over:

"I'm so sorry, Joan. I'm so sorry.

Millie's so sorry. Good-by, Joan. Good-by."

She stood there a moment longer, drenched in tears; and Joan, sobered by this spectacle, stared at her in perplexity and waved a small hand in a doubtful way.

"Yes, yes," Millie gasped. "Yes, Joan! Bye bye!"

So she waved an answering hand; then turned and fled, blind and stumbling, toward where the taxi waited at the door.

A waiting room is a fearful place. Millie had had some experience of waiting rooms and she dreaded them. She had been sitting in this particular waiting room at the employment agency for three days; a little woman, thin and taut, and just now curiously tremulous. Her eyes, inflamed and weary, looked blankly straight before her. And sometimes, for no apparent reason, they became suffused with tears; not merely misted with moisture, but drowned in a swimming, drenching flood which flowed over her lids and down her dry cheeks until she remembered to wipe away these evidences of the grief which racked her.

On the third day she found herself replying in a dull voice to the questions put to her by a woman who introduced herself by a name which Millie scarcely heard. She was not interested in the names of her mistresses; she had had so many of them. This woman's name might have been Brown or Jones. It happened to be Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Smith asked question upon question, but Millie asked only one.

"Is the baby a boy or a girl?"

"A little girl," Mrs. Smith replied. And Millie's ravaged face seemed to lighten faintly at the word.

"I like little girls best," she confessed.

They arranged for Millie to come next morning; and Millie was for the rest of that day a little more cheerful. Her aching grief found anodyne in the prospect of having another baby to love.



# ENGLISH POTS AND AMERICAN KETTLES

A STUDY IN MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING

BY FRANK SWINNERTON

ADVOCATES of Anglo-American friendship seem to me as a rule to do more harm than good by their arguments. If they are Americans they are too Anglophil for their brethren. If they are English they imply either that the English covet American wealth, or that England is politically and financially in such extremity that without American aid she will perish. I hope I shall not give such false impressions. My own view is that the English and the Americans (I use that order for euphony's sake, and say "English" rather than "British" because I am an Englishman) ought to be friends, but that in all matters of business and politics they should refrain from asking or expecting sentimental treatment. I want the Americans to "see America first," and the English to mind their own affairs. I also want them not to worry as much as some of them now do about what is said in English papers about Americans, and what is said in American papers about the English. A large number of the complimentary references are what the young person in "The Yeoman of the Guard" called "mere politeness to comparative strangers"; most of the unfavorable comments are rubbish. Both England and America have hundred per cent patriots whose chief work it is to create enmity by foolish bellowing; and, as far as I can tell, the hundred per cent patriot in any country is usually a half-breed with a sense of national inferiority which has reached the borders of hysteria.

Before I come to a discussion of the

difficulties of Anglo-American friendship, let me briefly explain what I mean by friendship. And also let me give my reasons for wishing friendship to subsist between the Americans and the English. Some of these last are common reasons, already urged *ad nauseam*; others are personal. Friendship, for me, must be based upon mutual confidence. And it must be based upon self-respecting admiration for the other person or persons. The liking may be thereafter expressed in as warm, as emotional, or as undemonstrative a manner as the parties please. But confidence and admiration for qualities outside one's own range are, to my thinking, essential to friendship, whether it is between individuals or between nations. Have the English and the Americans that requisite respect, that requisite admiration for each other? Can they go forward to like and trust each other? A very brilliant English friend of mine says that the Americans despise the English. Most of my American friends seem, upon the other hand, to regard the English as insufferably haughty towards Americans. If one or other of these two opinions is indeed true, then friendship between the two nations is impossible. I think neither is true.

The reasons I should give for Anglo-American friendship may be expressed thus. We are coming more and more to a comprehension of the fact that just as, with human beings as individuals, to know all is to pardon most, so with large aggregations of human beings an essen-



tial factor in the search for world peace is mutual understanding between the nations. If national jealousies are to continue, then national animosities must be perpetual. Therefore, national jealousies must be combatted by us all, by every possible method. The first and only true method is that honest dealing which begets friendship; and between two of the great nations, as far as I can see, there is no barrier to honest dealing. America and England, whatever their differences, are the two existing nationalities which have most in common. Both are fundamentally and incurably Puritan in morals. Both—whatever the world may say—are disinterested to a degree which I believe to be unknown elsewhere. An individual American, like an individual Englishman, wishes to do right for right's sake, and not merely for his own advantage. He believes that honesty is not only the best policy but the other person's due. In spite of innumerable acts to which an adverse critic could no doubt call attention, I think that the governments of both nations share this spirit of disinterestedness as far as their responsibilities allow. Governments cannot be as unselfish as individuals, because upon their choice depends the safety and well-being of the state itself. But British and American governments in general legislation can proceed only in accord with the public opinion of their own countries, and it is to such public opinion, rather than to outside opinion, that they listen first of all. This is the democratic idea, and both countries are democracies.

So much for the obvious reasons. I will now come to one which may provoke derision, but which I regard as of the deepest importance. In general attitude of mind, and particularly in the faculty of humorous self-criticism, the two nations stand alone. To both, the weapon of pure ridicule is common. It is not the scathing ridicule of the German cartoonists; not the witty sarcasm of the French, or the serious scorn of the Italians; but it has a teasing quality

peculiar to itself. Neither Americans nor English, whatever the exceptions, seem to me to be primarily witty—the Puritanism in both nations would probably prevent that; but they are both humorous. They make fun. They make fun of pretentiousness and of vanity and humbug in themselves as no other nations are in the habit of doing. They are more afraid of seriousness than they are of death, and so they joke in the face of despair. There may be individual humbugs (as there must be individual cowards), each with thousands of gullible patrons; there may be many hundreds of solemn fools in the countries of England and the states of America; but in the large view these hundreds are negligible. We are dealing with a national trait, and the facts are as I have said. Hence the oddness which men of other countries find in the English and the Americans. It is an oddness which the French, for example, are continuously at a loss to explain. To them ridicule is a political weapon, and not a moral purge. When Mark Twain wrote that the English were mentioned in the Bible, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," he was making a joke, and an ironic comment, which only the English and the Americans could appreciate. Men of all other countries would see the irony, and miss the joke. I will say nothing about the bond of spoken and written language which exists between the two nations, because one can misunderstand one's next-door neighbor, whose language is indistinguishable from one's own; but will say only that they have the same spiritual language. Apart from high dignitaries, the peoples use ridicule as their chief weapon. They are both shrewd and simple-minded. They are the two nations whose politics are interpenetrated with morals. They are both philistine nations which have produced and will ever produce great poets, great prose writers, and great artists. Not, perhaps, musicians of the first class; and certainly not academic critics. They

ought to be able to understand each other.

But what difficulties there are in the way of such understanding! In the first place the characteristic of shyness. In the American this takes the form of over-sensitiveness to the opinion of others; in the Englishman, of stony silence. Then there is the traditional American and there is the traditional Englishman. The traditional American (for the English) is a lanky yellow-faced man with a goatee beard, who says, "Wa-al, I guess," and spits everywhere. He has a drawl and a nasal whine, has a six-shooter at his hip, and is always bluffing, particularly at poker. The traditional Englishman (for the American) wears a monocle, Dundreary whiskers, is exceedingly supercilious, talks with a "Bah Jove" affectedness, has no sense of humor, and is a thoroughly objectionable cad. So much for tradition. In England we now have a picture of Americans as very pale, long-faced men, with prominent teeth, who measure everything by its cost in thousands of dollars, who try to look shrewd and wise by means of tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses, who try to appear shrewd and wise by speaking very slowly and as if they chewed every word; of shrill-voiced women, also with tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses, who speak loudly of "Noo Yoik," and of the deficiencies of the English, their homes, and their climate; and who are in constant trouble with the pronunciation of words such as "Savoy," "Cadogan," etc. In America there is a picture of an Englishman who is completely incomprehensible in speech, is whiskerless but still monocled, still supercilious, who is ill-bred in face of every kindness shown him, looks everywhere for defects, is bored and disgusted, and who patronizes America for the sake of what money he can take away from her. Readers of this essay will know how false is the conventional English idea of an American. As to the Englishman—when I was in America two years ago a man who had attended

one of my lectures came after me as I was leaving the hall, and said, "Mr. Swinnerton. I just want to shake hands with you, and to say that, like all the other Englishmen I've met, you're not a bit like an Englishman."

Now I am going to make an admission. There *are* Englishmen who strongly resemble the popular American idea of an Englishman. There are monocled, supercilious, insufferable Englishmen. There are supercilious, insufferable Englishwomen. There! The admission is made! I love England, and after long experience of all classes of them I think it would be hard to beat the English for lovable qualities. I returned to England two years ago after an absence in America of four months, and, although I had been as happy as possible in America I was, in seeing my home again, deeply stirred at one thought. It was that men of my own kin, my own country, setting out long since from this tiny island in a corner of the earth, should have made their land so great in the world's history that the name "Englishman" can never, even now, the world over, be pronounced with indifference. It was not of the Empire and its wealth that I thought, but of the English character, its simplicity, its tenacity, its honesty. When I saw the greenness of the English countryside I was filled with love and with pride at the knowledge that this land, so astoundingly radiant, was my own. And it so happened that within a few hours I left England again, in order to go to Italy. And the *train de luxe* for Rome was crowded with English people who conformed to the American popular notion of the English. They were intolerable. They carried about with them an air of superiority, of right which I resented as bitterly as any American could have done. I disowned them. These were not *my* English. But they were there. They are always there. Impossible to escape from them. I cannot deny that among the English are some who deserve every word of the



condemnation and the caricature which some Americans pour upon the whole nation. But I am not yet finished. The sting of the tale is yet to come. At an hotel at which I subsequently stayed on the Continent there were several of these traveling English. They were terrible. But there was one who was worse than any of the English. She was an elderly American woman.

I shall not pause to dilate upon the fact that both English and Americans ought really—in the interests of international friendship—to censor those who travel from their own lands to the lands of others. It is unnecessary for me to do so. How many Americans have groaned at the thought that this one or that one of their countrymen and countrywomen will be taken as representative of America? Will it not be believed that the English also groan at their traveling representatives? At home such people are merely ridiculous individuals: abroad they become serious and even dangerous manifestations. Think of the way in which our liking or disliking of a Christian name is caused and colored by the persons bearing that name who have been known to us. How much more is our thought of a country influenced by the individuals hailing from that country whom we happen to have met. It is prejudice; but prejudice so potent that it becomes a menace to understanding. In our own countries we observe an insufferable person as an insufferable person pure and simple. We never think of his nationality. If he comes from another country, however—of, for example, he is an Englishman—the American says “that darned *Englishman*.” Equally, the Englishman, if he dislikes an individual American, will say “these—Americans.” Thus is cousinly regard fostered. There are faults upon both sides.

Now I think what really constitutes the difference between my view of these traveling English and the American view is that I recognize them as members

of a class. The American thinks of them merely as “English.” When I speak of “the English” I think of my own friends, the many hundreds of men and women with whom I have talked since I was a child, and all that I know about Englishmen, public and private. I am convinced that when any one of these people goes abroad he or she is unnoticed. But all the gasbags who travel force themselves upon the attention. They are bounders and snobs, ridiculous and repulsive to a degree. I have seen them all over the Continent. But I too have traveled; I too am English. I have the notorious English dislike of talking to strangers in railway carriages (and never—to my chagrin—travel in a railway carriage without being forced into conversation by one of these supposedly repressive English). I am slow to converse, slow to make friends. And in spite of these and innumerable other English traits, although the many Americans I have met must have formed opinions regarding my defects of character, I think no American would ever accuse me of being like one of these traveling Englishmen. Yet—and this is the point I want to make—the bulk of the forty-odd million persons who compose the population of the British Isles are very much more like myself than they are like the typical traveling Englishman and typical traveling Englishwoman.

Again, there is the stay-at-home Englishman who belongs to this same class. He has never seen other countries and is perfectly ready to regard the Americans as savages. Two American friends of mine, coming to Europe for the first time a few years ago, brought letters of introduction to several persons. From one of these persons they received, and cheerfully accepted, an invitation to dinner. Upon arrival at the house they were shown into their host's drawing-room and, as he and his wife were long in appearing, the strangers could not resist the temptation offered them by a large sheet of paper which stood, like a notice,

upon the mantelpiece. It was a list of engagements for the week. It read:

Monday: J. D. Brown and wife

Tuesday: F. L. and G.

Wednesday: two Americans

and so on. One can imagine the sensations of my friends, who were thus solemnly pilloried as if they had been "two cannibals," "two roadsweepers," or "two queer fish." They were embarrassed. Their temptation was to fly from such queer hospitality. Fortunately, they laughed. Their host proved to be one of the solemn Englishmen. They were completely dashed and, if they had been like some other visitors, might have generalized rapidly about English manners and the English temperament. They stayed a long time in England; they have returned to England more than once since then. Never once have they experienced anything comparable. Nor have they had any complaint to make about English haughtiness, English coldness, or English lack of hospitality. The beginning was bad; but it was a solitary case. Do I make my meaning clear?

To return to travelers. In the same way as there is the traveling Englishman, there is the traveling American. In spite of all the quiet and likeable Americans who visit England (and who—forgive me!—are taken for Englishmen wherever they go), the American who impresses his nationality upon all beholders is the noisy, ill-mannered man who has made money quickly and wishes everybody to know it. His family travels with him. I met in a smallish town in the Middle West a man who had visited England for a fortnight. He had a poor opinion of England. He was a business man, and he thought nothing of England. It had not been built quickly enough for his taste. He had seen no signs: "Watch us grow!" Similarly, a popular American writer who came to England recently complained everywhere that there were no motion-picture men at Southampton to photograph his arrival. He found

England entirely lacking in enterprise. He thought England was a *rotten* country. He thought England was "played out." The omission of the motion-picture men entirely soured his view of the country, which he quitted hastily. His protests were loud and he made few friends. That man was quite obviously an American, and he did more harm to the English notion of Americans than a dozen of the real sort could remove. Simply because he was vocal and because his Americanism was ostentatious. I need not say that no Englishman, in reaching New York, expects or desires motion-pictures of his arrival to be taken.

I mention these two cases—and could multiply them by tens and twenties—because I have heard so much of the bad behavior of Englishmen in America. It is my belief that all the nice Englishmen who come to America are taken for Americans from New England. But as soon as a really blatant fellow turns up, or as soon as somebody corresponding to the traditional type makes himself obnoxious to reporters, I fancy he is not quickly forgotten. His "Englishness" is remarked and underlined. By ninety-nine interviewers in America I was described as very un-English. By the hundredth (a woman), who called as I had stepped into a bath after two days on the train, I was ribaldly described as "typically English: he takes baths and keeps his handkerchief in his sleeve."

## II

I should now like to come to the question of mutual criticism. What I have just been saying fringes this subject but does not attack it. We are all familiar with the criticism of our enemies, which generally consists in saying nothing at all. We are familiar with the criticism of our friends. Nobody will for one moment suggest that these two forms of criticism compare at all with the criticism of our relations. I, fortunately, have few near relations; but the passionate anxiety all these relations have



always shown lest my head should become swelled has revealed to me how hard to bear the criticism of relations can be. I see in some of the English papers remarks about America—advice to America, abuse of America, candor towards America, etc.—which touch the border of what is allowable. But these remarks do not, upon the whole, exceed in impertinence remarks which are made in some American papers about England. I know, because I have seen them. There is no doubt that these remarks, if they were printed in *The New York Times*, or in *The Times* or *The Manchester Guardian*, would cause something of a shock. They might embitter the relations of the two countries. But if one knows the papers in which they appear, and if one realizes that in such papers yesterday's views are already forgotten, it will seem as though such criticisms were negligible. They are only not negligible because it is as impossible for an American to appreciate the exact standing of any English paper as it is for an Englishman to discriminate between the innumerable journals which every city in the United States multiplies at will. There are very few periodicals in any country in the world which express the considered views upon any international matter of those competent to form an opinion. And the less considered the views, and the more incompetent the author of them, the more vehement will be the expression.

But the final point to which I should like to refer is a great social difference which, I think, is often not understood. The English are very much more formal than the Americans. It is a heritage from times when men and women were very formal indeed, and it is only now beginning to yield to more modern manners. In England if one is asked to dinner one either accepts or declines, and if one accepts one presents oneself punctually at the appointed hour. Dinner to which guests are bidden is a strict and unalterable function. One may meet during the day one's oldest friend, who is

in London for twenty-four hours; but one goes alone to the dinner-party. In America, in the same circumstances, one telephones to one's hostess. One names the circumstances. The hostess replies "Why, bring him along. Surely." And the friend makes a half-a-dozen new friends. In England the hostess might after dinner hear of the friend. She might say, regretfully, "Oh, why didn't you telephone? Your friend could have come too." But the thing is not done. The English custom is otherwise. It may almost be set down as a fact that in England one does not dine with one's friends, but only with one's acquaintances. With one's friends—and by this I mean one's real intimates—one does not have formal meetings at all, and as a rule they are out of town.

When an Englishman goes to America, upon the other hand, he finds that apparently everybody knows everybody else, and that nobody has any formal engagements which interfere with his pleasures. The desire to make him happy, to show him attention seems to override every other occupation. I often think how cold our English welcome must seem to Americans used to such customs, and I know that the same embarrassment has occurred to other Englishmen who are able to contrast the habits of London and New York. Whereas, in America, there is a natural spirit of camaraderie and gregariousness which simplifies the social whirl, in England one has strict engagements entered in one's little notebook for perhaps three weeks ahead. There is no absence of hospitality. English hospitality is not inferior to any in the world. But there is certainly a defect in its free exercise. I confess the difficulty, and see no solution of it. Most Americans who come to England and find themselves greeted with a puckered brow and an engagement book are patient and courteous to a degree, and as a rule an accommodation is reached; but if an American *should* happen to look for something more hearty,

what is to be done? I do not know. I state the problem and leave it upon record that the problem is recognized in England, and regretted.

It amounts, then, to this, that in England there are certain habits, and that in America there are certain other habits. And whatever is habitual seems to all of us to be right. A habit is, to ourselves, a law of nature. A contrary habit is a queer thing—a monstrosity—an offence. That both ours and the other man's are habits only does not make them any the less lawful or unlawful. Indeed, habits, which in fact represent what are merely superficial differences between men, are the most noticeable things of all, and the most decisive in any spontaneous national liking or aversion. The American habit of holding the fork in the right hand, when the English find it more convenient to hold it in the left; the American habit of drinking iced water and coffee, when the Englishman (with every drink in the world to choose from) rarely drinks except from sociability; the American habit of saying "skedule" where the Englishman says "shedule"; the American habit of saying "beat it" when the Englishman says "hop it"—these are the points of difference that strike a newcomer to either country. There are many more serious differences, of course (we have no Ku Klux Klan; we have no color problem; but we have other vital questions to settle in which an American could take but a distant interest), and I must not be supposed to have ignored them because I have not dealt with them. These are problems: they are not trivial obstacles to friendship. I could multiply instances of difference in habit between the two nations until a whole number of this magazine was filled with the tables; but there is no need for me to mention any more of them. Any visitor to one or the other country can see them for himself. And it is my claim that the Americans and the English should be lenient with each others' habits, since habits are

frequently inexplicable and indefensible. Nor, in the matter of present intolerance, do I think there is much to choose between Americans and English.

Let me mention here, as a conclusive example of this, one experience of my own. When I first traveled upon an American railroad I took the strongest possible dislike to it. I disliked the suffocating heat of the car, the violent discomforts of undressing and dressing while bending double and knocking my head and my elbows against the berth above, the midnight shocks and joltings of couplings and shuntings, the clutch of the conductor's paw in the morning, the crowded public toilet under the eyes of earlier-comers who smoked and stared. I thought I had never experienced anything so nasty. And as I recalled the delectable privacy of English railway trains, their sweet motion, etc., I suddenly heard an American expressing to an untraveled friend his vehement abhorrence of these same English trains. He said, "They rush along seventy miles an hour. Not open and free like this. You're shut up in little boxes smaller than this smoking car, and locked in—can't get out; can't get a wash or go to the lavatory. Nobody to tell you where your station is. Nobody to talk to. As for the sleeping cars—my God!" It was at this moment that I learned forever how that thing to which we are accustomed is for us the best there is; and anything different is revolting. Unconsciously the American had replied to almost every one of my objections to the American railways. Would he have learned as much if, having *thought* his dislikes, he had heard me giving vent to mine? I think he might have done so. But in any case it was that coincidence which made me feel that matters between our two countries—the important matters, which are not questions of state but questions of taste, habit, and prejudice—could best be settled by a little patience, and a little comprehension.





## NOTES ON WOMEN IN BUSINESS

BY HELEN WOODWARD

The author of these notes began to earn her living at nineteen. She held numerous positions as typist, clerk, and stenographer. Through stenography she became an advertising copywriter and from this made her way up through the advertising business. Her work and her ideas always call forth a picture of a robust tall woman, and advertisers who had never seen her were always surprised when they saw how small and slim and delicate she was. The complete story of her career, from which these excerpts are selected, will shortly appear in book form under the title *Changing Windows*.—*The Editors*.

*Stenography as an Opening.*—In my stenographic days I was never technically a good stenographer. I never learned the shorthand system right, I was a rather careless typist. But I had such an intense interest in the people and in the work of my department and such a love for playing with words that I was a good secretary. I remember a secretary of my own in later years, pretty and gentle; she never made a mistake; technically she was proficient, but she had no interest in anything I was saying—she never seemed to think that the dictation had any relation to life, even when it was about fashions, perfumes, and cosmetics—in which, aside from her work, she was much absorbed. She was a nice girl, but as a secretary she was tiresome. There was another girl who had been a stenographer for eight years (she went to work at fifteen) and still made mistakes, but her enthusiasm was lively. She detested her work, and so had to get away from it and became one of my best advertising copywriters. Three years after she came to work for me at forty dollars a week a large advertising agency was paying her a hundred dollars a week. The stenographer who is willing to remain only a stenographer is usually just waiting to be married. And often she is ashamed of being a stenographer, and says, "I'm do-

ing secretarial work." And, naturally, what she is ashamed of doing she does badly.

I do not mean the woman who, without title and without pay, runs the boss's job and the boss's business. There are thousands of such women in the United States—thousands. In certain big law offices finely trained lawyers at small pay sit and dig out the law and the tricks and the decisions, while the showier members of the firm get the money and the glory. So too in many an office an imposing man or woman draws the big salary while some devoted able secretary not only does the work but makes the decisions. Many of these women, quite unconsciously, are in love with their employers, and think them a little like gods. Others do it because it is their nature to run things, and modern business is not yet modern enough to give them the opportunity they need.

It is my opinion that, except love, money, or pull, stenography is a woman's shortest cut to a big job. Everybody knows the business world is full of people who entered it with such powerful introductions that they will always be cared for no matter how incompetent they may be. It is not only the sons of rich men who have such influence. In one advertising agency where I worked

there was a large rubber-tire account which was being adequately handled by a copywriter who was bright and not overpaid. One day in came a new tall young newspaper man from the Middle West. He was introduced as a new copywriter to learn the business.

"He's a nephew of Mr. So-and-So," said the copy chief to me—Mr. So-and-So being the president of the tire company.

This inexperienced young man, who had until then made forty dollars a week on a Chicago newspaper, was paid four hundred dollars a month and soon was handling the rubber-tire account, with the help and advice of lesser slaves. Other advertising accounts were handed him and his salary was raised; and he has since become a highly successful, highly paid member of the organization. He was intelligent and did just as good work as the other young man who handled the business before him, but he was paid about four times as much as his predecessor. And without the pull he would never have had the job at all.

As for love, who would be so foolish as to deny that a man in love with a woman will try to help her in a business way if he can, or that a woman who loves a man would do the same thing? Or even that that lighter thing, better expressed by the French word *amour*, will be used in the same fashion?

Most girls have not any influence or any money and have an objection to using love . . . so to my mind stenography remains the best way.

I have heard many a stenographer say that women have no chance in business because they are set at typewriting or clerical work and expected to do only that. Of course, everybody is expected to do only that. But why do what is expected? It happened that I got bored taking letters from dictation, so I asked if I might write my own. My boss, busy enough, said, "Go ahead." Some of the letters were wrong and some were right. After a little time all were right. Then I got bored with that and

ached to write an advertisement. I wrote some secretly. They seemed to me very bad. When I could no longer resist I said to the advertising manager for whom I worked, "On that big series of Ridpath ads, won't you let me write some?"

"You bet," he replied. "Try it."

I wrote three or four advertisements. He used perhaps one paragraph out of all of them. To a starving ambition this seemed real food. It was a year later and in another job before I wrote a whole advertisement that was used.

I know there are situations out of which one cannot climb. I have had some like that myself. There are women who have sufficient private income to leave under such circumstances. There are others who have to stay or starve. I never had enough money, during all these early years, to afford to leave a job at all. But I often was reckless enough to leave anyway.

*Character and Dollars.*—I was discharged from my first job at the end of one week for incompetence. The five dollars a little furrier paid me for keeping a set of single-entry books was not his only loss—it was necessary to buy new account books and ledgers, for of his old ones I had made a mere mess of blots.

It was a black day for me. I had a contempt for business and disliked it—considered myself superior to it—yet here in one week I was defeated by one of its most insignificant jobs.

I thought myself a failure, because of the distorted ideas that had been pounded into me in schools. There it had been held that enthusiasm, exactitude, and hard work are needed to make money. They are not. They help to hold a job. They have nothing to do with making money.

Schools do not intend to distort reality. Many teachers naïvely believe that certain qualities of character are important for the making of money, qualities like Honor, Courage, Knowledge, Steadfastness. Business also talks of these same



abstractions, but it knows that fortunes are founded on one motto, "Keep Your Eye on the Dollar and Get It."

*Incompetent Confusion.*—If there is any such thing as a rule for a certain amount of happiness in a business career, it is, if possible, to suit one's work and one's surroundings to one's personality. And yet this is a ridiculous thing to recommend under the present organization of business. Not one person in a thousand has any choice about his business surroundings and, if such a choice exists, he has not enough experience and knowledge to know how to exercise it. Business is such an incompetent confusion that it is only by sheerest accident that anyone ever does the work he can do best.

*The Class System.*—In one job none of the girls liked me except the few who worked for me in my own department. They had good reasons for this. I was in the amorphous position of passing from stenography into a higher state: not quite a subordinate—not quite an executive. I did not fit into any mental pigeon-hole. The personnel of an American office is sharply divided into classes. The job defines your class, as birth might define it in England. You go to lunch with your own class, you gossip with it, you go home on the subway with it. Any social relation with a higher caste, especially if you are a girl and the other person is a man, is suspect.

*The Unexplained Job.*—In one office my work was explained at the beginning, but in most organizations you are allowed to wander in a fog until your natural intelligence, like the sun, clears up mysteries, or, more often, like the moon, dims them forever in a haze. There are people who work for years, going from one place to another, and who seem only to get more muddled as time goes on—until at sixty, bookkeepers all their lives, they are unable to keep a set of books. I shall never forget the slow graying of one man's face as day after day he saw his job slipping away from him. No one has ever explained any-

thing to these people. They have been thrown into the bewildering mysteries of new offices over and over again, and before they can fight their way to an understanding, they are pushed into a new tangle. But who is to tell them what to do? Few people know how to explain anything.

On your first day in a new office you may say to some young man who has worked there for four or five years, "Who is that man walking down the aisle?"

"Oh, that's Mr. Green."

"What does he do?"

"Well, he O.K.'s the orders."

"What orders?"

"Well, if you want a pencil or a pad."

"If I want to order printing or booklets—does he O.K. that?"

"Well, sometimes he does."

"When does he?"

"Oh, I don't know. It just depends."

This vagueness is partly due to the muddle-headedness of the person directing you, but it comes about also because people's duties in offices are seldom clearly defined. When you are engaged on a new job you think your employer knows what he expects you to do. But he seldom does know exactly. Nearly always you make your own job. Nobody knows just what you ought to do and ought not to do—everybody is a little mixed up; there are no definite lines of work. Authority is not clearly defined. Here's a man who seems to be only the chief comptroller—you find that gradually he has assumed charge of personnel, and everybody accepts his orders with a certain relief. "Let him have the bother if he wants it." Some girl in the editorial department of a magazine, who is supposed to write on fashions, is inexplicably and mysteriously urging children to get subscriptions. The editor-in-chief suddenly turns out to be in charge of circulation, while the business manager writes editorials, and another editor makes speeches at banquets.

*Mis-hiring—Mis-firing.*—In twenty years of work the most amazing thing I saw was the persistent placing of people in the wrong work. Hiring in most offices is done without sense or reasons, but by whim and fancy—and usually by people who do not understand others.

Sinclair Lewis, who has cut out so sharply the patterns of American men and women, declared to me not long ago with his usual explosive energy, "You don't know why you like people—I don't know why I do. You meet a man to-day and his tie isn't to your taste, and you never want to see him again. Or I see a fellow and I just like the way he says hello, and I begin to make a friend of that man. Or you fall in love with a woman because of the kind of hat she's got on. You make a lifelong friend of someone because he walks the way you'd like him to walk and shakes hands your way. Maybe the man who's got his hat on the wrong way would be just the fellow you'd like if you knew him. But that hat settled it."

This is too often true. Of course, there is always the thought that the kind of drink a man takes or the way he wears his tie or his hat or the way a woman walks is the symptom of some deeper characteristic. In London it means nothing for a man to carry a cane; in New York it means that he likes a little useless luxury; in Boston that he is ready to defy convention. One can judge something from a surface.

But the hiring of people in American business is done on the flimsiest of personal whims. The cultivation of prejudice is a science. Advertising accounts are given out because two men play golf together; and salesmen study the liquor-drinking habits of their customers in order to sell them goods. Many firms do have elaborate questionnaires and demand letters of reference, but these are of little help.

Hiring the right people for the right job is hard. It needs a person who understands, not merely thoroughly but quickly; who knows the motives of human

action, has imagination, experience, and intuition, and knows the needs of the business with which he is associated—who, in short, is a kind of genius.

*The Cult of Hard Work.*—Most of us have not yet found out the emptiness of the cult of bustling hard work. It is one of the religions in which we are brought up and it is tangled up illogically, as is the way of superstitions, with the American religion of exercise. Only gradually did I discover that for me nothing was more inefficient than to get up bright and early in the morning, take a cold shower and a good walk, and arrive briskly at the office for a good day's work. Alas! the brisk day's work never materialized. The snappy beginning was all there was to that day. I worked most easily when I abandoned all these religious rites and went my own atheistic way.

At nine in the morning, instead of leaping brightly into the arena, I rang a sybaritic bell for breakfast. It came on a green-and-yellow tray designed for the lazy. This had a removable glass top and side pockets that held books and newspapers. When the breakfast had been taken away, the tray became a desk. On it I wrote, I rested the telephone—it even held a small typewriter. I was ready for the day's work. The office called up at about ten o'clock and told me the business news. My own telephoning was that of a person impecunious in energy—only the briefest calls. Such copy as I wrote in later years was dictated right there, either to a copywriter or to a secretary. If difficult copy or plans had to be written, I would stay in that room all day. On most days I reached the office at about twelve o'clock, with no physical energy used up and with my day's work pretty well done.

I found out that if I arrived earlier in the morning I was immediately met by irritations, questions, jokes, callers; and the freshness and concentration with which one naturally wakes in the morning were scattered.

But most business women have not yet



learned how to get rid of work. Women's training at home has always over-emphasized the importance of details, and so when she works outside she is afraid to let them slip out of her hands. She knows that an executive should not do a single thing which anybody else in the office can do for her. But between knowing a thing and doing it there is a long space. When I gave up my work I turned a large part of it over to a friend, who had held a job crammed with activity. The first few months of the new work exhausted her because she watched over and did a thousand things which I had never even noticed. She soon learned better. Her secretaries, like mine, came to have the kind of job which secretaries love. They telephoned to make appointments, both business and social; they bought everything for her that she did not have to select herself—everything but dresses, hats, and shoes. They bought railroad tickets, took dictation, and paid her bills.

*Jealousy in Offices.*—Women are jealous in business, but no more so than men. In my early days as a stenographer women were jealous of me a good deal, but since then in all the years I have met this only once—when one of my assistants lost a good chance because she envied me too much to work for me.

But men are jealous of women. When a man and a woman in an office are making equal amounts of money and the woman has more ability than the man, he often is jealous. And when she reaches the point where she makes more money than anybody else in the office the situation becomes strained, friendships break, and new connections have to be made. Once I was with an agency where I had an affectionate regard for many of the people, and they were fond of me. After several years the annual statement showed that I had earned more money than the head of the firm. There was nothing unfair about my earning more money than he, since on my commission arrangement I had succeeded in getting more business. But I under-

stand why he felt resentful. A man is expected to do better than a woman. He is trained to feel ashamed when he does not. Anyway, from that time things began to be strained and I had to break a business relation which I had loved more than any other. I lost a friend. But this is not peculiar to business—it is life.

*Hidden Drama.*—Offices—neat and square—are one thing, but the life in them is turbulent with foolishness, confusion, and beauty.

When you first go to work in an office you are faced by a group of masks, faces which say little—for we are carefully trained in America, we Jews and Italians and Russians as well as Anglo Saxons, to hide all feeling. Is that one reason perhaps why Americans love France and Italy—because there the faces are alive and the eyes tell stories, while at home we seem always busy trying to hide rather than to speak? Or why Russia gives more to certain arts than America, because Russians are always expressing emotion, while in America half of even the creative artist's energy goes into hiding what he feels?

In an American office the hiding is greater than anywhere else, because the inhabitants themselves believe the notion that business is a place in which to function as a job-holder, not as a person. So it takes a little while before you learn what is going on behind the masks. The minor clerks gossip freely, so they usually know most about it. The heads of offices rarely know; the little employees are afraid to tell them. Perhaps because I am a woman the young people sometimes brought me their gossip. The talk in itself was often not revealing, but it opened a window in the passionate undercurrents.

There was a telephone girl in one office who handled her switchboard, her husband, and her lovers all with good nature and efficiency. She died because a man threw her over. There was a fat, sweetish woman of fifty who was dying by inches because her lover for thirty years

had left her; a stenographer, a sensitive child of twenty, who ran away with her morose, bullying boss; a quiet stenographer who turned out to be, under another name, the center of a flaring newspaper scandal; one who threw up her job because her boss did not admire her baby; a woman who told us that if the job went well she was going to get a divorce from her husband, but he didn't know it yet; a man who used to do exquisite crocheting and embroidery; a mean trickster who left his money-hunt once a week to make bird houses for fun in the country.

A sharp-nosed girl sat at a cold flat desk in our office, pretending to be dead—to be only a clerk. A thin bit of a thing—as though life and hope had been squeezed from her. One day a scandal exploded. She had been taking bribes from a company which sold us goods. The sensation flashed across our daily doings like a comet. "Did you hear?"—"How awful!"—"What did she do with the money?"—"I don't know."—"They're shut off in the big conference room."—"If you find out, tell me."—"Lord, the poor thing!"—"She looks starved and never a decent suit or hat."—"Gets good pay too."

Meantime in the conference room she was weeping wildly. To me, looking at that wasted face, her confession seemed grotesque. For the first time I noticed her little eyes were round and childish. She had given the money to some man. But she had not been dead after all. It is better to be alive in hell than dead in heaven.

*Clothes in the Office.*—I suppose it is because so many people think offices inhuman efficiency incubators that they are always laying down rules about how women in them should act and what they should wear and how they should have high collars and long sleeves and not bob their hair. I cannot in any other way explain to myself this impertinent interference with the lives of office women. They should wear just exactly what they feel like wearing. Why should anyone take it upon himself to give advice about

such a matter? A girl who is able to earn her own living can be trusted to have enough sense to know what she ought to wear. And if she hasn't it's her own affair—nobody else's.

Girls in New York one summer came to work in dresses that stopped just below the knee and had no sleeves.

"It isn't dignified or in good taste," one of the women in the office said to me. "I don't even like the idea of little thin, light dresses in an office."

"You think I oughtn't to wear that white dotted swiss dress to my office, don't you?" I said.

"Yes, to be frank. It has sleeves and all that—but the material isn't suitable."

"Why not?"

"It's not correct. An office is an office."

"You think it's all right for a girl at Southampton or Newport to wear a thin dress with or without sleeves, don't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, that girl has nothing in the world to do except to keep cool. Now these girls have a lot to do besides keeping cool. They have every reason for keeping fresh and rested all day long if they can. They are the ones who ought to wear the cool dresses in the summer, more than the girl in Southampton."

These busy advisers seem to expect women who work to become suddenly inhuman. The long day is the best time most girls have to look pretty. Then why shouldn't they look just as seductive and dangerous to men as they know how during these important hours? If they should not do it at their work, then no woman should do it at any time. I don't see why it is more immoral for a girl to wear a sleeveless dress at a typewriting desk than for other women to wear them at an evening dinner.

"*It Isn't Dignified.*"—I was often reminded all through my business life that I was merely a woman. One thought kept me from becoming a feminist—the thought that the trouble did not come from an innate antagonism on the part



of men, but from a basic economic situation. It was evident enough from what I saw that as soon as the work of enough women was needed outside the home the discrimination against them would disappear. It seemed foolish to feel resentment against men as men for the difficulties that came to me as a woman. It wasn't their fault or mine; we were both living in a changing civilization and were equally victims of a general condition. Nearly every job or account that I secured in the advertising business was given me reluctantly because I was a woman. In each case the advertiser would have preferred a man with my training and turn of mind. It was harder for me to get accounts than for men because I had to prove in advance more of what I could do. For the same reason it was a little easier for me to hold these accounts afterward.

In 1912 there were almost no women in advertising agencies. So in 1912, because I was a woman, I had to fight my way into an agency. In 1913 I was still only a subordinate in a large advertising agency, working for a salary. Often I did the most difficult work of the office—that on copy and plans in the fight for new accounts. And I wasn't getting as much as men who did less. So I asked for more money. The Vice President wanted time "to think the matter over." I waited two weeks and tried again. He hesitated and said, "they didn't know what they could do about it."

"You know you're getting mighty good salary for a woman," he said to me.

I have always hated to ask for a raise—always I have felt humiliated and resentful. But only twice have I received a raise without asking for it. This time I had had enough of haggling. If it possibly could be avoided I should never work for a salary again. Like most decisions, this one was made in a moment and rationalized afterward.

So I remarked one day to the Vice President, "I wish you'd forget about that raise in salary. From this Saturday

on I want to work on a commission basis."

"Why, what an idea! We've never had a woman working on a commission basis. There isn't one in the whole agency business."

"Then I'll be the first one. I like to start new things. Why not?"

"But that wouldn't be fair to you," he expostulated. "You'll be taking such a chance. Now you're working for a salary and every Saturday you know it's there—sure and certain."

"Yes, but that's just it. I don't like sure and certain things."

"Do you realize that on a commission basis you mightn't make nearly as much money?"

"I know it," I replied, feeling the uncertainty vividly at the moment. "But right now, to begin with, I've got one account that would not be here without me. I want to start with that. And then I think I can get other accounts. You can pay me the usual five per cent commission as you do to salesmen."

I could see that my suggestion spread a fog of bewilderment in his mind. There was really nothing about my proposal that could have mattered to the Agency except a certain undefined feeling in the advertising business that it wasn't *nice* to have women do the actual selling. But from the look of determined jocularity on his face one would have thought that the future of the American nation was about to be decided.

After awhile he said with the joshing manner that we are all used to in offices, "What do you think you are anyway . . . the president of a bank . . . or a man or something? You know we don't pay all salesmen five per cent."

"I know you don't, but you pay all salesmen who write their own copy five per cent. And I'll write the copy on any account I bring in."

"But look here—an experienced advertising man like Carraway gets only three per cent."

"Yes, and he only brings in the client

—talks to him, sells him. He couldn't prepare an ad to save his life."

"Well, I'll have to talk it over with the chief. I don't think he'll like the idea of a woman working on commission. It isn't businesslike. Don't you see that? It isn't dignified for a large agency like this to have a woman working on commission."

"Oh, pshaw!" was my reply to this.

"You're such a feminine sort of woman. There's something unfeminine about working on such a risky basis."

At this I just laughed, and he laughed. What else was there to do? And yet he was more or less sincere. He felt, as did nearly everybody else, that there was something undignified, unbusinesslike, and unfeminine about the idea of a woman getting accounts for commissions like a man.

I said, "Now don't talk like a child." I have found myself saying that to men many times in the years that followed!

*Luncheons on the Run.*—About lunches for workers, I think we are really stupid. This doesn't apply in the least to executives, who take from two to three hours a day for their leisurely eating and talking. The girl clerk dashes out at half-past twelve for a bite to eat, swallows a sandwich and coffee, or a piece of cake and chocolate, or a salad. In order to be decently dressed on a slim income she has usually to do a little shopping every day, buy a collar or a yard of silk or a sweater. She hurries into a department store, lingers at some counter to look at something she cannot afford to buy, does her little errand, and comes back breathless at one-thirty. At four o'clock she has indigestion and at five she is exhausted. She gets on the subway at half-past five and arrives home too tired and too nauseated by the bad air of the subway to eat dinner.

In later years I tried to encourage my girls to stop work and have a cup of tea and a cracker at four o'clock, but it was difficult because it interfered with the workings of the rest of the office. How funny we thought it in 1905 when an

English house established in New York served tea to employees and visitors! How barbarously we resisted with ridicule the sensible innovation!

There isn't an employer who doesn't know that he will get more work out of his people if they are not too tired. There are some who would rather get less work. To these being boss is merely a sadistic gratification expressing itself in mean tyranny and, like all passions, is liable to disregard sense as well as decency. But to the sensible employer I would suggest the following:

An extra two hours once a week to each girl for shopping—that is from one to three o'clock in the afternoon.

Some kind of a kitchen with a maid, or if possible a cook.

An hour and a half for lunch and an extra half hour of work at night.

Tea or fruit and an interval of ten minutes' rest at half-past three or four o'clock, with all the windows open.

"What old ideas!" exclaims the social worker, who has experimented and figured with the health and working capacity of employees. "We've said all that for years." You have indeed. And some offices have acted on your advice. But I have worked for a dozen companies and never in one single instance have I seen any of these ideas adopted—not even the smallest one. And I did not stop work until December, 1924. I am hoping, quite against hope, that these old suggestions, coming from me, who have been an office worker and have employed so many others, may impress some employer who distrusts theoretical knowledge.

There is this to be said for employers. They have tried some of these ideas and found that the employees did not take to them. Employees do not like innovations. The old way looks rather safe. There's a chance that the new way may be better, but why take a chance? So improvements must be made gradually, perhaps given to a few as a privilege or a sort of grace, and then extended to an entire establishment.



## THE DESIRE FOR IMMORTALITY

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

ON EASTER morning in a Christian church not what goes on in the chancel but what goes on in the nave is much the more interesting. From the chancel the familiar Easter hymns are announced, the triumphant anthems sung, the confident sermon preached, the Scriptures read in which ancient believers expressed their ardent faith. But in the nave are all sorts of ordinary people who in their secret thoughts harbor every imaginable kind of idea about the mystery of death and what comes after it. To one who sees both sides of the matter a startling hiatus divides the resounding certainty of sermon, creed, and anthem from the thoughts which multitudes of individuals secretly entertain about immortality.

In a typical metropolitan congregation this coming Easter how many different sorts of thinking will be going on! Some will be convinced that, after all, a man would better satisfy himself with one life at a time, make the most of that, and not worry about any other. When Thoreau was nearing death, his friend, Parker Pillsbury, asked him whether he could see anything on the other side. "One world at a time, Parker," said Thoreau. That attitude strikes many people as practical common sense.

Others will be there to whom life already has been so difficult and wearisome that they are not anxious for any further adventuring on the other side of the grave. When they are through living they want to be through. That is

not often said in public, but one hears it in secret. A burdensome and disillusioning life might be supposed to issue in desire to try life again under better conditions, but sometimes it issues in utter willingness to finish once for all the whole bewildering business of trying to live anyway. Swinburne caught the mood when he sang:

From too much love of living,  
From hope and fear set free,  
We thank with brief thanksgiving  
Whatever gods may be  
That no life lives forever;  
That dead men rise up never;  
That even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Still others will come to church on Easter morning to whom all the symbolism with which hopes of the future life have clothed themselves is so disturbing and even revolting that before service is over they will find it difficult not to "sit in the seat of the scornful." Heaven, hell, angels, crowns, thrones, choirs, harps, palms, golden streets, pearly gates—all this poetic imagery, once so meaningful to our fathers, is to them utterly unreal. It is like the Greek mythology in which even our English poets once supposed they had to phrase their thoughts. What poetry outgrew, however, religion still preserves. We still body forth our hopes in mythological terms and, what is worse, our wooden-headed Western literalism has often used this symbolism as though it

were fact. Less than twenty years ago in New York State an evangelist went up and down among us saying this: "Hell has been running for six thousand years. It is filling up every day. Where is it? About eighteen miles from here. Which way is it? Straight down—not over eighteen miles, down in the bowels of the earth." Even when the picturesque symbolism of heaven and hell has been used more intelligently than that, to how much glib and superficial certainty have we had to listen from those who, as we knew well, had no more bona fide information than we had about the things which with such exactitude they were describing. The folly of literalism and dogmatism in this realm is colossal, and on Easter morning some will be so scornful of picture-thinking, projected into the future world, that they will miss the main issue altogether.

Others will be there whose difficulties with immortality lie in another realm. They dislike the selfish motives associated with the world to come. Be good that you may win heavenly recompense; avoid evil that you may escape future perdition—such they think is the church's message and the church's central interest in immortality, and not from low motives but from high they revolt against such calculating incentives to right living. Seneca, the Stoic teacher, in one of his parables, pictured a mariner struggling with a storm-tossed boat upon an angry sea and crying, "O Neptune, thou canst save me if thou wilt, or thou canst drown me. But whether or no, I will hold my rudder true!" That seems to many a nobler way to live than working for a heavenly crown. Whatever happens after death, they say, we will steer a straight course now, and you may keep your dreams of a rewarding Paradise, if goodness for its own sake seems inadequate.

Still others will be in church on Easter Sunday—those to whom this present life with its opportunities and tasks, its multitude of things to know and do, is so engaging that immortality seems a

pallid, far-fetched issue about which they need not much concern themselves. They used to hear that if they should give up faith in immortality they probably would plunge into self-indulgent living, but they no longer think that true. The tasks which invite human effort—knowledge to be gained, inventions to be made, beauties to be enjoyed, evils to be overcome, social reforms to be achieved—seem to them engrossing opportunities, ample to absorb the energies and centralize the purposes of men. Let us give ourselves to human service, they say, not thinking of immortality of personal life but of immortality of influence, a heritage of good work done to be handed down to our children after us. Many highminded people feel that. In one of our greatest women's colleges a professor says to his classes, "The modern belief in immortality costs more than it is worth . . . its disappearance from among the most civilized nations would be, on the whole, a gain."

Even another class of people may be in church on Easter morning—those who would dearly like to believe in immortality but cannot. They have given hostages to fortune in friends and family who have passed through death into the unknown. They would be happier far if the resounding assurance that death is swallowed up in victory awoke an answering conviction in their minds. But how can they believe that? These swarming millions of humanity on this negligible planet in the sky, each one compounded of physical elements, with his spiritual aspect as much a transient product as is the fragrance of a flower and as sure to perish when the unsubstantial fabric shall dissolve—that picture comes between their minds and the triumphant words of creed and anthem. They feel as one man once wrote me after hearing a sermon on immortality, "How much I wish that I could share your hopes!"

In varying numbers representatives of all these groups are likely to be in our churches on Easter morning, drawn



there by family ties, by traditional habit, by a general desire to support the church, by an innate religiousness that while refusing the form desires the substance, or perhaps by a wistful curiosity as to what the preacher will say about the matter this year. And all around these minority groups—with here and there a spiritualist sure of communion with the unseen world—will be the majority: devout believers untroubled by any doubts of life eternal, the bereaved to whom passionate desire for reunion with their dead submerges all other considerations of mind and heart.

**S**UCH is the picture which presents itself to one who for a time forgets the chancel and remembers the nave. Nor can a thoughtful man regard that picture with the sympathy that it deserves without wondering what he himself thinks in his secret soul about immortality. Especially, what difference does it make? What is at stake in immortality? That solace, comfort, hopes of happy reunions after death are at stake is obvious. But is that all? Is faith in immortality only another "defense mechanism" by which in hours of bereavement we make life more endurable? What fundamental difference does it make whether man retains his confidence that death does not end all?

Certainly it does make a difference in our thought of ourselves. The deepest, obscurest, most difficult mystery in the universe is not far off among the stars but within ourselves. The relationship between those nine billion brain cells with which we do all our thinking, on the one side, and on the other our personalities, our thoughts, ideals, purposes, loves, and expanding possibilities of character is the most baffling problem in the universe.

At first sight it might seem simple and plausible to hold that the brain cells, as it were, secrete our thought, by subtle organization create what we call ourselves; but how can that be? Everything physical moves in paths of least

resistance. Was it brain cells, obeying that law, which by some fortuitous concatenation produced our higher mathematics or the "Ode to a Skylark" or Beethoven's Fifth Symphony? Did the cells of the Broca convolution move in paths of least resistance one happy day to such good effect that they produced the Sermon on the Mount?

This merely physical explanation of ourselves becomes the more difficult the farther one goes into it. For suppose some fluoroscope so ingenious that one, looking through it, could observe the brain cells of a man at work. Then suppose that some mirror could make the instrument introspective so that a man could watch his own brain cells at work. It would be a curious experience. *For who would be doing the watching?* It does not seem credible that the brain cells could be cleverly looking at themselves.

Some chemists with a flair for statistics have been analyzing the average man—five feet ten inches high and weighing one hundred and fifty pounds—and have put into picturesque terms what he is made of: enough fat to make seven bars of soap, enough iron to make a nail of medium size, enough sugar to fill a shaker, enough lime to whitewash a chicken-coop, enough phosphorus to make twenty-two hundred match tips, enough magnesium for a dose of magnesia, enough potassium to explode a toy cannon, together with a little sulphur. And they say that these chemical elements at current market rates are worth about ninety-eight cents. It is an amazing mystery—our saints, prophets, and martyrs, our Shelleys, Raphaels, Livingstones, and Lincolns, all compounded of ninety-eight cents worth of chemical material!

The question of immortality, therefore, involves much more than a postponed hope about what is going to happen after death. It vitally concerns what we are now. Do we honestly think that it is an adequate statement of the truth to say that chemical elements, worth some sixty-six cents a hundred-

weight, cleverly organized by nature unaware of what she did, issued in our Isaiahs and Platos, our Galileos and Darwins—forgive the irreverence, in Jesus Christ himself? Or do we think something else—that within and reliant on this flesh, as within a scaffolding, personality may be built as a temple, the abiding spirit within the transitory frame, so that when at last the scaffolding is taken down the permanent consequence shall remain?

However one may answer that, one cannot say that it makes no difference. It makes a tremendous difference. It would make a difference if no question of comfort in the presence of death were involved at all. Many people seem to think that immortality is a future matter. Upon the contrary, it is an imperious assertion about what we are now. We may be merely gaseous vertebrates, as we have been called, or it may be true that “now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be.” Only exceedingly superficial thought could suppose that that does not make a very great difference indeed.

A university student once came to see me with a desperate moral problem on his hands. He had started out feeling free to do as he pleased and he now faced the inevitable nemesis—he was not free to stop. Out of a clear sky came his unexpected ejaculation, “if I could believe in immortality I think that I could see it through.” He did not mean that he wanted the fires of hell to scare him or a heavenly crown to reward him. He meant that if, sitting there, he was simply a chance collocation of chemical elements it did not seem to him worth while to face the desperate, sacrificial struggle that moral victory would cost. But if he were an abiding spiritual personality—well, what Phidias would not carve more sacrificially at marble than at sandstone?

A man's thought of himself must always make a difference to his life and immortality is the supreme assertion of abiding spiritual value in man.

**B**ELIEF in immortality makes a difference also in one's thought of the creative process as a whole. Is creation purposeful, working for large ends which when achieved will justify the agony that the process now is costing? A good deal of our modern philosophy dodges that question, goes off on small side paths when that major interrogation comes stalking down the main avenue, even scoffs at those who waste time thinking about it. But by that attitude modern philosophy only reveals its own mental weariness, too tired of large issues to deal with them longer, and retreating to nearer and more spindling questions, as though the central inquiries concerning human destiny could really be forgotten. They will not be forgotten. Lowell, in “The Cathedral,” summed up an unescapable experience of man when he spoke of the futility of life:

Fruitless, except we now and then divined  
A mystery of Purpose, gleaming through  
The secular confusions of the world.

To be sure, this universe so far from looking like a Father's house, as Christianity pictures it, seems rather like a gigantic mechanism ruthlessly crashing on. Well, there are mechanisms that men make which ruthlessly crash on. A railroad system is a mechanism, and to see a great locomotive drag a train out of the Grand Central Station on its steel rails is to see one of the most ruthlessly mechanical procedures which can be imagined, but, for all that, there is purpose in it. That train is going somewhere. Get on it and it will take you to Chicago. So I do not mind this universe being a colossal mechanism if it is going somewhere, if only there is a purpose which achieved will justify the agony that it has cost.

This idea of purpose in the universe has been, I think, not weakened but helped by the discovery of evolution. How long man has been on this earth we do not know, but he has been here for a long time and he came from lowly



origins. We know something about him since the days of the cavemen. We see him win his fight against the great beasts, the great forests, the great cold. We see him creating tools, framing the miracle of language, learning nature's laws and mastering her forces, founding governments, and rising to high thoughts of God and immortality. At the climax of this amazing development of human life upon the planet some strange and promising things have eventuated: character at times of such quality and impressiveness that one does not know just what are the limits about the spiritual life in man that might sometime come to be; relationships like parenthood, true love, and friendship—so promising that around their expanding possibilities one does not know where to put the boundary; creative power to make things useful and beautiful, great inventions, great books, great music, noble art, until one does not know where the horizons are to man's possible creativeness; social hopes, at last, of a kingdom of righteousness upon the earth. It does look as though there were an adventure going on upon this planet with something like purpose at the heart of it.

One thing, however, man never has been able to escape—death. That has always been the problem which man faced when he thought of his possibilities. Many people seem to suppose that this problem of death is merely a matter of individual concern and that immortality is only a matter of individual consolation. That is nonsense. Any sensible man would dispense with his personal continuance if on the whole that seemed best. Death is not merely an individual problem; it is a racial problem. Without immortality all our fathers are finally dead, and we shall be finally dead, and our children will be finally dead, until at last every human being will be dead—nothing left to conserve the spiritual gains of all this sacrifice upon the earth. I cannot believe that. I cannot believe that this ascending struggle of humankind is doomed to end in a hopeless cin-

der heap. And I am sure that it makes a difference what one thinks about this as he tackles the problems of life.

ON EASTER Sunday morning, therefore, some of us will be in church who do not belong to any of the groups we named at first. We have come through doubt to confidence that this mortal must put on immortality. We cannot credibly explain personality in general and Jesus Christ in particular as a transient, accidental effluence of flesh, nor think that this universe at last will be as though he and mankind, whose noblest exemplar he is, had never lived in it at all. We cannot submit to the mental confusion, the triumphant irrationality of existence where death finally is victor over all.

If some one says that we cannot demonstrate immortality, we grant that to start with. "We do not believe in immortality," said Martineau, "because we can prove it, but we try to prove it because we cannot help believing it." That attitude is familiar in science as it is in religion. Some things in science we believe because we can positively demonstrate them. But toward some others, not capable of complete demonstration, like the universal sway of the conservation of energy or the uniformity of law, we keep pushing out our proof as far as we can reach, because we cannot make sense of the world without believing them. So in religion there are two kinds of truth. The power of prayer to stabilize and strengthen the inward life of man—that can be demonstrated. But immortality is not like that. Unless you accept spiritualism you cannot prove immortality. But from man's first groping endeavors to find meaning in life he has tirelessly tried to prove it because he could not help believing it. Without it human life is ultimately shadowed and undone with a sense of unutterable irrationality and futility. As John Fiske said, "I believe in the immortality of the soul as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work."



# THE ANATOMY OF JAZZ

BY DON KNOWLTON

**F**IVE years ago it was proper to loathe jazz. To-day it is the smart thing to hail it as the only truly American contribution to music, and to acclaim it as Art. Either attitude is ridiculous.

Jazz bears much the same relationship to music as does the limerick to poetry. It is a form of musical expression, and an extremely circumscribed form. In fact, I know of no other variety of musical composition in which so little latitude of construction is allowed. In this country to-day the form has been developed to the ultimate, within its limitations—but that fact does not make jazz as an institution worthy of a special corridor in the musical hall of fame. Of the thousands of jazz compositions most are abominable—as are most limericks. There have been some excellent “rags” written, just as there are a few good limericks, and these are deserving of recognition as being especially fine pieces of workmanship, considering the vehicle of expression used. But Hamlet could not well die to a limerick, and neither may the æsthete soar on the wings of jazz. The devotee of Wagner and Stravinsky who condemns jazz unconditionally displays merely an utter ignorance of its purposes and structure; and the “jazz-hound” who cries that American “blues” should follow Beethoven in the musical encyclopedias betrays a total loss of musical perspective.

## II

For all the publicity so efficiently instigated by Irving Berlin, it seems prob-

able that the basic principle of jazz—namely, its essential rhythmic exaggeration—is a contribution of the Negro.

Syncopation in popular music first came into evidence in the old “coon” songs of minstrel-show days. Remember “But I Want Them Presents Back”? Next came such childishly simple attempts as “Under the Bamboo Tree” and “Rainbow,” songs that could not attain popularity to-day, which succeeded because they were the first to stress syncopation in a form which could be reached by the masses. Then along came Irving Berlin—and we were off. The ragtime piano player and then the jazz orchestra developed, until to-day we have “symphonic” jazz.

Old-timers such as “Alexander’s Ragtime Band,” “When the Midnight Choo-choo Leaves for Alabam,” “Omar Khayyam,” and “Maple Leaf Rag” began to establish a conventional form for jazz. Since that time there has been no essential change in its structure, the development having been confined almost entirely to internal elaboration.

The idea of exaggerated syncopation was first presented to America in a more or less respectable way. “Coon songs” and real Negro melodies were not considered damaging to one’s social or business reputation. Syncopation itself had a well-developed and honorable lineage at the time. If the socially elect had adopted syncopation it might have been *comme il faut* from the outset, and we might have heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra rendering a legitimate jazz symphony years ago. But musicians of the radical type were developing



scientific dissonance. Strauss discovered new uses for the cymbals, and Bloch conducted a series of fashionable experiments in the resistivity of the human ear. So syncopation was picked up by the dance hall, cabaret, and vaudeville group, who of course turned it toward their particular purposes.

Jazz has won and held universal popularity, I believe, not merely because of its exploitation by the lower musical order, but because of its own intrinsic qualities. These are: firstly, fundamental rhythm; secondly, simple harmonies; thirdly, standardized form.

Note that I have not included "melody" in my mention of the intrinsic qualities of jazz. This is not in the least because melody is not essential, but because it belongs to jazz no more and no less than it belongs to any other form of music. To write a story, one must have something to say: this is the tune. Shall it be said in ballad, symphony, anthem, or blues? Jazz is one form of expression; the tune is the thing expressed. The effect depends vastly more upon the method adopted than it does upon the tune itself. Take that good old Methodist hymn "Shall We Gather At The River." Play it on the organ, with its old-fashioned draggy sonorosity; snap it into a Boy Scout March; try it for a one-step; slow it up, syncopate it, throw in a few minors where majors used to be, and you will almost think you have a "Mammy" song. Everything in music has a tune, otherwise it could not move from beginning to end. Jazz tunes may be distinctive, but I doubt it. As Sigmund Spaeth has pointed out in *The Common Sense of Music*, many of the best jazz melodies have been appropriated from the old masters. Composers have always had for one of their mottoes "never throw away an old melody." But the tune does not make jazz. On the contrary, jazz breathes life into many a tune which alone could not carry itself for four measures without dying of stagnation.

It requires no mental effort to enjoy

jazz. A moronic musical intelligence can absorb without effort all that it has to offer. The text of the "lyrics" appears to be incidental. The musical form of the thing is what has captivated the masses, because they can understand it. Its simplicity is amazing. The marvel is that so many variations have been accomplished within the prescribed limitations.

For purposes of this discussion, we will omit the waltz, which is not jazz, and the so-called "ballad." Just how is the typical "rag" built?

### III

A popular song stands or falls upon its chorus. Its verse is merely introductory. The standard chorus consists of thirty-two measures, broken into eight phrases of four measures each. At the end of the first sixteen measures is a cæsura. The eight measures following the cæsura usually repeat substantially the theme of measures one to eight (as in "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Jealous," "The Girl I Love Belongs to Somebody Else," and a thousand others), although sometimes this repetition occurs in the last eight measures (as in "Yes, We Have No Bananas," and "I Want To Be Happy"). In any event, the repetition of the opening refrain is certain. Measures thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen end with a rising inflection; measures twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, and thirty-two conclude with a positive statement. The musical thought-content of a typical piece may be paralleled crudely in words by the following:

I like eggs for breakfast—  
Do you like eggs?  
I like eggs for breakfast,  
And eat them every morning.

It requires just about as much literary erudition to digest the above as it does musical intelligence to understand jazz. Hence its popularity.

## IV

Jazz harmonies are amazingly standardized. Popular songs (in the chorus, which is all that counts) never change key. They all use thirteen chords or less (with variations in some of them, such as lowering a major third to a minor, or adding that note one tone below the basic note of the chord, which gives direction to the progression). Some songs are built upon three chords (such as "I Want To Be Happy"). Many are based upon four. I know of very few indeed which use all thirteen. Most employ six or seven. No matter how elaborated the modulations in modern "symphonic" orchestration, they are based upon these thirteen chords or less, with the exception of transitions from one piece to another, borrowing from the classical, and similar passages in which the arranger has gone outside the strict field of popular music.

This simplicity of structure of course accounts for the fact that anybody who has any "ear" at all can "fake" jazz. In playing the banjo, mind you, a change of key involves no change of fingering. The player simply slides his hand up or down upon the neck of the instrument until he strikes the proper basic pitch. There he plays his thirteen chords (with their few variations) exactly as he does in any other key.

The case is much the same with the ukulele, and hence the mail-order advertisements that guarantee "Ukulele Mastered At Home in Six Lessons." The instruction book gives the fingering for the more frequent basic chords, and numbers each. Then it indicates accompaniments, not by note, but by

chord number! The "uke" accompaniment to the first eight measures of "By the Light of the Stars" might be written thus:

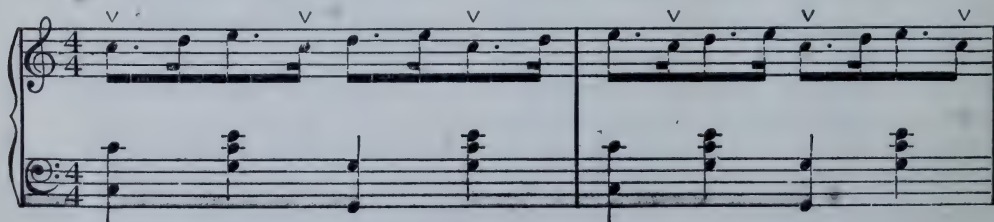
1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1

each numeral covering one measure. Naturally, advertisers are careful to pick simple pieces, and do not go into such complications as minors or the chord which the "faker" calls the "barber-shop." But it is actually true that after some five or six hours of application, the business-college beginner can follow on her "uke" by this method such tunes as "Barney Google" or "Follow the Swallow" while father retires to the coal cellar and mother has visions of a Musical Career.

## V

Rhythm is the backbone of jazz. While I hesitate to go as far as some and ascribe a Freudian motivation and a phallic symbolism to jazz, nevertheless, the fact remains that the beat of the tom-tom which drives savages into orgiastic ecstasies and the beat of the drum which sets the pace for the dance orchestra are identical. Jazz serves primitive rhythm on a civilized platter.

Some popular music uses the old *one-two*, *one-two* rhythm ("Oh, Katerina," "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers") but this is not the typical jazz rhythm. It is simply the old marching time, popular now as always. The real jazz tune goes *um-pa-tee-dle*, *um-pa-tee-dle* to each measure—four dotted eighths on the accented syllables and four sixteenths on the alternate syllables, to a basic one, two, three, four.



"DOWN HOME RAG"





"KITTEEN ON THE KEYS"

Upon this foundation are superimposed certain alterations of rhythm which are the true components of jazz.

First comes what I term "anticipation," which consists of a sort of hurrying of the melody, whereby the latter beats the base to the stroke of the rhythm by a fraction of a second.

Second, is true syncopation. This, as I have said before, is a well-established musical device and is merely exaggerated in ragtime. Of itself it does not make ragtime, popular and musical opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. If syncopation created "rag," Brahms's "Lullaby and Good-night" would be a dance-hall favorite. Syncopation in jazz serves a twofold purpose: it makes it possible to accent certain words in the "lyrics," as in "I want to be happy, I want to be happy"; and it attracts the listener's interest by its divergence from the normal, which is maintained in the bass or by the drum—the underlying one, two, three, four, which carries the entire structure. Syncopation is of value not intrinsically, but merely in its variance. Alone, it is meaningless. The irresistible sweep of the fundamental rhythm makes syncopation stand out violently against the background. This is the reason why a jazz tune is so flat and unconvincing in the absence of piano or orchestral accompaniment. The contrast upon which syncopation depends for its startling effect is lacking when only one of the two necessary rhythmic elements is expressed.

Thirdly, there is the imposition of a one, two, three element in rhythm upon the one, two, three, four fundamental. This, I believe, is the only characteristic

of jazz which is truly of American—or rather, of Afro-American—origin.

A Negro guitar-player once asked me, "You know the difference between primary rag and secondary rag?"

His primary rag was syncopation; his secondary rag was this superimposition of *one, two, three* upon the basic one, two, three, four.

Graphically, it may be expressed thus:

1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1
1	2	3	4					1	2	3	4				

Although originally presented in the melody as in the "Down Home Rag" (see musical score) and sometimes accentuated there even to-day, as in "Kitten on the Keys," the idea rapidly shifted from melody into accompaniment and, as it is a rhythmic rather than a melodic principle, it has found its exponents principally in the banjo and the drum. Its true function seems to be one of superimposition upon the melody and primal rhythm alike. The Negro guitar-player was right—it is a "secondary rag." And it is this subsidiary *one, two, three* on top of the underlying tempo that makes shoulder-muscles twitch, that bedevils hips, that provokes wiggles and twists on the dance floor, and causes blue-noses to cry out that jazz is a great immoral influence. The soprano saxophone has been blamed for the sins of the secondary rag. In fact, that silvery screecher merely releases impulses which the constant ticking of *one, two, three* upon one, two, three, four has brought clamoring to the surface.

The relegation of this rhythm to the

accompaniment is illustrated by the score opposite, showing the opening measures of "Hot Lips".

The skillful drummer even varies this rhythmic variety. He may omit from the *one*, two, three a stroke in sequence, making it *one*, (blank), three, *one*, (blank), three—or, *one*, two, (blank), *one*, two, (blank)—and so forth. The rhythm may be expressed merely by a *one*, two, three stroke upon a single object (such as the tomtom) or may be accented by striking three objects in rotation, such as *cymbal*, tomtom, wood-block, *cymbal*, tomtom, wood-block. Literally beneath this rhythmic superstructure—to be exact, with the drummer's right foot—the fundamental *one*, two, three, four continues without interruption, setting the pace and creating the tempo-foundation for the entire orchestral effect. The result would provoke Jonathan Edwards himself, were he alive to-day, to the Charleston, the hip-flask, and the lesser carresses of the road-house table.

In this connection the references to Krehbiel in Gilbert Seldes' *The Seven Lively Arts* are interesting.

Krehbiel, to be sure—does refer to the "degenerate form" of syncopation which is the basis of our ragtime, and that is hopeful because it indicates that ragtime is a development—intensification, sophistication—of something normal in musical expression. The free use of syncopation has led our good composers of ragtime and jazz to discoveries in rhythm and to a mastery of complications which one finds elsewhere only in the great composers of serious music. In describing the Dahoman war dances at the Chicago World's Fair, Krehbiel says: "Berlioz in his supremest effort with his army of drummers produced nothing to compare *in artistic interest* with the harmonious drumming of these savages. The fundamental effect was a combination of double and triple time, the former kept by the singers, the latter by the drummers, but it is impossible to convey the idea of the wealth of detail achieved by the drummers by means of exchange of rhythms, syncopation of both simultaneously, and dynamic devices."

Krehbiel caught the thing—a simple superimposition of one rhythm upon another. Yet it is doubtful whether Seldes realized the significance of the very paragraph he quoted. Seldes' chapter, "Toujours Jazz," is delightful in comment, criticism, reference, and deference to the jazzicists of the higher order, but he does not analyze generic jazz structure; nor does he recognize that it is the rhythmic principle (of savage origin) referred to by Krehbiel which has built jazz, much more than the ingenuity, dexterity, or even genius of the individual composer.

This principle I am inclined to regard as rather new to civilized musical thought. Brahms and others have superimposed 1, 2, 3; 4, 5, 6 upon 1, 2, 3, 4 it is true, and pianists with classical educations, who have slipped back into the more profitable lap of jazz, use to-day that device with considerable effect. But never, outside of American ragtime, have I heard the particular 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2 upon 1, 2, 3, 4 in dotted eighths and sixteenths, which is so characteristic of jazz. However, I have never heard native tom-toms calling a jungle tribe to worship or to war.

## VI

Jazz has many other standard characteristics, trimmings hung upon the main frame. Among them may be listed what the orchestra player knows as the "break," usually occurring during the *cæsura* in the middle of the chorus. Here the melody often is sustained upon a single note, usually the fifth, and the balance of the orchestra is enabled to break forth into a sudden spasm of superimposed rhythm.

Borrowing a device from the most approved musical circles, jazz now and then uses dissonance with great effect. It is amusing to see the followers of Strauss and Stravinsky berating the jazzists for employing the very devices which the former apparently most earnest-mindedly admire. Jazz dis-





"HOT LIPS"

sonances are simple and few. They are popularly known as "blues." D E-flat G-sharp A is typical. (See score, p. 585.)

All this, mind you, takes place within the limitations of thirty-two measures, phrased in eight groups of four measures each—and expressed in thirteen chords or less!

## VII

This limitation of form, by the way, has a quite practical excuse entirely aside from the advantage of mass appeal to the musically unintelligent listeners. To make money upon a popular song, the publisher must sell many thousands of copies. His market consists of the million Maggie Smiths who took piano lessons for a year and then "just played."

Maggie will not practice, and her ear is none too good. Her technic is atrocious. She can barely follow a bass, chord, bass, chord, in the left hand, and the melody, together with a few harmony-determining notes, in the right. Consequently the "popular" song is printed for her in kindergarten form, embodying only the fundamental rhythm plus syncopation. The element of "anticipation" is not there; neither is the *one*, two, three superimposed upon the bass, unless it happens to occur in the melody itself. As a result, the popular song as written is a poor thing indeed. Nobody would buy it for its own sake. It must first be popularized by being presented to the public in full form—that is, with the two missing rhythmic qualities included. The trade calls this "song plugging." The public buys a song because it has heard it and liked it—but the printed song which it buys is quite different from the song

which it heard. It buys a primer edition only.

The piano player at the sheet-music counter never plays a song as written. She adds (as do all good jazz pianists) "anticipation" and "secondary rag"—she inserts "breaks" and dissonances—she plays three times as many notes as appear upon the printed copy from which she purports to read.

Professional "song pluggers" hired by publishers appear at movies, theaters, dance halls, sheet-music counters, and radio stations, and everlastingly ding the song into the public memory; and of course their accompaniments, piano or orchestral, contain all of the elements of good jazz.

But it is in the dance orchestras that the most complete transformation of a popular song is effected. Have you ever heard a rousing good "rag" at a dance, bought the number at a music counter the next day, taken it home and played it—and wondered why your interest had been caught by such an empty and meaningless succession of noises? The fact is, that the thing you bought at the counter and the thing you heard at the dance were alike in name and skeleton only. The sheet-music edition of the piece bore the same relationship to the orchestration as the framework of a house bears to the completed dwelling.

The man who arranges popular music for dance orchestras is rapidly becoming, in jazz fields, even more important than the composer. It is the arranger who provides life and color and contrasts and lively dissonances and blasts of indigo harmony and contrapuntal runs. He is given a bare stage, and upon it he builds a paradise.

The arranger, while adhering to the formal limitations of jazz, employs in its decoration all of the devices which he can steal from classical music. He opposes progressions with the dexterity of Bach; he snatches a frenzy from Liszt; he borrows a bit of the lyrical purity of Mozart, and inserts Wagnerian crashes in the brass. I recall one orchestration of "Spain," in which the saxophones carry a pure lead, the piano pounds through the old Spanish rhythm of "L'Amour" in Bizet's "Carmen," the drum maintains the fundamental one, two, three, four of all ragtime, and the banjo superimposes the "secondary rag." The ingenuity of the arranger is amazing. For the orchestra the simplest piece is built up with the utmost care, and jazz orchestrations are as correctly done, as well balanced and as effective in rendition as are those produced for our symphony orchestras.

The days of playing by ear are rapidly passing. Each man must play his part as written, for it has been carefully calculated with respect to every other part. And not only that—these arrangers, betraying their origins, have inserted, in introductions and "breaks," passages lifted bodily from the classics, which cannot be "faked." Many a time, in the last two years, I have been startled on the dance floor by a measure or two from one of the standard works of MacDowell, Gounod, or Rachmaninoff.

In fact, they are going even farther. Not long ago, at one of Cleveland's noonday dancing places, a thirteen-piece orchestra played the "Storm" from "William Tell" exquisitely. Their rendition retained all of the essential qualities of the original orchestration, altered only to such an extent as to fit the requirements of a small band, and to conform to the essential one, two, three, four rhythm of the dance. At the conclusion of the number, a sweet young office-blossom rushed up to the conductor and gurgled:

"Gee, that's a peach of a number! Can I get it at Woolworth's?"

No, she can not get it anywhere in a form in which she can play it, for William Tell is not built upon a kindergarten structure, and so cannot be reduced to a form of sufficient simplicity to be within reach of Maggie Smith. On the other hand, "Ukulele Lady," essentially simple, and conforming to standard jazz limitations, can be built up by orchestration to produce an effect surprisingly equivalent in musical values to that of "William Tell." When Maggie buys and plays "Ukulele Lady" she is satisfied because the sounds which she makes on her piano are sufficiently similar to her dance-hall recollections to reproduce in her mind, in part at least, the effect of the piece when she first heard it, with all elements included.

### VIII

With all this truly able orchestration, why are the "lyrics" of popular songs so inane?

I do not believe that it is because they must be supremely twaddlesome in order to appeal to the masses. Rather, I think it is because the men who are capable of writing real verse have not been willing to descend to jazz "lyrics," and the latter have been done, not by writers of English, but by musicians, vaudeville actors, and cranks. The popular song writer is notoriously "low-brow." Years ago, someone started the spoon-hug-kiss-slush theme in ragtime words, and it has stuck, apparently, not so much because the public insisted upon it, as because it was the only theme which was given to the public. The "lyricists" of jazz knew nothing else. It was conventional. That the public would welcome a bit of humor in place of sentimental garbage is evidenced by the success of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," which not even the most methodical of Methodists can construe as immorally suggestive. It is the music and not the words which has carried jazz.

On the other hand—perhaps because the word-writers of popular songs were





A TYPICAL JAZZ "BREAK"

It employs both superimposed rhythm and dissonance

not sonneteers—the lyrics of jazz possess a quality which makes them infinitely more singable than the words of any other type of song. They are sung exactly as they would be spoken. Musical emphasis is identical with conversational accent. Certainly this is natural and healthy. In jazz, the jaw-straining soprano cannot yammer through a vocal skinning-the-cat upon what would normally be an unaccented syllable in every-day speech. The popular song gives each word and each syllable its proper stress—no more, no less.

Obviously, in order to do this, words and music must be written together. The words are not set to music; neither is the music set to words. In this, jazz has followed honorable precedent. To the coincidence of musical and conversational accent the comedies of Gilbert

and Sullivan owe much of their enduring popularity. May I recommend that in this respect our modernists of the studio-and-recital aristocracy might well take a leaf from the book of jazz?

## IX

The discouraging thing about jazz is the fact that it has been viewed in such false perspectives—either condemned completely or inordinately exalted.

The encouraging thing about jazz is that in its orchestrations it is initiating countless thousands into sound principles of harmony and counterpoint, and thus definitely raising the average level of musical intelligence. Snort if you will, but the fact remains that the shop girl who has heard Paul Whiteman has taken a step toward appreciation of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.



# WHAT SHALL WE EDUCATE FOR?

AN INQUIRY INTO FUNDAMENTALS

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

**B**EFORE considering how to educate it is well to be clear as to the sort of result which we wish to achieve. Doctor Arnold of Rugby wanted "humbleness of mind,"—a quality not possessed by Aristotle's "magnanimous man." Nietzsche's ideal is not that of Christianity. No more is Kant's: for while Christ enjoins love, Kant teaches that no action of which love is the motive can be truly virtuous. And even people who agree as to the ingredients of a good character may differ as to their relative importance. One man will emphasize courage, another learning, another kindness, and another rectitude. One man, like the elder Brutus, will put duty to the State above family affection; another, like Confucius, will put family affection first. All these divergences will produce differences as to education. We must have some conception of the kind of person we wish to produce before we can have any definite opinion as to the education which we consider best.

Of course an educator may be foolish, in the sense that he produces results other than those at which he was aiming. Uriah Heep was the outcome of lessons in humility at a Charity School, which had had an effect quite different from what was intended. But in the main the ablest educators have been fairly successful. Take as examples the Chinese literati, the modern Japanese, Doctor Arnold, and the men who direct the policy of the American public schools. All these, in their various ways, have

been highly successful. The results aimed at in the different cases were utterly different, but in the main the results were achieved. It may be worth while to spend a few moments on these different systems, before attempting to decide what we ourselves should regard as the aims which education should have in view.

Traditional Chinese education was, in some respects, very similar to that of Athens in its best days. Athenian boys were made to learn Homer by heart from beginning to end; Chinese boys were made to learn the Confucian classics with similar thoroughness. Athenians were taught a kind of reverence for the gods which consisted in outward observances and placed no barrier in the way of free intellectual speculation. Similarly, the Chinese were taught certain rites connected with ancestor-worship, but were by no means obliged to have the beliefs which the rites would seem to imply. An easy and elegant skepticism was the attitude expected of an educated adult; anything might be discussed, but it was a trifle vulgar to reach very positive conclusions. Opinions should be such as could be discussed pleasantly at dinner, not such as man would fight for. Carlyle calls Plato "a lordly Athenian gentleman, very much at his ease in Zion." This characteristic of being "at his ease in Zion" is found also in Chinese sages, and is, as a rule, absent from the sages produced by Christian civilizations, except when, like Goethe, they have



deeply imbibed the spirit of Hellenism. The Athenians and the Chinese alike wished to enjoy life, and had a conception of enjoyment which was refined by an exquisite sense of beauty.

There were, however, great differences between the two civilizations, owing to the fact that, broadly speaking, the Greeks were energetic and the Chinese were lazy. The Greeks devoted their energies to art and science and mutual extermination—in all of which they achieved unprecedented success. Politics and patriotism afforded practical outlets for Greek energy: when a politician was ousted he led a band of exiles to attack his native city. When a Chinese official was disgraced he retired to the hills and wrote poems on the pleasures of country life. Accordingly, the Greek civilization destroyed itself, but the Chinese civilization could be destroyed only from without. These differences, however, seem not wholly attributable to education, since Confucianism in Japan never produced the indolent cultured skepticism which characterized the Chinese literati, except in the Kyoto nobility, who formed a kind of Faubourg Saint Germain.

Chinese education produced stability and art; it failed to produce progress or science. Perhaps this may be taken as what is to be expected of skepticism. Passionate beliefs produce either progress or disaster, not stability. Science, even when it attacks traditional beliefs, has beliefs of its own, and can scarcely flourish in an atmosphere of literary skepticism. In a pugnacious world, which has been unified by modern invention, energy is needed for national self-preservation. And without science democracy is impossible: the Chinese civilization was confined to the small percentage of educated men and the Greek civilization was based on slavery. For these reasons the traditional education of China is not suited to the modern world, and has been abandoned by the Chinese themselves. Cultivated eighteenth-century gentlemen, who in some

respects resembled Chinese literati, have become impossible for the same reasons.

Modern Japan affords the clearest illustration of a tendency which is prominent among all the Great Powers—the tendency to make national greatness the supreme purpose of education. The aim of Japanese education is to produce citizens who shall be devoted to the State through the training of their passions, and useful to it through the knowledge they have acquired. I cannot sufficiently praise the skill with which this double purpose has been pursued. Ever since the advent of Commodore Perry's squadron the Japanese have been in a situation in which self-preservation was very difficult; their success affords a justification of their methods, unless we are to hold that self-preservation itself may be culpable. But only a desperate situation could have justified their educational methods, which would have been culpable in any nation not in imminent peril. The Shinto religion, which must not be called in question even by university professors, involves history just as dubious as Genesis; the Dayton trial pales into insignificance beside the theological tyranny in Japan. There is an equal ethical tyranny: nationalism, filial piety, Mikado-worship, etc., must not be called in question, and, therefore, many kinds of progress are scarcely possible. The great danger of a cast-iron system of this sort is that it may provoke revolution as the sole method of progress. This danger is real, though not immediate, and is largely caused by the educational system.

We have thus in modern Japan a defect opposite to that of ancient China. Whereas the Chinese literati were too skeptical and lazy, the products of Japanese education are likely to be too dogmatic and energetic. Neither acquiescence in skepticism nor acquiescence in dogma is what education should produce. What it should produce is a belief that knowledge is attainable in a measure, though with difficulty; that

much of what passes for knowledge at any given time is likely to be more or less mistaken, but that the mistakes can be rectified by care and industry. In acting upon our beliefs, we should be very cautious where a small error would mean disaster; nevertheless, it is upon our beliefs that we must act. This state of mind is rather difficult: it requires a high degree of intellectual culture without emotional atrophy. But though difficult, it is not impossible; it is in fact the scientific temper. Knowledge, like other good things, is difficult, but not impossible; the dogmatist forgets the difficulty, the skeptic denies the possibility. Both are mistaken, and their errors, when widespread, produce social disaster.

Doctor Arnold's system, which has remained in force in English public schools to the present day, had another defect, namely, that it was aristocratic. The aim was to train men for positions of authority and power, whether at home or in distant parts of the empire. An aristocracy, if it is to survive, needs certain virtues; these were to be imparted at school. The product was to be energetic, stoical, physically fit, possessed of certain unalterable beliefs, with high standards of rectitude, and convinced that it had an important mission in the world. To a surprising extent, these results were achieved. Intellect was sacrificed to them, because intellect might produce doubt. Sympathy was sacrificed, because it might interfere with governing "inferior" races or classes. Kindliness was sacrificed for the sake of toughness; imagination, for the sake of firmness.

In an unchanging world the result might have been a permanent aristocracy, possessing the merits and defect of the Spartans. But aristocracy is out of date, and subject populations will no longer obey even the most wise and virtuous rulers. The rulers are driven into brutality, and brutality further encourages revolt. The complexity of the modern world increasingly requires

intelligence, and Doctor Arnold sacrificed intelligence to "virtue." The battle of Waterloo may have been won on the playing fields of Eton, but the British Empire is being lost there. The modern world needs a different type, with more imaginative sympathy, more intellectual suppleness; less belief in bulldog courage and more belief in technical knowledge. The administrator of the future must be the servant of free citizens, not the benevolent ruler of admiring subjects. The aristocratic tradition embedded in British higher education is its bane. Perhaps this tradition can be eliminated gradually; perhaps the older educational institutions will be found incapable of adapting themselves. As to that, I do not venture an opinion.

The American public schools achieve successfully a task never before attempted on a large scale: the task of transforming a heterogeneous selection of mankind into a homogeneous nation. This is done so ably and is, on the whole, such a beneficent work, that on the balance great praise is due to those who accomplish it. But America, like Japan, is placed in a peculiar situation, and what the special circumstances justify is not necessarily an ideal to be followed everywhere and always. America has had certain advantages and certain difficulties. Among the advantages were: a higher standard of wealth; freedom from the danger of defeat in war; comparative absence of cramping traditions inherited from the Middle Ages. Immigrants found in America a generally diffused sentiment of democracy and an advanced stage of industrial technic. These, I think, are the two chief reasons why almost all of them came to admire America more than their native countries. But actual immigrants, as a rule, retain a dual patriotism: in European struggles they continue to take passionately the side of the nation to which they originally belonged. Their children, on the contrary, lose all loyalty to the country from which their



parents have come and become merely and simply Americans. The attitude of the parents is attributable to the general merits of America; that of the children is very largely determined by their school education. It is only the contribution of the school that concerns us.

In so far as the school can rely upon the genuine merits of America, there is no need to associate the teaching of American patriotism with the inculcation of false standards. But where the old world is superior to the new, it becomes necessary to instill a contempt for genuine excellences. The intellectual level in Western Europe and the artistic level in Eastern Europe are, on the whole, higher than in America. Throughout Western Europe, except in Spain and Portugal, there is less theological superstition than in America. In almost all European countries the individual is less subject to herd domination than in America: his inner freedom is greater even where his political freedom is less. In these respects the American public schools do harm. The harm is essential to the teaching of an exclusive American patriotism. The harm, as with the Japanese, comes from regarding the pupils as means to an end, not as ends in themselves. The teacher should love his children better than his State; otherwise he is not an ideal teacher.

## II

When I say that pupils should be regarded as ends, not as means, I may be met by the retort that, after all, everybody is more important as a means than as an end. What a man is as an end perishes when he dies; what he produces as a means continues to the end of time. We cannot deny this, but we can deny the consequences deduced from it. A man's importance as a means may be for good or for evil; the remote effects of human actions are so uncertain that a wise man will tend to dismiss them from his calculations. Broadly

speaking, good men have good effects, and bad men bad effects. This, of course, is not an invariable law of nature. A bad man may murder a tyrant because he has committed crimes which the tyrant intends to punish; the effects of his act may be good, though he and his act are bad. Nevertheless, as a broad general rule, a community of men and women who are intrinsically excellent will have better effects than one composed of people who are ignorant and malevolent. Apart from such considerations, children and young people feel instinctively the difference between those who genuinely wish them well and those who regard them merely as raw material for some scheme. Neither character nor intelligence will develop as well or as freely where the teacher is deficient in love; and love of this kind consists essentially in *feeling* the child as an end. We all have this feeling about ourselves: we desire good things for ourselves without first demanding a proof that some great purpose will be furthered by our obtaining them. Every ordinarily affectionate parent feels the same sort of thing about his or her children. Parents want their children to grow, to be strong and healthy, to do well at school, and so on, in just the same way in which they want things for themselves; no effort of self-denial and no abstract principle of justice is involved in taking trouble about such matters. This parental feeling is not always strictly confined to one's own children. In its diffused form it must exist in anyone who is to be a good teacher of little boys and girls. And as the pupils grow older it grows less important. But only those who possess it can be trusted to draw up schemes of education. Those who regard it as one of the purposes of male education to produce men willing to kill and be killed for frivolous reasons are clearly deficient in diffused parental feeling; yet they control education in all civilized countries except Denmark and China.

But it is not enough that the educator

should love the young; it is necessary also that he should have a right conception of human excellence. Even those who love all mankind may err through a wrong conception of the good life. I shall try, therefore, to give an idea of what I consider excellent in men and women, quite without regard to practicality, or to educational methods by which it might be brought into being.

We must first make a distinction: some qualities are desirable in a certain proportion of mankind, others are desirable universally. We want artists, but we want also men of science. We want great administrators, but we want also ploughmen and millers and bakers. The qualities which produce a man of great eminence in some one direction are often such as might be undesirable if they were universal. Shelley describes the day's work of a poet as follows:

He will watch from dawn to gloom  
The lake-reflected sun illumine  
The honey-bees in the ivy bloom  
Nor heed nor see what things they be.

These habits are praiseworthy in a poet, but not—shall we say—in a postman. We cannot therefore frame our education with a view to giving every one the temperament of a poet. But some characteristics are universally desirable, and it is these alone that I shall consider.

I make no distinction whatever between male and female excellence. A certain amount of occupational training is desirable for a woman who is to have the care of babies, but that only involves the same sort of difference as there is between a farmer and a miller. It is in no degree fundamental, and does not demand consideration at our present level.

I will take four characteristics which seem to me jointly to form the basis of an ideal character: vitality, courage, sensitiveness, and intelligence. I do not suggest that this list is complete, but I think it carries us a good way. More-

over, I firmly believe that, by proper physical, emotional, and intellectual care of the young, these qualities could all be made very common. I shall consider each in turn.

### III

Vitality is rather a physiological than a mental characteristic; it is presumably always present where there is perfect health, but it tends to ebb with advancing years, and gradually dwindles to nothing in old age. In vigorous children it quickly rises to a maximum before they reach school age, and then tends to be diminished by education. Where it exists there is pleasure in feeling alive, quite apart from any specific pleasant circumstance. It heightens pleasures and diminishes pains. It makes it easy to take an interest in whatever occurs, and thus promotes objectivity, which is an essential of sanity. Human beings are prone to become absorbed in themselves, unable to be interested in what they see and hear or in anything outside their own skins. This is a great misfortune to themselves, since it entails at best boredom and at worst melancholia; it is also a fatal barrier to usefulness, except in very exceptional cases. Vitality promotes interest in the outside world; it also promotes the power of hard work. Moreover, it is a safeguard against envy, because it makes one's own existence pleasant. As envy is one of the great sources of human misery, this is a very important merit in vitality. Many bad qualities are of course compatible with vitality—for example, those of a healthy tiger. And many of the best qualities are compatible with its absence: Newton and Locke, for example, had very little. Both these men, however, had irritabilities and envies from which better health would have set them free. Probably the whole of Newton's controversy with Leibniz, which ruined English mathematics for over a hundred years, would have been avoided if Newton had been



robust and able to enjoy ordinary pleasures. In spite of its limitations, therefore, I reckon vitality among the qualities which it is important that all men should possess.

#### IV

Courage—the second quality on our list—has several forms, and all of them are complex. Absence of fear is one thing, and the power of controlling fear is another. And absence of fear, in turn, is one thing when the fear is rational, another when it is irrational. Absence of irrational fear is clearly good; so is the power of controlling fear. But absence of rational fear is a matter as to which debate is possible. However, I shall postpone this question until I have said something about the other forms of courage.

Irrational fear plays an extraordinarily large part in the instinctive emotional life of most people. In its pathological forms, as persecution mania, anxiety complex, or what not, it is treated by alienists. But in milder forms it is common among those who are considered sane. It may be a general feeling that there are dangers about, more correctly termed “anxiety,” or a specific dread of things that are not dangerous, such as mice or spiders. It used to be supposed that many fears were instinctive, but this is now questioned by most investigators. There are apparently a few instinctive fears—for instance, of loud noises—but the great majority arise either from experience or from suggestion. Fear of the dark, for example, seems to be entirely due to suggestion. Vertebrates, there is reason to think, do not feel instinctive fear of their natural enemies, but catch this emotion from their elders. When human beings bring them up by hand the fears usual among the species are found to be absent. But fear is exceedingly infectious: children catch it from their elders even when their elders are not aware of having shown it. Timidity in

mothers or nurses is very quickly imitated by children through suggestion. Hitherto, men have thought it attractive in women to be full of irrational terrors, because it gave men a chance to seem protective without incurring any real danger. But the sons of these men have acquired the terrors from their mothers, and have had to be afterwards trained to regain a courage which they need never have lost if their fathers had not desired to despise their mothers. The harm that has been done by the subjection of women is incalculable; this matter of fear affords only one incidental illustration.

I am not at the moment discussing the methods by which fear and anxiety may be minimized; that is a matter which I shall consider later. There is, however, one question which arises at this stage, namely: can we be content to deal with fear by means of repression, or must we find some more radical cure? Traditionally, aristocracies have been trained not to show fear, while subject nations, classes, and sexes have been encouraged to remain cowardly. The test of courage has been crudely behavioristic: a man must not run away in battle; he must be proficient in “manly” sports; he must retain self-command in fires, shipwrecks, earthquakes, etc. He must not merely do the right thing, but he must avoid turning pale, or trembling, or gasping for breath, or giving any other easily observed sign of fear. All this I regard as of great importance; I should wish to see courage cultivated in all nations, in all classes, and in both sexes. But when the method adopted is repressive, it entails the evils always associated with that practice. Shame and disgrace have always been potent weapons in producing the appearance of courage; but in fact they merely cause a conflict of terrors, in which it is hoped that the dread of public condemnation will be the stronger. Fear should be overcome not only in action, but in feeling; and not only in conscious feeling but in the unconscious as well.

The purely external victory over fear, which satisfies the aristocratic code, leaves the impulse operative underground and produces evil twisted reactions which are not recognized as the offspring of terror. I am not thinking of "shell shock," in which the connection with fear is obvious. I am thinking rather of the whole system of oppression and cruelty by which dominant castes seek to retain their ascendancy. When recently in Shanghai a British officer ordered a number of unarmed Chinese students to be shot in the back without warning, he was obviously actuated by terror just as much as a soldier who runs away in battle. But military aristocracies are not sufficiently intelligent to trace such actions to their psychological source; they regard them rather as showing firmness and a proper spirit.

From the point of view of psychology and physiology, fear and rage are closely analogous emotions: the man who feels rage is not possessed of the highest kind of courage. The cruelty invariably displayed in suppressing negro insurrections, communist rebellions, and other threats to aristocracy, is an offshoot of cowardice, and deserves the same contempt as is bestowed upon the more obvious forms of that vice. I believe that it is possible so to educate ordinary men and women that they shall be able to live without fear. Hitherto, only a few heroes and saints have achieved such a life; but what they have done others could do if they were shown the way.

For the kind of courage which does not consist in repression, a number of factors must be combined. To begin with the humblest: health and vitality are very helpful, though not indispensable. Practice and skill in dangerous situations are very desirable. But when we come to consider, not courage in this and that respect, but universal courage, something more fundamental is wanted. What is wanted is a combination of self-respect with an im-

personal outlook on life. To begin with self-respect: some men live from within, while others are mere mirrors of what is felt and said by their neighbors. The latter can never have true courage: they must have admiration, and are haunted by the fear of losing it. The teaching of "humility" which used to be thought desirable was the means of producing a perverted form of this same vice. "Humility" suppressed self-respect, but not the desire for the respect of others; it merely made nominal self-abasement the means of acquiring credit. Thus it produced hypocrisy and falsification of instinct. Children were taught unreasoning submission, and proceeded to exact it when they grew up; it was said that only those who have learned to obey know how to command. What I suggest is that no one should learn how to obey and no one should attempt to command. I do not mean, of course, that there should not be leaders in co-operative enterprises; but their authority should be like that of a captain of a football team, which is suffered voluntarily in order to achieve a common purpose. Our purposes should be our own, not the result of external authority; and our purposes should never be forcibly imposed upon others. This is what I mean when I say no one should command and no one should obey.

There is one thing more required for the highest courage, and that is what I called just now an impersonal outlook on life. The man whose hopes and fears are all centered upon himself can hardly view death with equanimity, since it extinguishes his whole emotional universe. Here, again, we are met by a tradition urging the cheap and easy way of repression: the saint must learn to renounce self, must mortify the flesh and forgo instinctive joys. This can be done, but its consequences are bad. Having renounced pleasure for himself, the ascetic saint renounces it for others also—which is easier. Envy persists underground and leads him to the view that suffering is ennobling, and may



therefore be legitimately inflicted. Hence arises a complete inversion of values; what is good is thought bad, and what is bad is thought good. The source of all the harm is that the good life has been sought in obedience to a negative imperative, not in broadening and developing natural desires and instincts. There are certain things in human nature which take us beyond self without effort. The commonest of these is love, more particularly parental love, which in some is so generalized as to embrace the whole human race. Another is knowledge. There is no reason to suppose that Galileo was particularly benevolent, yet he lived for an end which was not defeated by his death. Another is art. But in fact every interest in something outside a man's own body makes his life to that degree impersonal. For this reason, paradoxical as it may seem, a man of wide and vivid interests finds less difficulty in leaving life than is experienced by some miserable hypochondriac whose interests are bounded by his own ailments. Thus the perfection of courage is found in the man of many interests, who *feels* his ego to be but a small part of the world, not through despising himself, but through valuing much that is not himself. This can hardly happen except where instinct is free and intelligence is active. From this union of the two grows a comprehensiveness of outlook unknown both to the voluptuary and to the ascetic; and to such an outlook personal death appears a trivial matter. Such courage is positive and instinctive, not negative and repressive. It is courage in this positive sense that I regard as one of the major ingredients in a perfect character.

## V

Sensitiveness, the third quality in our list, is in a sense a corrective of mere courage. Courageous behavior is easier for a man who fails to apprehend dangers, but such courage may often

be foolish. We cannot regard as satisfactory any way of acting which is dependent upon ignorance or forgetfulness: the fullest possible knowledge and realization are an essential part of what is desirable. The cognitive aspect, however, comes under the head of intelligence; sensitiveness, in the sense in which I am using the term, belongs to the emotions. A purely theoretical definition would be that a person is emotionally sensitive when many stimuli produce emotions in him; but taken thus broadly the quality is not necessarily a good one. If sensitiveness is to be good, the emotional reaction must be in some sense *appropriate*: mere intensity is not what is needed. The quality I have in mind is that of being affected pleasurably or the reverse by many things, and by the right things. What are the right things, I shall try to explain.

The first step, which most children take at the age of about five months, is to pass beyond mere pleasures of sensation, such as food and warmth, to the pleasure of social approbation. This pleasure, as soon as it has arisen, develops very rapidly: every child loves praise and hates blame. Usually the wish to be thought well of remains one of the dominant motives throughout life. It is certainly very valuable as a stimulus to pleasant behavior, and as a restraint upon impulses of greed. If we were wiser in our admirations, it might be much more valuable. But so long as the most admired heroes are those who have killed the greatest number of people, love of admiration cannot alone be adequate to the good life.

The next stage in the development of a desirable form of sensitiveness is sympathy. There is a purely physical sympathy: a very young child will cry because a brother or sister is crying. This, I suppose, affords the basis for the further developments. The two enlargements that are needed are: first, to feel sympathy even when the sufferer is not an object of special affection;

secondly, to feel it when the suffering is merely known to be occurring, not sensibly present. The second of these enlargements depends largely upon intelligence. It may go only so far as sympathy with suffering which is portrayed vividly and touchingly, as in a good novel; it may, on the other hand, go so far as to enable a man to be moved emotionally by statistics. This capacity for abstract sympathy is as rare as it is important. Almost everybody is deeply affected when someone he loves suffers from cancer. Most people are moved when they see the sufferings of unknown patients in hospitals. Yet when they read that the death-rate from cancer is such-and-such they are as a rule moved only to momentary personal fear lest they or some one dear to them should acquire the disease. The same is true of war: people think it dreadful when their son or brother is mutilated, but they do not think it a million times as dreadful that a million people should be mutilated. A man full of kindness in all personal dealings may derive his income from incitement to war or from the torture of children in "backward" countries. All these familiar phenomena are due to the fact that sympathy is not stirred, in most people, by a merely abstract stimulus. A large proportion of the evils in the modern world would cease if this could be remedied. Science has greatly increased our power of affecting the lives of distant people, without increasing our sympathy for them. Suppose you are a shareholder in a company which manufactures cotton in Shanghai. You may be a busy man, who has merely followed financial advice in making the investment; neither Shanghai nor cotton interests you, but only your dividends. Yet you become part of the force leading to massacres of innocent people, and your dividends would disappear if little children were not forced into unnatural and dangerous toil. You do not mind, because you have never seen the children, and an

abstract stimulus cannot move you. That is the fundamental reason why large-scale industrialism is so cruel, and why oppression of subject races is tolerated. An education producing sensitiveness to abstract stimuli would make such things impossible.

## VI

I will now pass on to the last of the four qualities we enumerated, namely intelligence.

One of the great defects of traditional morality has been the low estimate it placed upon intelligence. The Greeks did not err in this respect, but the Church led men to think that nothing matters except virtue, and virtue consists in abstinence from a certain list of actions arbitrarily labelled "sin." So long as this attitude persists, it is impossible to make men realize that intelligence does more good than an artificial conventional "virtue." When I speak of intelligence I include both actual knowledge and receptivity to knowledge. The two are, in fact, closely connected. Ignorant adults are unteachable; on such matters as hygiene or diet, for example, they are totally incapable of believing what science has to say. The more a man has learned, the easier it is for him to learn still more—always assuming that he has not been taught in a spirit of dogmatism. Ignorant people have never been compelled to change their mental habits, and have stiffened into an unchangeable attitude. It is not only that they are credulous where they should be skeptical; it is just as much that they are incredulous where they should be receptive. No doubt the word "intelligence" properly signifies rather an aptitude for acquiring knowledge than knowledge already acquired; but I do not think this aptitude is acquired *ex nihilo* by exercise, any more than the aptitude of a pianist or an acrobat. It is, of course, possible to impart information in ways that do not train intelligence; it is not



only possible, but easy, and frequently done. But I do not believe that it is possible to train intelligence without imparting information, or at any rate causing knowledge to be acquired. And without intelligence our complex modern world cannot subsist; still less can it make progress. I regard the cultivation of intelligence, therefore, as one of the major purposes of education. This might seem a commonplace, but in fact it is not. The desire to instill what are regarded as correct beliefs has made educationists too often indifferent to the training of intelligence. To make this clear, it is necessary to define intelligence a little more closely, so as to discover the mental habits which it requires.

The instinctive foundation of the intellectual life is curiosity, which is found among animals in its elementary forms. Intelligence demands an alert curiosity, but it must be of a certain kind. The sort that leads village neighbors to try to peer through curtains after dark has no very high value. The widespread interest in gossip is inspired, not by a love of knowledge, but by malice: no one gossips about other people's secret virtues, but only about their secret vices. Accordingly, most gossip is untrue, but care is taken not to verify it. Our neighbor's sins, like the consolations of religion, are so agreeable that we do not stop to scrutinize the evidence closely. Curiosity properly so called, on the other hand, is inspired by a genuine love of knowledge. You may see this impulse, in a moderately pure form, at work in a cat which has been brought to a strange room, and proceeds to smell every corner and every piece of furniture. You will see it also in children, who are passionately interested when a drawer or cupboard, usually closed, is open for their inspection. Animals, machines, thunderstorms, and all forms of manual work excite the curiosity of children, whose thirst for knowledge puts the most intelligent adult to shame. This impulse is weaker with advancing

years, until at last what is unfamiliar inspires only disgust, with no desire for a closer acquaintance. This is the stage at which people announce that the country is going to the dogs, and that "things are not what they were in my young days." The thing which is not the same as it was in that far-off time is the speaker's curiosity. And with the death of curiosity we may reckon that active intelligence, also, has died.

But although curiosity lessens in intensity and in extent after childhood, it may for a long time improve in quality. Curiosity about general propositions shows a higher level of intelligence than curiosity about particular facts; broadly speaking, the higher the order of generality the greater is the intelligence involved. Curiosity dissociated from personal advantage shows a higher development than curiosity connected (say) with a chance of food. The cat that sniffs in a new room is not a wholly disinterested scientific inquirer, but probably also wants to find out whether there are mice about.

If curiosity is to be fruitful it must be associated with a certain technic for the acquisition of knowledge. There must be habits of observation, belief in the possibility of knowledge, patience, and industry. These things will develop of themselves, given the original fund of curiosity and the proper intellectual education. But since our intellectual life is only a part of our activity, and since curiosity is perpetually coming into conflict with other passions, there is need of certain intellectual virtues, such as open-mindedness. We become impervious to new truth both from habit and from desire: we find it hard to disbelieve what we have emphatically believed for a number of years, and also what ministers to self-esteem or any other fundamental passion. Open-mindedness should therefore be one of the qualities that education aims at producing.

Courage is essential to intellectual probity, as well as to physical heroism.

The real world is more unknown than we like to think; from the first day of life we practice precarious inductions, and confound our mental habits with laws of external nature. All sorts of intellectual systems—Christianity, Socialism, Patriotism, etc.—are ready, like orphan asylums, to give safety in return for servitude. A free mental life cannot be as warm and comfortable and sociable as a life enveloped in a creed: only a creed can give the feeling of a cosy fireside while the winter storms are raging without.

This brings us to a somewhat difficult question: to what extent should the good life be emancipated from the herd? I hesitate to use the phrase "herd instinct," because there are controversies as to its correctness. But, however interpreted, the phenomena which it describes are familiar. We like to stand well with those whom we feel to be the group with which we wish to co-operate—our family, our neighbors, our colleagues, our political party, or our nation. This is natural, because we cannot obtain any of the pleasures of life without co-operation. Moreover, emotions are infectious, especially when they are felt by many people at once. Very few people can be present at an excited meeting without getting excited: if they are opponents, their opposition becomes excited. And to most people such opposition is possible only if they can derive support from the thought of a different crowd in which they will win approbation. That is why the Communion of Saints has afforded such comfort to the persecuted. Are we to acquiesce in this desire for co-operation with the crowd, or shall our education try to weaken it? There are arguments on both sides, and the right answer must consist in finding a just proportion, not in a whole-hearted decision for either party.

I think myself that the desire to please and to co-operate should be strong and normal, but should be capable of being overcome by other

desires on certain important occasions. The desirability of a wish to please has already been considered in connection with sensitiveness. Without it we should all be bores, and all social groups, from the family upwards, would be impossible. Education of young children would be very difficult if they did not desire the good opinion of their parents. The contagious character of emotions also has its uses, when the contagion is from a wiser person to a more foolish one. But in the case of panic fear and panic rage it is, of course, the very reverse of useful. Thus the question of emotional receptivity is by no means simple. Even in purely intellectual matters the issue is not clear. The great discoverers have had to withstand the herd and incur hostility by their independence. But the average man's opinions are much less foolish than they would be if he thought for himself: in science, at least, his respect for authority is on the whole beneficial.

I think that in the life of a man whose circumstances and talents are not very exceptional there should be a large sphere where what is vaguely termed herd instinct dominates, and a small sphere into which it does not penetrate. The small sphere should contain the region of his special competence. We think ill of a man who cannot admire a woman unless everybody else also admires her: we think that in the choice of a wife a man should be guided by his own independent feelings, not by a reflection of the feelings of his society. It is no matter if his judgments of people in general agree with those of his neighbors, but when he falls in love he ought to be guided by his own independent feelings. Much the same thing applies in other directions. A farmer should follow his own judgment as to the capacities of his fields which he cultivates himself, though his judgment should be formed after acquiring a knowledge of scientific agriculture. An economist should form



an independent judgment on currency questions, but an ordinary mortal had better follow authority. Wherever there is special competence there should be independence. But a man should not make himself into a kind of hedgehog, all bristles to keep the world at a distance. The bulk of our ordinary activities must be co-operative, and co-operation must have an instinctive basis. Nevertheless, we should all learn to be able to think for ourselves about matters that are particularly well known to us, and we ought all to have acquired the courage to proclaim unpopular opinions when we believe them to be important.

The application of these broad principles in special cases may, of course, be difficult. But it will be less difficult than it is at present in a world where men commonly have the virtues we have been considering. The persecuted saint, for instance, would not exist in such a world. The good man would have no occasion to bristle and become self-conscious; his goodness would result from following his impulses and would be combined with instinctive happiness. His neighbors would not hate him because they would not fear him: the hatred of pioneers is due to the terror they inspire, and this terror would not exist among men who had acquired courage. Only a man dominated by fear would join the Ku Klux Klan or the Fascisti. In a world of brave men such persecuting organizations could not exist, and the good life would involve far less resistance to instinct than it does at present. The good world can be created and sustained only by fearless men, but the more they succeed in their task, the fewer occasions there will be for the exercise of their courage.

A community of men and women

possessing vitality, courage, sensitiveness, and intelligence in the highest degree that education can produce would be very different from anything that has hitherto existed. Very few people would be unhappy. The main causes of unhappiness at present are ill-health, poverty, and an unsatisfactory sex-life. All of these would become very rare. Good health could be almost universal, and even old age could be postponed. Poverty, since the industrial revolution, is due only to collective stupidity. Sensitiveness would make people wish to abolish it, intelligence would show them the way, and courage would lead them to adopt it. (A timid person would rather remain miserable than do anything unusual.) Most people's sex-life at present is more or less unsatisfactory. This is partly due to bad education, partly to persecution by the authorities and Mrs. Grundy. A generation of women brought up without irrational sex fears would soon make an end of this. Fear has been thought the only way to make women "virtuous," and they have been deliberately taught to be cowards, both physically and mentally. Women in whom love is cramped encourage brutality and hypocrisy in their husbands and distort the instinct of their children. One generation of fearless women could transform the world by bringing into it a generation of fearless children, not contorted into unnatural shapes, but straight and candid, generous, affectionate, and free. Their ardor would sweep away the cruelty and pain which we endure because we are lazy, cowardly, hard-hearted, and stupid. It is education that gives us these bad qualities, and education that must give us the opposite virtues. Education is the key to the new world.



# EBLIS

A STORY

BY THEODORA DU BOIS

**N**OW I can't vouch for this story. I saw neither the djinn, nor the unicorn, nor Eblis. All I know is that rumor reached me that Dorothy Middlefield had suddenly become tamed and domesticated. And when we met down on the sands of Nantucket last summer and I asked her what tremendous cataclysm of the soul had induced her to take up gardening and sewing—this is the tale she told, and Paul, her husband, backed her up.

It was gospel truth, he said, and although Dorothy isn't beyond adorning the plain face of fact with a touch of the rouge and lip stick of fiction, good old Paul is veracity itself. As one of the men in his class said when the classic figures of Beauty, Justice, and Truth were being hoisted into their niches in the new college library, "Drape old Paul in a sheet and give him a scroll and a trumpet and he'd make a niftier Truth than any marble dame."

But I don't want you to think I'm running Paul down by making him appear a prude. He's all right, and everybody was glad when he married Dorothy Wells. She had just that touch of flame in her to set Paul alight. Small and dark with curly black bobbed hair, and a vivid enthusiastic face, very red lips, and ears a tiny bit pointed.

I suppose Pines Park was rather dull for her. Paul liked it, but Paul would enjoy residing in the seventh select circle of the Inferno if Dorothy were there. He simply worships her. You can see it in his eyes. And Dorothy

loves Paul too. There's no question of that. But Dorothy was restless, one of these riders of the wind.

Of course Pines Park bored her. She had been brought up in a circle of people who talked about the color of their souls and the reality of illusion and illusion of reality and fringes of consciousness and all the new books and plays and music, and that sort of thing. She never could reconcile herself to discussing nothing but gardens and babies, and when some of the women would be deep in an argument about the merits of cross stitch or smocking she would puff out a cloud of cigarette smoke dreamily and say:

"You ought to dress them in samite the color of their auras. It would be so quaint," or something like that. Of course her neighbors thought her a fool. Who wouldn't?

But she really was interested in auras. She said she saw one once. It was blue and orange around a ticket seller in a theater. Doesn't that seem an odd person to have an aura? But Paul said she really must have seen it because she grabbed his arm and could scarcely wait till they were in their seats to tell him. It was at one of the old Washington Square Players' shows. Paul went out between the acts and took a good look at the fellow, but the aura was gone by then.

Paul is a darling and as a matter of fact, the Pines Park people liked him better than they liked Dorothy, although she wasn't a social outcast by



any means. She danced well and was attractive and wore good clothes, and that helps. Their drinks were good too. But she hadn't been really absorbed into the place, not happily merged in it as you must be to know the soul of any settlement or city. And the soul of Pines Park was good. It was wholesome and clean and sane. But Dorothy couldn't settle down to it. She wasn't even contented when her children came. She had one of these trained babies' nurses for them, the kind who has traveled all over the world taking care of the infants of the lesser English nobility and won't let you have anything to do with your own children except kiss them good-night. This Nanna trained young Clara and Paul into stocky red-cheeked creatures without one interesting problem about them. They bored Dorothy too.

After about six years of it the lid flew off for her. She'd just arrived at the point where she thought she would scream if she heard another discussion of asparagus beds and hot frames. It was spring, you see, and the one and only possible topic was gardens, which she professed to despise. Well, they went to a dinner at the Sanders and she sat next to a man who talked about string beans all through the entire meal. She was nearly frantic. And the man on the other side of her was deaf. So she simply had to bear the beans as best she could and she sat, smoldering through six courses and sulked and smoked after dinner with the women in the living room while they discussed perennial borders. She was wearing a black and ember-colored brocade gown that night and must have looked like a kind of small modernized Fury. After dinner things were better. A man was there who had just come back from India and he talked entertainingly of Gandhi and the evils of the British imperialistic system. He was all for getting back to the simplicity and mystery and the glamour of the past. Dorothy had been wanting to talk to him all evening, but

he kept away from her until just after eleven o'clock. Then he came over to her and, curiously, as if they had known each other always, took out a small white jade phial from his pocket and said:

"I've been saving this to show you."

"What is it?" she asked. It was quite lovely with a strange delicate tracery of gold and a stopper that looked like a ruby. She thought it held perfume, she said, and started to take out the stopper, but he said quickly:

"Look out, there's a djinn in it."

"How delightful!" she said. "How did he get in there?"

"Solomon bottled up a lot of them, you know. They were too powerful."

It was just the sort of mental game she liked. "If I let him out will he grant any wish I want?" she asked, and he answered, quite seriously:

"Of course, that's traditional. What is your wish?"

"My wish," she said, overwhelmed suddenly with her rebellion and boredom and restlessness—"It's something different—if I hear any more talk about cooks and chrysanthemums and croup and crocuses, I'll go crazy—it's choking me. I want something these beastly suburbs never dream of—things like unicorns and devils—bring on your djinns!" So she took out the stopper and the man looked at her with a sardonic sort of smile. His eyebrows went up in an odd way that was rather uncanny, she said. And when she took the stopper out nothing happened at first but a faint perfume of attar of roses.

"You were mistaken about the djinn," she said, but the man smiled again and whispered:

"Wait."

And then somebody said:

"Oh, I say, Harry, look how your fireplace is smoking," and somebody else said:

"I thought you said it had given up smoking for Lent." And everybody laughed, and then a woman remarked:

"But Lent's long over, old dear. It

can begin again." And they all roared. Cocktails and highballs had been flowing pretty freely and everyone was in that pleasant mellow state of easy mirth.

But Dorothy wasn't mellow, nor was she listening. She was watching the smoke, and gradually she saw it take form and shape itself into a vast, vaporous figure, a man, naked save for a loin cloth, with ugly pendant lips and muscles that reminded her, she said, of the Village Blacksmith. It was rather horrid because she could see him and yet see through him. He towered above the mantel, and you could see Harry Sanders' clipper ship model through the creature's hairy chest, and the portrait of Harry Sanders' great-grandmother through his face. Paul said he happened to look at Dorothy and she had turned quite pale and was sniffing the jade phial under the apparent impression that it was smelling salts. But as Paul stepped up to her, the man said:

"I wouldn't smell that any longer if I were you, Mrs. Middlefield," and took it from her.

Well, Dorothy got home as quickly as they could after that. The cars were all jumbled up in the Sanders' drive and it took quite a while to straighten out, but the air did her good and she was quite herself again by the time they got home. But Paul hadn't seen the djinn. That is, he'd seen the smoke and, when he came to think about it, he remembered that it did have sort of a funny shape to it, but he was inclined to think that the cocktails they had had before dinner were responsible for the shape. And he would have gone on thinking that, undoubtedly, if it hadn't been for what happened the next day.

The next morning Dorothy was doing bills in her upstairs study. Everything in the house was just as usual. Subconsciously, she heard the whole life of it revolving about her—the hum of the vacuum cleaner in her bedroom, the whirr of an egg-beater in the kitchen, the chugging of the mail man's car stopping before the door. Off in the

nursery young Paul and Clara were contending with Nanna about sweaters.

"It's too hot for sweaters under our jackets," they protested; and it was too hot. But Dorothy heard the sweaters being put on. That muffled howl came from a shout, stifled by heather-mixture wool pulled forcibly over the head and mouth.

Then came the bustle of feet down the hall, another combat over seeing mother a minute, and again the laurels of victory to Nanna and the small cautious thumps of rubbered feet going down stairs. Then shouts outside, diminishing in the distance. The clang of an oven door. The vacuum cleaner's whirr again through long minutes while she pored over the cost of shoes and coats and night clothes. Then a warm delicious smell of cake floated in through floor and walls and keyhole. Half the bills were finished, thank heaven! Then heavy footsteps came thudding up the stairs—the cook, running. What could be the trouble? There was an ominous knock at the door and Bridget burst in, very red, very greatly perturbed.

"What is it, Bridget?" Dorothy turned in her chair and Bridget stood panting, disheveled.

"Shure, ma'am it's a stray animal in the yard."

"Somebody's horse, I suppose."

"Well it looks like a white horse but it's got a horn onto it."

"Oh, well, just a cow then, I'll notify the police."

"It's no cow ma'am. That I do know."

"But it must be a cow if it has horns."

"One horn, ma'am, it has onto it, stuck in the middle of its face. It's more of a circus animal. An outlandish creature."

Dorothy said that of course she thought at once of a stray rhinoceros, but that was too ridiculous.

However, she went down with Bridget, and there, wandering around among the flowering forsythia and lilac bushes, was—a white unicorn.



"Well, you could have knocked me down with a crowbar," Dorothy said—which is her superlative of astonishment. At first she didn't believe it. She couldn't. But she hadn't had anything stronger than coffee that morning and she had had her eyes examined only a few weeks before.

There was the unicorn wandering about, exceedingly decorative and, apparently, exceedingly hungry. The poor thing came up to her at once, most trustingly, and stuck its soft nose in her hand. The cook screamed in the kitchen doorway and backed into the waitress behind her, but Dorothy smoothed the creature and thanked heaven for the high privet hedge about their place. If the neighbors saw her petting a unicorn they would certainly think her queerer than ever and stop inviting her to any dinners at all. But it was a lovely beast, she said, and looked as if it had been embroidered in white silk against a patterned background of lacy green leaves and lavender and yellow blossoms. It looked at her so appealingly, so hungrily, that she was troubled and offered it a handful of grass, which it nibbled a second and then dropped, politely, but quite definitely. That was too common fare. Anybody could eat grass.

"We ought to have some grain for it—oats or something," she said, and the cook hopefully suggested:

"There's some oatmeal left over from breakfast, ma'am."

But Dorothy said she couldn't quite see herself offering a glorious white unicorn cold slabby oatmeal even in small Paul's silver porringer.

"Puffed wheat, madame?" the waitress suggested, and that seemed more possible.

They tried it and the creature ate it, but only when it was well covered with sugar and cream. "Fortunately," Dorothy said, "we were going to have ice cream for dinner. We had to use the whole lot up, two whole half pints. But the unicorn did seem to enjoy it so, the

darling. Even Bridget seemed quite impressed with him although she rather resented using the porringer. But a yellow kitchen bowl would have been too incongruous, like serving President Coolidge with soup in one, although he isn't the least like a unicorn of course."

Well, after a package of puffed wheat had disappeared, the creature daintily picked a daffodil or two out of a flower border, ate them, and strolled off toward the garage. The door was open that led into the tool room and providentially he wandered in there, and Dorothy was able to shut the door on him, thinking to keep him till Paul came home. And he did stay there perfectly contentedly all day, only several times she heard sounds of fallings down as he knocked over spades and things, but she had taken out the pitchfork first so there was nothing really to hurt him.

Along about teatime—but the telling of this part of it belongs to Paul. He came in at about quarter past five, he said. It was raining a little, one of these light misty spring rains that seem half water, half fragrance. . . . Not that he said that, he said there was a good smell of spring in the air. . . . But when he got in he saw that Dorothy and the children were in the living room around the fire and someone else was there too. A man. And tea was in progress and the children were toasting marshmallows, but not allowed to eat any, of course.

Paul took off his coat and hat, hung them up in the closet, and walked into the living room. The man wasn't a bad-looking chap; dark, with a lean face and although there seemed something queer about him Paul couldn't make it out in the shadows of the firelight.

"Hello, Paul old dear," Dorothy said. "You remember Eblis." Just like that, no Mr. or anything, and Paul thought it rather strange and he didn't remember him from Adam. "Will you have some tea?" Dorothy asked, and Paul said:

"Yes, but I'll go upstairs and wash first. Glad to see you, Mr. Eblis."

"Oh, just plain Eblis." The man gave a queer sort of laugh that Paul didn't like.

And all the time he was washing his hands Paul was wondering who the deuce plain Eblis was. The name was familiar enough. He must be some old flame of Dorothy's, or one of that Westlake crowd.

It wasn't until Paul was going downstairs that he realized with a horrid shock what Eblis meant. "What a beastly nickname," he thought and went into the living room and there was that fellow in the smoky glow of the firelight with flames dancing behind him. He was standing, with his back to the fire and, Paul said, you could see the tips of his horns quite plainly and—he was toasting a marshmallow on the barbed point of his tail!

The children were enchanted, although a little in awe of him. They sat in their small rush-bottomed rockers and gazed at him, speechless. The fellow was talking most entertainingly about city politics. He seemed to have been in the thick of the last administration and was tremendously amusing about it. "But, of course, I had to get out when they began opening the meetings with prayer," he said, whimsically, and Dorothy laughed.

But Paul was worried. He sat in a deep chair and stirred his tea moodily. He didn't know what in thunder to do. The fellow was a gentleman. You couldn't say to a gentleman, "See here, you've got a tail and horns, get out or I'll kick you out." It just wasn't done. He was perfectly amiable and well-mannered and entertaining and disarmingly matter of fact about his—well, peculiarities. He removed the toasted marshmallow from his tail as if it were the most natural action in the world, and Dorothy accepted it absent-mindedly and ate the cursed thing. The marshmallow was very thoroughly cooked and it dripped down over her chin, and she licked it off with her tongue, and the children and Eblis burst into delighted

laughter. "Soon after that Nanna called the children away and they went with their pretty bow and courtesy, and Eblis said charming things about them that made Paul's blood run cold. But after all he couldn't really find any fault with the fellow. They sat and talked a long time after that about books and plays and music. It seemed Eblis had done a lot in those lines too, and after awhile he went off with most polite good-byes.

"I don't think much of your friend," Paul said, uncomfortably, after he'd gone, and Dorothy answered:

"Oh, he's not so bad, Paul. He's interesting, if you're careful."

"Well, all I've got to say is then be careful."

"Of course I will, you old duck," and then she burst out with, "but Paul, I have the most astonishing thing in the tool house!"

They put their rubber coats on and went out and looked in the tool house and, there among the spades and lawn mowers, in the beam of their flashlight was the unicorn, turning its head and looking hungrily at them with its great beautiful sad eyes.

"Good gosh," Paul groaned and rubbed his head.

"It's a unicorn," Dorothy told him and he snapped, rather irritably:

"Did you think I thought it was a kangaroo? What is the beast looking at us like that for?"

"It wants some more puffed wheat, I expect. Would you mind getting some in small Paul's porringer with plenty of sugar and cream?"

So they fed the beast. He was exceedingly hungry and it seemed extravagant to use so much cream at thirty cents a half pint, but what could you do?

"What's to be done about him?" Paul asked, "We can't keep the creature." And Dorothy smoothed its silken nose lovingly and said:

"It's a perfect duck. I do wish we could."



"We can't advertise," Paul considered, and Dorothy chuckled.

"Imagine—'Found, a white unicorn. Owner please communicate with Paul Middlefield, Pines Park.'"

"Good gosh." Paul groaned again. "I say, Dorothy, lock the thing up and let's come in and have a good stiff drink of hot milk."

So they did.

And after all the unicorn wasn't as much of a problem as might have been expected. Apparently it had a habit of sleeping all day. So Paul fixed up one end of the tool room beyond a barricade of children's sleds and old baby carriages, and every morning before he went to the city he'd feed the animal and tuck a huge old green rag rug over him that Dorothy had had cleaned. The unicorn was really a nice beast, he said. It was so appreciative. Sometimes it would give his ear one gentle lick as he bent over it, and then, when it was all tucked in, it would sigh contentedly and drop off to sleep, with its head on a bag of grass seed. And there it would stay all day long, and the man about the place never happened to see it. He never cleaned the tool room or garage if he could help it, so the unicorn was really perfectly safe. As for the maids, they left the very next morning, protesting angrily that it made them nervous to stay in any place where there was a circus animal being fed cream, like human beings; so Dorothy got a couple of phlegmatic Finns who never looked two inches beyond their own work.

In the evenings, when small Paul and Clara were pinned in their beds, and the maids were having their dinners, Paul and Dorothy would let the unicorn out. He was very fond of daffodils, as dessert, and Dorothy said he was really too lovely, in the dusk, dripping daffodils from his soft black lips. And sometimes she would take a handful of flowers and toss them up, high in the air, and the unicorn would neigh with delight and throw back his beautiful white

head and try to spear the blossoms with his horn. Dorothy in her green-silk tunic embroidered in gold, tossing daffodils for the unicorn! It must have been a pleasant sight. Paul admitted that it was, but it would have been pleasanter, apparently, if Eblis hadn't been around so often enjoying it too.

Eblis was there a great deal at that time, and Paul was at his wit's ends with worry. The man seemed to have fascinated Dorothy, and yet, when he wasn't there, she spoke of him almost with horror.

"I don't know what it was about him," she said, quite frankly. "I really didn't like him. I was afraid of him and yet there was something about him so different, so interesting, you couldn't help being drawn to him. He was a very compelling person."

"He had a rotten line of talk," Paul growled and Dorothy said:

"Well, not really rotten. Of course he was very cynical but tremendously vital. He talked a lot about expressing yourself and not inhibiting your natural desires and your urges. He said I was stifling myself in an uncongenial atmosphere and he was most sympathetic. Tremendously stimulating, he was."

"Yah, so stimulating I wanted to give him one swift kick back to where he came from."

"Well, why didn't you?" Dorothy asked, and he said:

"How could I? Nobody kicks a gentleman out of his front door. You'd find yourself behind the bars in three minutes if you did."

"Well, I did the best I could," Dorothy protested. "I told him I didn't want him around the house all the time. I was most emphatic about it. But you know he only laughed at me. He said I didn't mean what I said—all women were like that, protesting purity of thought and loyalty and all that nonsense, and all the time all they wanted was attention—and passion. That was all they were made for."

"The beast!" Paul growled. . . .

But he hadn't done anything about it. Matters seemed to have been coasting down hill toward some lurid catastrophe, and Paul had no more power to stop them than if he had been standing at the top of an iced slide, watching Dorothy and Eblis tobogganing down toward certain collision. Why, he didn't even prevent Dorothy's riding with Eblis at night.

"How could I?" he said. "You can't shut your wife up in the cellar, can you?" and she answered:

"Well, I had to do it, didn't I? I couldn't let the unicorn die of lack of exercise."

So it seems she took to riding the unicorn at night, with Eblis on his own black horse. He had suggested it and brought a saddle and helped Dorothy paint the creature's horn black. Poor thing, it didn't like it at all, and kept pulling back and shaking its head and splattering drops of paint all over Dorothy's orange smock.

Those night rides must have been pretty wild experiences. The unicorn, of course, was fresh and tremendously swift anyway, and Eblis in his black cape rode like the tempest. Dorothy said they would fairly fly over the roads, cutting into the darkness like sword blades. The winds would whip through her hair and the stars would whirl overhead, and sparks from the hooves of Eblis' horse would shoot upward into tongues of flame.

One night they rode out toward Westlake, along the crest of the hills, and through the woods beyond, the moon kept rolling toward them like a monstrous copper ball.

Then they rode on the path through the woods where young white birches, pure, like virgins, waited breathless for the embrace of the moon. And at last they came to Deep Cove where the Allans had built their marble temple against the great black pines. A small temple, but very beautiful. The water lipped its very steps and pines breathed

over it softly. An enchanted temple, that night that Dorothy and Eblis rode through the woods and saw it beneath the ivory-white moon. But soon a crowd of laughing, shouting people came rushing through the pines and down its smooth steps, plunging uncouthly into the waters. At first Dorothy thought they were her own crowd there on some party, and she felt badly at not having been invited, but then she saw that she had been mistaken. They were a lot of nymphs and satyrs and pretty soon—well it began to be rather worse than one of Mr. Aldous Huxley's books and she didn't like it at all. Whatever prim white-capped Puritan ancestor she had within her awoke and held up her eyebrows in horror.

"Please, I want to go home at once," Dorothy said and turned the unicorn. He, poor dear, hadn't liked it either. But Eblis laughed.

"Are you afraid to look at life?" And the Puritan in Dorothy answered quite sharply:

"I'm tired of all this nonsense about life—buttons and oatmeal are just as much life as orchids and orgies. I'm going to go home and have some hot milk and go to bed."

He laughed, mocking her and, quickly leaning over, put his arms roughly about her shoulders and kissed her lips. It was as if flame had scorched them and she felt burning pain and yet a frightening wild exhilaration, as if, riding on a storm at night, a star spark had fallen from the sky and lighted on her mouth.

"Some night you are going to tear off your garments of convention and ride with me, off over the black edges of the world, and we will gallop down among the lower stars, down the vacant steeps of night to my palace—black marble on the brink of the gulf of the infernos—lighted by its own three clear green moons. If you stand on the steps of its portals you can hear, far off, the great slow crash and grinding of the turning of the spheres."

"No," she cried, shivering, "I won't



go with you to any such Dunsany-ish palace. I'm going to stay with my own husband and children. I'd much rather have electric light than any private green moons. I'm sure green moons never could run vacuum cleaners in your palace." So, laughing at him, she kept him off, and they went home as fast as the unicorn could gallop, and she left Eblis to put him away in the tool room, and ran in to find a pale, forlorn Paul, trying to tune in on Cuba in the library. But he cheered up over a friendly little supper of hot milk and crackers, and then they went to bed and she read *Little Women* for half an hour to compose her mind.

She read *Little Women* all through that next week, her mind needed such a lot of composing. Eblis was rather awful. And although there was no mark that showed at all, her lips burned dreadfully, all the time. Baking soda and vaseline didn't help in the least. But, absurdly enough, she discovered that if she held against her lips a small old silver cross she had, a copy of an Ionic cross it was, the burning stopped at once. But of course she couldn't go around holding the cross to her lips all the time. It would have been far too queer.

So she had to bear the pain, fighting it and fighting the feeling that a chain was binding her and that Eblis held its end and was drawing her to him as surely, as irrevocably as the rising of the sun and stars. She struggled. She really didn't half like it and her heart ached her, she said, for poor Paul. He went around looking so desperately pale and worried, but what could he have done? As he said, you can't shoot a man in a civilized country. Things simply had to take their course.

But the climax came one afternoon when Dorothy was giving Eblis tea on the terrace. She had been making one more determined effort to get rid of him. She told him that she simply could not leave Paul and the children, and besides

it was spring and she had to see about planting the carrots and beets. The gardener seemed to have an absolute mania for planting beans. But Eblis only smiled at her and she felt, terrifyingly, that she must get up from her chair and go to him and say, "I will go with you when you wish"; but she gripped the wicker chair arm until her fingers hurt, and still Eblis looked in her eyes and smiled. Then small Paul rode up on his velocipede. The children were playing about, for Nanna was away for the day and night. The boy looked up at Eblis and said—well of course you never can tell what a child of four will say next—he said:

"Why did the Lord Jesus' father make little dogs that fight?"

Eblis went white. For a second Dorothy said she thought that he really would faint, or die, perhaps, but he pulled himself together and leaned over and before she could stop him, made a strange sign on small Paul's forehead.

"Why did you do that?" she asked angrily, and he said:

"Perhaps you would be too lonely in my palace alone." That was all he said, and soon after he left.

By suppertime small Paul had developed a fever of a hundred and four and a half.

Then it was hideous. They got the doctor, of course, but he couldn't find any symptoms and suggested unbearable possibilities. By ten o'clock the house was tense, permeated by the frightening smell of disinfectants, pervaded by the crisp impersonal spirit of a crisp impersonal nurse. Efficient and excellent, of course, but after all what was one more sick child to her?

But poor Dorothy—she had had no experience with illness. It seemed, she said, as though something in her would lie down and die under the anxiety. And as she sat beside small Paul's crib, terrified at his moaning, she kept visualizing the most ghastly pictures. The child in his little English suits riding his velocipede unhappily in that

ghostly garden of the black-marble palace, so dreadfully far away and alone, calling for someone to play with him, sobbing for Clara and Nanna and her. It was not to be endured. And if anything did happen to him and if she should go off with Eblis—and every moment she felt that her going was definitely written in her book of life—or death—if she did go off, how simply terrible for poor Paul. What would he do? He would be desolate. One of these gray silent men who go through life trying to forget and never forgetting, dreaming over dead fires, holding books and reading their own thoughts on the pages—broken men.

Small Paul was so dreadfully hot and his eyes, when he opened them, had nothing in them, no thought, no recognition, only fever and fear. He clutched and called for her and didn't know her, and the nurse was off boiling something, and Dorothy didn't know what to do. She was wearing the little silver cross on a chain under her dress and, in desperation, she took it off and held it against the child's forehead. It was cool at least and something about it, some healing chemical quality in the silver perhaps, had helped her lips. And it seemed to help the boy. He lay back at once, quietly, and in a few minutes the fever was undeniably down.

The nurse came in the room and Dorothy whispered:

"See, this is making his fever drop."

But—and this seems almost incredible—the nurse wouldn't let her keep the cross on small Paul's head. She said it was superstitious nonsense and not in the doctor's orders and Mrs. Middlefield would have to go out and let the boy sleep quietly. Poor Dorothy was wild—but what could she do?

So she went out and heard Paul walking up and down, up and down, in their bedroom and she didn't want to add the burden of her anxiety to his. She wondered if the unicorn had been fed for the night and went downstairs. And there, before a pleasant fire, in one

corner of the davenport, was Eblis, contentedly reading an evening paper. He looked up as she came into the room, and said:

"Oh, hello, when will you be ready to come with me?"

"I'm not coming," she protested wildly; "small Paul is terribly ill."

"I know," he said, "but that'll be over soon and then we'll start."

"No," she cried, "no," and suddenly, hatred of him and repulsion overwhelmed her, she said, like a great green breaking wave. She gasped and turned and ran blindly into the kitchen. The nurse had left on lights—and then she did an astonishing thing. She fell on her knees by the kitchen table and began to sob and pray. She couldn't think of any real prayers. They hadn't been to church in ages and she could only think of snatches.

"From all false doctrine, heresy and schism, good Lord deliver us." And "all ye whales, bless ye the Lord," and such inappropriate things. And while she was praying desperately and wildly, but to herself, of course, she heard someone knocking at the kitchen door.

She got up quickly and through the glass of the door she saw a young man smiling at her kindly. She said he was a beautiful looking man, very tall and strong with ruddy sort of short curly hair and, as she let him in, she saw that he was wrapped in a long blue foreign army cape, one of those French or Italian horizon blues.

"Good evening," he said, "we heard that you needed help. Is that fellow Eblis bothering you?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "He is, simply terribly," and to her embarrassment her eyes filled with tears.

"I'll soon stop that," he said. "Where is he?" and she led him through the pantry and into the living room.

The young man marched over to Eblis and jerked the paper out of his hand.

"Look here," he said, sternly, "you've done enough harm in this house. Get out."



Eblis leaped to his feet and the expression on his face, Dorothy said, was absolutely demoniacal, like that of a huge infuriated bat.

"So it's you again," Eblis sneered, and the young man answered:

"Yes, it's I again. Come on, get out." Then he grabbed Eblis by the collar and Eblis struggled, and the young man's cloak whirled and billowed about them until they both seemed to be fighting in a whirlpool of bluish smoke and sparks. You could smell brimstone and there was the queerest feeling of the room's being full of shapes you couldn't see. A horrible sense of invisible demons scurrying, crowding over by the fireplace, shrieking up and down the chimney, but of course that shrieking must have been the wind.

Paul came running downstairs and stood next Dorothy in the doorway.

"What the devil?" he said and she whispered,

"Hush, watch," and Paul said he heard her whispering over and over to herself, "Oh all ye whales and fishes praise ye the Lord—All ye whales and fishes praise ye the Lord."

And then suddenly a voice cried out, "Open the door, please."

And Paul did and Dorothy got out of the way and there was a rush from the living room, across the hall and Eblis was hurled sailing from the front door, cursing into the windy night.

Then they shut the door and there was the young man smiling at them delightfully and settling his cloak properly about his shoulders and saying, "Everything'll be all right now."

"How can we ever thank you?" Dorothy sobbed, and Paul grabbed his hand and shook it. He, poor darling, was so overcome he couldn't speak at all.

"It's nothing in the least," the young man said. "I've had many a good row with Eblis. It's one of my regular jobs. —Your boy'll be all right now, Mrs. Middlefield."

So Dorothy stole upstairs into the still cool nursery and found small Paul sleeping as normally as ever in his life.

"His fever's gone. Children often have these little upsets," the nurse said, and Dorothy was too thankful and broken to resent the tone.

She went downstairs again and found the young man and Paul seated at the dining-room table consuming vast quantities of milk and bread and honey, and Paul said excitedly:

"Dorothy, this is Michael. He's an Archangel"—and Dorothy answered:

"I had an idea he was—I could never thank you enough in all my life."

"Oh, that was nothing at all," Michael said, quite red and embarrassed, so they changed the subject and Dorothy sat down and ate, too, and they talked about all sorts of things. How Michael had been given his blue cloak by a French aviator who'd lost his way in the clouds during the war and finally landed at the Great Gates, and Michael had found him in an altercation with Peter and let him in at once and they had become devoted friends. And they talked a little about Eblis—but not much—and Dorothy and Paul told him about the unicorn and their anxiety over what to do with the creature.

"Oh, I'll take him off your hands for you," Michael said. "Nice beasts, aren't they?"

So they all went out to the tool room. It was a lovely night by then. The wind had dropped and there was a thin slice of crystal moon; tiny frogs were peeping in a pond below the hill, and the air was full of earth smells and spring. They let the dear unicorn out and patted him, and he laid his head lovingly on Dorothy's shoulder. Then they said good-by to Michael and he mounted, bareback, and a gold light seemed to circle him. Then he was off, galloping, into the air, above the garage, above the hill, up through the night toward the far path of the Milky Way.



# THE CRIME AGAINST THE WEST

BY STRUTHERS BURT

**I**N the beginning, when I first went West to live permanently—and this was eighteen years ago—I thought it was partly because I was in love with loneliness, although love of a certain kind of life and a certain kind of natural beauty was involved as well. But as I grow older, as I see more of the world, I realize that it was not actually loneliness I sought, but rather the attempted fulfillment of a much more subtle and persistent human need: the need of a comparatively clean and sensible abode. It was the pursuit of the wraith of order: the unformulated wish to find some place where man had not as yet begun to set out his garbage can and, if possible, so help to direct the growth of that place that when the garbage cans became necessary they would not only be sanitary—which they never have been—but pleasant to look upon as well.

And so I went West. I have lived, as I say, in the Far West for eighteen years—I have known it for twenty-five—and as a result I have seen in a dramatically condensed and foreshortened way the whole history, as it were, of mankind and very clearly the history of this country and the democratic experiment. I have seen these things in microcosm, the beginning, the middle period, the apparent climax—apparent, I hope, and the net result is that I feel a trifle homeless, a trifle as the Continental Fathers must have felt when they saw their pet theories manhandled; and more than ever I must cling to my fundamental optimism and my ultimate belief in the democratic theory: the belief, that is, that through infinite waste, tragic stupidity, and un-

holy experiment some day the moron will be eliminated, or else the level of the moron will be so raised that the moron's level will be higher than the level of the prophet of to-day. What else is there to cling to? One must continue to believe that in the dim future there will come a time when the average man will realize the so obvious truth that the object of life is decent happiness, and that you cannot be happy without beauty, and that half of beauty is a sense of orderliness in your own procedure and in your surroundings. And as to fundamental optimism, this is merely pessimism so keenly perceptive of the follies of the present that it is able to realize the beauty which is man's unheeded background and the beauty to which, if only he would, he might achieve.

## II

To struggle for something you haven't got but want is usually grim and sometimes depressing, although for the most part it is inspiring; but to destroy blindly what you have, all the time wanting it, is never anything short of tragic. And that is exactly what the Far West is doing to-day. The East, although far from being finally intelligent, has within the last two decades, especially the last decade, made some advances toward common sense and that corollary of common sense, the appreciation of sane beauty. These advances have been hampered and partly obscured by a contemporary increase in mechanical invention—notably the automobile—but none the less the East is



on its way to some sort of solution. At least, it knows that something is wrong. Even the Middle West—at all events in its cities—is beginning to grow up. The Pacific Coast, with an exception I shall come to later, began to mature at an early date, but the Far West, the very foundation of which was beauty and common sense, one of whose principal business assets, if you wish to put it that way, has been beauty, whose life and ideals have been conditioned by natural beauty, has suddenly decided to become childish when all the rest of the country is bent upon becoming wiser. Even Florida is trying to take care of a real estate boom without making existence any more hideous than it has to be—Florida, in short, has become in a business way sophisticated.

This is odd about the Far West, for paradoxical as it may seem, once the Far West had passed through its earliest frontier stage, it became, in the temper of its citizens, a very mature part of the country indeed. And it is tragic, because the Far West appreciates as well as anyone else, perhaps better, what its natural beauty has done for it, spiritually, politically, and financially, and what it may do in the future. In short, the Far West, having had a chance to start at the beginning and accomplish something really fine, having had a chance to construct a world that had some order and sane charm to it, is engaged in the historic national pursuit of killing the goose that lays the golden egg under the mistaken idea that a dead goose in the hand is worth five swans day after to-morrow.

It is a pity that the Far West cannot realize that, if it loses its originality, it will be twenty years behind the supposedly unoriginal East; it is a pity the Far West cannot realize that in its present point of view it is already ten years behind the supposedly unoriginal East, since, as I said before, it is taking up nonsense the East began to get over a decade ago. It is not sensible to destroy and tear down what before very long you will want again—what, in reality, you

already want; it is not good business to pull apart what in another thirty years you will want to buy back—if you can.

When I first settled in my particular valley in the Far West, I found that its salient features were mountains, huge, ragged, snow covered; trees, great forests of pine and fir, virginal and aloof; open places, particularly the bed of the valley itself where it ran for sixty miles on either side of a river. And this scenery, of course, had its spiritual qualities as well; the essence of these forests and mountains and open places—and the essence is the important part as far as this argument is concerned—was a contentment, a dignity, a spaciousness, an elation.

Within this frame of contentment and elation lived, when I first arrived, a population just sufficient. The valley is a hard country; it will not support a large population. In its sixty miles of length and fifteen or so of breadth and, counting the subsidiary valleys that drop into it, it will hold perhaps six hundred people comfortably and possibly ten good-sized ranches and fifty small ones. Also, it will take care of one small town of, say, a couple of hundred inhabitants. Beyond that the democratic experiment fails and prosperity is impossible and contentment vanishes.

In the eighteen years I have known the valley I have seen this absurd and preventable decay take place and I have seen the majority of people regard the decay as a sign of increasing civilization. There is something wrong in that analogy. Under no circumstances can decay and civilization bear the least relationship to each other. If we think they can, it is because we do not know what civilization is. I have seen the West when it still had control of its own destiny, when it still was in a position to maintain itself as a sensible, fairly contented and original country, and I now see the West bending every effort to turn itself, in some places, into a bad copy of the Adirondacks, in other places, into a bad copy of Pittsburgh,

and, in still farther places, into a bad copy of Atlanta, Georgia.

One does not, of course, expect to retain the idyllic days when a country was so honest that no one thought of locking a door; but I have yet to have it proved to me that there is any necessity for a country which did not know what class feeling was—save as a question of personal worth—to turn into a country of poor men and rich men; for a country where men were following profitably the trades and professions for which the country is adapted to be suddenly overwhelmed by emigrants who did not know what they were doing and had no right to be where they were—farmers, for instance, who come into a grazing country; farmers who come and fail and in their failure involve everyone. To-day the valley is nearly bankrupt and everyone is wondering why.

As to the frame, that too has suffered grievously. The mountains are fairly unassailable, although on one slope sheep are allowed to create deserts, but the forests and lakes are being despoiled. Lumbering, done under permit and government rules, is none the less done carelessly; the lakes are greedily watched by numerous water-power companies, and it is a constant fight, and sometimes it seems a losing one, to keep these companies out; wherever an unnecessary automobile road can be put it is being put or being planned. In the summer motors are beginning to swarm like locusts, but there is little attempt to guide or minimize their destructiveness.

To smile wearily and say that I am merely objecting to an "unavoidable increase in population" and all that that implies will not do . . . not unless you also admit that democracy will not do and that man has no power over his environment. The last decade has seen many discoveries both for human comfort and of the spirit, and there is no discovery so marked as the sudden realization that, materially at least, man can have things pretty much as he wants them. We know now that we do not

even have to have war unless we so desire. That being clear, the next step is to get man to want sensible ends—to want them and work for them.

A great burden has been shifted from the shoulders of Fate to the shoulders of man, but in the shifting of responsibility, as is always the case, there is much hope.

No one denies that almost every man has to make a living; no one denies that when a wilderness is discovered it ceases actually to be a wilderness; no one denies that trees have to be cut down in order to build houses and saw out planks; no one denies that water-power is necessary; no one denies that sheep have to graze; no one is so foolish as to try to abolish automobiles; but it is quite possible to remain reasonable and affirm that these phenomena can appear upon the horizon and be kept from being indecent and outrageous; it is quite possible to maintain that so-called civilization can be incorporated and transformed into something resembling real civilization. It is not only possible under the new dispensation to affirm this belief, but even without the new dispensation it has always been possible to refer to examples.

England is full of sheep, yet England retains the loveliest and greenest countryside in the world. Sheep in small and well-regulated bands help a country; as we run them, they create Saharas. In France, in Germany, in England, countries much more thickly populated than our own, there has been no actual wilderness for close to a thousand years, and yet there are forests that give a sense of wilderness which in this country is being narrowed every day. You are not allowed to go into these forests and cut trees unless you so obliterate the stumps and debris that a man coming after you would not know that you had been there. Norway, Sweden, Canada are great water-power countries, but long ago they learned, for reasons too detailed to give here, that the worst place in the world to build a dam is, as a rule, at the mouth of a lake. Most of us have seen in the United States water-power and irrigation



projects like the Shoshone Project in Wyoming that make a country beautiful, and water-power and irrigation projects, like the Jackson's Lake Project in Wyoming—and the latter is a typical American project—that cry out, not only because they have ruined forever a priceless country, but because they are monuments to business folly.

Nor do motors have to be locusts. They should be made to take their place in the scheme of things like any other interest. Daily we move cheerily in a vicious circle, patting one another on the backs and forming "boosters" clubs in order to put more sand in our mouths. We encourage farmers to come into a country where they do not belong in order that we may boast of an increase in population while, on the other hand, we learn to hide the increase in our unpaid bills. We are delighted when motors discover us and promptly set about so dehumanizing the country that after awhile the very things for which the motors came in the first place are no longer there. Eventually, after destroying everything that is lovely and typical and individual, everything that gives us the slightest distinction, everything that makes it worth while for others to come to see us, if we can build something that resembles a fifth-rate New York hotel we believe that we have at last achieved an ideal.

And again I say this is curious; for, to repeat, there is no section more proud of its history and its customs than the Far West, and no section of the country which, settled by fiery individualists, likes more to think that it is still inhabited by fiery individualists.

So, in eighteen years, you box the compass. You see democracy, you see what it can be, and you see democracy fade into incoherence. You grasp beauty and reality and let them slide out of your hands. You are lucky if you have even a sorry mess of pottage left. And in placing the blame for all this, most of it can rest, it seems to me, squarely upon the shoulders of the Far

Westerner, upon my shoulders, that is, and the shoulders of my neighbors, upon the shoulders of the people who were born in the Far West or those who have become its adopted sons. We have been curiously illogical Esaus. We have had a magnificent inheritance and the beginnings of a civilization upon which we could have built, we were very close to some approximate solution of the problem of happiness; but we have let the "boosters" and standardization get the better of us. For the "boosters" I have no word to say: "boosting" is telling a man a lie with a smile because you want to sell him something. Standardization cannot be dismissed so cursorily. Up to a certain point it may be a good thing, beyond that point it is death. In the Far West we have now reached almost exactly the point of death. Not only have we allowed the "booster" and standardization to get the better of us, but we have actively fought, and are actively fighting, the only agencies that can in any way save—along certain lines—what is left of our inheritance; for half at least of our inheritance lies in our scenery, our forests, and the fact that we still have space. When we do not fight these agencies, we bring pressure to bear upon them in such a way that often in disgust they come down to our own level. Being democrats—by lip service—we drive the more farseeing, in their desperation, into the ranks of aristocracy and privilege. And by that I mean just this.

You cannot get away from a syllogism, and here is a syllogism: The human race has always recognized, however dimly, that natural beauty is a necessity for its proper development; natural beauty—most of the human race being, perhaps unavoidably, engrossed in selfish affairs—can be preserved only by an intelligent and instructed agency; therefore you must have intelligent and instructed agencies.

Now there are two kinds of agencies where the sensible preservation of the natural beauty and natural resources of a country are concerned. One is the

agency—in aristocracies—where rich men buy vast tracts of country and keep everyone else off; the other—the only one a democracy should choose—is where the government takes care of what it thinks is essential country, administering it for the benefit of the whole people. We can take our choice. One of the two will happen. If we hamper the government, eventually the rich will take the government's place; for nothing is more certain than that man will have space and beauty one way or another. But the latter method, as I have said before, is not a democratic method and it is a wasteful method, for nowadays it does not appear until most of a country is ravaged.

### III

I realize that up to the present I have been very general in my statements and largely subjective in my thoughts, speaking rather as Doctor Johnson spoke of his hidden valley in *Rasselas* and, although such a mood is valid, it is not recognized as an argument by the "hardheaded" and the "practical." Let me become more concrete.

First, I will define exactly what I mean geographically by the Far West; next, I will explain why I use the word civilization in connection with a territory that has always been spoken of as a frontier; thirdly I will give some definite examples of present-day Far-Western childishness; and finally I will suggest what seems to me the only possible solution. That the suggested solution will arouse anything but laughter in most quarters I haven't the slightest hope. The more "hardheaded" people think themselves, the more they despise and fear plans of any sort—despise and fear them because they might interfere with selfish plans of their own. That is the principal reason why the world remains awry.

Geographically, then, the Far West has come to mean that tier of Rocky Mountain states extending northward from Mexico to the Canadian border and

those eastern or western slices of contiguous states that, on account of natural conditions, or for other reasons, are more in sympathy with the Far West than with their farming or coastal regions. New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana are out-and-out Far-Western states; western Texas, western Nebraska, a thin slice of the Dakotas, eastern Washington, eastern Oregon, and eastern California are also Far Western. Once these borders were greatly extended and stretched from the Mississippi to the Pacific, but for obvious reasons they have shrunk to their present dimensions. Eastern Texas, for instance, remained Southern; middle Texas became Middle Western; Kansas and most of Nebraska became Middle Western. Beyond the coast mountains, Washington, Oregon, and California, down to the bemused and mongrel south of the last state, began to produce, facing the Orient, on the whole a sturdy and individual civilization of their own, perhaps in all this wide land the only civilization sturdy enough to resist the leveling process now going on. San Francisco will never be a bad rural imitation of New York. It is a great city in its own right, charming and self-contained.

But in my private opinion the Far West, save for a short period, has always in reality occupied more or less the limits that confine it to-day; for the Far West is—or perhaps I had better say, was—a state of mind, conditioned by environment, and this state of mind inevitably concentrated near the Rocky Mountains where the environment most favorable to it was to be met. The Far West, to begin with, was the gathering together of a number of people seeking to some extent the same thing and finding it to some extent in the same sort of country.

Now a civilization is the approach toward the gratification of the best instincts of the major proportion of the inhabitants of a certain section of the



earth, and the Far West soon ceased to be a frontier and became a civilization. It was a civilization because it had distinct ideals, it was a civilization because it had a definite way of doing things, it was a civilization because it accepted various traditions handed down to it and built traditions of its own, it was a civilization because, attracting a certain type of human being, it also produced a certain type of human being, and, above all, it was a civilization because for awhile it discovered as beautiful and satisfactory a way of living as this country assuredly, and possibly the world, has ever known. At its best since, let us say 1880, the life on the old ranches was the finest life America has been able to produce, save perhaps the life on the earlier plantations of the South. Finding the remnants of French-Canadian tradition come down from the north and Spanish tradition come up from the south, the Far Westerner made tradition of his own; made folklore, invented our only national costume, invented almost an individual language in which Spanish and French and English were mixed, and set up ethical and material standards.

Back of this civilization was an environment which, in the mysterious, interweaving way of environments, cradled this civilization and formed it. This environment was composed of many features, but principally it was composed of altitude, climate, special conditions of soil, immensity of horizons, everything of nature on a titanic and somewhat baffling scale, an extraordinary and poignant sort of particular beauty, so that although the scenery of the Far West is as varied as the world is wide, none the less you can never mistake it for anything else. Were you blindfolded and taken in an airplane you would know where you were when the blindfold was slipped—that is if you knew the Far West—whether your eyes fell upon a mountain lake deep in greenness or the reds and ochres of a desert. Were America

Europe, it would long ago have taken for granted that to some extent a separate race would be formed by such conditions and that, in the first place, a separate race, psychologically speaking, would have sought such conditions. Nor would any attempt be made to break down such a valuable cultural experiment unless some extraneous folly like conquest was involved.

I wonder how many of us realize that as a nation we have within the past eighty-five years destroyed, instead of incorporating, four distinct civilizations, two of them of immense value to our world. The civilization of the American Indian is difficult to estimate and it is doubtful if, except here and there, it could have offered anything toward the solution of living; the civilization of the Confederate States was founded on an error; but the Spanish civilization of southern California and the native civilization of the Far West—the youngest of all and the last to go, even in places still extant—produced a method of life we sorely needed and were fools to wreck, or, to be exact, in the case of the latter, are fools to keep on wrecking. I doubt if the thoughtful man regarding the Los Angeles or Hollywood of to-day can remain completely convinced that architecturally, or spiritually, or mentally, or any way you chose to take it, unadulterated so called Anglo-Saxon progress has been an unalloyed success. I do not mean, of course, that a conquering people can or should assume entirely the customs or ways of thought of the original inhabitants; but I do mean that the wiser southern California millionaires, looking down from the windows of their Tudor or Georgian mansions upon the skyscrapers of this city or that, must occasionally regret a sensible comeliness which was theirs at one time for the asking. Not that skyscrapers are not beautiful in their place,—in New York, for instance, where they are necessary; but to use them when one has the whole world to build in is to select a perpendicular mind when you

might have a broad one. The ways of nature are inevitable, however, and ironic. Los Angeles may build in steel and eat the foods of the north, but in the end the ghosts of the Dons will have their way, for nothing is more obvious than that the vigor and "boosting" of the first generation sinks in the third into a lassitude that needs patios and siestas.

#### IV

Granting, then, that the Far West had a civilization of its own, in some places highly developed, in others more informal, and that, on the whole, its population was homogeneous, with a background of natural beauty which had at first attracted this population and afterwards conditioned it, let us see what the modern Far West is doing to this background. I do not mean, of course, that the natural beauty of the Far West merely as beauty attracted the original settlers in their entirety, although it did attract a good many. To make such a statement would be absurd. But the features that constituted that beauty—space, swift rivers, open plains, a dozen similar characteristics—did in one way or another attract all but what was a minority—the treasure seekers and the undesirables. These features certainly attracted the dominant group of the Far West, the grazers. Let me concentrate upon only one feature of the degeneration of the Far West: and confine my examples to the narrow radius of my valley.

I will not dwell upon the redwoods in California, the lumbering in Oregon and Washington, the pretty little works of the imagination of the publicity bureaus of the various Far-Western states, the number of settlers on irrigation projects who are starving to death, the bewildering condition of the cattlemen, game conditions—a dozen other matters; instead, I will cite a few local examples, some of which may seem petty until you think them over. Remember that

everyone is agreed, especially in countries such as my valley, that whatever other assets there may be, the natural assets are the most valuable, and that it is necessary as much as possible to preserve these assets. Each week the little local paper carries a huge half-page advertisement of the Community Club which speaks of the country as "the last of the old west," describing it as "a section of rugged peaks and broad valleys presenting a panorama of streams, lakes, timber, and flower-strewn meadows or parks, with here and there a comfortable ranch or scattered settlement typical of pioneer days, etc., etc.," all this "amidst mountain scenery of unspoiled beauty." A description sufficiently accurate in some ways but not altogether true, for there are hundreds of other places in the Far West that are unspoiled and a few of them even wise enough to be making efforts to remain so. The point is, that here is a splendid example of not letting your right hand know what your left is doing; a splendid example, in other words, of disconnected thinking.

At the head of the valley of Jackson's Hole there is a lake eighteen miles long which, without any argument at all, is one of the most beautiful lakes in the world. In the future it would have been a Como, a Lake Louise, a Lucerne. A private irrigation company built a dam across the outlet to supply water to an irrigation project that was not even in the state where the dam is. To-day the lake is ruined beyond repair. Thousands of feet of standing timber have been killed and, as the water is drawn off, there are mud banks whose stench can be smelled far off. Moreover, the grim joke is that, as usual when a dam is built at the mouth of a lake, there is not enough water for the irrigation project anyway. Incidentally, when the water is drawn off millions of trout are killed annually. You can go down to the little pools and see them. Incidentally again, this irrigation company—now taken over by the government—although it was



supposed at least to clean things up a bit, in submerging a couple of ranches at the head of the lake, left standing certain small ranch buildings the usefulness of which has never been denied, but the attractiveness of which has often been questioned. Until a little while ago you could see these buildings close at hand from the main and only road into the valley from the north—the road from Yellowstone Park.

Not long ago a most serious attempt was made to dam Yellowstone Lake, and just at present there is on foot in Congress a movement to destroy practically everything the Forest Service and the National Parks Service have been able to accomplish during years of effort and discouragement. This attempt is being made in "the name of the people." Read between the lines.

Not long ago there was a plan to turn the Jackson's Hole country into a lumbering country and make the Snake River, which runs through it, a logging stream. You no doubt know lumbered countries as we lumber in America, even under government control, and you know what a logging stream looks like. Still later, a very definite attempt, indorsed by many of the local people, was made to introduce sheep into the valley. You also no doubt know what happens to a country when sheep are introduced as we introduce them in America.

This is not a nihilistic argument. I am not implying that my valley, or any other valley, should or can be kept as when first discovered, and in any other country lumbering could be done, sheep or any other interest could be introduced without much harm, perhaps with benefit; but as yet this is not true of America. And until it is true, all farsighted men are forced to put what trust they have in the Federal Government, even if it is to protect the state they love from the very state itself. I like Wyoming a hundred times better than I like Washington, but I also know from long experience that Washington will do what Wyoming is not yet willing to do—not

yet willing to do and not yet sophisticated enough to want to do.

But even Washington at times is a frail reed to depend on, especially when, as I have said, local influence is at work.

The valley, because, fortunately or unfortunately, it is a magnificent and famous country, is becoming more and more a mecca for motorists. Certainly, that was to be expected. But the local Forest Service, instead of taking advantage of the two old roads on either side of the valley which, like all old roads, followed natural contours and possessed some beauty, have built a thing diagonally across the valley and twenty miles long that looks like a railway track. One end of this railway track stops at one of the lakes which are a distinguishing feature of the landscape. For a mile on either side of this lake there are now gas stations, "hot dog" stands, lunch counters, dance halls, and tent colonies, no attempt being made to control either the looks or the situation of such inevitable but none the less controllable innovations; no attempt even, save a half-hearted one, being made to keep such inevitable but none the less controllable innovations clean. But there is no use in multiplying instances; there are too many of them and to do so is to lose control of your patience. Wherever there is a lake it will meet the fate of this lake, wherever there is a view it will some day have a signboard. The whole point is that you cannot have your cake and eat it and that the Far West is gorging itself on its cake at the precise moment when the rest of the country is beginning to realize that, where their own cakes are in question, they had better save a slice or two. After all, once the first fine flush of discovery is over, people are not going to travel many miles to see something that looks like the road between Newark and Jersey City.

## V

But what are you going to do about all this—in those places where there is still a

chance to do anything? It is clear that you cannot hold back a dominant civilization, whether it be real or the imitation with which we delude ourselves to-day. And some features even of the imitation are commendable. It is not degenerate to want bathtubs. Well, going somewhat far afield for an example, I can think of no better example than my native city Philadelphia, which I have recently seen. Philadelphia is a long distance, spiritually and actually, from the Far West, but both Philadelphia and the Far West have certain problems in common. Philadelphia is a city without zoning laws and, as a result, in twenty years one of the most delightful cities in the world has become one of the most desolate. On narrow streets—when there are broad streets—huge structures are erected without rhyme or reason. There is nothing that is worth while that is not being torn down and nothing that is ugly that is not being built. What is the use, outside of the fact that such incoherence upsets and destroys business values, in making money or having money, what is the use of money or power if in the end they bring you neither dignity, nor charm, nor content? We are not a happy race, and we all know it, although the gods have poured their gifts into our laps. Why aren't we happy?

But although Philadelphia is gone, much of the Far West is not, and much of it can still be saved, some even of the indigenous civilization, if the government will act and the Far Westerner will support the government and be proud of what is actually his own and, striving for the common sense and order the desire for which first sent him or his father West, think of plans to preserve or promote this common sense and order. The Far West is a large country and a curious country. More than most countries it can be zoned, and this new idea of zoning—this very intelligent and democratic belief that in everything he does, his buildings and his occupations and his other interests, a man is responsible not

only to himself but his neighbors—would find in the Far West congenial soil for at least a trial.

Owing to the natural conditions already mentioned, to altitude, to soil, to climate, the Far West can be divided with astonishing accuracy into sections suitable to this or that occupation and fatal to most others. There are parts of the Far West suitable only to cattle grazing, there are other parts suitable for sheep, there are parts where tourists and scenery and game are the only assets, there are other parts where a man can make a living on ten acres and where great cities can arise; there are even places—and enough room—for Indian Reservations not infiltrated with whites; but if, in a country so marked, you mix all these interests you will have in the end only despoliation and confusion.

Now, I do not suggest that zoning laws, such as can be passed in a city, should be considered. Obviously such a suggestion would be ridiculous. Even if such laws were framed, which they would not be, they would not be observed—besides, we have too many laws already. But I do mean that if the government, as I have suggested elsewhere, would, for one thing, publish a map showing these conditions, conditions of which the government is well aware, would tell the truth about them, it would do some good and be a beginning; at least it might warn a few fools away from places where they will only starve to death and threaten others with the same starvation. And I do mean, above all, that we of the Far West could accomplish much by throwing our weight in the right direction instead of in the wrong direction and by assisting in every way these agencies seeking to save us from ourselves.

A large subject, I admit, and one that cannot adequately be discussed in a paper like this. You can only hint at possible misfortunes and possible solutions, and you have no time to prove statements or reinforce theories that, taken by themselves and logically dis-



sected, might seem convincing. Nor do I think, after all, that anything said will have much effect. In my extreme youth, like most people, I thought argument could alter opinions, but I know now that it accomplishes nothing save to clarify your own opinions and rally the opinions of those who have always thought like you—nothing else, save perhaps to irritate your opponents. You could, for instance, fill volumes with cogent proof of the beauty and comfort and appropriateness of log buildings, you could cite Switzerland and Norway, Finland, Sweden, as countries where this beauty and comfort and appropriateness have been appreciated, but nothing you would say would deter

your neighbor from building a bungalow—1926 model, equally tragic and equally out of place either in Atlantic City or Sheridan, Wyoming—if his heart was set upon a bungalow. You could preach sermons—and many have been preached—on the necessity and business sense of lumbering altruistically, but except in a few instances altruism, it seems, has to be left to the police or the Forest Rangers. People learn by experience and they never regret a thing until it is gone. Most of us in the Far West won't know that we have lost a civilization, won't know that we have defeated the very object that brought us where we are, until the defeat and loss are absolute.

## TALIESSIN

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

*P*ALE in a clearing of the wood,  
Her hair all yellow with live flame,  
Among the branchèd trees she stood.

*Beyond all wondering One came  
High in his hand the holy rood  
Was blossoming red; a golden frame*

*Of crispèd curls did wreathè his brow;  
His eyes were deep with sin unshriven;  
His lips were strange, his voice was low.*

*Where stood his feet the earth was riven;  
From wounded earth and feet did flow  
Water more dark than wine-dark heaven.*

*Of these a mystic child was born . . .  
(So ran a rune of Easter morn).*



## TWO AMERICANS AND A WHALE

SOME FRUITS OF A LONDON LUNCHEON

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

**M**Y TWO friends from New York looked out to the Thames from an upper window of the Savoy Hotel. I know that scene well. When I used to glance up from printer's proofs in an Adelphi office that same picture of the Thames, for six years, was the warning of something more lasting to any man inclined to attach undue importance to affairs that were temporal. The two Americans were evidently impressed. It was an autumn afternoon. The golden dusk over London conjured its buildings into the unsubstantial palaces of a city no man has ever reached, though we all seek it. That city lay beyond the foliage of the Embankment, and perhaps beyond Time itself; Cleopatra's monolith, in the near foreground, was the prominent black interrogation mark of our own wonder and surprise. The Thames itself was a gulf of light. The bridges which spanned it appeared to be at an immense height above the earth, as though they crossed from one cloud to another.

Naturally, I said nothing. I had nothing to say. If there was anything to be said, perhaps the Americans knew it. Besides, I felt that vision of London was theirs as much as mine. It was English, like Shakespeare's poetry; but oddly enough whatever is transcendently national belongs to the world. We may keep our parliamentary institutions, our coal mines, and cotton factories, and our rates of exchange, but the best that we have and do becomes the property of whoever can understand

it. How can Americans claim their Revolution as their own? Its impulse at once entered into the body of English political thought and regenerated it. If you read the story of the Reform Bills in English history you will find it working there, and even then must remember that the impulse did not cease. Such impulses never do. Who could name the day when it became certain that there would be a Labor Government at Westminster?

My American friends merely looked at that transfiguration of London, indicated that they had much to say, but said little. There was no easy way of saying it, and therefore like sensible men they did not try. It is easy—or at least it seems so—for a statesman to give the word which puts in movement a million armed men. But when you hear, for the first time, the slow movement of the "Eroica Symphony"; when you see the glint of your first mountain peak amid the stars, or when you listen to the knocks upon the castle door in "Macbeth," or when you are delighted by the "Magic Flute," or when Dickens makes manifest our common bond—what can you say about it? It is more elusive, that word, than the word which sets in motion an army of a million. How potent are the things we cannot even name!

So my American friends said nothing as they turned from the window which looked over the Thames, but I know very well that what they thought of London at that moment had become one of those strange trifles which, in the long



run, are as important to a man as good fortune. Such trifles are forgotten—or we think they are forgotten; but they make a difference in us which may help to deflect the direction of our thoughts, though we may never know how it happened.

The three of us began to discuss English and American writers. We were painfully polite to one another. We made free concession of our pawns, as it were, as though we did not wish to win the game. My friends submitted, and I freely confessed, the vitality and significance of the literary impulses in contemporary America. No doubt about that vitality. But they regretted that America could not match the old country yet with any star of the first magnitude—no Shelley, no “Ode to the Nightingale,” no “Christabel,” no *Pickwick Papers*; nothing of that size.

Heavens, I said to myself, what do these men want! What would they call a big star? My mind fumbled backwards to the 'fifties when, within a few years of one another, there appeared in the United States *Leaves of Grass*, *Walden*, and *Moby Dick*. Enough to satisfy any quiet community for a century! I glanced at my friends, thought I could see how it was, and therefore made bread pills, silently and respectfully. Evidently I was faced at this luncheon with a very fine exhibit of transatlantic modesty. They did not want me to feel sorry because England had nothing to show of quite the stamp of those three works. I was forced at last to congratulate my friends on their noble sacrifice of an impregnable position. No doubt could remain any longer of the friendship of the two Anglo-Saxon peoples. “If an Englishman,” I assured them, “had told the story of the White Whale we should not pretend that we thought it of no more than the usual significance, not for all the Americans in America. And we could not have grown *Leaves of Grass* at all. Victorian England was simply incapable of it.”

Now there was no doubt of it. An-

other look at the two of them was enough to show that they were sorry to see me quite so embarrassingly polite. I mean, they did not believe me. Perhaps they even supposed that I was superiorly and ironically English. “Many Americans, perhaps most Americans,” said one of them with great courtesy, “would hardly know what you meant if you spoke of *Walden* without sufficient references. I never knew that *Walden* counted for anything in England.”

That left me helpless. When there is much to explain about a difficult matter, and you find unexpectedly that your audience is without the initial clues, where are you to begin? I have always regarded Thoreau as an original writer who would have worked changes in the body of any literature, however old its tradition. It was an early reading of Stevenson's essay on Thoreau which disclosed to me not Thoreau's deficiencies but Stevenson's own. I suppose Thoreau has done as much as any other writer to give my mind a cast, for I knew his principal works when I was young. He with his metaphysics did something to ruin a career which might have been luckier with more judicious guidance. There have been reviewers who have hinted at origins for my books, but not one of them has ever noticed that I must have brooded long on Walden Pond, in apparition, as a youth. I well remember my schoolmaster rebuking me for frequenting “that moonshine.” Moonshine! But it was true; and we all know what strong moonlight is said to do for the careless head.

Though that, perhaps, is irrelevant. What Thoreau did for me is not evidence. But the knowledge of it, which I kept to myself, led me to tell the New Yorkers this story. More than thirty years ago there appeared in England a little book of which two million copies were sold. It was called *Merrie England*. It was a cogent and ruthless argument in political economy, written in a way which made that mystery plain to the

simple man by his own fireside. That book, which sold in such numbers, which was used as a textbook by ardent reformers (nearly all of them young) in every market place and at almost every street corner in Great Britain, speeded perceptibly the popular impulse which has resulted in a first British Labor Government. Carlyle, Ruskin, and William Morris must not be forgotten. But they were then not greatly read by miners and such. It was *Merrie England* which woke them up. And Robert Blatchford, who wrote that forgotten book, betrays everywhere his debt to Whitman and Thoreau. Most of those ardent young disciples of Blatchford's carried *Walden* about with them. They founded literary societies in English industrial districts and named them after a little pond lost somewhere in New England, U. S. A. They could chant from *Leaves of Grass* as though it were a hymnal. Beware of young men when they turn to the poets and seers! People laugh to-day at the idea of faith removing mountains and point out that it took more than faith to cut the Panama Canal. But did it? They don't know what they are talking about. A few words will move the earth, if you give them time.

I remember once hearing a clever young English critic say that to read Whitman aloud was as bad as chewing glass. He might as well have said that about the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. But anyhow, thereupon rose a respected and scholarly senior who had had no part in the discussion. He reached for a book and then read to the end the poem beginning, "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking." "Nobody spoke after that. There was nothing to be said. Beauty silences us; but we are not the same after we have seen it revealed. The change is incalculable; it is not to be estimated in confessions or set words, but afterwards life is seen differently.

We see life differently, and that means that it is different. I would not argue

that Thoreau's philosophy, derived from the Orient (like all the great religions of the world), is any sort of a substitute for the famous *Manifesto* of Marx and Engles. The effect of his work was different from that of the *Manifesto*, of which most Englishmen, by the way, even if they vote Labor, know nothing but the last lines. But to those who have accepted, quite naturally, that purposeful and combative aspect of life which to our political economists is the only one in view, Thoreau seems as odd as would a Buddhist eremite to a stock-jobber. Yet a second and a steadier look at him may be disastrous to the Western conception of the strenuous life. You suspect, in sudden alarm, that there is more in life than you had been told; that it may have a nature hitherto unguessed, possibilities unknown; that, in fact, Western civilization may have taken the wrong path and may yet have to turn back—or wish desperately that it could. Marx does not do that. Thoreau's words, like those of another and a far greater Teacher of an Oriental philosophy, simply dismiss with a little gesture most of our highly important activities, as a man might wave at an annoying fly. It would be ridiculous to suppose that the young men who once, with enthusiasm, read *Walden* and "The Duty of Civil Disobedience" were any the more aware of the profound implications of those writings than are most convinced Christians of the Gospels. Still, give these things time. They work, they work. "The light that puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star."

And Whitman, like Thoreau, to those young men at the end of the Victorian era in a Europe that was all Napoleon and the steam engine—a Europe assured of the divinity of determinism—was release. He made them free. They entered another world; and there, in fact, they are still, though it is obscured by the dust and rubbish of the world of



determinism and the steam engine, which has fallen; which was wrecked, to our surprise and horror, by the power of its own precise and logical machinery, for one day the gear broke loose and the flying metal brought down the august edifice of industrial civilization. We may reconstruct it, but not in the old way, for our heart and faith are not in that once venerated plan.

As for *Moby Dick*—but that is different. Even the young men who, half a century ago, looked upon *Leaves of Grass* as a happy release from the repellent materialism of their age and from the bondage of learning's formalities, saw Melville's masterpiece without understanding. How could they tell that it was one of the most important things that had happened in America since the Revolution? I do not find it easy to speak in moderation of that book. One might, as a reader, point out that it contains one of the best sermons ever written, that it reports a church service which is unique in English literature, that its pictures of ships and the sea make the best in other books look no more than happy and lucky photographs, that there are no such good stories of taverns and wayward men as Melville gives us outside books of the size of *Pickwick* and *Don Quixote*; that in its opening chapter it gets off the earth we know, so that when we are reading it for the first time we suspect that its author, though he begins in a glorious madness, yet must at once become sane and shrewd again, and hesitant, like the rest of us.

Yet no, Melville leaves the earth in the first chapter, the earth we know and accept, and maintains himself thereafter among the stars. If America had produced in its short life as a separate nation nothing but *Moby Dick*, that would be enough to justify her revolution and separation. We may say it is the greatest book of the sea in English literature; which, I suppose, means that it is the best in all literature. But that, we must remember, is because it is more

than a book of the sea. The whale which was hunted by Captain Ahab and the men of Nantucket was a more wonderful quarry than all the oceans of this world could hold. That mythical whale left this earth and, a gigantic but elusive shadow, it led those men up among the very stars. The good ship *Pequod* navigated the constellations in pursuit of it and hurled spears, so to speak, at the Great Bear. Something like a long voyage! It is a book to put with the world's greatest. There are places in it which are like the soliloquies of Macbeth; and you know it is possible to argue that "Macbeth" is the best thing the English have done. I read only recently an American criticism of *Moby Dick* in which the courageous young man pointed out that Melville missed some opportunities for fine writing in the final chapters of his work. Melville could, for instance, have described the feelings of the sailors and the look of the whale as the final calamity swiftly approached. Ah! And if to some of us had come the chance of writing the "Moonlight Sonata," how different it would have been! And if only I myself could have daubed some red slabs across the sunset which my American friends witnessed from the Savoy Hotel one day, how much more remarkable London would have appeared to them!

"Why is it, then," asked one of the Americans, "that *Moby Dick* is only now being noticed? That book was forgotten till recently. Do you tell me a book as good as you say could have been overlooked without sufficient cause?"

Now that question is addressed to a mystery of the human mind. There has been such a change, in ten years, in the public consciousness that things in which once only odd men and women delighted have acquired a significance for the general. Where it was all dark, now most people may see something. Melville, in his own day, was addressing an intelligence which was hardly awake. To-day it is apprehensive.



# THIS BUSINESS OF WIFEHOOD

BY EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

ONCE more has my wifely wrath been roused. I am riding on the train. I pick up *The Traveler's Anodyne*, and the first article tells me that wives of great men are usually a liability, as doubtless they are. But the article states further that these wives were consequently failures as women, that they, in effect, lay down on their jobs, went bankrupt as it were, in their business of wifehood. I put the paper down. What exactly, I ask myself, is this business of wifehood, anyway? And the more clearly to answer myself, I ask the porter to sharpen my pencil; and then and there I pen some wifely thoughts upon the subject which is to me once more a vital one, for I view it now, not only as a wife, but as the mother of a daughter at what was once called the "marriageable age" and is now "the hesitating age."

This subject has evidently lain in my subconscious mind for the last twenty-five years—my silver wedding comes this year—attracting data and conclusions, for ideas tumbled pell-mell from pencil to paper.

This business of wifehood, it wrote, were Lloyd's to consider it an insurable proposition, would undoubtedly be listed among "the hazardous risks." Why? Because the chances are so small of bringing it to a successful conclusion. Take my twenty-one-year-old daughter, for instance. How can she know whether the boy in whom she would invest her youth, her energies, and abilities will be able in twenty, thirty years time, to pay her any dividends on them? She cannot. Unless he can settle on her at the

altar a certain amount of property, what securities has she to protect her in case her husband becomes one of the failures that strew the shore of the business world? In such a case she will have invested her all in a wild-cat scheme, a dry hole, bogus stocks. When a man is twenty-four or less and good-looking, nerve so often seems energy; self-confidence, hustle, and solemnity pass for depth. He may look a good investment even to my shrewder eyes and yet turn out the poorest. She, like her mother and every other woman, must make her investment on faith. And what business man in the world wants to make an investment on faith?

And even if she be a discerning young person and invests herself in the most able and energetic of husbands, how many things there are that can happen to husbands which will bring this business of wifehood to bankruptcy!

First of all, there is his death. Suppose for fifty years she gives her whole energy and thought to promoting her husband, and then that he dies. Unless he leaves her an estate on which the interest is equal to his income when alive, she suffers a real financial loss.

I recall the case of Mrs. Financier, one of my own good friends. When her husband's will was read he had left enough to each of their four children to set them up in life. His widow was "amply provided for," being left a fair-sized income for life. But she had lived for thirty years in a mansion, had commanded a country and a city home, automobiles, servants, trips abroad. In order to live within this new income she



had to sell the limousine and buy a coupé. Where, as wife, she had been a leader in her state, traveling here and there in a private car with a private secretary, a power in her town, first in all public undertakings—as widow she took a place far below that of her daughters-in-law who could command their husband's salaries as well as their inheritances. The queen is dowagered. Hard role that of Dowager, to abdicate while still living!

And harder in her case, because she had come to her liege-lord, as I so well knew, a bright apple-cheeked girl with a strong forearm, ambition, patience, and thrift, had sent her young Hercules off each morning at six to his furnace, had saved their first thousand dollars out of his earnings and at a critical moment, practically forced him to invest it in the new foundry that was the basis of their fortune.

But how much greater was the loss of that other friend of mine who found upon her husband's death that half the fortune she had helped him acquire was willed to the other woman who had pleased him after her own charms had faded. How she must have lamented that she had not demanded yearly dividends instead of rejoicing that their surplus was ever growing larger!

## II

Yes, how can I tell what my daughter will realize on the investment of all her youth and energy? There was Aunt Mary, now in her grave. She invested not only her days, her energy, and her devotion, but her small inheritance, which came just at the moment needed to save her husband's business. He was a devoted husband and they were very happy. Then a sudden illness and she passed away. Her husband became an invalid. A nurse was called in and after some time he married her. No one blamed him for this. But somehow or other she never got along with the child, a son Aunt Mary had adored. And when the father died the boy was left

"one dollar and no more." The nurse had made a profitable business out of her wifehood, but poor Aunt Mary hadn't realized a cent she could bequeath her child.

Death is a sword of Damocles that hangs over every mother's head of us and, if we die, what assurance have we that any part of what we have helped our husbands acquire will go to our own children? Nothing at all but our faith in him. Most of us have that and are justified in it. And yet, there are the exceptions. If we survive him we are sure at least of our dower. But if we die first, we are sure of nothing that we can leave to others. For the capital of wifehood remains in the husband's name. The business of wifehood? The business? Would a banker leave his surplus in the hands of someone else? Would he depend on his faith in that someone to assure his heirs their share?

Yet against these hazards liable to the business of wifehood I must in honesty acknowledge the successes and rewards, which are many and great. As a matter of fact, I am convinced there is no other business, unless it be that of stock jobbing or oil prospecting, that offers greater returns to the lucky and in which returns are so small in proportion to the ability invested.

There are those women who have "struck it rich" in husbands. Who has not known them? There was that classic example from my own home town. She tried to marry every eligible boy and finally landed a ne'er-do-well who owed every livery stable, restaurant, and clothier in town and was reduced to taking an underground job in a mine. Fortunately a slab fell on him, he sued the company and won "damages." Before it was all spent he bought an interest in California land. And now his bride comes back yearly to visit her mother and tell of her homes in Maine and Florida and New York and wear five-carat diamonds and Paris confections.

I could go on *ad infinitum* of wifehood that has paid. I could cite my own case,

but since I belong to that small and happy group who taste the joys of wifehood without earning them, I cannot present it as typical.

Then why do I talk about wifehood being a "hazardous occupation"? For the simple reason that what a woman invests in it has little or nothing to do with her returns. Even when it turns out happiest it is not a business. It is a speculation.

Take my schoolmates, Sally Smith and Evelyn Scott. Sally was noted for her practical good sense and her keen mind. She married a young business man. She proved an excellent housekeeper, a thrifty manager. She fed him well and entertained his business friends; saved his money and amused him. But his was a restless disposition, and no stability or efficiency of hers availed to dissuade him from selling out and moving to another town, which he did again and again, each time running deeper into debt until he could not look a grocery bill in the face. She was finally forced to go into business for herself and regard him as her luxury. Evelyn Scott, on the other hand, was notorious for her extravagance. She was disagreeable and inefficient, lazy and incompetent. Yet the young mining engineer she married rose rapidly from position to position until he was vice-president of a great corporation.

### III

Evelyn's case suggests that there is another side to this question—the husband's side. How this business of wifehood does take them in! In most businesses one must earn one's income. Take this engineer, Evelyn's husband. He couldn't dismiss his slattern, stupid, awkward, inefficient housewife even though he saw across his fence the neatest and cleverest wife working for half as much in board, lodging, clothes, and decorations as his Evelyn received.

Of course, a great deal depends upon a wife investing herself in the right person. What may be one husband's meat, may

be another's poison. There was that brilliant woman of my grandmother's generation, when wifehood was entered more often as a business than to-day, pushed, as it is, by competition with other businesses open to women. As a child, this woman flew across my path like a flamingo, a sprightly small woman with a tremendous coiffure, snapping black eyes, and a laugh that shook the dishes in the cupboards. She wore smart clothes, carriage cloaks, made of Persian shawls, and hats laden with huge ostrich feathers of blue and red and gold and brown sent her by rich relations. When she came to call on my mother she sat on the edge of her chair and held us all spellbound by her anecdote and gesture. Occasionally she wrote for a city paper. Her notes, written in a magnificent hand, were literary gems. She had the first finger bowls in our town and her little tables were laden with hammered silver and Venetian glass, things startling to a Middle Western town in the nineties. She made us think of kings' mistresses and a French Court; she reminded us there was a Fifth Avenue and a Newport—of everything artificial and exotic and social. With all that, she was the best neighbor in our town, the first with a plate of soup, adored by bootblack and banker alike. As a wife she would have been an asset for any diplomat or politician, an ornament to any millionaire. But she was married to a mild gentleman of the old school. An accident left him paralyzed. He became a permanent invalid. For twenty years this woman, made to dispense riches knowingly and ostentatiously, served as handmaid and nurse. Eschewing society, she devoted herself to the task of keeping an immaculate house, of nursing him, and making her ends meet over a tiny allowance. Married to a man in public life, she would have had a brilliant career as hostess and *grande dame*. But out of her ability alone she could not make a career for herself in society. For even though society as now organized requires that wifehood shall be an occupation, it



gives no rewards for efficiency. Although the wife is responsible for all social activities of her family; although she is expected to call and receive calls, entertain and be entertained, her place in the social structure is fixed, not by any ability of her own to give pleasure in her companionship, but by her husband's ability to pay; not by her own charm and appearance, but by his position.

In Washington, for instance, where one's place in the social scale is indicated by the rule of precedence, doesn't a stupid and a slovenly wife of a senator outrank the most charming wife of a mere attaché or Commissioner? Just as whenever committees are appointed for public work the wives of men who have succeeded, no matter how stupid they may be, are placed ahead of the able woman whose husband happens to be less known.

No one denies that a frugal and thrifty wife may make "a poor stick" more successful than he otherwise would be, or that an able gracious wife increases the brilliancy of her husband's career. I've known women who managed to wring from the poorest investment some return and other women who got the maximum out of their good ones; but the fact is that a wife's profit depends far more on the husband in which she invests her qualities than on what those qualities are.

At about this place or before, some man will arise and say, "Why all this pother about wifehood? Women know they take risks. They know they must rise or fall by their husband's worldly success, but I opine they'll keep on entering matrimony. They always have and they always will. Isn't there something else to be said for marriage besides its financial returns?"

By all means. At least from the wife's point of view. So much in fact that books have been and will continue to be written on the subject. But I am not discussing the institution of marriage. It is not treated as a mere business either for husbands or wives. With wifehood

it is different. "She was a good wife," is considered a sufficient epitaph for any woman, while "He was a good husband" on a tombstone would provoke a laugh. But yesterday a woman was publicly known only as a daughter, a wife, and a relict. To-day she is emancipated from relictism. But not from wifehood.

What is this business of wifehood anyway? What does it deal in? The comfort of a husband? But some husbands pay big prices for discomfort. Service? But idle wives cost more than busy ones. Love? But one gets more of that sometimes from a fiancée than from a wife. Housekeeping? But the home has often been run by sisters more profitably than by wives.

Or does it deal in imponderables? Does the husband expect faith, loyalty, dependence, the feeding of the husband ego? Does wifehood supply him someone to work for, an end in life? That, I feel sure, many husbands would say it did. But I look about once more: Are wives who supply these things the most generously rewarded? Are they the ones who receive the most for their wares? Does the amount given affect the profit? Decidedly no.

To give that answer you have only to look about you and note the devotion lavished on the selfish, faithless wives, or the pride and pleasure taken in the self-supporting, partner wives or the luxuries provided for the irritable, domineering wives.

And so I ask: What sort of business is this anyway in which you make your investment on faith and your returns are not dependent on what you give of time and energy?

And as I ask this question I recall those girls of the nineties who are the mothers of the girls of to-day. I remember hearing one of them say, "I may not be happy with him. I'm not sure that I shall. But this I know, I'll never be happy without him. So I'd better take a chance." And my mind spins rapidly past the years since then. I see that wife as housekeeper and nurse and as

seamstress. I see her as hostess and as guest. She thought wifehood was an occupation then, one that took all of her. She wanted "him" to be successful. She wanted to help him do it. But I venture to say she never thought of dividends. I can see the diamond sunburst he brought home to her at Christmas. It was not dividends to him, to her. It was a symbol of happiness. I can see her first baby and his joy in it. I can picture their new home, a background for her. And the books he brought to her. I can imagine days of understanding, of common joys, of common yearnings, of sympathy, of help. It is a very common story, true of nearly every real marriage. On his side no thought of service and on hers none of dividends. Only happiness given and received. And I recall again that night she said to me, "I'll never be happy without him." It was happiness she was bargaining for, happiness given

and received, and not dividends. "And so I'd better take a chance," she said. She was not entering a business. She was gambling and she knew it.

Is not the conclusion clear that even in this commercialized age wifehood has escaped commercialization? It has nothing to do with dividends or material comforts. It is not a business. It is a gamble for happiness. Of one thing we may be sure—whatever wifehood is, women will continue to enter it. Never worry about that, husbands. A relationship of mutual give and take, bringing pain or joy—an education, an initiation—an occupation, a privilege—a vocation, an avocation—one thing to one woman, another, perhaps to another, sometimes profitable, sometimes a martyrdom, but always an experience and to most women worth paying for, if need be. But her business? Why not be frank about it, husbands?

## THE SECOND WIFE

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

*SHE knows, being woman, that for him she holds  
 The space kept for the second blossoming,  
 Unmixed with dreams, held tightly in the folds  
 Of the accepted and long-proper thing—  
 She, duly loved; and he, proud of her looks,  
 Shy of her wit. And of that other one she knows  
 She had a slim throat, a nice taste in books,  
 And grew petunias in squat garden rows.  
 Thus, knowing all, she feels both safe and strange;  
 Safe in his life, of which she has a share;  
 Safe, in her undisturbed, cool, equal place,  
 In the sweet commonness that will not change;  
 And strange, when at the door, in the spring air,  
 She hears him sigh, lost Aprils in his face.*





# PARTNERS

A STORY

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

FROM Potterville to Windgate was a good ten miles up a steep grade, yet Steven Hamlin had decided against a high-powered car from the Monarch Garage. Instead, he had chosen to hire a rig from the decrepit livery stable tottering to an inevitable doom. It was an absurd choice, of course, on a par with his decision to visit Windgate at all—to visit Windgate once more before he died. Before he died! . . . In spite of his seventy-odd years he couldn't realize death in terms of a definite event. . . . But his doctor had been inexorable: "In six months, Mr. Hamlin, at the most." Six months at the most, with every possibility of a speedier decline—that was the way his physician had put it.

Of course he had told no one—not even his wife. But he had suggested this trip to Windgate to her and he could still see the look of smoldering resentment in her eyes as she had replied:

"Windgate! . . . Nothing could tempt me to go there. It's—it's too full of unpleasant memories."

He let the project drop so far as she was concerned but the idea of a return to the scene of his early struggles persisted. Try as he would he could not escape it. He didn't want to go to Windgate, not really, but something that he could not resist kept drawing him back. Even when he had got as far as Potterville he fluttered weakly in the direction of retreat. But it was no use, the best that he could do was to

prolong the agony, creep toward Windgate at a proverbial snail-pace; that was probably the impulse back of the rig hired from the livery stable. The driver was an oldtimer—not so old as Steven Hamlin but at the slack tide of fifty, anyway, and even he was a little contemptuous of a man who elected to crawl up a mountainside when swift flight was possible.

"The last time I dragged up this here road," he said, "was nigh onto two year ago. . . . I had the sheriff for a passenger."

"The sheriff, eh?"

"Yes. He was looking for a man who'd murdered his wife, an Eye-talian. The feller made a good enough get-away but like a damn fool he came back . . . the sheriff 'lowed nobody would suspicion that he'd travel in this kind of a contraption."

"Was he right? . . . I mean did the sheriff get his man?"

"Naw, the Eye-talian was too quick for him. . . . But the next time the feller come back they went after him in a Ford and got him."

"He came back twice—how extraordinary! He must have been a fool."

"Sure, anybody that kills another man is a fool. . . . It's funny, too, the way they allus come back—they just can't seem to stay away. How do you account fer it?"

The question crackled out like a rifle shot. Steven Hamlin gave the driver a glance of startled surprise. "Me? I'm sure I don't know. Something pulls

them, I guess—some unknown force they can't control."

"Did you ever know a murderer?"

"Me? . . ." Steven Hamlin's voice trailed off into a faint indecision. Then, with a note of certainty mingled faintly with defiance, he went on, "Yes . . . once. . . I knew a man who murdered his partner."

"They quarreled over money, I bet."

"No. They didn't quarrel at all. But the partner was always in the spotlight. He was the popular one. Everything came his way."

"Shucks—that's no reason to kill a man."

"Isn't it?" Hamlin's voice rose with scornful passion. "I guess you've never had a popular partner. . . . I guess you don't know what it is to stand always in the wings while somebody else takes the curtain call. . . . What do you consider a cause for murder, anyway?"

The driver took another chew of tobacco. "Money and gals: them two things is what sets men off their heads. If a feller did me out of money or a gal, I might—I say I *might* shoot. But I ain't sure."

"Exactly. Well, this partner did the other man out of his girl. It wasn't enough to get all the applause. . . . Oh, he didn't do it deliberately. Things just came his way. That's what made it so infuriating."

Steven Hamlin took off his hat and wiped moisture from the sweat band.

The driver eyed him with quizzical amusement. "How was this deal pulled off—with a six-shooter or a shot gun?"

"With neither. The murderer didn't kill his man, actually . . . but he was the cause of his death."

"What do you mean—the cause?"

"Oh, it's a long story. But *how* he did it isn't the point. The point is that he went back to the scene of his crime."

"And they got him?"

"Hardly . . . he stayed away for forty years, forty years, mind you and then, suddenly, one day, something came over him. He couldn't stand it

any longer." Hamlin's voice dropped to a whisper. "He had to go back!"

"Forty years! well, I swan. He musta been pretty old by that time."

"Yes . . . about my age."

"After forty years—can you imagine! He didn't take much of a chance, then."

"He *never* took much of a chance!"

"Didn't have no guts, I'd say."

"You're right—he didn't."

The pull up the hill was longer and slower than Steven Hamlin had remembered. But forty years could dim most pictures. As they mounted upward and the panorama of the Heron Falls county expanded, old memories began to crowd forward. He was a young man in his twenties when he first had made this trip. Windgate had been a thriving mining town, then, and a six-horse stage had operated between there and Potterville. It had been on an early June morning, just like this, with the same purpling mists giving a touch of mystery to the foothills in the distance. And how light and sparkling and altogether heady the mountain air had seemed to a coast-bred man! Just as it was to-day. There had been at least a dozen passengers in the coach, but Hamlin remembered none of them except one, for the simple reason that only one had captured his interest. That was natural: there were very few crowds that the personality of Bob Wainright couldn't dominate. It wasn't that he had been arrestingly handsome, or exceedingly brilliant, or profoundly wise; in any one of these particulars Steven Hamlin easily could have out-distanced him. But Bob Wainright had something more potent than all these qualities combined. He had charm.

Two young men starting on a certain June morning to seek their fortunes, bound for the same destination, fired with the same ambition, stirred by the same ideals. The end was inevitable; almost before the brief journey from Potterville to Windgate had been completed they were partners. . . . The



market place dulls the significance of this term. In the huddled life of cities, partners are sharers in the monthly balance-sheet, and there the matter stops. But, out in the wilderness, along the mountain trails, in the glamour and Homeric zest of prospecting, or sheep herding, or cattle rustling, a partnership is real and vital, a sacrament blessed by wind and weather and such elemental hazards. It is as close a tie as marriage, sometimes at once as precious and as chafing.

This partnership of Wainright and Hamlin was no exception to the rules of the prospector's trail: it had its precious moments and its chafing moments with the emphasis, as time went on, placed upon the last condition—for Hamlin. For that same charm, so elusive, so unearned, that had at first fascinated, ended by being a profound irritation. Before six months had passed, Steven Hamlin's personality had ceased to stand upon its own legs and people fell into the habit of saying at introductions, "Meet Bob Wainright's partner. . . . The name?—Sure—Hamlin—Steve Hamlin."

It wasn't that the public ignored Hamlin completely, it did something infinitely more humiliating—it acknowledged him as an audience acknowledges a spotlight: a device for throwing the star into sharper relief.

If they struck a rich pocket of ore rumor cried out, "Hear about Bob Wainright? . . . Him and his partner pulled a good trick over by Mesquite."

Hamlin broke his leg once tumbling over a ledge by Chipmunk Pass. Wainright carried him five miles into Windgate. The columns of the *Windgate Star* glowed with tributes for Wainright—which was natural. But, later, when Steven Hamlin had risked his life to save Wainright the newspaper reported it thus:

Bob Wainright, Windgate's most distinguished citizen, nearly lost his life last Tuesday in an attempt to ford Heron Creek. . . . He was rescued by his partner.

These were not the only instances of the overshadowing of Steven Hamlin but they were typical, and he bore them with some philosophy until they involved a woman—the woman. If Bob Wainright only had kept his hands off Conchita Arguello, Hamlin might have suffered every other humiliation.

Conchita Arguello. . . . On this June morning, forty years after, the name still fell from his silently moving lips with a touch of its old allure. Could it be possible that he had been married to Conchita Arguello for nearly forty years?

The horses gave a sudden upward lunge, then broke into a trot. Steven Hamlin came back to reality and the present with a repressed start. Ahead, showing brokenly through the spruce trees, loomed the sun-bleached outline of Windgate.

The town of Windgate in the noon sunlight looked for all the world like an empty stage set for a village scene. It had a flatness, a pasteboard quality which touched it with unreality. The truth of the matter was, it had become a corpse, or so nearly a corpse that it already was removed from the realm of the positive. A general store managed to exist and a post office; while a half-score of dwellings rallied together in a pretense of vigor. But, for the most part, it was a dreary succession of abandoned saloons and dance halls, lacking doors and windows, standing in battered rows. A few Chinese derelicts hid among the ruins—bent, gnarled, shriveled dregs of humanity steeped in opium and Chinese gin, who between stupors washed the gravel of Heron Creek for stray gold nuggets that careless Forty Niners had overlooked. But, if anything, they accented the note of dissolution as furtive rats might, scampering from the rafters of an abandoned house.

This was the Windgate that Steven Hamlin came back to, and his first reaction to the shock of its decline was a feeling of intense relief. The picture of the past which he half hoped, half

dreaded, would leap into new life before the stimulus of its background seemed more and more removed from reality.

The past was dead—irrevocably dead. . . . He was glad, now, that he had come back to Windgate, if for no other reason than to reassure himself upon this point.

He emerged from this absorbing satisfaction to the realization that the horses had stopped. He made a movement to alight but the driver detained him.

"We ain't arrived yet. But this here tree—it's one of the biggest all-fired bull pines in the country. And it's got a history too. They've hung more men from that there lower limb than from most any tree, hereabouts. . . . I was just a kid when they swung the last man. His name was Wainright—Bob Wainright!"

Hamlin felt a cold current of air. The dead past was stirring into life. He stopped to follow the line of the driver's upraised finger. The lower limb of Windgate's famous bull-pine curiously detached from the green boughs above it, made a violent silhouette against the sky. "Oh, yes—Wainright. I—I think I've heard of him. Let me see—there was something unusual—something—"

"They got him fer horse-stealing. But lots o' folks never believed he done it. And I *have* heard tell that an old greaser down ter Heron Falls confessed something about it afore he died. But nobody ever got quite the gist of it. Like as not he told a priest and them birds—well they can keep their mouths shut—I'll say that fer 'em. . . . But I allus 'lowed there must 'a been something pretty fine about that feller Wainright the way his pardner stuck up for him."

"Oh, he had a partner, eh?"

"Yes. And yer know what that pardner done? After the hanging he stepped in and married the widder—so as he could provide for Bob Wainright's child. She had a little girl. . . . I tell

yer when a dead man can git folks to stand by like that he ain't no slouch!"

"I'd say the partner wasn't any slouch either."

"Him? . . . Oh, well, he got a damn pretty woman if it comes to that. And more advertising than he ever had afore in his life. Fer years after folks used to stop when he passed and say, 'There goes the man who married Bob Wainright's widder!'"

A sudden passion flamed Steven Hamlin. "Huh! Advertising! You call that advertising? *The man* who married Bob Wainright's widow! . . . I'll bet, even now, you don't remember his name."

"Yer right, stranger, I don't."

Hamlin's voice sank to a vindictive whisper, "Well, I can tell you his name, his name was Steven Hamlin. And if you want to know the truth, he didn't stand by for any of the fine reasons you mention. He hated his partner. And what's more he contributed to his death. . . . He plotted with that greaser you were just talking about to fasten suspicion on Wainright. And he kept still and watched them hang him. And then he married the widow."

"Bob Wainright's pardner done that?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe it!"

Steven Hamlin clambered down, planting his feet firmly on the road strewn with pine needles. "You don't believe it, eh?" he shrilled. "Well, I ought to know what I'm talking about."

For answer the driver went on deliberately chewing his tobacco. "Yer mean ter stand there and tell me that Bob Wainright's pardner done a thing like that?"

"No, I didn't say anything about Bob Wainright's partner. I said Steven Hamlin did it. *H-a-m-l-i-n!*"

"Ain't it the same thing?"

His anger was mounting like a futile wind among dead branches. "Not the same thing to *me!*"

"What's it ter you?"

"What's it to me? Everything."



Don't you know who I am? I'm Steven Hamlin. Bob Wainright was my partner!" He tore his hat from his head in an impotent fury and flung it to the ground. "My partner, do you understand, *my* partner."

The driver drew back a little, measuring the man before him. Then he flicked a grasshopper off the dashboard with his stumpy whip.

"You'd better climb back, stranger," he drawled soothingly. "This here altitude ain't good fer a man of your years."

Steven Hamlin gave a look of dazed confusion. The driver got out, picked up the discarded hat and put it on the white head. "Come stranger, sunlight ain't good, neither . . . not when a man gets past seventy. . . . If yer don't look smart you'll be having a stroke."

Steven Hamlin obeyed. The driver clucked to the horses and they swung the rig around—around in the direction of Potterville.

As they plunged down the grade Hamlin cowered in the back seat, shivering a little. He was still confused, still uncertain as to what the driver was thinking. A curious pride made him wish to be believed: it was humiliating to fancy that he had grown too old to be accepted at his confessed valuation. The driver's coaxing orders had borne on the surface the stamp of incredulity. But what if they were a clever ruse? Was he being taken back to Potterville as a childish old man, a raving lunatic, or a confessed murderer? *A childish old man!* Was that to be the final irony? Could even his covert villainy never rise above the pallid surface of the commonplace? . . . Was Bob Wainright's shadow so jealous of its prerogatives as to cheat him of the satisfaction of a day in court? A day in court—that was what he wanted—a day in court before he died, even if he had to appear as the prisoner. His mind slid from the groove of the figurative into the actual

. . . Court. . . . Tried for murder . . . Steven Hamlin a leading citizen . . . after forty years . . . his best friend . . . *his* partner! *His* partner! *His* partner! He turned this morsel over his tongue with silent fury. For once he would have Bob Wainright licked: for once the spotlight would fall on Steven Hamlin!

He constructed the whole scene completely, in every detail: the judge, the jury, the inquisitive public. His wife—she who had been Conchita Arguello—led in fainting on the arms of her daughter—Bob Wainright's child. She would hear, now, for the first time, how much he had loved her. For the first time he would overshadow Bob Wainright in her affections. For he had murdered for her. Not in heated, uncalculated passion, perhaps, but cleverly as David had murdered Uriah. . . . He fell to wondering whether Uriah's wife had ever known. She must have—finally. Had she loved Uriah, her husband? In the end, he was willing to wager, she loved David more, not because he was a king, but because he was a murderer, for her sake; because he had defied God—for her sake.

Of course they'd never hang him, because he hadn't been a two-fisted murderer for one thing. Not under the law. To plot with a greaser, down Heron Falls way, to cast suspicion on a man for horse stealing and take steps to give circumstantial evidence the stamp of veracity—that wasn't legal murder. The murderers, really, were the flock-minded public that let hysteria swamp their caution. . . . No, they wouldn't hang him; but for six brief months, perhaps, people would be cured of saying when he passed, "There goes the man that married Bob Wainright's widow!"

Forty years back, he *would* have swung just on the strength of his confession. Forty years back a delegation of citizens with a rope in their hands would have escorted him to the famous bull-pine of Windgate and let him dance nimbly upon the air from that stark

lower limb so completely detached from the green boughs above it.

Then, perhaps, the driver would have changed his line when he enlarged upon the tree's history for the benefit of visiting strangers:

"I was just a kid when they swung the last man. His name was Hamlin—Steven Hamlin."

The grotesqueness of this thought made him break into a laugh. The driver halted the horses and looked at him suspiciously.

"He thinks I'm mad," flashed across Hamlin.

And, with that, he felt a sudden strange chill and fell forward on his face.

Gradually, very gradually the familiar outlines of his own bedroom emerged from deep shadows. He saw his wife, moving about—his stepdaughter. They were floating toward him, thin wraiths of unreality. They stood beside the bed. He closed his eyes.

"High altitude . . . the sun . . . excitement," he heard his wife say.

"Whatever possessed him? That town of all places!"

They drifted away. He opened his eyes again. They were sitting by the window and the sun, streaming narrowly through a parted curtain, lighted up his wife's figure unkindly, searching out the gaunt flabbiness of her lean old age. And to think, once she had been beautiful, beautiful enough to make him—Ah, well, he might have known, Spanish women were like that—luscious and tempting at first ripening, swift in their dissolution. He turned sidewise so that he could see her better. Her lips were moving. Presently, her voice came to him, and the voice of his stepdaughter, humming a little like restless hornets in a still, hot room.

"You should have gone with him."

"That's easy for you to say! You were too young to . . ."

"That's so. . . . It must have been horrible! Still, after all these years . . . all these *happy* years—"

"Happy! I haven't been happy."

"How can you! Not happy—when he's done so much—everything!"

"I never loved him."

"Ah, but then—"

"I never loved any man but your father."

"Then why . . . ? It wasn't fair, feeling that way."

"I was grateful. He was so loyal. I shouldn't have been happy in any case. There are some things—some people one never can forget."

"He must have been a wonderful man—my father."

"Wonderful . . . you have no idea. People still speak of him with affection . . . after all the years—in spite of everything."

"They were partners—weren't they?"

"Yes, he was your *father's* partner."

He drew in his breath audibly. They rose in consternation and came toward him again.

"I wonder if he—"

"No, he can't hear anything."

"I'm hungry."

"Yes, we ought to eat. We ought to keep our strength up."

"Yes. You never can tell, at any time now he might—"

"There's that cold beef."

"And some chutney. Shall we open that jar of chutney?"

"You're just like your father!"

"Um-m-m. My mouth's watering, already."

"Let's go get lunch."

"Let's."

He was dying and they could think of cold beef and chutney! . . . "You're just like your father!" Was there nothing too trivial to serve the memory of Bob Wainright? . . . They didn't really care anything about him—in less than a week after he was buried they would forget him completely. . . . "I never loved any man but your father." So that was the harvest of chaff which the years had winnowed! . . . Was he never to have his day in—His mind



groped for the complete idea—his day in . . . his day in . . . Escaped somewhere, evaporated . . . upon . . . upon the road from Windgate! Ah, he had been to Windgate! . . . Like a flash of lightning this fact lighted up the sluggish gloom. He remembered now, everything! Why was he home—in bed—at home? Why not a cell—a narrow cot? . . . A faint, dry laugh wracked him. The driver had not believed him. . . . Futility . . . always that futility. . . . He had been picked clean, devoured by a personality. Kill Bob Wainright? What nonsense! Nobody could kill Bob Wainright. He had become a legend, and a legend never dies.

In less than a week . . . forget him completely. . . . A senile fury fell upon him. He would *make* them remember him . . . make *her* remember him. He would burn himself upon her heart. . . . A harvest of chaff. Well, he was not the only gleaner who could reap futility. . . . Grateful, was she? . . . Forty years paying an imaginary debt! . . . What would she say when she found that she had been despoiled—robbed? What would she do? Paying tribute for forty years to a pretender. . . . *He* would make her remember him. . . . It would be diverting to watch her dull black eyes quicken to anger. How they would flash! Like dagger points lit by sunlight. . . . She might even . . . *she might even kill him!* She would remember him, then. . . . Ah, yes, she would remember him, then. One never forgot the thing one killed: it hung there alway like a ball and chain on the ankle. . . . If he could only move her to anger. That was it—anger! . . . He must prepare the way skillfully . . . work her up gradually . . . until her two dull black eyes became dagger points in the sunlight. . . . Then, perhaps, she would do the thing that would make her remember him always—through eternity!

They came in to see him again—after their cold beef and chutney. Through

his half-opened lids he saw that his stepdaughter had on her hat.

"She will be going soon," he thought with malicious triumph.

"He hasn't moved since we left."

"I wonder if he suffers much."

"He ought not to—a saint like him."

"Yes, how good he's been to us—to me. And I wasn't his child either."

"He was always that way—loyal. . . . I remember once when your father—"

"Sh-ssh! . . . He's moving."

She was leaving—his stepdaughter was leaving! . . . *A saint like him!* He wanted to laugh. They were alone. At last they were alone, he and Conchita Arguello. Conchito Arguello. . . . Conchita Wainright . . . Conchita Ham—No, she had never been that—not really. All the more reason to rob her of her peace, forever. She stood over him, hovering, like a faded dove. He opened his eyes suddenly and clutched at her with a strange vigor. She tried to draw away; there was a frightened look in her eyes.

"Sit down!" he commanded in a husky whisper. "I want to talk with you."

She obeyed him, dropping to the bed's edge.

"You—you should have come to Windgate with me . . . it's dead . . . all changed . . . everything—everything but the tree . . . and that lower limb . . . it . . . it stands against the sky . . . just as it did that day."

"Don't!" she cried, putting her two hands to her eyes.

He watched her through half-closed lids and when he spoke his voice was full of disarming suavities. "Does it still hurt so terribly . . . after all these years?"

She kept her eyes screened. "How can you ask such a question—when you loved him so!"

He drew her hands down, holding them in an incredible grip. His voice was still cool and passionless. "You're wrong. I didn't love him; I hated him." A taut cry escaped her. He

chuckled. "You don't believe that, do you? . . . If I told you that I stood by and watched them finish him, would you believe me then? You didn't know, but I stood there on that morning forty years ago. I saw everything—down to the final moment." His voice was husky, but full of diabolical vigor. "Shall I tell you about it? Would you like to hear before—before I die? . . . Don't shake your head."

He rested, still holding her hands. Her eyes had a harried look. He began to speak again and under the urge of his necessity his voice cleared and the whole dreadful picture of that morning over forty years ago blotted out the present. The chill of the mountain dawn . . . the ominous knot of men growing to a menacing crowd . . . the rope . . . the hoisted body . . . the dance in midair . . . the last twitch . . . stillness. . . . He forgot, he omitted, nothing.

She sat frozen into rigid silence and he finished in a whisper:

"And to think, all the while he was innocent. Bob Wainright a horsethief? . . . What fools! what incredible fools! . . . I could have told them." His voice rose thin-edged with festering rancor. "But no one ever thought of *me*! . . . No one ever paid the slightest attention to Bob Wainright's partner."

She drew her hands away with a sudden, proud gesture. "What about me, his wife? . . . I too could have told them he was innocent."

"You—you mean you had proof?"

She shook her head. "A man's wife knows when he is innocent."

"Does she? . . . And . . . and if he is guilty?"

"She knows that, too. . . . Nothing escapes a man's wife."

"Ah!" It was incredible the strength, the venom, the sarcasm he put into this exclamation. "Then, I suppose you have known about me all these years. . . ." He reached upward with a desperate gesture and drew her face close to his lips. "Don't you understand? It was my brains that killed Bob Wain-

right. They say a greaser down by Heron Falls confessed . . . as if a greaser could have pulled that trick alone!"

Her eyes, fearfully upon the brink of incredulous horror, hovered near his. He fell back upon the pillow, waiting for the supreme thrust. Finally he raised himself upon a wasted forearm.

"Forty years!" he spit out. "Forty years—living with a murderer!"

For a moment he drew himself higher, then collapsed like an empty meal sack. He felt his wife lifting his drooping body. She laid his head back upon the pillow. . . . Her eyes still gleamed above the bed clothes. He contracted his lean shoulders.

She took the coverlet in her firm grasp and lifted it a trifle. Her eyes were dagger-points, now. . . . Why did she hesitate when it was so easy? He had so little breath left. Five minutes beneath the bed clothes and it would all be over. Five minutes beneath the bed clothes and she would remember him always, through eternity. . . . One never forgot the thing one killed.

A spasm of coughing seized him. He saw her eyes go suddenly dull again—resentment, incredulity, confusion swallowed up in a swift rush of pity. She let the coverlet fall.

He heard the door open: it was his stepdaughter, coming back.

"Mother!"

His wife was sobbing. "He's been out of his head again. . . . The things he said—you can't imagine. . . . For a moment I almost believed him . . . a murderer . . . it was horrible!"

"Fancy, a saint like him."

"A man who wouldn't harm a fly."

"It's on his mind . . . all twisted up . . . like a bad dream."

"He shouldn't have gone to Wind-gate."

"How he must have loved him."

"It was so with everybody. . . . No one can ever forget your father."

He closed his eyes. . . . Kill Bob Wainright? . . . What nonsense. . . . Nobody could *ever* kill Bob Wainright.





# IMPATIENCE ON A MONUMENT

SUNDRY OBSERVATIONS UPON WASHINGTON'S EXOTIC OBELISK

BY H. G. DWIGHT

IN THIS day when we begin to suspect that more may be in the American legend than has hitherto met the eye, a seeker after truth with a tinge of humor might find it profitable to set forth in detail the history of the celebrated, if somewhat exotic, structure reared in our capital to the glory of its founder—the obelisk which honors that great man by flouting, as emphatically as an exclamation point five hundred and fifty-five feet high can do it, the plan of the city he caused to be plotted out. That history is not only an example of the power of an inhibition to blind or to distort. It is a mirror of our early federal period. In it the Age of Innocence unfolds its simple secrets to our gaze. In it that eclipse which between the forties and the nineties darkened American taste all but reaches totality. In it commences to stir the primitive impulse to regard cost or size as the criterion of importance. In it we discover the local prototype of the private Memorial Association, thanks to whose sleeplessness Washington is so rich in commemorative sculpture. In it develops from humble beginnings that now standardized financial institution—the drive. In it certain administrative accidents harden into municipal traditions. And in it not a few flowers of contemporary life, eyed askance as novel or sinister phenomena of our own post-war period, raise under other names familiar heads.

The Washington Monument might not unjustly be called the Watterston

Monument. For we owe its inception to a gentleman of that cognomen, who may well have taken secret pleasure in the fact that he and the General were both christened George, that their surnames began and ended with the same letters and had the same number of syllables, that water is used in washing. Be that as it may, he was a resident of the District of Columbia, author of a New Guide to Washington, joint author with Nicholas B. Van Zandt of certain Statistical Tables, and first secretary of the Washington National Monument Society. This Society was founded in 1833, as a protest against “the oft-repeated failure of Congress to finally act in the matter of erecting a monument to Washington.” Its first president was John Marshall, then seventy-eight years old, elected *in absentia*. After his death in 1835, he was succeeded by James Madison, also elected *in absentia*, at the age of eighty-four. When in the following year Madison died, the constitution of the Society was amended to provide that the President of the United States—who in 1836 happened to be Andrew Jackson—should *ex officio* be president of the Society. In order to distribute subscriptions as widely as possible they were until 1845 limited to one dollar—on which collectors were authorized to retain a commission of ten per cent.

What is most obscure about the “interest and earnestness” recorded of Mr. Watterston and his associates is that Congress had in 1832 made the first of several appropriations of five thousand

dollars for a statue of "him whose spirit hovers over you"—as John Quincy Adams put it in his first annual Message—"and listens with delight to every act of the representatives of this nation which can tend to exalt and adorn his and their country." Moreover, young Horatio Greenough was already at work in Italy upon his heroic marble of the General, not quite ready for the bath yet far from ready for the drawing-room, throned in majesty an all but invisible Christopher Columbus and a pigmy Indian. And in 1841 the rotunda of the Capitol was exalted and adorned by the completed group—which, after a sojourn from 1842 to 1908 in the Plaza facing the Capitol, may now be admired in the Smithsonian Institution, a little the worse for sixteen Inaugurations.

The cynic, mindful that human motives are rarely unmixed, might be tempted to ask himself whether certain transactions with Congress over his Statistical Tables played a part in Mr. Watterston's patriotic manifestation, or even whether it might be possible that local politics had anything to do with it. But it is more charitable to suppose that local expectation had been raised to a pitch by certain unrealized Congressional proposals, such as one contemplating "a mausoleum of American granite and marble, in pyramidal form, one hundred feet square at the base and of a proportionate height."

American artists were accordingly invited in 1836 to submit designs which should "harmoniously blend durability, simplicity, and grandeur," at an expenditure of no paltry multiple of five thousand dollars but of a round million. Which, considering that the Thornton-Latrobe south wing of the Capitol cost two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, shows how far the Society was prepared to go in protest against the niggardliness of Congress. It is not uninteresting, however, to note that the winning design was that of the supervising architect of the Treasury, to whom we owe the dignified main building of

that Department. This was Robert Mills of Charleston, a pupil of Latrobe and designer of several other public works. But if in the glimpses of the moon he ever revisits the Mall he must wonder what happened to his plan, which called for "a grand circular colonnaded building, 250 feet in diameter and 100 feet high, from which springs an obelisk shaft 70 feet at the base and 500 feet high, making a total elevation of 600 feet." The apex of the obelisk, furthermore, was not the sharply pointed pyramid we see to-day but the blunter one of the Bunker Hill Monument, drawn by Horatio Greenough when he was an undergraduate at Harvard.

What happened to that plan, what desperate appeals were issued to an after all not too grateful Republic, what schemes were devised to reach every citizen with a dollar in his pocket, what inducements were offered to collectors in the way of increased commissions and to subscribers in the form of prints and "beautiful lithographs," what coy overtures were made to Congress—which responded by casting dark imputations upon the Society's financial probity—cannot within these narrow limits be set forth. At one moment, in 1844, the monument threatened to descend from six hundred to one hundred and fifty feet, to assume "the temple form," and to occupy what are now known as the Smithsonian Grounds. But after fourteen years of intensive effort the Society was able in 1847 to announce that it had in hand eighty-seven thousand dollars, and that the corner stone would be laid on the Fourth of July. The only difficulty was that no ground in which to lay a corner stone had as yet been obtained, and that the Society had still to decide of what it proposed to lay the corner stone. This intrepid announcement so far melted the hard heart of Congress, however, that after the Fourth of July had passed, it agreed to present the Society with Public Reservation No. 3, being a remote and undesirable tract of thirty acres west of the Capitol and



not so far south of the White House. And on the next Fourth of July, in 1848, the corner stone was actually laid, not without pomp.

As the grand circular colonnade was for the time being held in abeyance, the stone was the one at the northeast corner of the obelisk. In a copper chamber of it were deposited so many objects that it takes six pages of an official report to catalogue them; but while Mr. Watterston's *New Guide to Washington* found place among them, L'Enfant's plan of Washington did not. Mr. James K. Polk, President alike of the United States and of the Washington National Monument Society, honored the ceremony with his presence, as did a great concourse of distinguished guests, delegations from States, Territories, and Indian Tribes, military, patriotic, and temperance associations. The official order of the parade included "a car, bearing a large cask of cold water, inscribed 'Fountain of Health'." Halt not, my hand, to expatiate on the connotations of that cask! The glory of the occasion was further enhanced by "a temporary arch . . . covered with colored cotton and suitably embellished. But its most attractive ornament was a living American eagle, with its dark plumage, piercing eye, and snowy head and tail, who seemed to look with anxious gaze on the unwonted scene below."

This venerable bird, reputed to be forty years old, which in 1825 had welcomed Lafayette to Alexandria and which was destined to end its days of captivity in Paris, seems to have been the only living creature present who gazed on these proceedings with anxiety. True, Senator R. H. Bayard had remarked in Congress "that to erect the monument on the place proposed would be to destroy the whole plan of the Mall, and that so far as the prospect was concerned nothing could be more unfortunate." Otherwise, however, it appears to have been universally accepted that the spot chosen for the Monument was the

one selected by Washington for a memorial to the heroes of the Revolution. Whereas the site indicated by Washington was the infinitely more significant one several rods to the northwest, at the exact intersection of the two grand axes of the city, which L'Enfant had marked out in his plan of 1791 for a monument to the General himself. Jefferson, having in 1804 caused a meridian to be run along the axis of the White House—whence the name Meridian Hill—had also caused the point where this meridian makes a right angle with the axis of the Capitol to be marked for future reference by a stone thereafter known as Jefferson's Pier. What is more, Jefferson's Pier was still standing in 1848. In fact it continued to stand, and to be ignored, until 1877, when it was obliterated in the course of the work on the insecure foundations of the Monument. Having been rediscovered in 1889, it may be seen again to-day by those who will take the trouble to look for it. But it stood on the bank of Tiber Creek, which used to flow past it into the river; and while in 1848 they were capable of imagining an obelisk six hundred feet high, they were not yet capable of making solid foundations for it in marshy ground. And anyway what difference could a few rods make? None at all, evidently, to the spectators of "one of the most splendid and agreeable days Washington has ever witnessed."

Less splendid and agreeable days, alas, were to follow. One of them dawned in 1854, when it transpired that a stone from the Temple of Concord in Rome, donated for the Monument by the Pope Pius IX, had mysteriously disappeared. This did little for the spirit of concord in the Republic and less for the sympathies of a large body of subscribers, both actual and potential—whose confidence was by no means restored by a second and more audacious deed of violence. It had been suspected that members of the Know Nothing Party, who in the fifties represented a body of opinion hostile to the tide of

immigration let loose by the European revolutions of 1848, knew too much about the Roman stone. At any rate the Know Nothings came out into the open in 1855, seized the works, headquarters, records, cash, and organization of the Society, and were not persuaded to relinquish them to their legal holders until 1858—during which time they heightened the Monument by no more than two courses of inferior marble.

These acts of high-handedness and the dark days of civil war which followed them all but disrupted the Society. And if in 1876 Congress at last consented to adopt the orphan which more than once had been deposited on its doorstep, it was due not only to the fact that the country was no longer torn by dissensions, that a new era of prosperity was beginning to flourish in the land, and that preparations were afoot to celebrate the first century of American independence. It was also because Mr. Watterston's huge unfinished chimney in the Mall, over one hundred and fifty feet high but not yet up to a third of its projected stature, to which not a stone had been added in twenty-one years, was reproachfully beginning to assume the air of a national scandal. Indeed, another Bayard, whom Cleveland later made his Secretary of State, nephew to him who presciently lifted his voice in 1838, rose to declare his belief that the impression which it was desired to produce would not "in any degree be assisted by the continuance of such a blot upon architecture. . . ." Senator Morrill proposed that the chimney be pulled down and that an arch be erected out of its materials. W. W. Story, the sculptor, was also for pulling down but preferred a Lombard tower, and was prepared to furnish the design. The more conservative Robert C. Winthrop of Massachusetts, ex-Speaker of the House and now spokesman for the Society, thought that the original obelisk "would be eminently a monument for the appreciation of the many, if not of

the few"; and his counsels prevailed. So, even at that late day of the Age of Innocence, Mr. George P. Marsh, American Minister at Rome, was appealed to for expert advice on the history and habits of obelisks.

Mr. Marsh, who had written books on camels and on the nature of the English language, also happened, very opportunely, to know all about obelisks. Nor, having served a turn in Constantinople, was he too much offended by the idea of a masonry obelisk. Otherwise, however, his advice was sufficiently pungent. "The obelisk," he wrote to Senator Edmunds in 1879, "is not an arbitrary structure which every one is free to erect with such form and proportions as suit his taste and convenience." And having stated at some length what that form and those proportions should be, he added, "The notion of spitting a statue on the sharp point of the pyramidion is supremely absurd. Not less so is the substitution of a low-hipped roof for an acute pyramidion, or the making of a window in the face of the pyramidion or of the shaft, both of which atrocities were committed in the Bunker Hill Monument. There will, no doubt, be people who will be foolish enough to insist on a peephole somewhere. . . ."

There were! But army engineers were first called in to report on the foundations, and their report was unfavorable. Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Lincoln Casey accordingly undertook to strengthen them, which he did with great skill and success. But incidentally he also strengthened, as it seems to me rather unfortunately, a precedent which had been growing up in Washington of intrusting local improvements to the army. It is not that army engineers are incompetent. The Panama Canal, the Wilson Dam, and other magnificent public works are proof enough to the contrary. Nor is it that artistic genius may not burst even out of West Point. Whistler, the son of a distinguished army engineer, was himself a West



Pointer. It is, rather, that, while the Age of Innocence may be always with us, we are no longer limited to the engineers' or to the diplomatic corps for sound æsthetic advice. It is that while the professions of architecture and engineering are closely allied, they are none the less distinct. It is that in the designing of buildings, bridges, streets, squares, and parks there is after all an element which is not an engineer's first thought and which in this day of specialization he is not best prepared to contribute. It is, in short, that in planning public works worthy of a great capital the advice of architects and landscape designers of national reputation is quite as essential as that of eminent engineers.

However, forty-seven years after the founding of the Washington National Monument Society and twenty-six since the last stone had been laid on the unfinished chimney, everything was at last ready for a new start. On August 7, 1880, the two Know Nothing courses having first been removed, a new corner stone was laid, one hundred and fifty-three feet in the air, in the presence of President Hayes and other notables. This time the work proceeded, under the capable direction of Lieutenant Colonel Casey, without difficulty or delay; and the capstone of the obelisk was set in place on December 6, 1884. On February 21, 1885, the Monument was dedicated with much the same ceremony as marked the first breaking of ground, and it was finally opened to the public in 1888.

In justice to the memory of George Watterston, author and vendor of Statistical Tables, it should perhaps be added that the shaft of the monument born of his interest and earnestness is 55 feet  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches square at the base, 34 feet  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches square at the top, and 500 feet  $5\frac{1}{8}$  inches tall—plus the 55 feet in vertical height of the pyramidion at the apex. It is crowned by an aluminium cap, appropriately inscribed. The cost of construction was \$1,187,-710.31, of which the Society raised in

forty-three years a little less than \$300,000. Additional appropriations were made for filling in a marshy depression to the north of the Monument and for raising the level of the ground on which it stands. This was by way of multiplying the factors of safety. On taking charge of the work Lieutenant Colonel Casey found a slight deviation not only from the perpendicular but from the meridian. He accordingly gave the upper part of the shaft an imperceptible twist, in order to square it with the points of the compass.

## II

Robert Mills, very likely, would not recognize if he saw it his own child—stripped of its elaborate pantalet, shorn of its intended stature, its pointed cap pulled up so much taller and sharper than he devised it. Personally, though, I think none the worse of it for that. I even wonder whether Senator T. F. Bayard, if he were led blindfold to the right spot—which in his day did not exist—would still call it a blot upon architecture. Mr. Marsh, at any rate, would find that in the main his expert advice had been followed. True, the height of the shaft is not quite ten times the length of one side of its base, as the traditions prescribe, nor was it possible after the walls had risen so far to give them the invisible convexity proper to obelisks. Moreover, as Mr. Marsh anticipated, there were people foolish enough to insist on peepholes. Those peepholes, two of which pierce each side of the pyramidion, are a serious disfigurement, lessening the simplicity and dignity of the monument, breaking its effect of integrity, and inclining one to think rather of George Watterston than of George Washington. Then it was unfortunate that Lieutenant Colonel Casey had to hide the succession of steps on which the obelisk stands, so that it has no base and starts out of the ground as abruptly as a factory chimney. But on the whole, considered by itself, as the

product of a dubious age, it turned out more happily than might have been expected. So did Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. So did the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural. So did *Walden*, *Leaves of Grass*, *Moby Dick*.

Yet, alas, a work of architecture is less fortunate than a work of literature or music in that it cannot, to anywhere near the same degree, be considered solely on its own merits. It cannot be taken away and looked at by itself. It must be looked at where it stands, on a piece of ground, among other works of architecture, surrounded by spaces, masses, and openings, which may or may not be worth looking at, which may or may not allow it to be seen to the best advantage, but which become an inevitable part of it and have a curious power to add to or take away from its effect. And these disturbing relations of a building to its site are all the more important in the case of so enormous a structure as the Monument, intended to honor so great a man. Yet no one save Senator R. H. Bayard—and possibly Lafayette's eagle—seem to have thought so in 1848 when, with Jefferson's Pier under his nose, George Watterston turned his back on the Capitol and the White House and earnestly laid his corner stone at random in the Mall.

It may now appear incredible, but after all it was very Anglo Saxon. For your Englishman or American takes much less kindly than your Italian or Frenchman to the notion of allowing his architectural liberty to be curbed. In the moral world the Anglo Saxon is reputed to be a bulwark of law and order; and having invented parliaments, he sticks tenaciously to his right of freeing his mind on every subject under the sun, including æsthetics, whether he knows anything about it or not. Whereas the Latin, upon whose disorderly parliaments and individualistic morals his Nordic neighbor looks with pity or scorn, seems to have a much keener sense of law, order, and discipline in all that pertains to the visible world. At

any rate it was neither an Englishman nor an American to whom it first occurred to treat his house and the grounds around it as an artistic whole. And as for encroaching upon Anglo-Saxon independence to the degree of proposing, merely out of consideration to the casual stranger's eye, that a whole row of houses built and owned by different people should conform to a single height or style, who has ever had the temerity to attempt such a thing? So simple a Latin idea as the gridiron, handed down from Roman camps and naturalized upon this continent by William Penn, we can take in—and reproduce *ad nauseam*. But when it comes to a more complex Latin idea like the plan of Washington, which was borrowed by one Frenchman from another and a greater, an hour's drive in the streets of our capital will suffice to show how oddly it may work in Anglo-Saxon heads.

One thing about it, of course, was that the temperamental L'Enfant, brought up in the tradition of respect toward artistic authority, too quickly got into hot water with Early Americans who were thinking less of to-morrow than of to-day to get into their heads just what he was driving at. Consequently it never occurred to them that L'Enfant's plan was not a finished thing but a thing capable of indefinite expansion, according to its own inner laws. So the meandering line of Florida Avenue marks where L'Enfant's pencil stopped. Beyond that it became a game of every realtor for himself—save where Jefferson and his meridian of 1804 caused Sixteenth Street to pursue its predestined course. It never occurred to them to think of their seductive water front except as a disappointed hope of sea-borne commerce, or in making grants to public institutions and utilities to take thought for the future.

They, therefore, turned half the town into a slum by throttling it with a barricade of walled reservations, from the War College in the South West to the



Soldiers' Home and Walter Reed Hospital in the North West, and forcing the town of our day to shoot out of the bottleneck between the Soldiers' Home and the ravine of Rock Creek. Whereupon, with the lavish generosity of the Nineteenth Century, they made a present to the railroads of the region within the barricade. And now everyone seems to take it for granted that the desolate quarters of the South East and the South West, which might rank with Georgetown and the bluffs along Rock Creek Park as the most delightful in Washington, are gone for good—merely because freight trains rumble within three blocks of the Capitol and cut off its nearest access to the river. Still, there came a day when three men had the courage to do a thing which caused terrific outcries but for which Washington can never cease to be grateful. They united two noisome stations into one which is not a disgrace but an ornament to the city, they took the railroad tracks off the Mall, and they forced the south-bound trains into a tunnel. Well, that tunnel isn't quite long enough. It is not inconceivable that another day may come when three more far-sighted and public-spirited citizens will see to it that the south-bound trains, having entered their tunnel, do not leave it until they reach the Virginia side of the Potomac.

Odder yet, it never occurred to those Early Americans that the Capitol and the White House were the two focal points of the city and the nation, and that the two axial streets opening the way between them and the nation were, symbolically, the two most important streets in Washington, whose decoration could not be undertaken with too great forethought and whose outer ends should be the ceremonial gateways of the town. It never occurred to them that, with all the room in the world, they might make of Lafayette Square a sort of Piazza San Marco, surrounded on three sides by Government Departments of harmonious height and design. They preferred

to block the vistas of Pennsylvania and New York Avenues and to encroach upon the none too spacious setting of the White House, whose occupant they felt it necessary to remind of the checks and balances hedging him in. Nor did it occur to them that in the setting of the Capitol and in the disposition of the streets radiating from it there was a fitness, a dignity, a significance, not to say a practical convenience, which might be worth preserving. Instead, it seemed good to them to spoil the symmetry of the Plaza and to close two of those streets with a pretentious library—when they might perfectly have built it on the two sides of East Capitol Street, bridged by a noble arch. In fact it is now rumored that the entrance to South Capitol Street may be cut off as well.

Most oddly of all, it never occurred to them that the central feature of L'Enfant's whole design was the great green L connecting the Capitol and the White House. It never occurred to them that if a single spot in the city could be more significant than the Capitol or the White House it was the point, marked by Jefferson's Pier, common to their two independent axes. Least of all did it occur to them that a hundred reasons, visible and invisible, cried out for the building of the Washington Monument on that one momentous spot. Axes, however, mean very little to Anglo Saxons, who are better up on axioms—such as "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points." So Pennsylvania Avenue began to assume a mystic as well as a practical importance; and the grounds south of the White House, because they penetrated what became the politer part of the town, were laid out more or less in keeping with the spirit of L'Enfant's plan. But the Mall remains what it has been for one hundred and twenty-six years, the neglected back yard of the city, a dump heap for power-houses, greenhouses, tumble-down shacks, and monuments of assorted styles and sizes. The very

name of it comes haltingly to the tongue of a Washingtonian, who prefers to chop it up into the Botanic Garden, the Public Gardens, Armory Square, the Smithsonian Grounds, the Agricultural Grounds, and the Monument Grounds. And what a meeting place of astonished or indignant shades must be there, under the peepholes of George Watterston's misplaced piece of Egypt!

It is, of course, quite hopeless to make clear to those who don't see it the enormity of the crime of 1848. It is much easier to explain how it came to be committed—in the days of our simplicity and poverty, when the Mall ended in a swamp below the White House. Yet the principles involved were precisely those applied on the smaller scale of Scott Circle and Lafayette Square, where the symmetries are so carefully preserved and each national hero maintains so precise a relation to each vista or to each other national hero. How then, when it came to the larger scale of the green L and to the five hundred and fifty-five foot obelisk in honor of the greatest national hero of them all, were the principles let slip? It may have been because in those days we were slower to follow L'Enfant's example of the grand manner; but it can hardly have been because we turn up our noses at the grand manner when we see it properly at work. There is in Paris, for which Americans are reported to have a special weakness, a smaller though more experienced obelisk, the spaces and masses around which are disposed much as they are in the Mall. The Seine runs to the south, the Rue Royale opens to the north, the long perspective of the Louvre and Tuileries Gardens and the Avenue des Champs Elysées stretches east and west. Now should we like the Place de la Concorde any better if that obelisk stood askew, a little nearer the river and a good deal nearer the trees of the Tuileries? I doubt it. On the contrary, when we cross the Pont de la Concorde, or stand on the steps of the Madeleine, or walk in the Gardens, or drive

down the Champs Elysées, it gives us a sort of click of satisfaction to see the obelisk there, from whichever way we come, standing gravely in the center of the picture and making us feel that somebody took a great deal of time and thought to put it in just the right place. And although that Paris obelisk makes no such pretensions as the Washington one—it stands, I believe, no more than seventy-six feet high—it somehow gains mysteriously from the advantages of its position. It borrows from its setting something not its own. We grant it a perfection which might be questioned if it stood no more than a foot from where it does.

The same mystery may be seen at work in Washington, and not least notably in the case of the Lincoln Memorial. Considered by itself, all manner of objections have been or could be made against it. There are certain lights and aspects in which it suggests a soap box with a frill tied around it. I don't know whether Bacon heightened the space above the colonnade in order to make it and its decorations visible from below, or whether he purposely gave it a distant appearance of gauntness to symbolize what was gaunt and aloof in the man it commemorates. The steps leading up to it seem to me too steep and shallow. It is a surprise to find the pillars of the interior of a material less rich than the outer colonnade. To me, the inscription above the statue lessens rather than heightens the effect. And the space in front of the statue is so scant, in proportion to the statue's height, that it is difficult to see the figure as so fine a piece of sculpture should be seen. Your first impression is of that immense square toe. Nevertheless, as a whole, the Memorial has a noble gravity and dignity, not only because it is something complete and adequate in itself but because its setting, with the long pool in front of it, between those long strips of turf and those long lines of spaced trees, is the most magnificent thing of the kind in the country. The



eye takes a peculiar pleasure in so many evidences of forethought and discernment and imagination. And it is miraculous how the Washington Monument, into whose setting went not a particle of forethought or discernment or imagination, gains from its inclusion in the scheme of the Lincoln Memorial.

It is not always realized that the Memorial was purposely built in the wrong place, that is at a point south of the true axis of the Capitol, in order to make the Monument look, from the west, as if it had been built in the right place. Looked at from those marble steps, down that long water-vista framed in green, which gives you a vision of what the Mall might have been, the Monument somehow comes belatedly into its own. You forget the mistakes and quarrels and pettinesses that were built into it. You forget the tilt and the twist of which you have read. You all but forget the absurd peepholes. Instead, you perceive an incomparable slimness and elegance. You discover a simplicity, an austerity, a nobility which are strangely moving. And you get again that click of satisfaction over a thing intelligently done, by some one capable of large ideas.

But when you stand under the dome of the Capitol and look out of that arched west window, craning your neck to see the Monument which has slipped out of its frame, or when you walk down to the west terrace and see it loafing in Washington's disreputable back yard, you get no such click. When you drive down Sixteenth Street, where General Scott and President Jackson ride so meticulously in the middle of the long vista, square in front of the White House door but not square in front of the Monument, which slouches off toward Alexandria, you get no such click. And least of all do you get any click in the so-called Monument Grounds, no longer the property of the Washington National Monument Society but still the most

dismal thirty acres in America, in Washington but not of it, bumpy, barren, and meaningless, crisscrossed by ugly lines of asphalt, the two chief objects on the hummock having no relation to each other or to anything else. The dreadful little office-and-lavatory that beguiles the pilgrim's approach looks like a watchman's hut on an ash pile under a factory chimney.

If I were as rich and as mad as— Well, perhaps it won't do to name names. But we all have our pet billionaire, whose fortune it amuses us in fancy to spend. Perhaps it amuses us more than it amuses him. At any rate, if I were as well-to-do and as philanthropic as he, I would present to the Government of the United States a discreet number of millions, for the express purpose of bringing the Washington Monument back to Washington—that is of tearing it down and rebuilding it, stone for stone, in the right place. Such things are easily done nowadays. Don't we see people carting castles from one continent to another with no more ado than if they were packs of cards? Of course it is too late now to rebuild on the original right place, still marked for those who have eyes to see by what is left of Jefferson's Pier. For that would throw out of gear the revised east-and-west axis fixed by the Lincoln Memorial, the Grant Monument, and a dozen other arrangements or projects. A rebuilt Washington Monument would have to toe that mark and continue to defraud of his click the spectator in the rotunda of the Capitol, looking sadly out of that empty west window. But it would no longer offend the eye of the President, when he stands in his south portico, or that of the driver down Sixteenth Street. And it is by no means too late to make of the Mall not only a frame worthy of the tallest of obelisks but such a setting for the Capitol as the Lincoln Memorial already has, and the pride and glory of Washington.



# A DROP OF WATER

BY HENSHAW WARD

ANYONE who joins me in this adventure does so at his peril. You are warned that you will be carried far beyond the limits of exact knowledge, and even beyond what the mind can conceive. If you have a nervous temperament you should on no account attempt this voyage through a drop of water.

Still, I am a careful pilot and shall steer to plain facts over a route that has been thoroughly charted by scientists. My trip is no more than a translation of their rigorous books, rendering their negative exponents into human language and adding some colors to help our eyes.

Before us hangs the object that we are to explore. It is a glittering little globe of the most common substance, a liquid composed of oxygen and hydrogen. Its diameter is an eighth of an inch. The chemist tells us about this drop of water by naming infinitesimal distances, like  $1/100,000,000$  of an inch. But no mind can visualize such distances or feel the least interest in them. The only way I can form any picture of the chemist's world is to enlarge it, and to keep enlarging it, until it finally becomes spacious enough for me to roam about and see things as they would appear if they were brought up to sizes with which I am familiar. My imagination wishes to sit in a comfortable chair and have big atoms parade for inspection.

So I have found pleasure in magnifying water until all its parts are large and plain. This I do by supposing that I am on a magic carpet which first takes me to a view of the drop as it would appear if increased fifty times in size, then to a

view of this enlargement when made a thousand times larger still, and so on till I have sight of all that science knows. If you care for such a plaything, step aboard. Hold fast while we make the first stage of the journey beyond our eyesight.

## II

You feel a tremor for a moment, then a rush that makes you unconscious. When you open your eyes again, the drop is enlarged fifty times—to a diameter of six inches. Of course such a change in size is insignificant and reveals nothing; but, oddly enough, we are struck by the sight. Though we have never felt any curiosity about a drop of ordinary size that hangs from a twig, we now wonder how a six-inch mass of water holds itself together and supports itself. We note, as if through a new pair of eyes, that the drop is enlarged at the top and spread out in a clinging surface. It looks as if it had a strong, elastic skin.

When you step forward to get a closer view, you feel again the queer tremor, as if some force were stretching space apart and its dimensions were sweeping past you. The sensation is more severe and prolonged than the first one. As you return to consciousness do not resent the manhandling you have undergone. For, considering the transformation that has taken place in your neighborhood, you must admit that the process was not unduly painful. The six-inch drop of water is enlarged one thousand times, to a diameter of five hundred and twenty feet, and we are poised at its surface. Its rainbow colors have disappeared, and



it bends above us as a huge gray mass, chill and forbidding.

What curious creatures we are to gape and shudder at a large drop of water when we have never given a moment's thought to a small one. Our minds are true to their savage nature—blind to everything that is usual, excited by anything that is novel. Surely this five-hundred-foot sphere is no more remarkable, essentially, than an eighth-of-an-inch drop. The force which maintains the small drop is quite as far beyond our knowledge as the one that holds this large globe in shape.

It is not likely that we shall ever understand the power which piles up water in a drop on a dry surface. All we can ever do is to take a step toward the reality, give a name to the step, and thus make up a new formula for pupils to rehearse in school. The more steps we take, the more we shall see before us; the path to knowledge lengthens as the cube of any advance we can make on it.

So much by way of discouragement in this enterprise of enlarging a drop of water. You should be warned that no ultimate facts will be reached. Thus far the drop has been magnified fifty thousand times, yet we see nothing new. We look at a wall of water that remains as inscrutable as the ocean on a cloudy day.

If we had brought along a microscope, and if a molecule were a solid body that could be placed against a contrasting background, I could at this stage show you the molecules of water. But they would be the merest dim specks, meaningless and uninteresting. Travelers toward the interior of a drop must endure another enlargement of a thousand times if they are to see anything whatever. This third transformation will be more severe than the second one. Close your eyes and relax.

The discomfort you feel will soon pass off. Rest easily for a few minutes and adjust yourself slowly to the new surroundings while I give a warning about what you are to see.

Science does not know anything about the "feeling" or the "look" of any part of a molecule. The "sights" on the rest of our journey are purely fanciful. But they correspond in every particular to some realities, and they are far less bright and strange than the facts would be if they could in any way become apparent to our senses.

The drop is now nearly a hundred miles in diameter. In its last expansion it enclosed us, and we are now about ten miles within the surface. The flickering all about us is caused by the motions of molecules. They are nearly an inch in diameter, driving this way and that in swarms, bumping and recoiling, forming into masses and dispersing, darting without cessation.

Put out your hand and grab one. The strange sensation is not due to your nerves being unstrung, for you are now restored to a normal condition and are judging everything just as you would in a world where dimensions are fifty million times smaller. You can feel a molecule enclosed in your hand; it resists your squeezing as if it were a piece of marble. But you can see nothing. You can hardly tell whether the molecule weighs anything. The object in your hand appears to be a very firm bit of matter, which causes a stinging sensation on the palm of your hand; otherwise you can gain no conception of it.

If you could keep your hand out beyond the edge of our magic carpet, it would be hammered and rasped by the molecules in their continual hurtling against one another. If they were farther apart, so that some of them drove at us in full flight, we could not protect ourselves from them. But since the distances between them are small and their motions are continually checked, it is possible to put up a barrier against them.

If you care to have any real view of a molecule, you must go through another thousand-times enlargement of the drop. Now that we have passed the third stage beyond the world of our senses, the transformation will be rather easy.

The drop has become a hundred thousand miles in diameter; the molecules are over forty feet in diameter; and we are inside one of them. Without the use of a special equilibrator we could not survive the violent darting and stopping of the molecule. Even with the best adjustment of this device we feel some discomfort from the jerking motions, but you mustn't expect Pullman springs on atomic journeys.

As we look about us, swaying in the midst of this forty-foot molecule, we can have no realization of how far the region is beyond the spaces and forces from which we embarked. Every dimension here is fifty billion times what it is in human life. All measurement is so stretched that a ten-foot pole would reach almost from the earth to the sun. And still we are not able to see much of the skeleton of a molecule. In fact, unless I work magic for you and shock every sober-minded scientist, you will see nothing whatever. You will find yourself in a void. Strange forces will be tugging at you as if to rend an unwelcome visitor apart or crush him, but your eyes will peer in vain.

Here is a button that will show something. To touch it would be profanation for a physicist, but tourists enjoy the effect.

Click.

Around us flash circles of light, very thin lines of exceeding brilliance, like threads of lightning. These sights within a molecule will be a maze of mystery unless we see a sketch-map of the surroundings before examining them in detail. What we are looking at is the three atoms that make up the molecule of water. The middle one of the three is an atom of oxygen, near the center of which we are floating; and at opposite sides of this are two atoms of hydrogen that are closely linked to it. The atoms are mostly empty space. The brilliant blur of light directly overhead, too close for comfort, is the "nucleus" at the center of the oxygen atom; and the set of six circles of light, twenty feet from us, is its

surface. The two seven-foot circles of light beyond the oxygen atom, and on either side of it, are the surfaces of the two hydrogen atoms.

There is no sound, no odor, no variation in the dazzling loops. However erratic may be the motions of the whole molecule through space, within it there is no slightest variation of the absolute fixity of the glittering circles. And there is nothing else to see or touch within it.

There is no way to have any further view of the structure of water unless we enlarge the dimensions once more by a thousand times. The one-eighth-inch drop with which we started will then be a sphere of a greater diameter than the distance from the earth to the sun.

So—we have reached the limit of our journey.

### III

If you feel levity at such prodigious magnifying, you will never have an inkling of what modern chemistry is. If you have any suspicion that I am stretching the hard facts now known to students of the atom, dismiss it. All that I have done in these five stages of enlargement is to put into concrete form what a Bragg or a Lewis means when he sets on paper the harmless-looking formula: "Hence the radius is  $1.9 \times 10^{-8}$  cms." When the first investigator saw an exponent — 8 as the result of his calculations, he was more incredulous than you can be about my trip on a magic carpet into Molecule Land. The smallness is comically beyond our comprehension. But it stands as a fact. A hundred emulous specialists have yearned to gain fame by proving it erroneous, yet every one of them assures us of its undoubted truth. If we wish to have any glimpse of modern notions about the nature of water, we must accept this enlargement of a drop as a plain and literal voyage to the facts.

Our molecule of water is now eight miles in diameter. In planning to arrive at this great size I was not wanton.



Even this size, as you will shortly see, is too small to reveal one of the elements of the molecule, *about which physics has some accurate information*. If you now feel any humor or skepticism, you may take a nap until the party is ready to return home.

As you look about in this eight-mile molecule, you are disappointed. For nothing new is in sight. The thousand-times-larger loops are seen to be at a much greater distance, but they are still fine lines. Nothing else has come into view. In order to reveal the nature of the loops I must use another device of non-scientific magic, which I will call a slow-motion telescope. When you look through this at one of the circles of light, you perceive that it is formed by a glowing ball which revolves so rapidly that its circuit appears to the unaided eye as a continuous path of light.

I dislike to tell about its speed, for no astronomer can comprehend it, and only a mathematician can credit it. The figure which states it is so huge that it is meaningless. If the ball revolved only ten times a second, its path would appear as an unbroken streak. A thousand times a second would seem the guess of a disordered brain. But that number is only one trillionth of what the strictest physicist certifies to us. He declares without a quiver that each one of the ten globes whirling in this one molecule of water is revolving a quadrillion times every second. Even that is an understatement, because I have, for the sake of brevity, thrown away a little factor of 6.5, which you are entitled to use if you ever get back to the humdrum world again and want to tell big stories.

As for me, I cannot credit any such number. I hope that within a few years some experiment will show that it is a blunder. It seems so inanely vast as to bring suspicion upon the facts in the rest of the atomic theory.

The whirling globes are named "electrons." Thanks to the labors of mathematicians who have never been on magic carpets, we know that electrons are, in

our eight-mile molecule, only eight inches in diameter. Pardon me if I remind you what this means in the place where we now are: here, in a sphere that is almost a hundred million miles in diameter, an electron is only eight inches in diameter. Yet modern science has calculated its size and mass.

If we ask what it is made of, we can get no answer. Science knows only that it is a center of electrical force, and calls this force a unit of negative electricity. So here, at the uttermost limit of a fantastically huge enlargement, we come upon nothing but a mystery that is still remote from us, hidden far within another reach of endlessly decreasing dimensions. We can see nothing whatever of the interior of the electron. It may contain so elaborate a mechanism that if we increased it yet another billion times we might come only to further mysteries at its core.

As a relief from such bewildering speculation about the infinitesimal, let us fly through the miles of space to that point at the boundary of the molecule where we see an electron revolving in its orbit. It is pleasant to feel the vast roominess of a molecule while we take a four-mile excursion to its surface.

The electron is the only visible part of an atom of hydrogen. It is speeding steadily about a center that is more than a mile from it, at a rate of—I will not trouble you with the figures. Perhaps you will find it amusing to reckon its magnified speed from the actual rate of an electron in an actual atom of the eighth-of-an-inch drop—1300 miles a second. But don't tell Einstein your result, for he does not permit anything to travel faster than light. The proportional speeds demanded in our magnified space are impossible.

The center around which the electron revolves is too small to be visible. After all our enlarging, hoping to spread out the distances till we could have a fair view of atoms, the central element of hydrogen is less than a hundredth of an inch in diameter. Even in our fearfully

over-magnified molecule we must use a telescope to see the nucleus of the atom. It is called a "proton." It is dark in color. Though it is a thousand times smaller than its electron, it is nearly two thousand times as heavy. It is a unit of positive electricity, balanced against the unit of negative electricity in its electron. In its somber heaviness lies almost the entire mass of the hydrogen atom, and the chemical properties of the atom.

All that science can discern in this atom is these two opposite charges of electricity, one of which rotates about the other. No "matter," as we know it, is to be seen. An atom of hydrogen is a compound of a great deal of space and two extremely small pellets of electricity.

On the other side of the eight-mile molecule is another atom of hydrogen. These two atoms are attached, in some kind of close union, to the atom of oxygen which is between them. If an electric current were passed through the drop, we should see a separation of the atoms in all the molecules. The hydrogens would be detached and would link themselves in pairs; the oxygens would do likewise; and each pair of atoms would try to get as far as possible from every other pair. Thus two expanding gases would be formed.

If the drop were heated, the motions of its molecules would be increased; at its surface the molecules would be driven off, as water, in a gas—that is, as water-vapor, or steam.

If sufficient heat were withdrawn from the drop, we should see the molecules cease their disorderly knocking about and jump to position like so many soldiers at a command. They would form up in crystals, placing themselves in such a way as to occupy somewhat more space—and then the water would be frozen, expanded into ice.

Thus an atom is, in its outward relations, as fickle as a glancing color on foaming waves. But inwardly it is changeless. The orbit of its electron, to be sure, may be frequently altered through an indefinite number of stages;

its electron *could* be separated from it altogether and the atom disintegrated. But the chances are that this particular atom of hydrogen has persisted since the earth was formed and will persist from everlasting to everlasting. If it were thrown out into the absolute zero of cold, or plunged into the heat of the sun, or subjected to the extreme of pressure in a dense star—in every vicissitude its electron would continue to revolve. Its "shell" of force would be uninjured. An atom is an enduring, immaterial sphere that cannot be invaded or crushed. Within it are some unseen girders that withstand all violence; about it is some armor of impenetrable electricity.

The atom of hydrogen is the simplest known—one electron revolving about one proton. This is a sort of unit of structure for all the other chemical elements. An "element" is a distinct species of matter, a simple type, formed by the massing together of atoms of one kind. Hydrogen is an element; so is oxygen; so is iron, or mercury, or radium. But water is not an element; it is a "compound." Only 92 elements have been discovered or predicted in the universe, and the only difference that science can yet detect between them is the number of protons in the nucleus. In the nucleus of oxygen there are 16 protons, in the nucleus of iron 56, in mercury 200, in radium 226.

If we now return to the middle of the molecule, we can understand what we see, though its details are obscure. We are at the heart of the atom of oxygen. Clustered close together are 16 of the dark, heavy protons, each of which is a charge of positive electricity. About them and close to them is a blur of light caused by 8 electrons. We may be sure that the arrangement is not haphazard, for the oxygen atom is the most common one in the world, most adaptable for building all manner of compounds, most firmly constructed. It appears to be in four segments that are united in a peculiarly staunch way. Each segment is



composed of 4 protons and 2 electrons. Thus the whole nucleus has 16 protons and 8 electrons. Electrically it is positive, for it contains twice as many positive units as negative ones.

The electrical balance of the whole atom is secured by 8 other electrons which revolve about the nucleus. Two of these are at a relatively short distance; 6 are at the outside of the atom, forming its "shell." The entire atom is four-square in structure and electrically neutral.

This intricate atom of oxygen, united in a complex manner with two atoms of hydrogen, is a molecule of water. Perhaps, after your attention has been so long confined to this elaborate domain, you are forgetting that it is only *one* molecule.

On every side, thudding against us in a perpetual game of volley-ball, are other molecules. Their eight-mile shells fill all the space in every direction. They are close-packed throughout this sphere that is a hundred million miles in diameter. If you are curious about how many there are, set down the figure five and write twenty ciphers after it. The most reckless estimate of the total of all the stars in all the galaxies of the universe would be insignificant compared with this number of molecules.

We say that a drop of water is "filled" with molecules. But science cannot detect any substance that does the filling.

Matter, as we conceive it, occupies only one trillionth of one per cent of the space in water—and even that matter appears to be nothing but force. A drop of water is only a place where electricity is aggregated in certain combinations. Into these bunches of force science has penetrated with more sureness than is possible for tourists on a fairy-story contrivance.

Every particle of matter large enough to be seen is composed of quadrillions of regions of electrical energy. This is true of every little speck of cement or rust or wood or flesh. Every millionth of an inch of the progress of my voice over a telephone wire is engineered by millions of these regions of force, which dance in exact accordance with my lightest whisper. And each one of the regions is a complication of secrets that are quite unfathomable.

#### IV

I will now bring you back from the interior of a drop of water with one brief remark: there are witty persons who consider atoms a dull, non-cultural subject.

For this rudeness of mine I offer no apology. If it is a painful way of returning to common life, it is wholesome. It will reveal to my guests on the magic carpet the difference between literary wit and scientific imagination—a difference which every citizen ought to understand nowadays.

# The Lion's Mouth



## THE CODE OF THE CARAVANS

BY JANE A. NON

THE advent of the automobile, as no moralist has neglected to tell us, has brought with it quite new and different standards of action, but my complaint to-day is not in regard to motor-car morals but motor-car manners. It seems to me that, considering their newness, they are surprisingly shabby!

The freedom of the automobile, its independence as to routes or schedules, naturally engender in its occupants an exhilarating feeling of the same freedom and independence. The car, like the wind and, at about the wind's rate, can travel where it listeth; why should its passengers feel at all restricted? Alas, too frequently does the liberty of the road subtly lead up to the laxity of the rude!

Take the question of hospitality. In the days when one's guests traveled by rail, they selected a train, notified their hostess of the time of its arrival and then, barring downright unforeseen calamity, they arrived. One looks back rather wistfully upon such delightful simplicity in entertaining, upon a time when one could prepare in peace and meet one's visitors at an appointed hour. To-day, how do prospective guests signify their intentions? Usually their notes read something like this, "We expect to start on Tuesday but of course if the day should be *too* stormy we will wait until Wednesday," or "John has some business with a man in Kingston,

which will delay us for a couple of hours, but if the man should happen not to be there we will come right on through." Could anything be more harassing to a hostess than to try to determine whether or not there is a storm at the other end of the line and what its degree? Or to be left in uncertainty as to whether John has located his man in Kingston? And this annoyance is quite unnecessary. The telegraph and telephone are still available to be used in notifying one of any delay incurred were not modern caravaners so blissfully oblivious. It is easy to think that to Jane or Emily it does not matter when one arrives. It does matter, although Jane or Emily may be too polite to mention it. Too often have I been surprised by premature guests not to know whereof I speak. And too often have I declined a pleasant invitation because I expected company and then found that I might perfectly well have accepted, since my irresponsible visitors did not appear until long after the designated time.

Then take the day of departure. In former times the train left at a stated hour and, therefore, so did the guests. One saw to it that breakfast was served in time, a conveyance was at the door to carry the travelers to the station, good-byes were said, the bags bundled in, and all was over. What delightful definiteness! To-day, breakfast finished, everyone saunters out on the piazza and looks at the sky. John inquires how long it ought to take them to make St. Albans. Mary says that it would be better not to start anyhow until the road has dried off a little more. But instead of the sun, there comes a slight shower. The hands of the clock move on alarmingly and the time for your board meeting



(courteously not mentioned to your guests) draws near. Finally John suggests that, rather than reach St. Albans after dark, it might be better to start after luncheon and only try to make Rutland. Horrors! What a vision rises before you of an ice box containing only the remnants which were to suffice you for the day! Do not tell me I am exaggerating, it is experience that speaks. And do not imagine that, when the baggage is in the car and Mary is beaming adieu from the back seat, it is safe for you surreptitiously to reach for your own hat, because John will open the door again to ask if it would be too much trouble for you to give him some water for his radiator and if you would mind handing him a cloth with which to wipe off the windshield!

If these are the motoring manners of the invited guest, what must be said of the antics of the uninvited? They blithely drive up to one's door at the oddest of hours and from the most unexpected quarters. Enough for them that they find themselves in your neighborhood—how jolly to look you up! It is jolly to greet one's friends and one's friend's friends (for whoever has joined the party must, however unwillingly, be brought along), but one wonders sometimes why an entirely different code of conduct should be applied to the possessor of a country home than that accorded to the urban dweller. Apparently quite a different rule of the road obtains. It rankles a little to discover that one's house is not one's castle if it happens to be located near the pike! The following incident would be too slight to relate if it were not a symptom. One day a carload of motorists rang my bell. As the maid was out and my lap full of sewing there was a little delay in opening the door. I discovered that one young man of the party, not waiting to be admitted in the usual manner, had run around the house and with face pressed against a window was peering into the room while another capered about trying all the doors. Such actions

would never have occurred to either of them in his own city, but evidently they had no consciousness of being impertinent or intrusive in this case. They were simply motor mad. Or shall we call it a form of *auto intoxication*?

My next-door neighbor is a hospitable little lady but she is frequently distressed by the off-hand behavior of her motoring guests. They descend upon her without warning, sometimes bringing total strangers, and seem to think that their unconventionality is completely offset by their willingness to assist. Announcing that she *must* let them wait upon themselves, they take possession of the house. She, who particularly dislikes having people in her kitchen, is helpless in the hands of the invaders. All her domestic arrangements are uncovered, all her pantry privacies are exposed. The automobile, with its picnicking practices, makes people so delightfully informal!

A friend of my husband has us completely trapped although, to do him justice, he does not realize it. He is a bond salesman working our territory and, incidentally, us! Driving his own car and having been cordially welcomed upon his first appearance, he now draws up at our doorstep whenever en route to meet a business appointment. Of course, were he traveling by train he would go straight through to his destination, but with the latitude allowed by the motor, he is free to take a chance on an invitation to remain over night with us. Of course he gets the invitation, regardless of whether we are weary or busy or bored, for he has us in his power; cannot he see with his own eyes that the guest room is empty? If he would only sometimes telephone ahead we could excuse ourselves upon those occasions when his coming seems the last straw of a heavily burdened day, but he says he would rather come and see for himself just how we are situated and know that it is quite convenient!

Oh, careless caravaners, we welcome you warmly, for after all you are de-

lightful in your insouciance, but we beg you to think on these things and not to press our patience too far lest we have to lock our doors in self-defense and turn you away to the tavern!



## THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER

BY FARRELL COYLE

**I**HAVE often wondered about the Innocent Bystander. One reads so much about him in the daily press, and yet so little is really known about his unusual profession and its seemingly numerous members. What qualities are necessary to achieve success in Innocent Bystanding? What is the best training for the aspiring young Innocent Bystander—is it journalism or life itself? And who are the ten best Innocent Bystanders in the country to-day?

These questions and many others of equal import I yearn to have answered; but there is no one—no, not even at the Information Desk in the Grand Central Station—who can answer them. It would seem that the Innocent Bystander, no matter what degree of success he attains, remains at heart a modest and unassuming creature. You will not find the story of his life in any of the “success” magazines, and even the newspapers in whose pages he figures so prominently appear to be unaware of his biographical qualities. Yet I feel instinctively he is a man worth knowing; so I have undertaken the work of analyzing his character and personality from the bare outlines furnished by the pages of the metropolitan dailies.

First, in regard to his work, I think we are justified in placing him among the foremost creative artists of the day; for does he not create excitement and pity whenever he engages in his work of stopping stray bullets with his body? Moreover, your true Innocent Bystander

(here I am speaking of the Master and not the Apprentice) works with whatever materials are nearest at hand. It may be only a friendly argument between a pawnbroker and a gunman, but there in the very vanguard of the curious crowd that collects about the door of the shop, you will find the Innocent Bystander (and perhaps if you look real hard you may find several of him). There he stands, ready—aye, eager—to assimilate any vagrant bits of hot lead that may come his way.

Or it may be a high-class affair, the kind in which the lady who is suing for “heart balm” comes suddenly face-to-face with her alleged former fiancé, and is so overjoyed at the meeting that she impulsively pulls out her little pearl-handled revolver and makes a laudable attempt to bring about a settlement outside of court. But do the little exclamations of love from the revolver pierce the heart of her alleged betrothed? Ah, no, for there, just a few yards to the left of her target, stands the Innocent Bystander, somewhat out of breath from his run, it is true, but in plenty of time to act as happy recipient of the impassioned little pellets.

And so the Innocent Bystander goes about doing good and better. Who pays him for his work I confess I do not know, but I should imagine it would be the City, or possibly the Federal Government, for he is certainly a guardian of the public welfare. At any rate, I feel sure that even if he were to receive no remuneration whatever, he would go on with his work for the sheer love of it. The very fact that he remains an Innocent Bystander in spite of the worldly affairs in which he sometimes has to figure, is proof of that. You have never heard of a Sophisticated Bystander, or a Guilty Bystander, have you? And I doubt if you ever will so long as he holds his art in as high reverence as he does now.

I think there is a beautiful lesson in this for all of us, if we will but heed it. I'm not sure just what the lesson is, but there must be one there somewhere.





## IN DEFENSE OF PETER BELL

BY GEORGE BOAS

**E**VER since grammar-school days I have heard Peter Bell spoken of as the most obviously stupid bit of humanity imaginable. Undernourished instructors in English departments would murmur the lines about the primrose by the river's brim and expect me and my fellows to see at once why the little yellow flower should have been more to Peter than what it was.

"A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him  
And it was nothing more."

"And it was nothing more," they would say with a look of disdainful superiority, as if to them a primrose were the whole Encyclopedia Britannica.

In those days, before I was a professor, I thought that professors must be right. So I, too, tried to look askance to heaven when Peter Bell and his tribe were mentioned. Yet if Peter Bell had risen up before me in the flesh and said, "Well, young man, what is it more to you?" I confess that I should have been stumped.

I had my first light on what a primrose might be expected to be when I read "The Prelude" and found that one's mind was supposed to be "sustained by recognitions of transcendent power in sense conducting to ideal form." I then gathered that Peter Bell failed of being a Neo-Platonist. I began to wonder what ideal form could be in the primrose, and could think only of primrosity. But that was about as seductive as the taste of onions on an ice cream spoon, and I began to feel a certain sympathy with Peter Bell for having

preferred his yellow primrose without the metaphysical sauce.

But I still was ashamed to say so outwardly, and spent years reading essays on literary criticism, education and so on, subjects in which the human soul was more or less abused for not being better than God made it. And over and over again I came upon the lines from "Peter Bell." I grew more and more uncomfortable when I saw the kind of person these verses were supposed to characterize, but no more certain as to just what the yellow primrose should have been other than a yellow primrose.

When I read Tennyson, in a college course on English poetry as it was called, and discovered that a flower in the crannied wall would, if known root and all and all in all when plucked out of its crannies and held in the hand, inform one as to the nature of God and Man, I jumped to the conclusions (a) that maybe a primrose would, too, even though it was not growing in a crannied wall, and (b) that maybe the primrose should have been "God and Man" to Peter Bell. But that comfort lasted only a moment. For even Tennyson, whose verses gave me a feeling of uneasiness, did not say that the flower *was* God and Man; he said that it was simply a sign of God and Man, so to speak, when it was entirely known. This on the principle, I take it, of one thing leading to another, as when Mrs. Smith engages Mrs. Jones in conversation and by beginning with the weather ends by finding out whether Mrs. Jones's husband really beats her or is just playful. If one knew all about the weather, rain and all and all in all, one would undoubtedly know about everything which it causes, wife beating as well as crops, to say nothing of theology and anthropology. But no one would say that the weather *was* Mrs. Jones's husband.

I gave up trying to understand the thing for a year or two and then came to Ibsen—all this happened before 1913. In Ibsen I discovered what must have been Wordsworth's ideal. One should really

write a doctoral dissertation on "The Wordsworthian Elements in Certain Major Dramatists of Norway." For in Ibsen, to my surprise, everything was something that it was not. Towers, pistols, wild ducks, white horses, the sun, all became symbols. As in a Gothic cathedral every sculptured bird and beast has been (wrongly I am glad to say) interpreted symbolically, so in the great Nordic everything took on a hidden meaning.

The possibilities of this technic were limitless, and one was bound to make a success with it because it gave so much for reviewers and critics to talk about. In the long run one's artistic greatness varies inversely with one's clearness and directly with the square of one's distance. If everyone knows what one is driving at, one is not a subject of conversation for very long. The great leaders of humanity, Socrates, Zoroaster, not to say Dr. Frank Crane, speak in metaphors, and they will never be forgotten. So that symbolism is necessary for literary success.

Like a good American I concluded that symbolism was thus justified and that undoubtedly the yellow primrose ought to have been a symbol of something or other for Peter Bell, the poor dolt.

But of what?

Came my senior year, as the silver screen will have it, and I heard of Disraeli and found my answer. How simple it all was! A primrose by the river's brim a sign of empire should have been and of far India's shore. A natural enough sentiment for a poet laureate.

Every time I see a yellow primrose now—usually in pots and not by rivers' brims—I think of the Primrose League and its motto, "*Imperium et Libertas*."

But am I any the better off than I was before?

Suppose a fox means cunning and a violet modesty and a diamond wealth, I can't for the life of me see why foxes and violets and diamonds have become any more worth associating with than they were before. To Peter Bell a fox was a fox, a definite type of animal with given habits, making it an undesirable neighbor for a poultry yard. A violet was a more or less charming flower, charming at least in its odor if not in its form, and was appreciated at its true worth. Diamonds were simply precious stones, so much carbon.

Peter Bell's misfortune was to be born before his time. To-day he would have gone about the world loudly proclaiming that a primrose is nothing but a primrose and that it is sheer sentimentalism to think of it as anything else. He would have thought it indecent and unbecoming human intelligence to read double meanings into nature.

This is the day when Peter Bell would have come into his own. The day of the Celtic twilight and suggestion is over in the arts just as it was over a hundred years ago in science. To read Ibsen to-day is to wonder why in the world anyone should have ranked him higher than Maeterlinck. He had essentially the same type of mind; he focussed it on a different subject matter. But in those days we read our own traits into the universe—our stupid as well as our intelligent ones—and had a high old time trying to make head or tail out of it. We sneered at Peter Bell, who really understood the secret of things and who went rejoicing on his way "in the green wood and hollow dell," and, I dare say, a good bit the wiser than Wordsworth who despised him for doing so.





## Editor's Easy Chair



### MERINGUES ON THE GARBAGE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHEN the garbage man complained to Miss Whittlesey that her garbage can was not fit for him to empty, she made him that memorable reply: "What would you have, man? Would you have a meringue on it?" It is a common propensity of the human mind to want just that: a meringue on the garbage. It is a tendency that was long ago recognized as keeping clean the outside of the cup. All the politicians spread meringues on the garbage cans of their own party and affect to hold their noses over the garbage of the party opposed. The sons of the Church do it quite a little. It is the natural procedure in rivalries of race. It is at the bottom of that evil thing which we know as propaganda. So it was really a parable that Miss Whittlesey flashed out at her garbage collector.

The meringue that is spread over our present circumstances is very handsome: a meringue of prosperity, of great activity in business, or real-estate booms, of quantities of electric light, of droves, hordes, and multitudes of motor cars. But the garbage below includes such details as fifty thousand hurt and two thousand killed last year in New York State alone by motor accidents. Real estate booms! Yes, but wait until the accounts are really balanced, especially in Florida. Great business activity! Yes, enormous, but immense activity also in crime; killings, robberies, hold-ups that beat all records. Great activity of the Churches: quantities of money

raised and spent in the course of it! Yes, but underneath, uncertainty about what can be taught with assurance which this generation will accept as really so. The top of the can looks nice, but all garbage cans are emptied sooner or later and what is at the bottom of them is discovered.

True progress consists considerably in getting the meringue off the garbage and emptying the can. The meringues are very obstinate. They represent the *status quo* from which myriads of people are deriving a more or less satisfactory living. It may be that the next generation will classify our tariff as garbage and wonder that it took us so long to get the meringue off it. Of course it did. Consider the enormous collection of private interests which are concerned with that tariff—how much business, sacred "Business," will be damaged by disturbing it! It will go along until the burden of it on the people who think they pay its cost is widely enough distributed and acutely enough felt to bring a change. Every so often the can that holds the tariff gets a shaking and the meringue is distributed and some of the contents of the can are dumped, but that does not happen in extra good times. They make a meringue strong enough to hold the garbage down.

Another current form of garbage is the enormous cost of conveying commodities from the maker to the consumer and collecting what the consumer

has to pay for them. The great rule of profit is to charge what the business will stand. Prices of most manufactured things are high in these days. The people who have money enough to buy them and want them, pay for them without much concern as to what they cost. A lot of other people buy on credit. It seems to be just now enormously extended to cover almost every kind of luxury. That goes on as long as the business can stand it, and then the meringue of trade activity gets ruffled and settlements begin.

In the domain of the law there is a highly distressing and noisome accumulation of garbage. Criminals cannot be punished: laws immensely abound and enforcement languishes. In the current state of legal procedure, smart lawyers succeed altogether too well in helping rascals, robbers, and killers of men to escape the natural inconvenience of their conduct. We are all assured that the enforcement of the criminal law is garbage of the most objectionable character, but multitudes of people live on it as it is, and that is the meringue. But that can has got to be dumped, even though the Volstead law, unenforcible and increasingly obnoxious, goes with it.

Then there are the churches, and in their cases the meringues are the toughest of all, for they are "orthodoxy," which is the main basis for the claim of most of the brethren of the ministerial profession to hold their jobs. In every religion the original message has been surcharged with interpretation and by-laws by the minds that have handed it down. Some of these interpretations are true and helpful, others are not. As knowledge increases, the effort is constantly made to distinguish between them and to get the untruths and deleterious impositions into the garbage can. But it is hard work when once the meringue of orthodoxy has spread over anything to jolt it loose. So we see strife and contention. In the churches, in the synagogues, and now in the mosques, arise disputes about the essen-

tials of religion, and the things which one party would hasten to deliver to the garbage man a party opposed rushes to reclaim as part of the precious heritage of faith. Nevertheless, in these times, in many ways so fortunate, there is a limit to the ferocity of religious disputes, and observers who watch them may comfort themselves with the thought that the garbage man in the end will have his way—that what is refuse will be carried off and what is truth will be saved, even though it has to be picked up out of the dump.

AT THIS writing there has been a succession of severe storms on the Atlantic, wrecking ships in very unusual numbers and incidentally producing some extraordinary rescues and stories about them. The story of the rescue of the officers and crew of the *Antinoe*, twenty-five of them, by the *President Roosevelt*, Captain Fried, was an extraordinarily fine tale, well told and published at length in the newspapers. It was received with great interest and enthusiasm both in this country and in England and was followed by like stories of other rescues, by the Hamburg American liner *Westphalia*, the North German liner *Bremen*, and still others. What is it that is at the bottom of the lively public interest in such stories? Is the public greatly concerned by the protraction of individual human lives? It does not seem to be, otherwise the heavy toll taken every day on human life by motor cars, hold-up men, avoidable diseases, and all kinds of industrial accidents would create a much more violent disturbance than it does. Twenty-five men lost at sea, or on a coal barge, or killed by motor cars or trucks, make no more than a ripple in the daily stream of news. But these tales of rescue at sea are immensely stirring and justly so. We know there are plenty of people on this earth and that a handful more or a handful less does not ordinarily make much difference. We know that everybody dies



first or last, and whether they die a little sooner than they need to, does not greatly concern us; but we also know, or ought to know, that the spirit which makes one lot of men risk their lives willingly to save another lot of men from death is one of the great fundamentals on which civilization rests. We see in it the living evidence of the brotherhood of man. We see in it acknowledgment of the truth of the Bible saying that he who saves his life shall lose it, and he who loses it for another shall save it. We see in it an acknowledgment of that fact that the great job of human creatures in this life is to save the world, or so much of it as they can; to advance it towards perfection as far as their strength and their means permit. So when we read of seamen daring death to save their brothers, of miners daring death to save their fellows, of policemen daring death in fights with bandits and felons, and are stirred by all such stories, there is a great and sound spiritual reason for our enthusiasm. It all betokens an instinctive confidence in that great assertion that we are not here to live for ourselves alone and that he who gives his life for another saves it.

But suppose he dies in the process, what then? Has he lost his life? We do not think so. Our conscious minds may perhaps hold that opinion, but our subconscious minds seem to deny it. Instinctively we feel that he has not lost his life but rather has gained it; that it still goes on and to greater advantage because of his self-sacrifice. It was that conviction which sustained the immense company of bereaved people who lost all that was dearest to them in the Great War.

ONE of the newspapers has been running some articles in which, under the heading "My Religion," various people disclosed what they think they believe. One of them was Charles Norris, the novelist, who told how he had had a church raising and

quit the churches later in life but fashioned a religion for himself out of William James, Judge Troward, and others, with notice of Coué and Mrs. Eddy, which for him worked pretty well. "For him," he said, "James' *The Will to Believe* and Judge Troward's *Edinburgh Lectures* were all the law and prophets," and certainly he might be in worse hands. But he said also, "I do not believe in an immortality where I retain my identity." Perhaps his conscious mind does not believe in it but unless his subconscious mind did believe in it he could hardly bother much with James or Troward nor teach his boy a plan of prayer to help him regulate his conduct.

It looks as if Mr. Norris did not know what his religion really is. Not many people do. It is probably a good deal more inclusive, a good deal more like the religion of his fathers, than he supposes. His religion is the very essence of him and a great deal of that essence has come down to him generation by generation from a past that runs back clear out of sight. Those gallant men from the *Roosevelt* that brought aboard the crew of the *Antinoe* doubtless gave little thought to the survival of their personalities on that job. Stimulated by gallant leadership, they did what was in them, and that thing that was in them is in millions of people in this world and particularly in these States. In most of them it is dormant most of the time, but when something calls to it, there it is, and it comes across—that willingness to give life to save life.

It takes emergency to discover people. We are apt to think we are just ordinary beings plugging along on behaviorist principles and doing the best for ourselves that we can. But mercy! We are not ordinary at all. We are prodigious potentialities, capable of astonishing stunts if only something starts us and holds us to its line. Spreading meringues over garbage cans is not our real office in this world. We can be fooled into that for a time, just as for a

while we can be concentrated on the sacred duty of accumulating money; but all that only lasts until something really happens to us and the materials that are really in us become active, and we pitch our garbage can over the front fence, meringue and all, and get to work on the real business of life.

WHAT is the big job in the world just now? As to that there will be many opinions: to settle the foreign debts; to abolish the economic frontiers of Europe; to provide that trade shall flow through the world without artificial hindrances; to get labor and capital to work together in harmony; to compose the differences in conviction and expectation between the Modernists and Fundamentalists. There are lots of big jobs, but none of these named is quite fundamental. Let us hear the opinion of a highly respected literary authority on this point. Three or four years ago there was published an extraordinary book by Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis, in which, under the title of *Neither Dead Nor Sleeping*, she related experiences of her own extending over twenty years with what, for lack of a better name, is called Spiritism. The introduction to that book was written by Booth Tarkington, Mrs. Sewall's fellow-townsmen and long-time friend. He did not endorse its revelations, neither did he dispute them. He considered and marveled at them, and of the general effort of the psychical researchers and all the spiritist seekers to solve the mystery of where we go when we leave here, and what happens to us, he said, "Only levity sneers at them now—at these patient men who have sought truth in the dust-heap. They have not failed; neither have they shown the truth—if they have found it—so that all men may see it and know that it is indeed truth. Their task is heavy, but it is *the greatest one*, for it is the task that must be done before civilization can begin. To lift the burden of the unknown from the human soul—to

destroy the great darkness; that is the work that engages them. Men cannot be sane in the daylight until the night becomes knowable."

Well, that is an interesting opinion. The big job, as Mr. Tarkington sees it, is to put the fear of death into the garbage can. According to the professed belief of many millions of people, that task was accomplished about nineteen hundred years ago, but oh the meringue on that can—how tough it is! how decorous! how handsome in so many particulars! how greatly it disturbs respectability to meddle with it! That professed belief that death was beaten can stand a vast revitalization without any harm except for that meringue which covers it, but the process of revitalizing it is curiously unwelcome. Tarkington in that introductory article goes over it all as ably and as cleverly as it has ever been done, and his conclusions about the importance of the effort will stand a great deal of consideration. In an amusing and penetrating satire he invited attention to the Smith family of Topeka, Kansas, "who believed in education, prosperity, and clean politics, and knew a great deal about chemistry, mechanics, modern jurisprudence, and music, but were curiously provincial on one point, and that was geography." None of them had ever been outside of Kansas nor wished ever to leave Kansas, and stories of travels by persons who had more extended experience distressed them, and that notwithstanding that they all knew that there would inevitably come a day when they would leave Kansas and go somewhere else.

The prospect of death is not so pressing a topic just now as it was ten years ago, but it still intrudes itself in individuals from time to time, and is persistently a factor in all the great concerns of life. Is it true, as Tarkington says, that removal of the darkness and mystery that befalls this prospect is a task that must be accomplished before civilization can begin? Was he right in rating that task as the greatest one?





## Personal and Otherwise



THE article by *Julian Huxley* with which we open this issue of the magazine gains sharply in interest from the relationship of the author with the great Huxley, so often called by his detractors an enemy of religion. Thomas Henry Huxley's son Leonard, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* and biographer of his father, married twice. His first wife was the granddaughter of Thomas Arnold of Rugby, niece of Matthew Arnold, and sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Julian and Aldous are the sons of Leonard Huxley by this first marriage. Julian Huxley is thus a grandson of Thomas Henry Huxley as well as great-grandson of Arnold of Rugby, great-nephew of Matthew Arnold, nephew of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and brother of Aldous Huxley. Himself a distinguished zoölogist, he is a Fellow of New College and senior demonstrator in zoölogy at Oxford University.

As it happens, Julian Huxley was once on the staff of the Rice Institute in Texas; the author of our second article is now a Texan. *Duncan Aikman* was brought up in Indiana (HARPER readers will recall his comments on the Hoosiers of the present day in his November article entitled "The Home Town Mind"), but is now on the staff of the *El Paso Morning Times*. His trenchant criticisms of American life appear frequently in HARPER's and other magazines, and a collection of them is to be published shortly by Minton, Balch & Company.

*Ben Ames Williams* makes this month his first appearance in HARPER's. A graduate of Dartmouth College in the class of 1910, he was a newspaper man until 1916; since then he has won a reputation as one of the ablest short-story writers in the country. His work is familiar to readers of the *Saturday Evening Post*. He lives in Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.

To those who are planning to go abroad

this summer and to all others who enjoy sympathetic and accurate studies of English and American traits we especially recommend *Frank Swinnerton's* friendly article. Mr. Swinnerton, one of the best-known English novelists, is the author of *Nocturne*, *Shops and Houses*, *Young Felix*, *The Elder Sister*, etc.

The editorial headnote accompanying *Helen Woodward's* "Notes on Women in Business" explains why her random comments carry the authority of wide experience. What the headnote does not add is that she is the wife of W. E. Woodward, the novelist.

*Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick* recently made a three-thousand-mile flying trip to this country to discuss plans for the new Park Avenue Baptist Church, of which he is to be the pastor. After a few days in New York he sailed for Europe again to complete his year's leave of absence. His papers on Religion and Life will continue to be a monthly feature of the Magazine.

Now that the symphony orchestras have taken up George Gershwin and discussions of jazz rage around every dinner table, temperate and rational comment on the subject would seem to be in order. *Don Knowlton*, who contributes "The Anatomy of Jazz," is the son of Fanny Snow Knowlton, the composer. He writes: "I was brought up with six hours a day of Wagner, Bach, Mozart, Schumann, Liszt, and so forth, ringing in my ears; and for five years was forced to hard labor on the violin. But to me music was not a passion, but a pastime—and with the arrival of Alexander's Ragtime Band, I rebelled. The overdose in childhood had done its work. At eighteen, I picked up the guitar; at twenty-one, the piano; at twenty-four, the banjo; and I played for two years in a jazz orchestra. I play entirely by ear, and all jazz. This combination of early classical training and

later jazz experimentation has given me the perspective which is expressed in my article." Mr. Knowlton lives in Cleveland.

*Bertrand Russell's* article is more than a discussion of education; it is an inquiry into the qualities best worth developing in the men and women of our time. A member of one of the most distinguished British families, Mr. Russell is variously known as a mathematician, a philosopher, a determined pacifist, and a radical student of politics. Last month he contributed to HARPER's a paper on freedom. "What Shall We Educate For?" will shortly appear as a chapter in Mr. Russell's book, *Education and the Good Life*, which will be published in this country by Boni & Liveright.

The engaging story of the devil and the unicorn which follows Mr. Russell's article is the work of a new contributor, *Theodora DuBois* (Mrs. Delafield DuBois) of Dongan Hills, Staten Island, New York.

Though born in the East and educated at Princeton and Oxford, *Struthers Burt* writes as a Westerner in his indictment of those who are now wasting the resources of our mountain states; for he has spent a large part of his life as partner in the Bar BC Ranch in Wyoming. He is the author of *The Interpreter's House*, several volumes of short stories, and an account of his Wyoming life entitled *The Diary of a Dude Wrangler*. He is spending the winter and early spring at New Canaan, Connecticut.

Our most recent paper from *H. M. Tomlinson*, war correspondent, former assistant editor of *The Nation*, and author of *Tide Marks*, *The Sea and the Jungle*, etc., was "On Leaving Guide Books at Home." This month he discusses certain other books whose value is less immediate but possibly more enduring.

Although vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, *Emily Newell Blair* does not confine her interest to politics. To the last issue of HARPER's she contributed an article on "Why I Sent My Children Away to School"; this month she discusses another matter of concern to every wife.

The final story of the month comes to us from *Charles Caldwell Dobie* of San Francisco, a frequent and valued contributor.

The whole curious story of the Washington Monument was bound to be written some day, and we are glad that *H. G. Dwight* is the man to do it. In *Stamboul Nights* he has written one of the best volumes of short stories ever produced by an American; and after an absence of several years from the field of letters he is now writing a series of articles for this magazine, most of them having to do with the city of Washington and its inhabitants, military and otherwise.

The last article in the Magazine, like the first, deals with science. *Henshaw Ward*, author of *Evolution for John Doe*, used to be a school-teacher but is now living in New Haven and engaged in writing on scientific subjects. Several months ago we published his remarkable paper called "The Clover Leaf"; now he applies the same method that he used in that paper to the study of a drop of water—and the result is staggering to the wildest imagination.

The poets—all frequent contributors—are *A. A. Milne*, whose new series of verses after the manner of *When We Were Very Young* will continue to appear each month in the Magazine; *Henriette DeSaussure Blanding* (Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich), graduate of Vassar and resident of California; and *Lizette Woodworth Reese* of Baltimore, author of several volumes of poetry.

The hunger of the Lion is appeased this month by *Jane*, who insists on being anonymous out of regard for the susceptibilities of her motoring friends; *Farrell Coyle*, a new contributor from New York City; and *George Boas* of the Department of Philosophy at Johns Hopkins University.



"The Captain, the Cook, and the First Mate," the painting by *Charles Hawthorne*, N.A., which we reproduce as the frontispiece of this issue, won the medal of the third class at the recent International Exhibition at Pittsburgh, the first two medals going to foreign artists. Another painting by Mr. Hawthorne, "The Captain's Daughter," appeared as the frontispiece of our November issue. Mr. Hawthorne lives in New York in the winter and spends his summers in Provincetown on Cape Cod.



Although the Society of Arts and Sciences awarded the O. Henry Memorial Prize for the best short story of 1925 to Julian Street for "Mr. Bisbee's Princess," our readers will be interested to know that by the system of scoring followed by the Committee Wilbur Daniel Steele's "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven," which appeared in the September issue of *HARPER'S*, was tied with Mr. Street's story for first prize; Mr. Steele was barred from the money award because he had already won two O. Henry prizes in past years.

The report of the Committee shows that twelve stories were chosen by the Committee of Selection to be read by the two final judges, Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia University and Henry S. Canby, editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. The final result was to be determined by averaging the orders of preference set down by these two judges. Among the twelve stories put before them as the best of the year were four from this Magazine: "Two Heroes" by Harold W. Brecht, "Redbone" by Ada Jack Carver, and "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven" and "Blue Murder" by Wilbur Daniel Steele.

Professor Matthews ranked "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven" first, Doctor Canby ranked it fourth; "Blue Murder" was placed sixth by Professor Matthews and eleventh by Doctor Canby; "Redbone," eighth by Professor Matthews and twelfth by Doctor Canby; "Two Heroes," tenth by Professor Matthews and fifth by Doctor Canby. Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, chairman of the Committee of Award, reports that she considered "Blue Murder" the best short story of 1925; and "Redbone" held first place on the list made up by Professor Emma K. Temple, a member of the Committee of Selection.



Entries for our Intercollegiate Literary Contest are steadily increasing in number. Up to February 18, sixty-one colleges and universities had declared their intention of submitting manuscripts. According to the conditions of the Contest, each university and college on the approved list of the

Association of American Universities is eligible to submit by May 1, through the head of its English Department or his deputy, not more than five manuscripts written by undergraduate students, to be not more than four thousand words long in the case of articles or essays, and not more than seven thousand words long in the case of stories. The final selection of the prize-winning manuscripts will be made by a committee consisting of Christopher Morley, Zona Gale, and William McFee. *HARPER'S MAGAZINE* will award a first prize of \$500, a second prize of \$300, and a third prize of \$200. The manuscript which wins first prize will also be published in *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*. We shall be glad to send further information to those who desire it.



We venture to quote without signature or other identifying evidence a recent letter from a would-be contributor whose work might perhaps represent the low-water mark in literary availability:

Dear Sir

I take Pleasure in getting Acquainted,

I have a Present a short story of about 800 words. And I allso have some Jocks, and timly cracks.

I would like to Know if you can use eney of these enclosed find self addressed and stamped envlop for reply.

Your's Truly,



In the last issue of the Magazine we stated that we should have to close the discussion which has been raging over the anonymous article in our December issue entitled "Living on the Ragged Edge." Having, however, sent a large number of the replies to the author of the article, it seems only fair to give her an opportunity to reply to her critics, even though this will give us no opportunity to publish this month any of the comments on Mrs. Gerould's "The Plight of the Genteel." The anonymous author of "Living on the Ragged Edge," therefore, once more has the floor:

After reading the reactions of some score of *HARPER* readers to my account of "Living on the

Ragged Edge," I now realize that one of the many points of failure of my article was that I did not sufficiently emphasize my personal reasons for working. I must have made it appear that I was a wage-earner only in order to add to the family income, whereas I should have made it clear that the need to work, with a professional standard, to use my mind and heart not only towards the service of my family but also towards some outside creative occupation, is with me a real need; and that working thus is, to my mind, for certain types of women, a necessary foundation for happiness and usefulness. And that these women should be disbarred from marriage and from rearing children seems to me unjust. The economic argument that a mother who stays at home, cares for the children and does a large part of the housework, is a greater financial asset to the family, holds true—at least as I have observed it—only where the children are very young or the woman has had no education or special training for work. I am proving this in my own case by finding that my earning capacity is increasing as I keep at my work and that with better health on my part, and the children growing older and being obliged to be away from home at school more of the time, I am free to work longer hours.

I am in fact solving the problem of the ragged edge, partially at least, in a way that no single reader of HARPER'S suggested. This winter I am working six hours a day and earning enough more money to lessen very much our financial pressure.

The editorial summary of what the lady Anonymous has been advised by her critics to do to economize was as follows: (1) she should give up one or two of her servants; (2) she should pay cash for her purchases; (3) she should adjust herself psychologically to thinking in terms of a smaller income and secure happiness from things not measured in money. These are good suggestions all. I accept the third suggestion wholeheartedly and have always tried to act on it; but I am forced in all honesty to say that I find it more economical not to accept the first two suggestions, for I now, by working six hours a day, earn the wages of all three servants. If I earned only enough to pay for two, I should more than cover any saving I could make by marketing in person with my pocket-book in my hand. And I am not well paid, nor working in a profession that is highly

paid. Many, many college women of my age are far more successful than I from both the economic and achievement point of view.

Any letter as brief as this must be, cannot begin to explain the why of a job. Perhaps it is nothing more than feminism,—dread word. And again lack of space prevents the very eloquent discourse I might give on my strong feeling that even when working six hours a day I do not neglect my children,—indeed that given my own personal equation I am a much better mother when working. As it is now, I see my children off to school, do my ordering and household planning, get to my work at ten o'clock, and stay there during the hours the two children are at school, napping, and playing in the park. I come home every afternoon to be at home when they come in, and we then have exciting reports from all sides of the activities of the day, with reading aloud, games, or singing. I also have Saturdays and Sundays at home to devote to family life, and can adjust my office work (by working at home of an evening) not only to take Saturdays but also other occasional mornings or afternoons for visits to school or special festivities with the children. Comparing myself with non-wage-earning mothers I see that I miss perhaps three lunches a week with my youngest (my oldest is obliged by the school to stay for lunch and until three o'clock) but these I am sure are compensated for by the fact that I am practically never away of a late afternoon. All around me I am beginning to see married friends who are bringing up children well and at the same time holding worth-while positions as executives, editors, writers, artists, actresses, teachers, musicians, or in community service, and are living charming and gracious lives withal.

How many of them are on my ragged edge or are in the plight of Mrs. Gerould's genteel, I cannot say, but I suspect that there are many others besides Tom and myself. Increased earnings may momentarily keep one family farther from the edge, but given youth, children, New York, no private fortune, the choice of a professional career, and a deep-seated desire for a certain tranquillity and grace of life, I think the ragged edge will never be far off from many of us. In the exaggerated form described in my article it is a curse; as Mrs. Gerould pictures it, it is a well thought out philosophy of life.







THE WET ROAD  
By Chauncey F. Ryder  
*Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries*





# Harpers *Magazine*

## THE CHURCH AND THE LAW: A PROTEST

BY THE RT. REV. CHARLES FISKE, D.D.

*Episcopal Bishop of Central New York*

**A** WELL-KNOWN Washington newspaper correspondent recently addressed a remonstrance to the ministers of America. He urged them to stay at home themselves, and to keep at home all clerical lobbyists, professional uplifters, and ministerial engineers of "politico-moral blocs." He added that, in his opinion, the clergy in general, and especially the ministers of Protestant churches and their constituency, were making themselves a general nuisance and bringing religion into contempt by organizing themselves into a Society for Petitioning Congress. "The prestige of organized Christianity as a persuasive force," he declared, "has through such activity received a blow from which it will not soon recover."

This protest, somewhat humorous and exaggerated, is symptomatic of a return to sanity and sense which may be observed among intelligent Christians, even though the Anti-Saloon League, the Christian pacifists, the social reformers and the ladies of leisure who function through women's clubs and church societies still besiege the legisla-

tive halls of the state and the nation with repeated appeals and pronouncements.

It may be worth while, therefore, to ask just what the duty of the Christian Church really is, in questions of social reform. Recent discussions of the vexed Prohibition question, in particular, certain differences of opinion in connection with the survey made by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and other surveys by the Moderation League, show the need of such clear thinking as to the true function of the Church in advancing human welfare. There are hopeful signs that many enthusiastic supporters of recent legislation are beginning to cherish healthy doubts as to the wisdom of changing the Church's charter and making it a moral policeman instead of a moral teacher. The failure of Prohibition in many sections of the country is at least halting the moral reformers of America in the agitation of further efforts through statutory enactment to impose their own standards upon all men and invoke the aid of the civil

authority in support of their own ethical code. An increasing number of people has begun to see that moral reform, if it is to be permanent and effective, must come from within; it cannot be imposed from without.

Let it be said, at once, that those who believe the churches should not go into politics are not necessarily intransigent upholders of an individualistic gospel. Of course, the Church must concern itself not only with the salvation of individuals, but with all conditions that surround and affect individuals. If its voice is silent about matters of public welfare here and now, it will not be listened to in proclaiming a gospel of future good—the peace and joy of a world to come. It is true, without question, that mere philanthropic effort, without the inspiration, motive force, and sustaining power of a deep religious faith, will not meet the needs of human life. While the Church's message, therefore, must always be an evangelical message, the Church must also be the conscience of the community. Its mission is not solely to proclaim a gospel of pardon and peace and to be the ministrant of sacraments of grace. It has social obligations and a prophetic mission for its own time. "Preaching the old gospel" must mean presenting the old truth in a new setting, the old message of the kingdom for the new age, the vital teaching of the Master vitally applied to present problems. The supreme need of the age is for men who have the wisdom, the courage, and the conscience to guide the Christian forces of the country in making thorough application of the principles of the Gospel to the conditions of every-day life and the needs of our modern social and industrial system. Back of every economic and industrial question there lies usually a moral principle. The Church is the guardian of morals. Surely, therefore, it is incumbent upon the Church's members to concern themselves about the solution of public questions. Only so can the Christian fulfill more completely the obligation of the

second great Gospel commandment, to love our neighbor as ourselves. Only so will he show—not that he is his brother's keeper, but that he is something better, his brother's brother.

It is the glory of our day that this obligation for the proclamation of corporate righteousness and public morality, as well as the call to private and individual consecration, has been accepted whole-heartedly. We see clearly the need of a Church with a living message for the present day. Men will never again be interested in a religion which is tremendously exercised over small things and passive about the needs of humanity. We have moved far and fast since the day when it could be said that, for the most part, Church members were holding themselves aloof from the things which vitally move men; offering religion labeled and bottled, prescribed for old people, invalids, and children. The men of to-day may not be able to express themselves very clearly, but they have an instinctive feeling that the Church's voice should be heard as a directive influence in public matters. They want the Church to do more than generalize in morals; they want it in some way to be specific, as were the prophets of old.

Feeling all this, many men both inside the Church and without, whose consciences have been quickened to the need of a social gospel, are impatient for the Church to speak emphatically on the problems to which they are giving their best thought and prayer. Are they deeply moved by problems of social injustice—they want the Church to stand out boldly in support of their economic remedy. Are they concerned with the social sin—they want the Church to get behind their particular legislative enactments. Are they trying to crush the liquor power—they demand that the corporate influence of the Church shall be used in favor of the particular solution of the evil which they propose. They are impatient to have all these things made a part of the Church's "articles of religion."



All my own natural sympathies are with them. I dislike to seem too unsympathetic, much less to throw a cold blanket over their projects, or in any way to chill their enthusiasm. We most of us feel that the Church must do something for the great purposes they have in view. That, of course, is undeniable. Therefore the question is not, shall we do anything; not, shall the Church do anything? But—what shall it do, and how shall it do it? We must be careful lest we deny the social enthusiast our support. We must be careful, on the other hand, of a too hasty acceptance of all that he asks the Church to do in the way of support.

## II

What is the Gospel reply to this impatient call to the Church to do something? Surely, no one ever had a keener sympathy for social needs than the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. No one ever showed greater fearlessness in the presence of long-intrenched wrong-doing in matters social and political. He cleansed the temple of the petty grafters who had, for their own profit, rented out the sacred enclosure—and He paid the penalty with His life. He rebuked the social injustice of the Pharisees who devoured widows' houses—and their enmity was the first step that led to the final penalty. He made His home with the poor. He knew their problems and felt their pains and anxieties. He came from Galilee—and Galilee was the home of radicals. He was the friend of publicans and sinners, and He knew all the ugly story of the social evil. His Gospel was the Gospel of the Kingdom, of a perfect reign of righteousness on the earth, of a complete acceptance everywhere of social responsibility and social obligation. He surely was alive to social needs.

And yet, instead of legislating on them, He showed a singular reticence against that very course. He was not, in the strict sense of the word, a social reformer. Instead of urging legislation or preaching social revolution, He contented Himself

with arousing a new conscience that would itself gradually solve the problems. Indeed, the strength and power of His work lay in this very fact, that He declined to advocate specific reforms. He did something better: He set forth large principles which made reform inevitable. It is a distinction, perhaps, which is difficult to make clear in connection with the Church's duty to-day; yet it is a real distinction.

No man of this generation has been more keen for organized Christianity to support a social gospel and proclaim a public morality than the late Bishop Williams of Michigan. He was courageous to the last degree in his own utterances. Yet once when he was speaking in Ford Hall and an enthusiastic radical in the audience demanded that his Church should "get behind the Socialist program," he very rightly replied that it was not the business of the Church to advocate any political or economic measure. If it would fulfill its mission it must be the home of men of many minds. The Church must be at least as comprehensive as Ford Hall, he said, where there were gathered together in a forum men of widely differing views, presumably all interested in making better conditions in society, industry, and politics. The Church's business is to inspire men with such a common motive, to create in them the spirit of brotherhood and service. Though men will always differ as to methods, if enough men get the right spirit almost any method will work.

I do not know of any illustration that will bring out more clearly what I mean than one from the life of Henry George. When he was conducting his campaign for the mayoralty in New York, he was introduced at a labor union meeting in Cooper Institute as "the friend of the workingman." Stepping to the front of the stage, he began, "That word of introduction misrepresents me; I am not the friend of the workingman." There was a hush of astonishment before he added, "I am not the friend of the capitalist.

I am for men, simply men as men, regardless of accidental distinction of race, creed, color, class, or employment." In other words, Mr. George was recognized as the champion of the poor; he felt that his economic program would solve the problem of poverty; yet he wished to avoid any entanglements which would make him merely a class representative.

Hysterical appeals are often heard now, summoning the Church to do just what Mr. George refused to do. To accept the challenge and unqualifiedly to obey the summons would range the Church on the side of class antagonism and class hatred.

### III

So it is with numerous other platforms and programs the Church is asked to support. Organized Christianity would lose its real place of power if it accepted the challenge. No, the paramount social duty of the Church is not the planning and engineering of economic schemes, not the formulating of programs; but the enlargement of sympathy and the realization of fellowship among men; the kindling of brotherly confidence and understanding, and the spreading of it as by contagion. The real business of the Church is to make men's hearts right and then trust their enlightened consciences somehow to solve their civic duty. In other words, the Church cannot (in its corporate capacity) pass upon many such problems, because when it comes to programs and parties, when we deal with economic, industrial, and educational systems, even when we frame health regulations and liquor laws, good Christians have a perfect right to disagree as to details.

I may believe in prohibition; you may be conscientiously opposed to it, or doubtful of its expediency. I may be a single taxer, you a socialist. You and I may believe that government ownership of public utilities or general necessities of life is the only remedy for certain forms of oppression; another man may wholly disagree with us. The Church may,

through social service commissions or expert moral surveys, investigate all these questions, try to give us information, seek to keep us alive to their importance, help to form our opinion, inspire us to work. If we disapprove, we may turn out our experts or commissions and get others. But we cannot turn out the Church! And the Church oughtn't to turn us out! And, therefore, so long as we may conscientiously differ, the Church has no right to pledge any of us by legislation or resolution. It must be at least as comprehensive as Ford Hall.

These are principles which would have saved us many a sorrow had they been remembered in the days when we were launched on our prohibition crusade. Of course, the provocation to abolish the saloon was great. Brewers and distillers have only themselves to blame for the destruction of their industry. The saloon, allied as it was with politics and vice, cried to high heaven for reform, and the financial interests behind it only flouted the public demand for such reform and regulation. For the most part, Christian people saw the real work of the Church. Patient teaching was gradually changing the morals of the nation in the matter of excessive drinking. I well remember the day when every buyer who came to the city was provided with all he wished to drink, and then taken "down the line," if he so desired. All that changed. Drunkenness was no longer a good joke; it was disgusting and revolting. Not only was it not a good joke; it was not good business. Almost every traveling man knew that he could not succeed unless he kept sober and lived straight.

Then, out of the pernicious political corruption of the blinded liquor interests, arose the activity of the Anti-Saloon League, and churches became party organizations, led by skilled ecclesiastical politicians, and condoning practices quite as objectionable as any indulged in by politicians of the common or garden variety.



The result was the Eighteenth Amendment—welcomed in some sections of the country, received in astonishment in others, foisted upon not a few states and, even where favorable sentiment was strongest, accepted because it was supposed to be the only possible method of curbing the power of the saloon. It is needless to argue about its good results or its bad effects. Much may be said on both sides. Much that has been said is the voice of partisan opinion. The one point I would make is this: that the whole subject should be reconsidered in the light of experience, with the grace of Christian sincerity and in conscientious desire to decide charitably without bigotry or bias.

#### IV

Because the problem we wish to solve is a problem of civil authority, good Christians may hold widely differing views as to the wisdom of recent legislation—and be good Christians still. Let me classify some who are sincere, conscientious, consecrated Christians, though others would rule them out.

First, there are those who believe that the state has no right to interfere with their personal preference in the matter of alcoholic drink, because Jesus Christ did not declare the use of such beverage a sin—on the contrary, actually used fermented wine in the institution of the Holy Communion. Few would go so far, but (though I hardly care myself to fight for the right to take a drink!) there are actually some who feel so strongly that the Volstead Act is a lie and a tyrannical piece of legislation that they justify disobedience of it. Some there are who honestly believe this legislation unchristian in spirit—an exhibition of modern Manichæan thought which finds evil in material things rather than in the heart of man. Shall we banish all such from the Christian fellowship, or make their stay so uncomfortable that they feel obliged to depart of their own accord? Dare we do this if they sincerely believe

that their position is loyal to their Lord's teaching?

Second, there are those who feel that even if the government (by way of health regulation) may interfere with personal liberty to the extreme of absolute prohibition, it is a fatal mistake to impose such a law on the whole nation, because the will of one section in this way attempts to dictate to another part of the country a rule which by no possibility or probability can be enforced. Certainly, such an opinion as to a question of legislative wisdom ought not to be made the butt of bigoted vituperation.

Third, there are those who feel that extreme legislation is to be deplored because, in spite of the good the law has accomplished, it has made drinking conditions worse than before, even if limiting the number of drinkers, has increased the use of strong distilled liquors (often dangerous and poisonous) especially among the young, has contributed to the increase of lawlessness, is class legislation favoring the rural parts as against the industrial classes, and has enormously fostered official corruption. Some who are of this opinion are convinced total abstainers themselves, certainly are now strict observers of the law. Shall they be denounced as immoral "wets" for whom there is no place in the society of faithful Church members?

Fourth, there are those who feel that the whole method of reform by statutory enactment is wrong, and that continued talk about enforcement is idle, because no one would dare demand the enormous appropriations and the huge army of enforcement officers necessary to compel obedience in some parts of the country, or engage to keep the army (or navy) of enforcement reasonably uncorrupt even if there were money available for their employment. Such considerations lead them to feel that laws of this particular kind are always doubtful means of moral improvement. If public opinion is strong enough, it can mold men's habits without laws as well as with them; if there is not a strong enough public senti-

ment, habits cannot be regulated, however many laws the statute books may contain. This argument may sound absurd to intense moral uplifters, but who shall say that those who use it are not conscientious, even though misguided? Wherein can their error be made a reason for their excommunication, or for driving them into self-excommunication?

## V

Thus we come to the original contention, that the supreme sin of modern Phariseism is the sin of dependence upon the civil arm for the regulation of morals. The Pharisees were the good people of their day—only they were so sure of their goodness, and so convinced of the worth of their regulatory system, that they enforced it on others, and in doing so became hardened in self-righteousness. Jesus Christ's teaching came to men who were lost in the maze of such religious machinery as fresh and vital truth.

The Church must go back to the method of its Lord—reform and renew men by the winsomeness and attractiveness of His teaching, instead of compelling them to behave by reliance on the civil arm. Some things we have been doing which we never should have attempted, and because we have tried them we are losing our moral influence. Men sneer at our amateur efforts and laugh at our hysterical parsons, or become annoyed or even angry at our theoretical pronouncements and leave us alone!

The prohibition question has aroused so generally a bitterness of controversy that it is difficult to make men see, in connection with the subject, the soundness of this view of the function of Christian citizenship. One or two other examples, briefly glanced at, may make the thought clear.

I know of many a modest American who would rejoice to see an army of Churchmen march upon the national capital and declare in no uncertain lan-

guage that war is unchristian. Yet most of us would object to their framing that indisputable statement into a law of extreme pacifism. We know, in our hearts, that war will cease only when the spirit of Christ has more really dominated nations as well as individuals, so that national rivalries and misunderstandings shall give place to mutual goodwill. Meanwhile we are not prepared to cancel appropriations for the army and navy, any more than we would favor the effort to check the crime wave by discharging the local police force and throwing away the keys to the unlocked front doors of all the Fifth Avenue jewelry shops.

Practically, all of us want America to do all that is possible to serve the world; in the days after Versailles surely we all wanted to do our best for a distracted world. But there were some millions of Americans, the majority of them Christians, who resented a particular method of service to humanity and with glad acclaim voted for the party which opposed our entering the League of Nations. I had difficulty in expressing my convictions as to their mental processes or their political bigotries in truly pious phrases; but I never thought of indignant denunciation such as would practically read them out of the Church.

I myself would like to see a clear enunciation of the fact that any industrial autocracy violates the spirit of Christian brotherhood, but I am quite sure that I do not want any clergyman to tell me just exactly what laws he thinks will solve the complicated economic and industrial problems of the day. When I hear some earnest and enthusiastic clergymen preaching, and listen to their pronouncements on capital and labor, I wonder that employers use as mild language as that in which they usually do express their conviction that the minister may be a devout pastor but when he departs from the sphere of pastoral service may show himself also as a consummate ass.

All of which shows that most of us, unless the question be one where our own



prejudices make us cocksure, do feel that there is a clear distinction between moral teaching and the particular political, social, industrial, economic, or legislative method by which the moral teaching may be applied to particular problems of our complex modern life. The Churches of late have failed to make this distinction, to the hurt of their real influence. They must be called back to their real duty—which is the supplying of the spiritual dynamic that shall make men strong enough and brave enough to follow the path of truth and right, no matter where it may lead or what it may cost, to think unselfishly and labor courageously amid all the problems of citizenship, so that they may be solved in accordance with Christian principles and in the spirit of Christ Himself. One thing, and one thing only, and one thing always, the Church ought to do; and I make this protest to call it back to that task. It is this: To induce us all to think of our citizenship, to make us all deeply prayerful in facing its duties and

responsibilities, to make us profoundly conscientious in the exercise of its privileges, to give us all a right motive, to fill us with determination not to shirk our obligations, to charge us with spiritual energy to labor unceasingly not for our individual salvation only, but for our country's welfare and our neighbor's good.

Above all else, the clear call comes to American Protestants of to-day to exercise their Christian citizenship in a spirit of gracious liberality and sympathetic understanding of those who cannot see with them, eye to eye. I may not read aright the thoughts of those who are outside the Christian fold, but my impression is that they are becoming hardened in an opposition to organized Christianity by the feeling that it does not really represent the spirit of the Master. They were once outside because they were doubtful or questioning. They are now determined to stay outside because they find the methods of Protestant Christianity distasteful and repellent.

## WALL

BY ELIZABETH MORROW

**M***Y FRIEND and I have built a wall  
Between us thick and wide:  
The stones of it are laid in scorn  
And plastered high with pride.*

*We talk across the stubborn stones  
So arrogantly tall—  
Only we cannot touch our hands  
Since we have built the wall.*



# WHAT FRANCE THINKS OF HER WAR-TIME ALLIES

BY ANDRÉ TARDIEU

*Former French High Commissioner to the United States*

IT IS a difficult question, first, because like all questions, it has at least two answers; but principally because in matters of such delicacy there is always danger that explanations will only aggravate the evil. Yet there is no better school for nations than the school of truth, and they can never start their studies in it too early. So let us begin!

There are, as I have said, two answers to our question: one is that of the great public which knows nothing of causes and details; the other is that of better-informed minorities, which exist, of course, in France as in all other countries. The opinion of the French public as a whole concerning its allies of the war can be expressed in one word—disappointment. Excepting only the Belgians, for whom popular feeling has not changed, the disappointment is general and it is profound. Any orator can be sure of applause by expressing this disappointment before a public meeting. So much for the fact.

What is the foundation of this feeling? It is not easy to state precisely the bases of any public sentiment. We can say that its origin dates from the long and monotonous accounts of the interallied discussions relative to the execution of the peace treaties which filled the papers from 1920 to 1925. The conferences of San Remo, Hythe, Boulogne, Brussels, Spa, Paris (two or three), London (three or four), Genoa—and I have doubtless forgotten several; the international incidents interspersed between them: occupation of Frankfurt, Russian march on

Warsaw, occupation of the Ruhr; the successive peace plans of the bankers, of Mr. Bonar Law, and of the experts supplied to the public mind the background of a picture in the foreground of which is the clear impression that on every occasion our former allies and associates, far from supporting France as against Germany, have supported Germany as against France. The French people in their own minds have summarized this confused period of their national life in about these terms: "They fought the war *with* us; they made the peace *against* us."

That is the broad, general complaint of the masses. There is also a more specific complaint of a financial character which is expressed whenever the war-debt discussion arises simultaneously with a crisis in the French budget, treasury, or exchange. The man in the street has never said (it is not in keeping with French mentality), "We won't pay our debts." France is proverbially the country where a sou is always a sou, and where debtors take a scrupulous pride in paying up. But the man in the street has reflected, "Our allies of the war have helped Germany get out of paying us. They have opposed our proposals. They have contested our measures of enforcement. And at the very time they were preventing us from collecting our due, they have insistently demanded payment of what we owe them." If the reader will put himself in the place of the average Frenchman, who has not the slightest understanding of the tech-



nical reports of specialists, of annuities, of calculations concerning "present value," of transfers and of exchanges, it will be easy for him to summarize that Frenchman's feeling in a phrase. The average Frenchman feels that since the signing of the peace France's former allies have not *played fair*.

Such is the sharp black-and-white of the picture. But there are shadings and half-tones which bring out even more forcibly the relief of the whole.

Even now, after so many disappointments, whenever a commemorative celebration of the war occurs there is a genuine disposition to forget recent differences and to live again in the fraternal spirit of war days. The habitual discontent turns to pained surprise, and every evocation of past comradeship brings applause. Then comes a longing for understanding, a feeling that survives through all the quarrels and disagreements. Each time that our government (and we have had eight governments in the six years since Clemenceau) announces that a controversy with the allies has been appeased and that the divergent viewpoints—as the communiqués say—have been reconciled, everybody is happy—even if the news is not true.

The question is often asked: Against which nation, Great Britain or the United States, does the Frenchman feel most resentment in his moments of bitterness? Undoubtedly, I think, against the United States. There are two reasons for this. The first is that for ten centuries the Frenchman has been accustomed to regard the English as his hereditary enemies. In America, on the other hand, he has believed for one hundred and fifty years that he had friends upon whom, though he knew them but slightly, he could count in time of trouble. The second is that John Bull the shopkeeper—as our provincials say with a grimace—has a reputation as a hard bargainer. The American, on the other hand, is thought of as a generous friend living in a country

where money grows on trees. In other words, the French, by lifelong habit, are never surprised if difficulties arise with England, while they hold the instinctive conviction, nourished by our orators and yours, that any trouble with America will always be smoothed out without effort, as if by enchantment.

I think the foregoing is a faithful account of the state of mind of our uninformed masses. Naturally, it is full of naïveté and still more of ignorance. But as the United States and France are two democracies which, despite numerous constitutional differences, are equally governed by universal suffrage, the opinion of the average citizen must be taken seriously into account. For at any moment the average man's opinion may be felt at the polls and become the spring of governmental action. Such things have happened in the past, and will happen again.

## II

Thinking Frenchmen, who see things less simply, reproach their allies first of all for an economic error, which, though they know it can be explained by the widely different conditions existing in the allied countries, has nevertheless had the most serious consequences.

As soon as the armistice was signed the Anglo-Saxon countries, holding most of the economic trumps in their hands, desired an immediate return to free competition. They had neither suffered invasion nor lost proportionately anything like the number of men that France had lost. They had—particularly the United States—increased their industrial equipment during the war, and this augmented machinery was available for peace purposes. Moreover, thanks to the activity of their shipyards, they had as large or larger merchant fleets than before the war. Thus their problem was to find purchasers for their surplus goods. And what, they reflected, could be easier, since Europe with its ruined battle-

fields needed every sort of raw material and manufactured articles for reconstruction?

And so, from the very beginning of the peace conference in January 1919, we find London and Washington demanding that economic demobilization should precede military demobilization, although in sound logic the reverse order would have been the correct one. The interallied organization which controlled credits, exchanges, raw materials, foodstuffs, and shipping became the *bête noire* of the English and Americans. In the name of free commerce they demanded and obtained the return to open competition.

In theory nothing could be fairer. But in fact a period of transition was called for. For economic phenomena evolve more slowly than military phenomena, and if the interallied control of production, exchange, and payments was necessary on November 11, 1918, the need for it was not eliminated by the signatures of Marshal Foch and Matthias Erzberger to the armistice document. Hence the distress that has followed.

The edifice so laboriously constructed, beginning in 1914 and reaching a stage of unhopèd-for perfection by 1918, was thus laid low with one stroke early in 1919. No more control of exchanges, nor credits, nor foodstuffs, nor shipping. Mr. Hoover's services functioned for six months longer, but only as an exception to the general rule of cut-throat competition. English and American exporters sought to flood European markets. Lloyd George instituted the policy of dear coal. America sought outlets for her surplus everywhere. And still the continental exchanges fell. The more the Anglo-Saxon world wanted to sell, the less the Continental world could buy.

Out of this policy, built on an insufficient knowledge of European conditions, was born that Anglo-Saxon doctrine of "reconstruction," which at times has driven France almost to the point of exasperation. In the search for markets, the English and Americans pro-

posed to us the "reconstruction" of Germany. Next, at Genoa, the English undertook to "reconstruct" Russia. The French replied that in France, on the ruins of six hundred thousand houses, the word "reconstruction" had a more definite and more pressing significance. They were not heeded, and day after day they were obliged to submit to successive revisions of the Treaty of Versailles which could only deepen their resentment.

The worst of it is that the results hoped for have not been achieved. The expected markets have not been opened up. The United States and Great Britain passed through some severe crises. America, thanks to her limitless home markets, quickly recovered, but England is still dragging behind her more than a million unemployed, and to-day is compelled to give a state subsidy to her mines—an almost inconceivable paradox in the light of her past history and principles.

Numerous Frenchmen have sharply criticized this abrupt "back to normal" policy. The most enlightened among them have not questioned that France helped to render it possible. But most of them, as is always the case, have dwelt only on the effects, without considering the secondary causes. Among these latter, we must cite particularly the protectionist conception of French reconstruction which, by rejecting American and British labor and capital, placed an additional obstacle in the path of solidarity; also, the fact that many of our manufacturers insisted as strongly as their Anglo-Saxon rivals, and for the same reasons, upon the abolition of wartime economic restrictions; again, France's mistaken policies, first as to reparations in kind, and secondly as to covering reparation payments by repeated internal loans. By these various means the economic gulf between France and the Anglo-Saxon countries was enormously widened. There remained no common ideal, no common interest, even. In such circumstances the battle



is to the strong, and the weaker has no quarter to expect.

Then came the question of the inter-allied war-debts. In France this question was discussed for five years without action of any sort, which, of course, was the worst possible procedure. Idle talk is always dangerous talk, and so it proved in this case. The discussions roamed at random over the whole field, and wholly unrelated aspects of the matter became inextricably intertwined. For example, the direct purchases from American industries during the period of American neutrality (1914 to April, 1917) which returned handsome profits to the furnishers, were confused with State purchases made after the entry of America into the war, which were financed by means of the Liberty loans—that is, with the money of the American people. It was repeatedly declared that the artillery and aviation material supplied by France to the American army had not been taken into account, although as a matter of fact the American treasury paid cash for it. Against the American debt were placed such considerations as the length of battle-front held by the French, the extent of French losses in men, the tardy entrance of America into line—things which we knew perfectly well at the time we borrowed the money and which, therefore, we could not possibly be justified in invoking subsequently. America retorted with some irritation to these doubtful arguments, and the result was a sharpening of French bitterness.

Alas! it is only too true that France's policy in the matter of the debts has been worse than mediocre. Never once has the French government advanced the only good argument there is in favor of debt reduction, namely that at the time the loans were contracted the United States had promised (by the Fourteen Points, the Wilson armistice documents, etc.) that France should be reimbursed by Germany for all her reparations expenses, whereas France was left, from 1920 onward, to bear the main burden of these expenses herself. Nor

did France once take advantage of the many occasions that arose to link the question of war-debts to the successive reductions in her reparations credits which the Allies pressed her to accept.

But France's own mistakes do not cancel her grievances against her creditors. Who, indeed, has not observed that the faults of others are never so glaring as when one's own conscience is uneasy? That accounts for our state of mind. I note in passing that so far as the debts are concerned our financial circles are even more caustic than the French public in criticizing the harshness of our creditors. That, no doubt, is because they better understand the direful consequences of adding several hundred millions annually to our expenses in a time of monetary and budgetary crisis. Everyone can see that it is inevitable. Nobody denies that it is necessary. But our wrath rises against those who constrain us to it at such a time.

So, to resume this aspect of the question: economic grievances and financial grievances are sharpened rather than lessened by the consciousness that Frenchmen are partly responsible for the situation of which they complain. Confession is particularly comforting when one knows that one's neighbor is even more guilty.

### III

We have seen that France's economic grievances against the Allies are directed particularly against America, first, because more was expected from America than from England, secondly, because Great Britain long since announced that she would demand from her debtors only as much as she had to pay her American creditor. But in the domain of politics England reaps the major part of the blame, and it is easy to understand why.

When the United States, in March, 1920, refused to ratify the Versailles treaty, Frenchmen understood that no political aid was to be expected from America. But with Britain, on the other hand, no matter how heated our

arguments became, we were still theoretically allies. So while America's absence from Allied councils was regretted, Britain was accused of bad faith. Moreover, two men, David Lloyd-George and the late George Nathaniel Curzon, Marquis of Kedleston, were endowed with temperaments of a nature to arouse French resentment. The day Clemenceau was defeated by Paul Deschanel for the presidency of the French republic, Lloyd-George said to me, with that enigmatic laugh which may always be interpreted two ways:

"I am the only one left."

And, indeed, in the years that followed he acted as if he were sole master of Europe. In international conferences he dictated his wishes. The Genoa conference was a delirium. If his opinion was opposed, he summoned the newspaper correspondents and excommunicated the guilty one. This Welsh satrap who in 1919 declared that he "would not exchange his King, a very good boy, either for Wilson or for Poincaré," pricked the French to hatred which even yet is not appeased. As for Curzon, his self-sufficiency was irritating beyond measure. The English were used to his manner and merely smiled and repeated the old Oxford limerick:

"I am George Nathaniel Curzon,  
A most superior person. . . ."

But the French were goaded to fury by his diplomatic notes, seemingly written with a club, and Poincaré's acid retorts did not help to mend matters. Never were Franco-British political relations more strained than during those five years. And yet, all that time, before Germany and before the world, they called themselves "the Allied governments."

One other thing that France found hard to bear was the constant accusation of imperialism and militarism flung by England and the United States. American tourists, no doubt, are sometimes impressed by the number of barracks they see at the gates of our cities. They

cannot know that most of them are empty. Our navy has more admirals than cruisers. And, if my readers would not yawn at the figures, I could readily demonstrate that France is the one country that since the war—and even in comparison with 1914—has really disarmed. Moreover, if France had not already been a peaceful country, the cruel sufferings of the war would have made her so. There could be no more sovereign injustice than to represent her, as the English and American press has so often done, as the direct heir of Prussian militarism. Such baseless accusations were resented by the French, who are not noted for patience under injustice. Strong in the consciousness of their own guiltlessness, they turned the charge of unavowable designs against their accusers. And that did not help to mend matters, either.

Finally, the French have thought that their allies spoke of continental Europe with too much assurance and insufficient knowledge of the facts. Americans will often admit, when they gaze into the mirror of their national conscience, that they are sometimes too cocksure. Their medical and surgical prescriptions, so freely given to Europe in general and to France in particular during the past seven years, have grated on sensitive nerves. The ukases of John Maynard Keynes in 1920, and the ready echo they found in America, have left disagreeable traces. The more irritable Frenchmen have sometimes been tempted to retort to unsought advisers, "Mind your own business!" Furthermore, English predictions concerning Russia, Greece, etc., have been so often wrong that there have been plenty of grounds for questioning the competence of these physicians. It is often agreeable to note, when one is conscious of one's own mistakes, that others are sometimes mistaken too.

But must we not agree that the divergence in French and Anglo-Saxon political concepts is indeed an axiom of world politics? Between a country like France,



invaded a hundred times, and an insular nation like England or America—which has never had frontiers in the European sense of the word—there is no common measure and no common political language. This fact ought to be borne in mind in times of tension. It would help to reduce any resulting uneasiness to its proper proportions.

#### IV

The editor of HARPER'S, in requesting this article, said, "Above all, be frank. The American public prefers truth to compliments." I have been frank, and I hope I have been clear. Indeed, I had too many dealings with the United States during the thirty months when I directed, from the French side, the war co-operation of our two countries, not to know that to merit respect one must say exactly what one thinks, without reticence.

France has just been through an evil period in her relations with the Allies of the war. I have the less reason for concealing it that I consider it of slight importance. Even during the war, when imminent peril surrounded every false step, I saw the Allies repeatedly divided by quarrels over persons, over

conflicting interests, and particularly over differences of temperament. On the morrow of the armistice, amid the rapture of victory, I saw a tiny, insignificant question—the organization of the Coblenz bridge-head—bring about a virtual rupture of relations between the general staffs of Foch and Pershing, and it cost me a week of delicate diplomacy to set matters straight. All our past history swarms with reasons why understanding between us should be hard. And, to sum up my whole thought, I may say that the surprising thing about France and America is that, despite the contrasts in our origins and our development, we get on together as well as we do. We have co-operated more often than we have clashed, and whenever we have co-operated we have succeeded strikingly in what we set out to do.

I firmly believe that mutual comprehension is favored better by explaining to nations why and in what they differ than by repeating monotonously that they are brothers and born to agree, by mutual intuition. With France and the United States, particularly, I am deeply convinced that if their natural friendship were organized and cultivated by the sincere analysis of the things that threaten it, it would make rapid progress.



## SOUTH OF THE POTOMAC

BY H. G. DWIGHT

THE President had finished his speech, the marines were stowing their instruments away in odd-shaped cases, the audience was streaming out of the amphitheater. Beyond the white arches the slopes of Arlington lay green and memorable in the spring sun. But man is a contrary animal, and the glum-looking man is more contrary than most.

"I suppose a state amphitheater must have a state entrance," he said. "And it is no doubt well for eminent orators, who are usually bald, to be guarded against drafts. Still, I find it difficult to admire that marble cave of the winds—among other reasons, because it cuts off the best of the view. Of course, Washington may not be Athens, or even Taormina. But it would be easier to swallow the Plymouth Rocks of a Decoration Day address if Maryland and the Potomac were there to soften them. Let's go out to the terrace. That's the only place in this cemetery where you can really draw a breath of fresh air."

We stopped in the portico to look down at the happy valley, with its famous river and its town half lost in trees. Yet I, for one, soon found myself looking at the nearer and narrower space on our side of the balustrade, midway of which a great wreath of roses and laurel lay on a raised slab of marble—and one white flower. Three persons were there, one of whom stood apart from the other two, her face half turned toward the valley. Perhaps it was that she made more of a contrast in that white place, but one could not help being struck by the perfect simplicity of her black dress

and by an air she had. She made the other woman, who hovered uncertainly at the foot of the grave with a bunch of sweet peas in her hand, look dumpy and shabby. With this other woman was a man of her own world, carrying a camera. When he noticed us he sauntered in our direction.

"Is this here the tomb of the Unknown Soldier?" he asked.

"Yes," I told him, "it is."

"Oh," he said. "I ain't acquainted around here. We come from Lynchburg. My—" He broke off, and started on another tack. "I wonder they don't put no writin' on it, and sort of make it show more."

"Well," I hazarded, "it's different from other graves, which mean something to so few people. This one means so much to so many different people, in all parts of the country, that perhaps no writing could say any more. And the finest monument in the world could not be a greater honor than the one they gave him in setting him here by himself, on top of this hill, between these pillars and that view."

"That's one way to look at it," the man agreed a little doubtfully.

Then he sauntered back and made his report to the woman. Whereupon she did one of those things which are possible not only to the theatrical. She suddenly fell on her knees at the foot of the tomb, folded her arms on the marble, and hid her face between them, still clutching her sweet peas. For a moment I was too surprised to move. The man looked helpless and uncomfortable. As for the tall woman in black, she turned farther away.



At that the glum-looking man jerked my arm and we turned around too, walking back into the amphitheater.

Re-entered from that side, the roofless oval looked entrancingly cool and quiet in the brilliant sunshine, the white arches framing vivid panels of green and blue and fretting the pillared ambulatory with scallops of light and shadow. I perched on a balustrade and fished for cigarettes. No one was there but a wandering soldier or two, a pair of lovers sitting in a patch of shade, and a red-headed man with his hat in his hand. He appeared to be seeing sights. Presently he bore down upon us.

"It's just about all right, isn't it?" he remarked. He looked well-fed and well-tailored, and would doubtless rate high among the possessors of business personality. I, therefore, decided to leave him to the glum-looking man.

"They came so near it this time," conceded the latter, "that it's a pity they didn't carry it through."

"How do you mean?" inquired the red-headed man, extracting a cigar from a handsome case.

The glum-looking man waved his cigarette in the direction of what he had described as the cave of the winds.

"I mean all those Civil War names carved on either side of that apse thing. From a purely historical point of view, doesn't it strike you that the list is a trifle one-sided?"

The red-headed man regarded the lists, and us.

"To be frank," he replied, evidently hunting for his words, "what strikes me is that lists like that, which are necessarily limited, record the results of history. Wouldn't it have been a little—unusual—?" He decided not to end his sentence.

"Possibly—from the G. A. R. point of view," admitted the glum-looking man. "But Washington is not the capital of the G. A. R. It is the capital of the United States. And considering that the Unknown Soldier, whose grave is

architecturally a part, and an extremely important part, of this building, is just as likely to have been a Southerner as a Northerner, that list does not seem to me to hit quite the right note. After all, there is an art of forgetting as well as an art of remembering."

The red-headed man ventured on a tactful change of subject.

"By the way," he said briskly, "I understand that Lee's old home is in these grounds. Can you tell me how to get to it?"

"I can and I will, with pleasure," answered the glum-looking man. "Do you see that little wood of oaks over beyond that driveway? You will find a path leading through it toward a circular trellis of wistaria and ivy around an open space of turf. It will be full of tourists to-day, at whom a guide will be bawling through a megaphone, 'This, ladees and gentlemen, is the Sylvian Amphitheater, erected by George Washington Parke Custis, the son of Martha Washington. On this platform, until the Civil War, slaves used to be bought and sold at auction.' However, you probably know enough about the Washington family not to take his bilgewater too seriously—particularly as his 'Sylvian Amphitheater' never existed until the Quarter-master General seized the place in the sixties. It was the least disgraceful thing about the whole performance. Well, to the right of that is an imitation sarcophagus where two thousand or more unknown soldiers from Bull Run and the Rappahannock were buried in 1866. You may be quite sure that not one of them was a Confederate. That is at one end of the old flower garden; and at the other, overlooking the river, there are a few detached graves. They also had the graceful fancy of decorating the little Temple of Love, like the one at Versailles, which stands in the middle, with an even more wounding assortment of names than the ones you see here." Again a wave toward the cave of the winds. "There you turn to the left, where you will find two more

conspicuous graves, planted at the edge of the lawn, on either side of a terrific flagstaff which ruins the view but makes it possible for those who are so disposed to gratify their vengeance under cover of patriotism. As a traveling philosopher you have no doubt observed that it is feasible to get away with murder if you wave a flag while committing the crime. And behind that is the house.

"It may disappoint you, because the pillars of the portico are rather too heavy for their height, and because the rooms inside are bare as a bone. It made no difference that the house was built by Washington's adopted son, of whom he thought enough to make an executor of his will, that it belonged to Martha Washington's great-granddaughter, that it was full of things from Mount Vernon. No sooner was Lee's back turned than they descended on it like locusts and stripped it of furniture, hangings, pictures, bricabrac, every thing that could be carried off. Just the kind of thing we used to howl at the Germans for, a few years ago—except that the Germans didn't loot their own flesh and blood. Then the Government stepped in and seized the place for taxes accrued during the war. Personally, I think it would have been better taste to finish the job up in style, like Attila, by razing the house, destroying the garden, chopping down the oaks, and plowing the ground with salt. But that might have looked like vindictiveness. All they wanted was to make sure that never again would Lee walk under the trees where he had made love as a boy or enter the rooms where he had lived for thirty years and where his children were born."

The red-headed man was too astonished to start on his way. "I, therefore, thought it prudent to intervene.

"Come," I said to the glum-looking man, "it wasn't anything to be proud of, but they belonged to their generation, and we belong to ours. Why don't you go on and tell him that they at least had the grace to pay for the

place afterwards, in Cleveland's time; that by Roosevelt's time they had got as far as to put Jefferson Davis's name back on Cabin John Bridge, which he as Secretary of War began; and that in our time they're starting a memorial bridge between here and the Mall, and are going to restore the house?"

"Your roseate outline of history," remarked the glum-looking man sardonically, "needs a good many footnotes, but we mustn't detain the pilgrim. All I have to say is that they won't do the thing right unless they move every single grave, even L'Enfant's, from under the windows and out of the flower garden and away from at least one of the drives. A historic mansion is one thing and a national cemetery is another, and they don't go together."

The pilgrim put on his hat, but could not forbear asking a question.

"Pardon me if I seem inquisitive," he said, "but I must confess I don't quite make you out. I take it that you are a Southerner. Yet if you are, you must have lived in the North long enough to lose your accent."

"I don't see that it makes any difference one way or the other," answered the glum-looking man. "I'm an American, and so was Lee. Why do I have to be a Southerner or a Northerner?"

"Because you can't help it," promptly rejoined the red-headed man. "You must have been born on one side of the Potomac or the other—unless you're a naturalized citizen."

"Well," said the glum-looking man, "as it happens, I wasn't born on either side of the Potomac. Nor am I a naturalized citizen, for the excellent reason that my great-grandfathers attended to that for me a good while before Arlington was built. But if it interests you to know, they were all New Englanders, on both sides—unless I count out a member of the family who moved to South Carolina. What is more, my father and all the rest of my people



fought on the Northern side in the Civil War, just as my Southern relatives fought with equal conviction on the other side. Is that any reason why my South Carolina cousins of this generation and I should keep it up?"

The red-headed man considered this abnormal specimen with mingled curiosity and severity.

"No," he conceded, "but neither is it any reason why you should go back on your own people."

"Nor is it any reason why I should look at things just as they did, or dope myself with the idea that, just because they were my people, they never did anything but what was grand and glorious. They were human, and they got into a frightful mess, and they got out in the only way they knew how, and God rest their souls. If I had been in their shoes I doubtless would have done exactly what they did—and I hope I wouldn't have been any more careful of my own skin. But I'm not in their shoes, and I have to walk my own way as I see it."

"That may all be," said the red-headed man, "but it doesn't change the principle of the thing. The plain truth of the matter is that Lee was a traitor, and you know it."

"Do I?" inquired the glum-looking man. "I know at any rate that you don't mince your words. You remind me that I have heard Southerners say quite as hasty things about Lincoln. For myself, I must confess that I do not see these matters in black and white. On the contrary, it strikes me as conceivable that, if George the Third and Lord North had been a trifle cleverer, and if it had not suited the convenience of the French to send Rochambeau and de Grasse over here, with a fleet that corked the mouth of the Chesapeake at a highly opportune moment, George Washington might have gone down to history as a traitor—and might even have been shot for it."

"That has nothing to do with the case," snapped the red-headed man.

"Moreover, it is an assumption for which, not so long ago, you might have been shot yourself. George Washington founded an indestructible union of States, which Lee and his friends tried to destroy."

"H'm!" drew out the glum-looking man. "You compel me to observe again that you are somewhat freer with dynamite than seems to me quite safe. Indestructible, now: that is a rather powerful adjective, which needs to be handled with care. Only once or twice in a lifetime can one treat oneself to a word like that. Even our friends the physicists, you will notice, are beginning to hedge a little when they come to the indestructibility of matter. If any thing or system in this universe be indestructible, I have yet to hear of it. At any rate I would consider it the very last word to apply to the shaky marriage of convenience between the original colonies, or to the more binding civil ceremony into which they were unwillingly harried a few years later. You may remember, too, that it took a Southerner like Jefferson to conceive so romantic an idea as a union which should reach across the continent. So good a Northern patriot as Daniel Webster thought it absurd to dream of taking in the northwest. I don't recollect his precise words, but he strung some sounding periods on the theme of that 'vast worthless area.' And long before the first shot was fired at Fort Sumter my worthy New England ancestors, fancying that the South was getting the better of them in a business way, began to mutter seditions about breaking away in order to run their part of the country to suit themselves. When it comes to that, a traveling philosopher might even ask himself, provided the firing squad allowed him to reach the end of his sentence, whether the world would have come to an end if the Civil War had turned out the other way. Personally, I am not convinced that representative institutions, as we have evolved them, are the last word in human achievement. The country is so

big, so unwieldy, so heterogeneous, and so often in the hands of fifth-rate people, that one's only hope lies in reflecting how seldom is any question closed for good."

"That one is, at any rate—and not in Lee's way," retorted the red-headed man. "His name would have been up there with the rest of them if he had stayed on the right side of the Potomac."

"Thank you," the glum-looking man said with a bow, "for putting the question where it belongs. The right bank of the Potomac, as you doubtless appreciate, happens to be the southern one! Otherwise, however, there is no right side of the Potomac. One side is just as much my country, and yours, as the other. For the rest, right and wrong are matters on which I do not feel very competent to pronounce. I only know that Lee followed his own conscience like a man, and that no man ever endured his fate more nobly. I also know that while there are several things in our history of which I am proud, the Civil War is not one of them. We were all equally responsible for it and we all collectively suffer the consequences of it. It put back civilization in this country a hundred years, and it made a breach in our blood from which we may never recover. The million young men who were killed then would by now have made a great difference in our character. But the thing is finished, as you say, and I don't propose to fight it all over again. What is more, I fancy my South Carolina cousins are quite as ready as I to recognize that, on the whole, we probably thrive better on the theory of an indestructible union than on that of a dissoluble one. Distances, for one thing, have shortened enormously. At any rate a day will come when the whole affair will mean no more to any of us than Flodden Field or the Wars of the Roses. That is why I object to dragging the Potomac into it. It's about time we dropped all that nonsense and began rewriting our histories with an eye to what happened rather than to the beauties of Plymouth Rock."

The red-headed man, in whom I had hopefully detected signs of departure, brightened perceptibly.

"Did your ancestors come over in the *Mayflower*?" he asked.

"Lord, no!" replied the glum-looking man.

"Well, mine did," declared the red-headed man. "Perhaps that's why I feel more strongly than you about these things."

"Perhaps," agreed the glum-looking man. "But did you ever hear of the *Discovery*, the *Goodspeed*, and the *Susan Constant*?"

"Let's see," began the red-headed man.

"I thought not," the glum-looking man cut in. "Nice solid names, aren't they? *Mayflower*, now—that's romantic. But *Susan Constant*, and *Goodspeed*, and *Discovery*—those names mean business. And thirteen years before the *Mayflower* beat into Plymouth Bay, they anchored down the river here, at the mouth of the James, and started the first permanent English-speaking settlement on this continent. Please don't forget that."

"Thirteen years isn't so much," objected the red-headed man.

"No; but it's a lot in the first half of your life. And it's too much to forget in making political speeches. And please remember, too, that some time before that, namely in 1590, one Edmund Spenser dedicated his *Faerie Queene* 'to the most high, mightie and magnificent Empresse, renowned for pietie, vertue, and all gracious government, Elizabeth, Queene of England, Fraunce and Ireland and of Virginia.' Of Virginia, mind you! It was all Virginia in the beginning. And it was no less a personage than that lively gentleman adventurer who had so much to do with the founding of the Jamestown colony, Captain John Smith, who invented New England."

"Proving precisely what?" inquired the red-headed man with some irony.

"Proving merely that American civilization, such as it is, started in Chesa-



peake, not in Massachusetts Bay—and not on the north side of Chesapeake Bay, at that. Also, that it is well to look before you leap.”

“I can see what’s coming next, anyway,” rejoined the red-headed man. “You’re going to forget the Winthrops and the Endicotts and the Mathers and the Adamses and Roger Williams and Benjamin Franklin and Alexander Hamilton and the rest, and you’re going to make the mistake of thinking that I forget the Lees and the Randolphs and Patrick Henry and George Mason and John Marshall and Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Monroe. You needn’t worry. I don’t. And neither do the school books. But where do you get by going back to ancient history? The world doesn’t stand still. The South had its day, and it was a great one while it lasted. However, yesterday is one thing and to-day is another.”

The glum-looking man permitted himself a wicked grin.

“Then why didn’t you say so ten minutes ago? You might have been listening to the guide in the ‘Sylvian Amphitheater’ by this time, instead of listening to me!”

As I sat on my balustrade, smoking and wondering how long it took a red-headed man to die, I heard voices not far away. I took a look over my shoulder. Around a clump of pointed cedars at the side of the amphitheater three figures appeared: the man with the camera, his wife—who no longer carried her sweet peas—and the tall woman in black. I gave the glum-looking man a discreet kick on the foot and tilted my head toward the archway. He looked out a second, glanced at me, and turned back to the red-headed man.

“Since that’s the way you feel about it,” he went on, “I won’t take the trouble to find out whether you imagine Lexington and the Boston Tea Party to have been unique incidents of their kind, or whether you know as much about the Cowpens as you do about Bunker Hill, or whether you suffer under the delusion

that western pioneering was invented by the North. As I have already told you, I’m not out to exploit one side of the Potomac at the expense of the other. Without either of them we probably should be a British Dominion to-day. But speaking of to-day, and yesterday, and to-morrow, it strikes me again that you are a bit hasty in jumping at conclusions.”

“Oh, I haven’t forgotten Florida, either,” the red-headed man assured him—“nor who it is that is making Florida hum.”

“I don’t mean Florida, or Thomasville, or Aiken, or Pinehurst, so much as I mean Norfolk and Winston-Salem and Atlanta and Birmingham. Yet that isn’t all I mean, even when you add the stupendous heaps of gold that will pile up at the foot of the southern waterfalls, to say nothing of that long loop of the Tennessee River—on which they are going to hang such a web of belts and cables and so many diamond necklaces that New York herself will sit up and take notice. You’ll see that fast enough. The New England spinning mills have already begun to see it. I grow a little uneasy myself when I think of it.”

“Well, they’ll have to hustle if they’re going to beat New York. And hustling isn’t their long suit,” remarked the red-headed man.

“No, thank God, it isn’t,” agreed the glum-looking man heartily—“though if you happened to be in France a few years ago you may have noticed that they can be rather handy with their fists. You may also have noticed, in that same connection, that victory and defeat are rather tricky words. In fact, there are times when it isn’t so easy to tell which from which. That is one reason why my Puritan instincts don’t quite get the better of me when I think about the Tennessee River. Of course, it’s very nice to be rich. I’d like to be rich myself. Money is a kind of magic lens, which puts so many pleasant things within your reach and makes you cast so long a shadow that you don’t care if it also

magnifies the wart on your nose or shows up your taste in pictures. But when I get uneasy about those Southerners, and the things they may do to their mountains and rivers and cities, and what might happen to them when they have more money than any of us, I remember that their metal has been tempered as ours has never been tempered."

"It looks like we're in for a sermon on the text of 'Sweet are the uses of adversity'!" said the red-headed man to me, with a grin of his own.

"At any rate," I told him, "you'll admit that we never heard very many in the part of the country where we were brought up."

"No danger!" exclaimed the glum-looking man. "Our generation was taught in Sunday School that prosperity is the chief end of man. To hear a politician pronounce the word you would think it the most sacred in the language. That is one thing the Civil War did for us—besides filling our cities with strangers, and lining our streets with miles of the most horrible houses that have ever been built on this planet, and infecting us with a mania to be anywhere but at home, and otherwise perverting such rudiments of good taste and common sense as we once possessed. As a historical phenomenon it was quite an interesting one, and I am sanguine enough to hope we shall survive it—though if we do I'm afraid your *Mayflower* ancestor may not recognize his—"

"Her," interpolated the conscientious red-headed man—

"Own child. At all events, the South has survived a very different and a much less merry experience. They were too sick at heart to go skylarking about the world like the rest of us. They were also too poor. They could not import European peasants by the shipload as servants and workmen. They had to fend for themselves—not only the humble folk to whom that was nothing new but gentlefolk who had always had troops of people to wait on them. They couldn't follow the fashions in scarlet

brick and brown stone which to us seemed so splendid. They had to go on living in their wide old Georgian houses, behind their pillared porticoes, on their galleries railed with wrought iron. The white woodwork needed paint, perhaps. The mahogany grew dark and brittle. When a claw foot got broken, a fashionable new piece of walnut and horsehair was out of the question. No richly gilt radiator pipes or magnificences of Mexican onyx took the place of mantels that were too bare. The portraits doubtless looked a little sad and stiff and out of date. Yet, lo, our brave progress has brought us strangely around a circle, and what do we find?

"We find that if the city over there across the river has a charm which sets it apart from others, we owe it to the Southerners who started it and not to the Northerners and Westerners who for a generation after the Civil War did their worst to wreck it. We find that our prosperity made dreadful ravages, and that the splendors of the reconstruction period are fit only to be torn down. We find that the South has preserved for us more than a reminder of our happier time in architecture—in this Chesapeake Bay country, in South Carolina, in hundreds of quiet plantations and unobtrusive old towns all the way from Annapolis to New Orleans. We find there, almost intact, like a buried treasure, our most unbroken tradition.

"Nor is that all we find. Because the dwellers in those houses were so poor, because they had least to offer the newcomer, they also preserved more perfectly than any of us the tradition of our speech. Not that I mean to set up a cry against newcomers, who would not be here save for one of them, or to pretend that a language must not grow, cannot be enriched by the new idioms, even by the slips and mispronunciations of newcomers. Nevertheless, as a descendant of those who gave this continent a tongue, I do not find it in me



to be displeased that in our welter of nationalities there should remain one great island which is more purely American, in the original sense, than any other. There are certain valleys of it which are more Elizabethan than England itself. There is no part of it in which English is not spoken, even on the street, in a way to delight the ear. That is a thing which they understand in Paris, perhaps, but not in New York or Chicago. Who knows? The South may end by teaching Potash and Perlmuter English."

"You seem to be fairly fluent in the language yourself!" commented the red-headed man, throwing away the butt of his cigar.

"Oh, you and I can chatter in it after our fashion—just as some of us, even in New York and Chicago and Los Angeles, have manners. But nowhere are they so visible to the naked eye as in the South. There they are all born knowing more about the art of life than you or I will ever learn. Fluency and money have nothing to do with it. It's something as far away as possible from noise and show and push and hustle and advertising and all the other fine arts in which we excel. Perhaps climate has something to do with it. Perhaps it was that they had their tradition and were let alone on their island and kept it alive. Perhaps, having so little in their pocket, their eyes and ears grew keener than ours for the right stamp and the right ring of the coin—for elusive shades of sound and color, for fine distinctions, for simplicities, for realities, for standards, for all that complex of sympathies and comprehensions and fellowships in a common lot that go into the minting of a race. I shouldn't wonder if some of them even understood the difference between 'house' and 'home,' which we have worn smooth. At any rate, I suspect that there may be more genuine civilization to the square yard, south of the Potomac—"

"Ho! How about Dayton?" broke in the red-headed man.

At that I found it expedient to forsake my balustrade, which began to feel too hard and chilly. The glum-looking man paid no attention to me.

"Dayton is as good an example as any. I've already told you about Dayton. If a whole generation of boys and girls had to grow up ragged and hungry, scarcely knowing that there was such a thing as a book, outside the Bible—which, by the way, is not a bad school of English—is it a thing for us, of all people, to be sarcastic about? And do you remember how Dayton took that invasion? I'm very little of a fundamentalist myself; but I have a notion that such things as patience and simplicity and courtesy and character may be quite as useful for a race as the latest views on the origin of species. Dayton! When the North gets through amending the constitution and doctoring history you can talk to me about Dayton! For that matter, how far are you from Dayton yourself?

"Of course, I admit I don't know much about people who came over in the *Mayflower*, but for my own part I can tell you that I am only one generation removed from Dayton. It was out of that reservoir that we all were dipped. Moreover, I'm here to tell you that a lot of other things are going to be dipped out of it, too; and some of them may astonish you more than the diamond necklaces of the Tennessee River. Just wait a bit! If I started on that, though, we should be here for the next twenty years. And in the meantime your friend in the 'Sylvian Amphitheater' is getting hoarse. However, I'll do this. I'll meet you here twenty years from to-day, and then we'll have another chat. Good-by!"

With which he walked away toward the terrace above the river, leaving me to deal with the red-headed man as best I might.



# CLAY-SHUTTERED DOORS

A STORY

BY HELEN R. HULL

FOR months I have tried not to think about Thalia Corson. Anything may invoke her, with her langorous fragility, thin wrists and throat, her elusive face with its long eyelids. I can't quite remember her mouth. When I try to visualize her sharply I get soft pale hair, the lovely curve from her temple to chin, and eyes blue and intense. Her boy, Fletcher, has eyes like hers.

To-day I came back to New York, and my taxi to an uptown hotel was held for a few minutes in Broadway traffic where the afternoon sunlight fused into a dazzle a great expanse of plateglass and elaborate show motor cars. The "Regal Eight"—Winchester Corson's establishment. I huddled as the taxi jerked ahead, in spite of knowledge that Winchester would scarcely peer out of that elegant setting into taxi cabs. I didn't wish to see him, nor would he care to see me. But the glimpse had started the whole affair churning again, and I went through it deliberately, hoping that it might have smoothed out into some rational explanation. Sometimes things do, if you leave them alone, like logs submerged in water that float up later, encrusted thickly. This affair won't add to itself. It stays unique and smooth, sliding through the rest of life without annexing a scrap of seaweed.

I suppose, for an outsider, it all begins with the moment on Brooklyn Bridge; behind that are the years of my friendship with Thalia. Our families had

summer cottages on the Cape. She was just enough older, however, so that not until I had finished college did I catch up to any intimacy with her. She had married Winchester Corson, who at that time fitted snugly into the phrase "a rising young man." During those first years, while his yeast sent up preliminary bubbles, Thalia continued to spend her summers near Boston, with Winchester coming for occasional weekends. Fletcher was, unintentionally, born there; he began his difficult existence by arriving as a seven-months baby. Two years later Thalia had a second baby to bring down with her. Those were the summers which gave my friendship for Thalia its sturdy roots. They made me wonder, too, why she had chosen Winchester Corson. He was personable enough; tall, with prominent dark eyes and full mouth under a neat mustache, restless hands, and an uncertain disposition. He could be a charming companion, sailing the catboat with dash, managing lobster parties on the shore; or he would, unaccountably, settle into a foggy grouch, when everyone—children and females particularly—was supposed to approach only on tiptoe, bearing burnt offerings. The last time he spent a fortnight there, before he moved the family to the new Long Island estate, I had my own difficulties with him. There had always been an undertone of sex in his attitude toward me, but I had thought "that's just his male conceit." That summer he was a nuisance, coming upon me



with his insistent, messy kisses, usually with Thalia in the next room. They were the insulting kind of kisses that aren't at all personal, and I could have ended them fast enough if there hadn't been the complication of Thalia and my love for her. If I made Winchester angry he'd put an end to Thalia's relation to me. I didn't, anyway, want her to know what a fool he was. Of course she did know, but I thought then that I could protect her.

There are, I have decided, two ways with love. You can hold one love, knowing that, if it is a living thing, it must develop and change. That takes maturity, and care, and a consciousness of the other person. That was Thalia's way. Or you enjoy the beginning of love and, once you're past that, you have to hunt for a new love, because the excitement seems to be gone. Men like Winchester, who use all their brains on their jobs, never grow up; they go on thinking that preliminary stir and snap is love itself. Cut flowers, that was Winchester's idea, while to Thalia love was a tree.

But I said Brooklyn Bridge was the point at which the affair had its start. It seems impossible to begin there, or anywhere, as I try to account for what happened. Ten years after the summer when Winchester made himself such a nuisance—that last summer the Corsons spent at the Cape—I went down at the end of the season for a week with Thalia and the children at the Long Island place. Winchester drove out for the weekend. The children were mournful because they didn't wish to leave the shore for school; a sharp September wind brought rain and fog down the Sound, and Winchester nourished all that Sunday a disagreeable grouch. I had seen nothing of them for most of the ten intervening years, as I had been first in France and then in China, after feature-article stuff. The week had been pleasant: good servants, comfortable house, a half-moon of white beach below the drop of lawn; Thalia a stimu-

lating listener, with Fletcher, a thin, eager boy of twelve, like her in his intensity of interest. Dorothy, a plump, pink child of ten, had no use for stories of French villages or Chinese temples. Nug, the wire-haired terrier, and her dolls were more immediate and convincing. Thalia was thin and noncommittal, except for her interest in what I had seen and done. I couldn't, for all my affection, establish any real contact. She spoke casually of the town house, of dinners she gave for Winchester, of his absorption in business affairs. But she was sheathed in polished aloofness and told me nothing of herself. She did say, one evening, that she was glad I was to be in New York that winter. Winchester, like his daughter Dorothy, had no interest in foreign parts once he had ascertained that I hadn't even seen the Chinese quarters of the motor company in which he was concerned. He had an amusing attitude toward me: careful indifference, no doubt calculated to put me in my place as no longer alluring. Thalia tried to coax him into listening to some of my best stories. "Tell him about the bandits, Mary"—but his sulkiness brought, after dinner, a casual explanation from her, untinged with apology. "He's working on an enormous project, a merging of several companies, and he's so soaked in it he can't come up for a breath."

In the late afternoon the maid set out high tea for us, before our departure for New York. Thalia suggested that perhaps one highball was enough if Winchester intended to drive over the wet roads. Win immediately mixed a second, asking if she had ever seen him in the least affected. "Be better for you than tea before a long damp drive, too." He clinked the ice in his glass. "Jazz you up a bit." Nug was begging for food and Thalia, bending to give him a corner of her sandwich, apparently did not hear Winchester. He looked about the room, a smug, owning look. The fire and candlelight shone in the heavy waxed rafters, made silver beads of the

rain on the French windows. I watched him—heavier, more dominant, his prominent dark eyes and his lips sullen, as if the whiskey banked up his temper rather than appeased it.

Then Jim, the gardener, brought the car to the door; the children scrambled in. Dorothy wanted to take Nug, but her father said not if she wanted to sit with him and drive.

“How about chains, sir?” Jim held the umbrella for Thalia.

“Too damned noisy. Don’t need them.” Winchester slammed the door and slid under the wheel. Thalia and I, with Fletcher between us, sat comfortably in the rear.

“I like it better when Walter drives, don’t you, Mother?” said Fletcher as we slid down the drive out to the road.

“Sh—Father likes to drive. And Walter likes Sunday off, too.” Thalia’s voice was cautious.

“It’s too dark to see anything.”

“I can see lots,” announced Dorothy, whereupon Fletcher promptly turned the handle that pushed up the glass between the chauffeur’s seat and the rear.

The heavy car ran smoothly over the wet narrow road, with an occasional rumble and flare of headlights as some car swung past. Not till we reached the turnpike was there much traffic. There Winchester had to slacken his speed for other shiny beetles slipping along through the rain. Sometimes he cut past a car, weaving back into line in the glaring teeth of a car rushing down on him, and Fletcher would turn inquiringly toward his mother. The gleaming, wet darkness and the smooth motion made me drowsy, and I paid little heed until we slowed in a congestion of cars at the approach to the bridge. Far below on the black river, spaced red and white stars suggested slow-moving tugs, and beyond, faint lights splintered in the rain hinted at the city.

“Let’s look for the cliff dwellers, Mother.”

Thalia leaned forward, her fine, sharp

profile dimly outlined against the shifting background of arches, and Fletcher slipped to his feet, his arm about her neck. “There!”

We were reaching the New York end of the bridge, and I had a swift glimpse of their cliff dwellers—lights in massed buildings, like ancient camp fires along a receding mountain side. Just then Winchester nosed out of the slow line, Dorothy screamed, the light from another car tunnelled through our windows, the car trembled under the sudden grip of brakes, and like a crazy top spun sickeningly about, with a final thud against the stone abutment. A shatter of glass, a confusion of motor horns about us, a moment while the tautness of shock held me rigid.

Around me that periphery of turmoil—the usual recriminations, “what the hell you think you’re doing?”—the shriek of a siren on an approaching motor cycle. Within the circle I tried to move across the narrow space of the car. Fletcher was crying; vaguely I knew that the door had swung open, that Thalia was crouching on her knees, the rain and the lights pouring on her head and shoulders; her hat was gone, her wide fur collar looked like a drenched and lifeless animal. “Hush, Fletcher.” I managed to force movement into my stiff body. “Are you hurt? Thalia—” Then outside Winchester, with the bristling fury of panic, was trying to lift her drooping head. “Thalia! My God, you aren’t hurt!” Someone focussed a searchlight on the car as Winchester got his arms about her and lifted her out through the shattered door.

Over the springing line of the stone arch I saw the cliff dwellers’ fires and I thought as I scrambled out to follow Winchester, “She was leaning forward, looking at those, and that terrific spin of the car must have knocked her head on the door as it lurched open.”

“Lay her down, man!” An important little fellow had rushed up, a doctor evidently. “Lay her down, you fool!” Someone threw down a robe, and Win-



chester, as if Thalia were a drowned feather, knelt with her, laid her there on the pavement. I was down beside her and the fussy little man also. She did look drowned, drowned in that beating sea of tumult, that terrific honking of motors, unwilling to stop an instant even for—was it death? Under the white glare of headlights her lovely face had the empty shallowness, the husk-likeness of death. The little doctor had his pointed beard close to her breast; he lifted one of her long eyelids. "She's just fainted, eh, doctor?" Winchester's angry voice tore at him.

The little man rose slowly. "She your wife? I'm sorry. Death must have been instantaneous. A blow on the temple."

With a kind of roar Winchester was down there beside Thalia, lifting her, her head lolling against his shoulder, his face bent over her. "Thalia! Thalia! Do you hear? Wake up!" I think he even shook her in his baffled fright and rage. "Thalia, do you hear me? I want you to open your eyes. You weren't hurt. That was nothing." And then, "Dearest, you must!" and more words, frantic, wild words, mouthed close to her empty face. I touched his shoulder, sick with pity, but he staggered up to his feet, lifting her with him. Fletcher pressed shivering against me, and I turned for an instant to the child. Then I heard Thalia's voice, blurred and queer, "You called me, Win?" and Winchester's sudden, triumphant laugh. She was standing against his shoulder, still with that husklike face, but she spoke again, "You did call me?"

"Here, let's get out of this." Winchester was again the efficient, competent man of affairs. The traffic cops were shouting, the lines of cars began to move. Winchester couldn't start his motor. Something had smashed. His card and a few words left responsibility with an officer, and even as an ambulance shrilled up, he was helping Thalia into a taxi. "You take the children, will you?" to me, and "Get her another

taxi, will you?" to the officer. He had closed the taxi door after himself, and was gone, leaving us to the waning curiosity of passing cars. As we rode off in a second taxi, I had a glimpse of the little doctor, his face incredulous, his beard wagging, as he spoke to the officer.

Dorothy was, characteristically, tearfully indignant that her father had left her to me. Fletcher was silent as we bumped along under the elevated tracks, but presently he tugged at my sleeve, and I heard his faint whisper. "What is it?" I asked.

"Is my mother really dead?" he repeated.

"Of course not, Fletcher. You saw her get into the cab with your father."

"Why didn't Daddy take us too?" wailed Dorothy, and I had to turn to her, although my nerves echoed her question.

The house door swung open even as the taxi bumped the curb, and the butler hurried out with umbrella which we were too draggled to need.

"Mr. Corson instructed me to pay the man, madam." He led us into the hall, where a waiting maid popped the children at once into the tiny elevator.

"Will you wait for the elevator, madam? The library is one flight." The butler led me up the stairs, and I dropped into a low chair near the fire, vaguely aware of the long, narrow room, with discreet gold of the walls giving back light from soft lamps. "I'll tell Mr. Corson you have come."

"Is Mrs. Corson—does she seem all right?" I asked.

"Quite, madam. It was a fortunate accident, with no one hurt."

Well, perhaps it had addled my brain! I waited in a kind of numbness for Winchester to come.

Presently he strode in, his feet silent on the thick rugs.

"Sorry," he began, abruptly. "I wanted to look the children over. Not a scratch on them. You're all right, of course?"

"Oh, yes. But Thalia—"

"She won't even have a doctor. I put her straight to bed—she's so damned nervous, you know. Hot-water bottles . . . she was cold. I think she's asleep now. Said she'd see you in the morning. You'll stay here, of course." He swallowed in a gulp the whiskey he had poured. "Have some, Mary? Or would you like something hot?"

"No, thanks. If you're sure she's all right I'll go to bed."

"Sure?" His laugh was defiant. "Did that damn fool on the bridge throw a scare into you? He gave me a bad minute, I'll say. If that car hadn't cut in on me— I told Walter last week the brakes needed looking at. They shouldn't grab like that. Might have been serious."

"Since it wasn't—" I rose, wearily, watching him pour amber liquid slowly into his glass—"if you'll have someone show me my room—"

"After Chinese bandits, a little skid ought not to matter to you." His prominent eyes gleamed hostilely at me; he wanted some assurance offered that the skidding wasn't his fault, that only his skill had saved all our lives.

"I can't see Thalia?" I said.

"She's asleep. Nobody can see her." His eyes moved coldly from my face, down to my muddy shoes. "Better give your clothes to the maid for a pressing. You're smeared quite a bit."

I woke early, with clear September sun at the windows of the room, with blue sky behind the sharp city contours beyond the windows. There was none too much time to make the morning train for Albany, where I had an engagement that day, an interview for an article. The maid who answered my ring insisted on serving breakfast to me in borrowed elegance of satin negligee. Mrs. Corson was resting, and would see me before I left. Something—the formality and luxury, the complicated household so unlike the old days at the Cape—accented the queer dread

which had filtered all night through my dreams.

I saw Thalia for only a moment. The heavy silk curtains were drawn against the light and in the dimness her face seemed to gather shadows.

"Are you quite all right, Thalia?" I hesitated beside her bed, as if my voice might tear apart the veils of drowsiness in which she rested.

"Why, yes—" as if she wondered. Then she added, so low that I wasn't sure what I heard, "It is hard to get back in."

"What, Thalia?" I bent toward her.

"I'll be myself once I've slept enough." Her voice was clearer. "Come back soon, won't you, Mary?" Then her eyelids closed and her face merged into the shadows of the room. I tiptoed away, thinking she slept.

It was late November before I returned to New York. Free-lancing has a way of drawing herrings across your trail and, when I might have drifted back in early November, a younger sister wanted me to come home to Arlington for her marriage. I had written to Thalia, first a note of courtesy for my week with her, and then a letter begging for news. Like many people of charm, she wrote indifferent letters, stiff and childlike, lacking in her personal quality. Her brief reply was more unsatisfactory than usual. The children were away in school, lots of cold rainy weather, everything was going well. At the end, in writing unlike hers, as if she scribbled the line in haste, "I am lonely. When are you coming?" I answered that I'd show up as soon as the wedding was over.

The night I reached Arlington was rainy, too, and I insisted upon a taxi equipped with chains. My brother thought that amusing, and at dinner gave the family an exaggerated account of my caution. I tried to offer him some futile sisterly advice and, to point up my remarks, told about that drive in from Long Island with the Cor-



sons. I had never spoken of it before; I found that an inexplicable inhibition kept me from making much of a story.

"Well, nothing happened, did it?" Richard was triumphant.

"A great deal might have," I insisted. "Thalia was stunned, and I was disagreeably startled."

"Thalia was stunned, was she?" An elderly cousin of ours from New Jersey picked out that item. I saw her fitting it into some pigeon hole, but she said nothing until late that evening when she stopped at the door of my room.

"Have you seen Thalia Corson lately?" she asked.

"I haven't been in New York since September."

She closed the door and lowered her voice, a kind of avid curiosity riding astride the decorous pity she expressed.

"I called there, one day last week. I didn't know what was the matter with her. I hadn't heard of that accident."

I waited, an old antagonism for my proper cousin blurring the fear that shot up through my thoughts.

"Thalia was always *individual*, of course." She used the word like a reproach. "But she had *savoir faire*. But now she's—well—*queer*. Do you suppose her head was affected?"

"How is she queer?"

"She looks miserable, too. Thin and white."

"But how—"

"I am telling you, Mary. She was quite rude. First she didn't come down for ever so long, although I sent up word that I'd come up to her room if she was resting. Then her whole manner—well, I was really offended. She scarcely heard a word I said to her, just sat with her back to a window so I couldn't get a good look at her. When I said, 'You don't look like yourself,' she actually sneered. 'Myself?' she said. 'How do you know?' Imagine! I tried to chatter along as if I noticed nothing. I flatter myself I can manage awkward moments rather well. But Thalia sat there and I am sure she mut-

tered under her breath. Finally I rose to go and I said, meaning well, 'You'd better take a good rest. You look half dead.' Mary, I wish you'd seen the look she gave me! Really I was frightened. Just then their dog came in, you know, Dorothy's little terrier. Thalia used to be silly about him. Well, she actually tried to hide in the folds of the curtain, and I don't wonder! The dog was terrified at her. He crawled on his belly out of the room. Now she must have been cruel to him if he acts like that. I think Winchester should have a specialist. I didn't know how to account for any of it; but of course a blow on the head can affect a person."

Fortunately my mother interrupted us just then, and I didn't, by my probable rudeness, give my cousin reason to suppose that the accident had affected me, too. I sifted through her remarks and decided they might mean only that Thalia found her more of a bore than usual. As for Nug, perhaps he retreated from the cousin! During the next few days the house had so much wedding turmoil that she found a chance only for a few more dribbles: one that Thalia had given up all her clubs—she had belonged to several—the other that she had sent the children to boarding schools instead of keeping them at home. "Just when her husband is doing so well, too!"

I was glad when the wedding party had departed, and I could plan to go back to New York. Personally I think a low-caste Chinese wedding is saner and more interesting than a modern American affair. My cousin "should think I could stay home with the family," and "couldn't we go to New York together, if I insisted upon gadding off?" We couldn't. I saw to that. She hoped that I'd look up Thalia. Maybe I could advise Winchester about a specialist.

I did telephone as soon as I got in. That sentence "I am lonely," in her brief note kept recurring. Her voice sounded thin and remote, a poor connection, I thought. She was sorry.

She was giving a dinner for Winchester that evening. The next day?

I had piles of proof to wade through that next day, and it was late afternoon when I finally went to the Corson house. The butler looked doubtful but I insisted, and he left me in the hall while he went off with my card. He returned, a little smug in his message: Mrs. Corson was resting and had left word she must not be disturbed. Well, you can't protest to a perfect butler, and I started down the steps, indignant, when a car stopped in front of the house, a liveried chauffeur opened the door, and Winchester emerged. He glanced at me in the twilight and extended an abrupt hand.

"Would Thalia see you?" he asked.

"No." For a moment I hoped he might convoy me past the butler. "Isn't she well? She asked me to come to-day."

"I hoped she'd see you." Winchester's hand smoothed at his little mustache. "She's just tired from her dinner last night. She overexerted herself, was quite the old Thalia." He looked at me slowly in the dusk, and I had a brief feeling that he was really looking at me, no, *for* me, for the first time in all our meetings, as if he considered me without relation to himself for once. "Come in again, will you?" He thrust away whatever else he thought of saying. "Thalia really would like to see you. Can I give you a lift?"

"No, thanks. I need a walk." As I started off I knew the moment had just missed some real significance. If I had ventured a question . . . but, after all, what could I ask him? He had said that Thalia was "just tired." That night I sent a note to her, saying I had called and asking when I might see her.

She telephoned me the next day. Would I come in for Thanksgiving? The children would be home, and she wanted an old-fashioned day, everything but the sleigh ride New York

couldn't furnish. Dinner would be at six, for the children; perhaps I could come in early. I felt a small grievance at being put off for almost a week, but I promised to come.

That was the week I heard gossip about Winchester, in the curious devious way of gossip. Atlantic City, and a gaudy lady. Someone having an inconspicuous fortnight of convalescence there had seen them. I wasn't surprised, except perhaps that Winchester chose Atlantic City. Thalia was too fine; he couldn't grow up to her. I wondered how much she knew. She must, years ago, with her sensitiveness, have discovered that Winchester was stationary so far as love went and, being stationary himself, was inclined to move the object toward which he directed his passion.

On Thursday, as I walked across Central Park, gaunt and deserted in the chilly afternoon light, I decided that Thalia probably knew more about Winchester's affairs than gossip had given me. Perhaps that was why she had sent the children away. He had always been conventionally discreet, but discretion would be a tawdry coin among Thalia's shining values.

I was shown up to the nursery, with a message from Thalia that she would join me there soon. Fletcher seemed glad to see me, in a shy, excited way, and stood close to my chair while Dorothy wound up her phonograph for a dance record and pirouetted about us with her doll.

"Mother keeps her door tight locked all the time," whispered Fletcher doubtfully. "We can't go in. This morning I knocked and knocked but no one answered."

"Do you like your school?" I asked cheerfully.

"I like my home better." His eyes, so like Thalia's with their long, arched lids, had young bewilderment under their lashes.

"See me!" called Dorothy. "Watch me do this!"



While she twirled I felt Fletcher's thin body stiffen against my arm, as if a kind of panic froze him. Thalia stood in the doorway. Was the boy afraid of her? Dorothy wasn't. She cried, "See me, Mother! Look at me!" and in her lusty confusion, I had a moment to look at Thalia before she greeted me. She was thin, but she had always been that. She did not heed Dorothy's shrieks, but watched Fletcher, a kind of slanting dread on her white, proud face. I had thought, that week on Long Island, that she shut herself away from me, refusing to restore the intimacy of ten years earlier. But now a stiff loneliness hedged her as if she were rimmed in ice and snow. She smiled. "Dear Mary," she said. At the sound of her voice I lost my slightly cherished injury that she had refused earlier to see me. "Let's go down to the library," she went on. "It's almost time for the turkey." I felt Fletcher break his intent watchfulness with a long sigh, and as the children went ahead of us, I caught at Thalia's arm. "Thalia—" She drew away, and her arm, under the soft flowing sleeve of dull blue stuff, was so slight it seemed brittle. I thought suddenly that she must have chosen that gown because it concealed so much beneath its lovely embroidered folds. "You aren't well, Thalia. What is it?"

"Well enough! Don't fuss about me." And even as I stared reproachfully she seemed to gather vitality, so that the dry pallor of her face became smooth ivory and her eyes were no longer hollow and distressed. "Come."

The dinner was amazingly like one of our old holidays. Winchester wore his best mood, the children were delighted and happy. Thalia, under the gold flames of the tall black candles, was a gracious and lovely hostess. I almost forgot my troublesome anxiety, wondering whether my imagination hadn't been playing me tricks.

We had coffee by the library fire and some of Winchester's old Char-

treuse. Then he insisted upon exhibiting his new radio. Thalia demurred, but the children begged for a concert. "This is their party, Tally!" Winchester opened the doors of the old teak-wood cabinet which housed the apparatus. Thalia sank back into the shadows of a wing chair, and I watched her over my cigarette. Off guard, she had relaxed into strange apathy. Was it the firelight or my unaccustomed Char-treuse? Her features seemed blurred as if a clumsy hand trying to trace a drawing made uncertain outlines. Strange groans and whirrs from the radio.

"Win, I can't stand it!" Her voice dragged from some great distance. "Not to-night." She swayed to her feet, her hands restless under the loose sleeves.

"Static," growled Winchester. "Wait a minute."

"No!" Again it was as if vitality flowed into her. "Come, children. You have had your party. Time to go upstairs. I'll go with you."

They were well trained, I thought. Kisses for their father, a curtsy from Dorothy for me, and a grave little hand extended by Fletcher. Then Winchester came toward the fire as the three of them disappeared.

"You're good for Thalia," he said, in an undertone. "She's—well, what do you make of her?"

"Why?" I fenced, unwilling to indulge him in my vague anxieties.

"You saw how she acted about the radio. She has whims like that. Funny, she was herself at dinner. Last week she gave a dinner for me, important affair, pulled it off brilliantly. Then she shuts herself up and won't open her door for days. I can't make it out. She's thin—"

"Have you had a doctor?" I asked, banally.

"That's another thing. She absolutely refuses. Made a fool of me when I brought one here. Wouldn't unlock her door. Says she just wants to rest. But—" he glanced toward the door—

"do you know that fool on the bridge . . . that little runt? The other night, I swear I saw him rushing down the steps as I came home. Thalia just laughed when I asked about it."

Something clicked in my thoughts, a quick suspicion, drawing a parallel between her conduct and that of people I had seen in the East. Was it some drug? That lethargy, and the quick spring into vitality? Days behind a closed door—

"I wish you'd persuade her to go off for a few weeks. I'm frightfully pressed just now, in an important business matter, but if she'd go off—maybe you'd go with her?"

"Where, Winchester?" We both started, with the guilt of conspirators. Thalia came slowly into the room. "Where shall I go? Would you suggest—Atlantic City?"

"Perhaps. Although some place farther south this time of year—" Winchester's imperturbability seemed to me far worse than some slight sign of embarrassment; it marked him as so rooted in successful deceit whether Thalia's inquiry were innocent or not. "If Mary would go with you. I can't get away just now."

"I shall not go anywhere until your deal goes through. Then—" Thalia seated herself again in the wing chair. The hand she lifted to her cheek, fingers just touching her temple beneath the soft drift of hair, seemed transparent against the firelight. "Have you told Mary about your deal? Winchester plans to be the most important man on Automobile Row." Was there mockery in her tone? "I can't tell you the details, but he's buying out all the rest."

"Don't be absurd. Not all of them. It's a big merging of companies, that's all."

"We entertain the lords at dinner, and in some mysterious way that smooths the merging. It makes a wife almost necessary."

"Invite Mary to the next shebang, and let her see how well you do it."

Winchester was irritated. "For all your scoffing, there's as much politics to being president of such a concern as of the United States."

"Yes, I'll invite Mary. Then she'll see that you don't really want to dispense with me—yet."

"Good God, I meant for a week or two."

As Winchester, lighting a cigarette, snapped the head from several matches in succession, I moved my chair a little backward, distressed. There was a thin wire of significance drawn so taut between the two that I felt at any moment it might splinter in my face.

"It's so lucky—" malice flickered on her thin face—"that you weren't hurt in that skid on the bridge, Mary. Winchester would just have tossed you in the river to conceal your body."

"If you're going over that again!" Winchester strode out of the room. As Thalia turned her head slightly to watch him, her face and throat had the taut rigidity of pain so great that it congeals the nerves.

I was silent. With Thalia I had never dared intrude except when she admitted me. In another moment she too had risen. "You'd better go home, Mary," she said, slowly. "I might tell you things you wouldn't care to live with."

I tried to touch her hand, but she retreated. If I had been wiser or more courageous, I might have helped her. I shall always have that regret, and that can't be much better to live with than whatever she might have told me. All I could say was stupidly, "Thalia, if there's anything I can do! You know I love you."

"Love? That's a strange word," she said, and her laugh in the quiet room was like the shrilling of a grasshopper on a hot afternoon. "One thing I will tell you." (She stood now on the stairway above me.) "Love has no power. It never shouts out across great space. Only fear and self-desire are strong."

Then she had gone, and the butler



appeared silently, to lead me to the little dressing room.

"The car is waiting for you, madam," he assured me, opening the door. I didn't want it, but Winchester was waiting, too, hunched angrily in a corner.

"That's the way she acts," he began. "Now you've seen her I'll talk about it. Thalia never bore grudges, you know that."

"It seems deeper than a grudge," I said cautiously.

"That reference to the . . . the accident. That's a careless remark I made. I don't even remember just what I said. Something entirely inconsequential. Just that it was damned lucky no one was hurt when I was putting this merger across. You know if it'd got in the papers it would have queered me. Wrecking my own car . . . there's always a suspicion you've been drinking. She picked it up and won't drop it. It's like a fixed idea. If you can suggest something. I want her to see a nerve specialist. What does she do behind that locked door?"

"What about Atlantic City?" I asked, abruptly. I saw his dark eyes bulge, trying to ferret out my meaning, there in the dusky interior of the car.

"A week there with you might do her good." That was all he would say, and I hadn't courage enough to accuse him, even in Thalia's name.

"At least you'll try to see her again," he said, as the car stopped in front of my apartment house.

I couldn't sleep that night. I felt that just over the edge of my squirming thoughts there lay clear and whole the meaning of it all, but I couldn't reach past thought. And then, stupidly enough, I couldn't get up the next day. Just a feverish cold, but the doctor insisted on a week in bed and subdued me with warnings about influenza.

I had begun to feel steady enough on my feet to consider venturing outside my apartment when the invitation

came, for a formal dinner at the Corson's. Scrawled under the engraving was a line, "Please come. T." I sent a note, explaining that I had been ill, and that I should come—the dinner was a fortnight away—unless I stayed too wobbly.

I meant that night to arrive properly with the other guests, but my watch, which had never before done anything except lose a few minutes a day, had gained an unsuspected hour. Perhaps the hands stuck—perhaps— Well, I was told I was early, Thalia was dressing, and only the children, home for the Christmas holidays, were available. So I went again to the nursery. Dorothy was as plump and unconcerned as ever, but Fletcher had a strained, listening effect and he looked too thin and white for a little boy. They were having their supper on a small table, and Fletcher kept going to the door, looking out into the hall. "Mother promised to come up," he said.

The maid cleared away their dishes, and Dorothy, who was in a beguiling mood, chose to sit on my lap and entertain me with stories. One was about Nug the terrier; he had been sent out to the country because Mother didn't like him any more.

"I think," interrupted Fletcher, "she likes him, but he has a queer notion about her."

"She doesn't like him," repeated Dorothy. Then she dismissed that subject, and Fletcher too, for curiosity about the old silver chain I wore. I didn't notice that the boy had slipped away, but he must have gone down stairs; for presently his fingers closed over my wrist, like a frightened bird's claw, and I turned to see him, trembling, his eyes dark with terror. He couldn't speak but he clawed at me, and I shook Dorothy from my knees and let him pull me out to the hall.

"What is it, Fletcher?" He only pointed down the stairway, toward his mother's door, and I fled down those stairs. *What* had the child seen?

"The door wasn't locked—" he gasped behind me—"I opened it very still and went in—"

I pushed it ajar. Thalia sat before her dressing table, with the threefold mirrors reiterating like a macabre symphony her rigid, contorted face. Her gown, burnished blue and green like peacock's feathers, sheathed her gaudily, and silver, blue, and green chiffon clouded her shoulders. Her hands clutched at the edge of the dressing table. For an instant I could not move, thrust through with a terror like the boy's. Then I stumbled across the room. Before I reached her, the mirrors echoed her long shudder, her eyelids dragged open, and I saw her stare at my reflection wavering toward her. Then her hands relaxed, moved quickly toward the crystal jars along the heavy glass of the table and, without a word, she leaned softly forward, to draw a scarlet line along her white lips.

"How cold it is in here," I said, stupidly, glancing toward the windows, where the heavy silk damask, drawn across, lay in motionless folds. "Fletcher said—" I was awkward, an intruder.

"He startled me." Her voice came huskily. She rouged her hollow cheeks. It was as if she drew another face for herself. "I didn't have time to lock the door." Then turning, she sought him out, huddled at the doorway, like a moth on a pin of fear. "It wasn't nice of you, Son. It's all right now. You see?" She rose, drawing her lovely scarf over her shoulders. "You should never open closed doors." She blew him a kiss from her finger tips. "Now run along and forget you were so careless."

The icy stir of air against my skin had ceased. I stared at her, my mind racing back over what I knew of various drugs and the stigmata of their victims. But her eyes were clear and undilated, a little piteous. "This," she said, "is the last time. I can't endure it." And then, with that amazing flood of vitality, as if a sudden connection had been made

and current flowed again, "Come, Mary. It is time we were down stairs."

I thought Fletcher peered over the railing as we went down. But a swift upward glance failed to detect him.

The dinner itself I don't remember definitely except that it glittered and sparkled, moving with slightly alcoholic wit through elaborate courses, while I sat like an abashed poor relation at a feast, unable to stop watching Thalia, wondering whether my week of fever had given me a tendency to hallucinations. At the end a toast was proposed, to Winchester Corson and his extraordinary success. "It's done, then?" Thalia's gaiety had sudden malice—as she looked across at Winchester, seating himself after a slightly pompous speech. "Sealed and cemented forever?"

"Thanks to his charming wife, too," cried a plump, bald man, waving his glass. "A toast to Mrs. Corson!"

Thalia rose, her rouge like flecked scarlet on white paper. One hand drew her floating scarf about her throat, and her painted lips moved without a sound. There was an instant of agitated discomfort, as the guests felt their mood broken so abruptly, into which her voice pierced, thin, high. "I . . . deserve . . . such a toast—"

I pushed back my chair and reached her side.

"I'll take her—" I saw Winchester's face, wine-flushed, angry rather than concerned. "Come, Thalia."

"Don't bother. I'll be all right—now." But she moved ahead of me so swiftly that I couldn't touch her. I thought she tried to close her door against me, but I was too quick for that. The silver candelabra still burned above the mirrors. "Mary!" Her voice was low again as she spoke a telephone number. "Tell him *at once*." She stood away from me, her face a white mask with spots of scarlet, her peacock dress ashimmer. I did as I was bid and when I had said, "Mrs. Corson wishes you at once," there was an emptiness where a



man's voice had come which suggested a sudden leap out of a room somewhere.

"I can never get in again!" Her fingers curled under the chiffon scarf. "Never! The black agony of fighting back— If he—" She bent her head, listening. "Go down to the door and let him in," she said.

I crept down the stairs. Voices from the drawing-room. Winchester was seeing the party through. Almost as I reached the door and opened it I found him there: the little doctor with the pointed beard. He brushed past me up the stairs. He knew the way, then! I was scarcely surprised to find Thalia's door fast shut when I reached it. Behind it came not a sound. Fletcher, like an unhappy sleepwalker, his eyes heavy, slipped down beside me, clinging to my hand. I heard farewells, churring of taxis and cars. Then Winchester came up the stairs.

"She's shut you out?" He raised his fist and pounded on the door. "I'm going to stop this nonsense!"

"I sent for a doctor," I said. "He's in there."

"Is it—" his face was puffy and gray—"that same fool?"

Then the door opened, and the man confronted us.

"It is over," he said.

"What have you done to her?" Winchester lunged toward the door, but the little man's lifted hand had dignity enough somehow to stop him.

"She won't come back again." He spoke slowly. "You may look if you care to."

"She's dead?"

"She died—months ago. There on the bridge. But you called to her, and she thought you wanted—*her*."

Winchester thrust him aside and strode into the room. I dared one glance and saw only pale hair shining on the pillow. Then Fletcher flung himself against me, sobbing, and I knelt to hold him close against the fear we both felt.

What Winchester saw I never knew. He hurled himself past us, down the stairs. And Thalia was buried with the coffin lid fast closed under the flowers.

## EPITAPH UPON A YOUNG SOLDIER

BY S. FOSTER DAMON

**H**E GAVE us all he never had  
 Wife, children, comrades myriad;  
 And all we have we cannot give  
 To make those unborn pleasures live.



# THE DECLINE OF CONVERSATION

BY ALBERT J. NOCK

THE more one thinks of it, the more one finds in Goethe's remark that the test of civilization is conversation. The common method of rating the civilization of peoples by what they have got and what they have done is really a poor one; for some peoples who have got much and done a great deal strike one at once as less civilized than others who have got little and done little. Prussia, for example, was relatively a poor State a century ago, while fifteen years ago it was rich and active; yet one would hardly say that the later Prussia was as civilized a country as the Prussia of Frederick's time. Somewhat the same might be said of Tudor England and modern England. The civilization of a country consists in the quality of life that is lived there, and this quality shows plainest in the things that people choose to talk about when they talk together, and in the way they choose to talk about them.

It can be taken for granted, I suppose, that man has certain fundamental instincts which must find some kind of collective expression in the society in which he lives. The first and fundamental one is the instinct of expansion, the instinct for continuous improvement in material well-being and economic security. Then there is the instinct of intellect and knowledge, the instinct of religion and morals, of beauty and poetry, of social life and manners. Man has always been more or less consciously working towards a state of society which should give collective expression to these instincts. If society does not give expression to them, he is dissatisfied and finds

life irksome, because every unused or unanswered instinct becomes a source of uneasiness and keeps on nagging and festering within him until he does something about it. Moreover, human society, to be permanently satisfactory, must not only express all these instincts, but must express them all in due balance, proportion, and harmony. If too much stress be laid on anyone, the harmony is interrupted, uneasiness and dissatisfaction arise and, if the interruption persists, disintegration sets in. The fall of nations, the decay and disappearance of whole civilizations, can be finally interpreted in terms of the satisfaction of these instincts. Looking at the life of existing nations, one can put one's finger on those instincts which are being collectively overdone at the expense of the others. In one nation the instinct of expansion and the instinct of intellect and knowledge are relatively overdeveloped; in another, the instinct of beauty; in another, the instinct of manners; and so on. The term *symphonic*, which is so often sentimentally applied to the ideal life of society, is really descriptive; for the tendency of mankind from the beginning has been towards a functional blending and harmony among these instincts, precisely like that among the choirs of an orchestra. It would seem, then, that the quality of life in any society means the degree of development attained by this tendency. The more of these instincts that are satisfied, and the more delicate the harmony of their interplay, the higher and richer is the quality of life in that society; and it is the lower and poorer according as it sat-



isfies fewer of these instincts and permits disharmony in their interplay.

American life has long been fair game for the observer. Journalistic enterprise now beats up the quarry for the foreigner and brings it in range for him from the moment the ship docks, or even before; and of late the native critic has been lending a brisk hand at the sport. So much, in fact, has been written about the way we live, how we occupy ourselves, how we fill up our leisure, the things we do and leave undone, the things we are likely to do and likely to leave undone, that I for one would never ask for another word on such matters from anybody. As a good American, I try to keep up with what is written about us, but it has become rather a dull business and I probably miss some of it now and then, so I cannot say that no observer has ever made a serious study of our conversation. In all I have read, however, very little has been made of the significance of the things we choose to talk about and our ways of talking about them. Yet I am sure that Goethe's method would give a better measure of our civilization than any other, and that it would pay any observer to look into it. For my own part, ever since I stumbled on Goethe's observation—now more than twenty years ago—I have followed that method in many lands. I have studied conversation more closely than any other social phenomenon, picking up from it all the impressions and inferences I could, and I have always found that I got as good results as did those whose critical apparatus was more elaborate. At least, when I read what these critics say about such peoples as I know, especially my own, they seem to tell me little with which I was not already acquainted.

## II

Speaking as Bishop Pontoppidan did about the owls in Iceland, the most significant thing that I have noticed about conversation in America is that there is

so little of it, and as time goes on there seems less and less of it in my hearing. I miss even so much of the free play of ideas as I used to encounter years ago. It would seem that my countrymen no longer have the ideas and imagination they formerly had, or that they care less for them, or that for some reason they are diffident about them and do not like to bring them out. At all events, the exercise of ideas and imagination has become unfashionable. When I first remarked this phenomenon I thought it might be an illusion of advancing age, since I have come to years when the past takes on an unnaturally attractive color. But as time went on the fact became unmistakable and I began to take notice accordingly.

As I did so a long-buried anecdote floated to the top of my mind and has remained there ever since. I am reminded of it daily. Years ago Brand Whitlock told me the story of an acquaintance of his—something in the retail clothing way—junior partner in a firm whose name I no longer remember, so for convenience we will make acknowledgments to Mr. Montague Glass and call it Maisener and Finkman. Mr. Finkman turned up at the store one Monday morning, full of delight at the wonderful time he had had at his partner's house the evening before—excellent company, interesting conversation, a supreme occasion in every respect. After dinner, he said—and such a dinner!—"we go in the parlor and all the evening until midnight we sit and talk it business."

Day after day strengthens the compulsion to accept Mr. Finkman as a type. This might be thought a delicate matter to press, but after all, Mr. Finkman is no creation of one's fancy, but on the contrary he is a solid and respectable reality, a social phenomenon of the first importance, and he accordingly deserves attention both by the positive side of his preferences and addictions and by the negative side of his distates. I am farthest in the world from

believing that anything should be "done about" Mr. Finkman, or that he should be studied with an ulterior view either to his disparagement or his uplift. I am unequivocally for his right to an unlimited exercise of his likes and dislikes, and his right to get as many people to share them as he can. All I suggest, is that the influence of his tastes and distastes upon American civilization should be understood. The moment one looks at the chart of this civilization one sees the line set by Mr. Finkman, and this line is so distinct that one cannot but take it as one's principal lead. If one wishes to get a measure of American civilization, one not only must sooner or later take the measure of Mr. Finkman's predilections, but will save time and trouble by taking it at the outset.

As evidence of the reach of Mr. Finkman's influence on the positive side, I notice that those of my American acquaintance whose interests are not purely commercial show it as much as others. Musicians, writers, painters, and the like seem to be at their best and to enjoy themselves most when they "talk it business." In bringing up the other instincts into balance with the instinct of expansion, such persons as these have an advantage, and one would expect to see that advantage reflected in their conversation much more clearly and steadily than it is. Where two or three of them were gathered together, one would look for a considerable play of ideas and imagination, and one would think that the instinct of expansion—since one perforce must give so much attention to it at other times—might gladly be let off on furlough. But I observe that this is seldom the case. For the most part, like Mr. Finkman, these people begin to be surest of themselves, most at ease and interested, at the moment when the instinct of expansion takes charge of conversation and gives it a directly practical turn.

One wonders why this should be so. Why should Mr. Finkman himself, after six days' steady service of the instinct

of expansion, be at his best and happiest when he yet "talks it business" on the seventh? It is because he has managed to drive the whole current of his being through the relatively narrow channel set by the instinct of expansion. When he "talks it business," therefore, he gets the exhilarating sensè of drive and speed. A millstream might thus think itself of more consequence than a river; probably the Iser feels more importance and exhilaration in its narrow leaping course than the Mississippi in filling all the streams of its delta. By this excessive simplification of existence Mr. Finkman has established the American formula of success. He makes money, but money is his incidental reward; his real reward is in the continuous exhilaration that he gets out of the processes of making it. My friends whose interests are not exclusively commercial feel the authority of the formula and share in the reward of its obedience. My friend A for example, writes a good novel. His instincts of intellect, beauty, morals, religion, and manners, let us say, all have a hand in it and are satisfied. He makes enough out of it to pay him for writing it, and so his instinct of expansion is satisfied. But he is satisfied, not exhilarated. When on the other hand, his publisher sells a hundred thousand copies of another novel, he is at once in the American formula of success. The novel may not have much exercised his sense of intellect, beauty, morals, religion, and manners—it may be, in other words, an indifferent novel—but he is nevertheless quite in Mr. Finkman's formula of success and he is correspondingly exhilarated. He has crowded the whole stream of his being into the channel cut by the instinct of expansion, and his sensations correspond to his achievement.

Thus by his positive action in establishing the American formula of success, Mr. Finkman has cut what the Scots call a "monstrous cantle" out of conversation. Conversation depends upon a copiousness of general ideas and an



imagination able to marshal them. When one "talks it business," one's ideas may be powerful, but they are special; one's imagination may be vigorous, but its range is small. Hence proceeds the habit of particularizing—usually, too, by way of finding the main conversational staple in personalities. This habit carries over, naturally, into whatever excursions Mr. Finkman's mind is occasionally led to make outside the domain of the instinct of expansion; for his disuse of imagination and general ideas outside this sphere disinclines him to them and makes him unhandy with them. Thus it is that conversation in America, beside its extreme attenuation, presents another phenomenon. On its more serious side it is made up almost entirely of particularization and, on its lighter side, of personalities.

These characteristics mark the conversation of children and, therefore, may be held to indicate an extremely immature civilization. The other day a jovial acquaintance who goes out to dinner a good deal told me a story that brings out this point. It seems he had just been hearing bitter complaints from a seasoned hostess who for years has fed various assorted contingents of New York's society at her board. She said that conversation at her dinner-table had about reached the disappearing-point. She had as much trouble about getting her guests into conversation as one has with youngsters at a children's party, and all the conversation she could prod out of them nowadays, aside from personalities, came out in the monotonous minute-gun style of particular declaration and perfunctory assent.

"She's right about that," my friend went on. "Here's a *précis* of the kind of thing I hear evening after evening. We go in to dinner talking personalities, no matter what subject is up. The theater—we talk about the leading lady's gowns and mannerisms, and her little ways with her first husband. Books—we hash over all the author's rotten press-agentry from the make of

his pajamas to the way he does his hair. Music—we tell one another what a dear love of a conductor Kaskowhisky is and how superior in all respects to von Bugghaus, whose back isn't half as limber. Damned quacks actually you know, both of them. Good Lord, man, can you wonder that this country killed Mahler and put Karl Muck in jail?"

"Well, we sit down at the table. Personalities taper off with the end of the soup. Silence. Then some puffy old bullfrog of a banker retrieves his nose out of his soup cup, stiffens up, coughs behind his napkin, and looks up and down the line. 'Isn't it remarkable how responsibility brings out a man's resources of greatness? Now who would have thought two years ago that Calvin Coolidge would ever develop into a great leader of men?'"

"*Guests, in unison, acciaccato*—'Uh-huh.'"

"Next course. Personalities pick up a little and presently taper off again. Somebody else stiffens up and pulls himself together. 'Isn't it splendid to see the great example that America is setting in the right use of wealth? Just think, for instance, of all the good that Mr. Rockefeller has done with his money.'"

"*Guests, fastoso*—'Uh-huh.'"

My lively friend may have exaggerated a little—I hope so—but his report is worth an observer's careful notice for purposes of comparison with what one hears oneself. His next remark is worth attention as bringing out still another specific characteristic of immaturity.

"But what goes against my grain," he continued, "is that if you pick up some of this infernal guff and try to pull it away from the particular and personal, and to make real conversation of it, they sit on you as if you were an enemy of society. Start the banker on a discussion of the *idea* of leadership—what it means, what the qualifications for leadership are, and how far any President can go to fill the bill—how far any of them has ever gone to fill it—and all

he'll do is to grunt and say, 'I guess you must be some sort of a Red, ain't you?' A bit of repartee like that gets him a curtain call from the rest every time. It's a fine imaginative lot that I train with, believe me! I have sat at dinner-tables in Europe with every shade of opinion, I should say, and in one way or another they all came out. That's what the dinner was got up for. How can you have any conversation if all you are expected to do is to agree?"

### III

It is a mark of maturity to differentiate easily and naturally between personal or social opposition and intellectual opposition. Everyone has noticed how readily children transfer their dislike of an opinion to the person who holds it, and how quick they are to take umbrage at a person who speaks in an unfamiliar mode or even with an unfamiliar accent. When the infant-minded Pantagruel met with the Limosin who spoke to him in a Latinized macaronic jargon, he listened a while and then said, "What devilish language is this?—by the Lord, I think thou art some kind of heretic." Mr. Finkman's excessive simplification of life has made anything like the free play of ideas utterly incomprehensible to him. He never deals with ideas except such limited and practical ones as may help get him something, and he cannot imagine anyone ever choosing, even on occasion, to do differently. When he "talks it business," the value of ideas, ideals, opinions, sentiments is purely quantitative; putting any other value on them is a waste of time. Under all circumstances, then, he tends to assume that other people measure the value of their ideas and opinions as he does his, and that they employ them accordingly; and hence, like my friend's banker, when someone tries to lead up into a general intellectual sparring for mere points, he thinks he is a dangerous fellow with an ax to grind.

This puts the greatest imaginable restraint upon conversation, a restraint which betrays itself to the eye of the observer in some rather odd and remarkable ways. I have been much interested, for example, to see that the conversion of conversation into mere declaratory particularization has lately been taken up in a commercial way. One reads advertisements of enterprising people who engage to make you shine in conversation. They propose to do this by loading you up with a prodigious number of facts of all kinds, which you can fire off at will from the machine-gun of your memory. On this theory of conversation, a statistician with Macaulay's memory is the ideal practitioner of social amenities; and so indeed, with Mr. Finkman's sensibilities in view, he would be.

Another odd manifestation of this restraint is the almost violent eagerness with which we turn to substitutes for conversation in our social activities. Mr. Finkman must not be left alone in the dark with his apprehensions a moment longer than necessary. After such a dinner as my debonair friend described it is at once necessary to "do something"—the theater, opera, cabaret, dancing, motoring, or what not—and to keep on doing something as long as the evening lasts. It is astonishing to see the amount of energy devoted to keeping out of conversation; "doing something" has come to be a term of special application. Almost every informal invitation reads, "to dinner, and then we'll do something." It is even more astonishing to see that this fashion is followed by persons whose intelligence and taste are sufficient, one would think, to put them above it. Quite often one finds oneself going through this routine with persons quite capable of conversation, who would really rather converse, but who go through it apparently because it is the thing to go through. When this happens, one marvels at the reach and the authority of Mr. Finkman's predictions—yet there they are.



My friend was right in saying that conversation is managed differently in Europe. I was reminded of this not long ago, when the German airship made its great flight to this country. Everyone remembers the vast amount of public interest in this event, and how the pilot of the airship, Doctor Eckener, was fêted and fussed over from one end of the country to the other. Three or four days after the landing, a friend of mine, a German banker, asked me to luncheon at his house. There were four of us: Doctor Eckener, his assistant, our host, and myself. We talked for something over two hours, largely about music, a good deal about the geography and history of the region around Friedrichshafen, and for half an hour, perhaps, about European public affairs. From first to last not one word was said about the flight of the airship or about the business of aviation or about the banking business. The conversation was wholly objective and impersonal; each one spoke his mind, and none of us felt any pressure towards agreement. I remember that I myself put out some pretty heretical opinions about the structure of music-drama. No one agreed with me, but no one dreamed of transferring to myself the brunt of his objections to my opinion.

This kind of thing gives the impression of maturity and, as far as my experience goes, it is as common in Europe as it is uncommon here. There has been much comment lately upon the attraction that Europe exerts upon certain American types. I am led to wonder if it be not perchance the attraction of maturity. Children may be delightful, may be interesting, may be ever so full of promise, and one may be as fond of them as possible—and yet when one has them for warp and filling, one must get a bit bored with them now and then, in spite of oneself. I have had little to do with children, so I speak under correction; but I should imagine that one would become bored with their intense simplification of life, their tendency to drive the

whole current of life noisily through one channel, their vehement reduction of all values to that of quantity, their inability to take any but a personal view of anything. But just these are the qualities of American civilization as indicated by the test of conversation. They inhere in Mr. Finkman and are disseminated by his influence to the practical exclusion of any other. I can imagine, then, that one might in time come to be tired of them and to wish oneself in surroundings where man is accepted as a creature of "a large discourse, looking before and after," where life is admittedly more complex and its current distributed in more channels—in other words, where maturity prevails.

One is impressed, I think, by the way this difference is repeatedly brought out in ordinary conversation in Europe and America—in the choice of things to talk about and in the way people talk about them. I am impressed by it even in conversation with children, though as I said, due allowance ought to be made for the fact that my experience with children is not large. Yet even so, I do not think it is special or exceptional. I have a friend, for instance, whom I go to see whenever I am in Brussels, and it is the joy of my life to play at sweethearts with his three daughters who range from seven to sixteen. My favorite is the middle one, a weedy and nonchalant charmer of twelve. She does not impress me as greatly gifted; I know several American girls who seem naturally abler. But in conversation with her I detect a power of disinterested reflection, an active sense of beauty and an active sense of manners, beyond any that I ever detected in American children; and these contribute to a total effect of maturity that is agreeable and striking.

#### IV

An observer passing through America with his mind deliberately closed to any impressions except those he received

from conversation could make as interesting a conjectural reconstruction of our civilization as the palæontologists with an armful of bones make of a dinosaur. He would postulate a civilization which expresses the instinct of expansion to a degree far beyond anything ever seen in the world; but which does not express the instinct of intellect and knowledge, except as regards instrumental knowledge, and is characterized by an extremely defective sense of beauty, a defective sense of religion and morals, a defective sense of social life and manners. Its institutions reflect faithfully this condition of excess and defect. A very brief conversation with Mr. Finkman would enable one to predicate almost precisely what kind of schooling he considered an adequate preparation for life, what kind of literature he thought good enough for one to read, plays for one to see, architecture to surround oneself with, music to listen to, painting and sculpture to contemplate. It would be plain that Mr. Finkman had succeeded in living an exhilarating life from day to day without the aid of any power but concentration—without reflection, without ideas, without ideals, and without any but the most special emotions—that he thought extremely well of himself for his success, and was disposed to be jealous of the peculiar type of institutional life which had enabled it or conduced to it. The observer, therefore, would postulate a civilization marked by an extraordinary and inquisitorial intolerance of the individual and a corresponding insistence upon conformity to pattern. For in general, it is reflection, ideas, ideals, and emotions that set off the individual, and with these Mr. Finkman has had nothing to do; he has got on without them to what he considers success, and hence he sees no need of them, distrusts them, and thinks there must be a screw loose with

the individual who shows signs of them.

There is a pretty general consensus among observers that this picture corresponds in most respects with the actual civilization of the United States, and many of them deplore the correspondence. I do not deplore it. It seems to me important that Mr. Finkman should have room according to his strength, that he should be unchecked and unhampered in directing the development of American civilization to suit himself. I believe it will be a most salutary experiment for the richest and most powerful nation in the world to give a long, fair, resolute try-out to the policy of living by the instinct of expansion alone. If the United States cannot make a success of it, no nation ever can, and none, probably, will ever attempt it again. So when critics denounce our civilization as barbarous, I reply that, if so, a few generations of barbarism are a cheap price for the result. Besides, Mr. Finkman may prove himself right; he may prove that man can live a full and satisfying inner life without intellect, without beauty, without religion and morals, and with but the most rudimentary social life and manners, provided only he has unlimited exercise of the instinct of expansion, and can drive ahead in the expression of it with the whole force of his being. If Mr. Finkman proves this, he will have the laugh on many like myself who at present have the whole course of human history behind our belief that no such thing can be done. But this is a small matter. The important thing is that we should then have a new world peopled by a new order of beings not at all like ourselves, but by no means devoid of interest on that account. So, whether the result be in success or in failure, the great American experiment—for just this *is* the great American experiment—seems to me wholly worth while.





# MEN IN POLITICS

AS A WOMAN SEES THEM

BY EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

*Vice-Chairman, Democratic National Committee*

"IT CAN'T be done. Women in politics?" he repeated. "Old stuff now. It's no more interesting than men in politics."

"And why aren't men in politics interesting?" I asked. "Why not?"

"Because there's nothing new about them . . ."

"Oh, but there is," I interrupted. "There's something very new. There's the way they appear to us women now that we are in politics and can see them from the inside. That's something very new."

"And how do they look?" he asked.

There came to mind what I once heard a woman politician say, "Men in Politics are just like ostriches. They stick their heads in the sand and think what they want to think. For instance, when we went into the war in 1917 my political leader said to me, 'Cut out the politics and get into war work. We'll win the war and stay in power for thirty years.' I told him he was wrong, that we'd need organization as we never had before, that we were making enemies every day. But he shut his eyes and became a dollar-a-year man and was defeated, just as I knew he would be." Since I've had an inside view myself of these Men in Politics I've often wondered if this ostrichlike quality was responsible for the tribute paid to the Gods of Propriety.

For instance, that meeting of a National Committee called to depose a National Chairman. It took two days

and a night of negotiation to reach a compromise. But when the meeting was called the deposed thanked the Committee for its "co-operation and fairness," and his enemies responded by eulogizing his "services to the party." That oratory with which an aspirant puts away the kingly crown which everyone present knows he itches to grasp; those protestations that only loyalty to party could persuade the speaker to accept the honor for which he has pulled every string possible; the generosity which refuses a salary and turns in an expense account larger than any year's income—these and other bits of political "business" are they, too, due to this habit? Perhaps we women have no "sense of political morality and so don't know where the line is drawn," as one Senator explained the actions of another. At any rate we've found that our willingness to call a spade a spade even when using it seems a terrible shock to the men users of the same implement!

## II

Once I was listening to a group of women discuss how they could best use the vote. "If we stay out of the parties," asked one of them, "won't the parties do their utmost to win our vote; won't they compete with each other by offering us good candidates and the right stand on issues?"

Scornfully the same woman politician answered, "Politics is not fishing."

Men don't choose candidates as bait. They play a game. And they don't stack the cards either. They make the most of the cards that fall. To win against a good hand with a poor one is their keenest joy.

"I know what I'm talking about," she said. "I started out with the same idea you have. When the men asked for my opinion I always outlined a carefully thought-out plan designed to take care of every possible emergency. Did they listen to me? They did not. They said, 'Let's wait and see what happens.'"

"Of course, how they play their cards depends upon their knowledge of how people will react, of what will happen. And some guess better than others. That's why politics is more like poker than bridge."

The commonly accepted idea that men in politics subordinate every natural reaction to the one of winning, women have found to be far from the truth. To our surprise we discover that what really determines their political tactics is their love of a fight.

Perhaps I use too harsh a word. Perhaps a psychologist would call it their urge to excel, to stand ahead of the herd, or something like that. Certainly it is the result of the age-long fight that men have had to make to get their share, or more, of a livelihood. A biologist might say it is the result of the struggle to survive. A moralist would probably say it was the sin of greed. The fact is that it is there. And the result carried to the nth degree is a Madison Square Garden Convention. Yet the instincts are equally in play, motivating the action, determining the moves, even in a Republican-controlled Senate.

A learned leader of an educational organization once submitted to me a folder designed to teach women to "know their parties." She had assumed that a political party had a constitution, by-laws, a program, and a body of principles to which its members subscribed, and that thereafter it devoted

itself to writing these principles into law.

The truth is that each political party in this country is a "tug of war," two different groups of men contending for its control. As sometimes one group wins control of the party and sometimes another, it is impossible for the party to present a continuous or consistent policy. We join a party in order to add our strength to one end of the rope or the other. The party's constitution is the will of that group which succeeds temporarily in pulling the other across the line, and its policy is just as much of this group's idea as it can force upon the other without making it drop the rope.

I do not mean to imply that women will not fight. They often do, but few of them love a fight merely for a fight's sake, and consequently they do not organize their activities on the contest-of-strength method.

Nor do I wish to seem to set women's methods against men's to the disadvantage of the latter. But I can only show how men's methods appear to women by showing something of the contrast between these methods.

In another article I have given it as my opinion that there is no dividing line between the brains and opinions of men and women; but opinions and methods are very different things. The social experiences of men and women have been so different that they have accustomed them to very different methods of work, methods which they bring into their political and social activities.

From the beginning men have accomplished ends by competition with one another. Women have accomplished their ends by program. By competition with other men, man gains his living. By program woman does her housework and rears her family. It was as natural, then, that woman should organize her social work on the program method as that man should organize his political work on the competitive method. Now that women have come into politics, this contrast



between their methods and men's is apparent not only to leaders of women's organizations but to the members in the villages, not only to them but to the home woman herself.

Women have had their own organizations for many years—clubs, leagues, lodges, guilds, councils, home and foreign missionary societies, and patriotic organizations such as the D.A.R. and U.D.C., where "Organization" means the uniting of a like-minded group to put over a program of work under definite rules of procedure. As nearly every woman with any interest whatever in politics has had training in one or more of these organizations, she brings this idea of organization with her into politics. Small wonder that she is amazed to find a new technic that is outside all her experience.

An example will show what I mean. The Democratic women in a certain commonwealth that must be nameless wanted to organize for their party, so they got together the official leaders and some others, and decided upon a state organization of clubs. Their purpose was to gather their party women together before the primary campaign, teach them the things the party stood for, interest them in Democratic principles, the tariff, States Rights, Industrial Regulation, and Social Welfare, and inform them on party affairs so they could cast votes based on information. It was specifically stated that no effort would be made to interest them in any one of the candidates asking for the party's nomination, although all such candidates could appear before the Clubs. Immediately this organization was announced, headquarters was flooded with demands that the women be stopped, that all organization cease until after the primaries. The men insisted that the organization was undoubtedly working in the interest of one or the other of the candidates and that this was not "fair." The women protested, "We are not supporting or opposing any candidate for the nomi-

nation. What we want to do is to unite on fundamental party principles, give every candidate seeking our party's nomination a chance to appear before us, and leave the women to vote for the man they like best."

Not to this day do those men believe the women were telling the truth. This same thing has happened in other states and in both parties. In fact, whenever and wherever there is a fight for the nomination, the candidates oppose all pre-primary organization of women.

And the reason is clear. Every political organization is to men a battleground and they cannot understand a club in which women will work for a program regardless of candidates.

A state convention offered another example of it. The various women delegates grouped together and asked one another, "Whom do we want for National Committeewoman?" They were almost unanimous for one woman. But at the last moment another candidate was sprung upon the convention. Her home city voted for her and there was a scattering of votes from other districts. Someone asked the man who nominated her why she was proposed in face of the popularity of the other woman. "I don't believe in giving anyone a cinch," he said. "She ought to have to fight for it." It is often said in derogation of a candidate, "He wants everything handed to him. He's not a fighter."

### III

Consider, too, the difference between the conventions of women and men. Women's conventions are given up to pre-arranged programs designed to inform the delegates on subjects in which they are interested. Much time is allotted to discussion of methods, organization, publicity, and money raising; comparatively little to elections and resolutions.

How different a political convention where the begin-all and end-all is the selection of the party's nominee, or

delegates, or whatever it is the convention is called to select. Even the resolutions or "platform" are secondary to that. All discussion is incidental to these two things and not intended by anyone as information. The convention is frankly a battleground. And this even when the fighting is done outside the convention hall.

Even the framing of the platform is done after the fight-game method. There is a battle for the chairman, and a battle to get an item or two on the platform. Said a woman to me after the conventions of 1924, "I've learned one thing: to make our planks worth while to the men we must organize a fight over them."

Women's conventions, on the other hand, like their housework, are done with system. That is why women do not understand the wild scramble for tickets at a National Political Convention. They would have so many tickets allotted to each committee member, each delegate, each candidate, and the rule would be as fixed as that of the Medes and Persians. Did you ever try to get into a woman's meeting when entrance was by ticket? There were no "fixed" doorkeepers, no "influenced" policemen. I remember that when President Wilson spoke to the National Woman's Suffrage Convention at Atlantic City in 1916 every door was guarded, every ticket was counted, and each woman was instructed just how to come in and where to show her ticket and where her badge. More than one prominent woman who had lost her ticket or had given it to a friend, thinking she could get in by her badge or her face, was bitterly disappointed.

But the difficulty men make over tickets—the same at every convention, Democratic and Republican, and I've attended both—is due to the fact that they prefer the fight-game method. It is more interesting to delegates to see if they can't get more than the next fellow; to rooters and managers to see if they can't get more for their workers

than their opponents for their henchmen. It would ruin everything to have it all reduced to a system. Why, the Chairman of the Ticket Committee would become a mere servant instead of an autocrat, and what fun it is to fight for that Chairmanship and win it for your candidate! The same thing is true of convention patronage. The women would have that too systematically indexed, so many appointees to a committee member and *no more*.

Said a woman leader to me about one of the recent conventions, "The system is grab for all you can get, asking for ten times what you have a right to in order to shave it down to five times what you should have. I started out with an idea that we were trustees for the rest of the Committee. I soon found out that it was intentionally designed that each committee member should be the center of a fight and there must be a contest of strength or wits over everything."

Can anyone imagine a woman's convention standing for such a procedure? The Committee would have been dismissed the first day of the Convention.

#### IV

Women are particularly horrified at the lack of co-ordination in political organization. For instance, there is a National Committee in each major political party. There is also a National Congressional Committee and in one, at least, a Senatorial Committee. The line of demarcation between the functions of these three committees is so dim that I've never been able to trace it. In addition, each state has a State Committee utterly independent of and disconnected from these other Committees. In many states the members of the State Committees and the members of the National Committee are elected by entirely different groups, so that they may, and frequently do, represent opposing factions. The duty of the National Committee is to carry



the National ticket, which it can only do by carrying the States, yet the State Committee is the sole party authority in the State. Imagine the result! It is a game of catch-as-catch-can between the two committees, unless indeed the National Committee is able to subsidize the State Committee by supplying it with funds, which is what usually happens in the political party that commands the funds. In some States the National Committeeman is the State Committee's "angel." Then he has no difficulty in "harmonizing" the functions of the two committees. In others he makes war upon them. In still others he does their bidding. I shall not go into what this does to the political fortunes of presidential nominees. One can readily see what happens to the National ticket if a State Committee is more interested in the election of a Governor than of a President. On the whole, however, the men have worked out a sort of politicians' agreement. There is an understanding about their zones of influence. With not a few exceptions they "get along."

Women do not understand this kind of organization. They think there should be one central authority and that each piece of the machinery should fit into a special place. But then they do not realize that such a system would not satisfy the fighting instincts of the men, for it would limit the opportunities for a contest of strength. They could only fight for the leadership, they could not keep on fighting to make their committee count.

Once I drew a chart of the political organization for my women. They nearly fainted. They did not see how any organization could function where there was a hiatus between the State and the National groups. Of course, the whole system grew like Topsy, but it grew because the men like it that way! It makes politics more interesting to them. It offers unlimited opportunity for power to him who knows how to grasp it; for no matter what the place

he holds, a strong man can wield power. A mere committeeman may be more powerful than the State Chairman, he may in fact boss the State Chairman and, in many states, does. A woman is not trained to grasp power. Her method is to get herself elected to a position that confers authority on her. Thus we have women rushing after political so-called "honors" that men sneer at, not realizing that the "Commissioner," with only a small political place, may be the leader of the party while the Chairman may be but his man-servant. And we have the men smiling at the women, thinking the women prefer place to power and saying that they love the limelight and the front page more than do men. They don't. They thought the place would give them the power. That is why women are so insistent upon precedence and upon receiving all the recognition due the office. A woman may be modesty itself in her personal character, but make her a Chairman, and she will insist upon being treated as a Chairman. And she should if she knows women. "The only criticism I have of Mrs. X," said one woman politician, "is that she is too retiring. She should insist upon her rights more. She should assert her authority."

Women's idea of organization is federation. They have a group of women in each locality. Representatives of these groups form a state group. Representatives of the state form the national group. There is one leader for all, and the whole organization interlocks.

I'm not prepared to say that a political party could be organized in this fashion. What a political party is after are plums, county recorderships, probate judgeships, governorships, presidencies; and the man who wants the county recordership finds it just as important to him as is the presidency to the man who wants it. Would he ever then become a cog in a wheel to help the other man get the presidency? I doubt

it. The most perfectly working political machine in the world is undoubtedly Tammany Hall. I doubt if history could prove that the men who wanted street cleaning jobs are cogs in the wheel to elect a President. It is true that political parties do stand for political principles. I'm not prepared to say here what part the plum tree plays in determining this form of party organization. I am merely reporting how the men in politics look to us women. They look like gladiators. We find them fighting animals. And we find their organization based on competition, on the contest method.

We see this in their gang spirit. We see it in their leaders. We had forgotten the boy on the school ground who licked the other boys until they crowned him "Boss." The girls never acclaimed the girl that licked them. They hated her. The superior one who got the best grades, wore the best clothes, had the most beaux, made them feel small. But if there was a girl who would listen while they talked, keep a secret, answer the teacher for them, explain their delinquencies, share with them her spending money—her they adored. And now they find that the boys in politics still adore the bully, make him boss, and follow him uncritically. We women don't. We hate him even more for vanquishing us. If we were right he was wrong, and victory does not change the fact. But what the men are following is a symbol of the fighting spirit. It is more important to them than the thing they fought for.

This is why, I imagine, that men in politics seem to us women inconsistent. They are consistent with their motive rather than their object. We see them, for instance, refuse to place a Senator in the Foreign Relations Committee because of his opposition to his party's foreign policy, and then two years later, when conditions are not at all changed, give him the position. One year the men tell us that posterity stands or falls by our adoption of the League of Na-

tions, and the next year the same men say that nothing more must be said for it, and blithely follow those who rejected it.

Many women think men do this because victory's the thing to them, victory instead of principle. It is not so bad or simple as that. It is because to take away the rewards of fighting would spoil sportsmanship. The vanquished must be willing to cry enough, or why fight? In addition, they forget the cause of their difference in their admiration for the victor.

There are women who like fights and fighters. They followed Roosevelt. Ruth Hanna McCormick is a distinguished example of the type. Alice Roosevelt, another. But it remains to be seen if a woman of that type long holds leadership of women. Those who have must be able to fight, like Carrie Chapman Catt, but the purpose must be bigger to them than the fight itself.

I have been talking wholly of organization politics. But we women find the political organization of government just as confusing and—dare I say—incompetent. We see a system in which a party employs all its machinery to elect (for instance) Senator Borah, who opposes most of the items in its official platform; in which the Chairman of Organization, which is what the National Committee Chairman really is, may be in disagreement with his party's leader in the Senate, and the President it has nominated in disagreement with both. "What does party government mean," I have heard women say, "if it does not mean that parties are to govern? What good is party government without responsibility? Party government is either good or bad. If good it ought to be made to work; if bad, discarded."

## V

No article about men in politics is complete that does not say something about their attitude towards women. But no one article could contain all that



any woman who has worked with them, as I have done, has discovered about that. Their tolerance is beautiful. It is like that of the warrior, fighting to the death, who finds his battleground covered with pacifists. He may not thrust, he may not shoot, for fear of injuring one of these non-combatants, though he has a desperate suspicion that his opponent may not be so tender.

But there we are. Shall he stop and teach us to fight? But we shall want to change the rules. Shall he try to convert us to fighting? But may he not lose the contest while we are making up our minds? His decision is unanimous; to pretend we are not there.

I should like to pay my tribute to these men in politics. I've worked with them for six years. I've met every kind of man in politics from the ward heeler to the National leaders. I've sat on committees, the only woman. I've been with them on tours. I've seen them when their passions ran high. I've seen them in defeat and in success. And I've never yet seen one who was not the gentleman to me. I can say more than that. There has never been a time when if I asked any one of these men to do a personal favor for me, to give me patronage or tickets, or help me put something across, he would not have done it.

But when I asked for a place on the firing line, that was another matter. And yet I've never been angry at them. Not once. For I understand so well. It is as instinctive with them to fend off the pacifist female from their fighting game as it is for a fundamentalist to fend off a scientist. Something tells them, Beware!

If anyone expects me to verify H. G.

Wells' description of the politician as a "hairy brutish creature with a very large brain behind," he is doomed to disappointment. I've found them quite the contrary. Compared with other men, I rank the politician high. A little sentimental and emotional perhaps, but less ruthless than many bankers, less treacherous than many promoters, more generous than some tradesmen, even to his foe, more truthful than advertisers, with more integrity than those journalists who color their opinions to please their market, with a code of honor in which loyalty and courage and generosity rank high. If you do not believe it, recall how many times you've seen politicians go down under charges of treachery or cowardice or meanness. If such qualities were the usual thing, would they be grounds for scorn and elimination? What would be the effect of bringing them to bear against a successful business man or oil promoter?

Loyalty and courage and generosity, these are theirs—the qualities that make a warrior.

My earliest impression of men in politics was received at the tender age of seven when my father came home from a political meeting with a black eye, having been thrown out of the chair. I can see my mother now bandaging up his swollen eye before he hurried off to a Congressional Committee meeting. My last impression is of Madison Square Garden. If I went on for many pages I could say no more than this: Man is a fighting animal and he has organized politics in his own image. Whether politics will make women into a fighting animal or whether women will make politics into a club—that remains to be seen.

# Religion and Life

## TOLERANCE

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

ANYBODY who has gotten near enough to the churches during the last few years to know with what wild and whirling words many of the followers of Jesus have been assailing one another must wonder about the present estate of tolerance among us. "Toleration in Religion—the Best Fruit of the Last Four Centuries" was one of the inscriptions chosen by President Eliot, a generation ago, for the court of honor at a world's fair. If by toleration one means that folk are no longer whipped through the streets of Boston for being Baptists nor deprived of their ears because they are Quakers, we obviously have made some progress. But if by toleration one means the fine grace of tolerance, with its love of free field and fair play for divergent ideas, with its delight in independent diversities of opinion and its openminded endeavor to understand and appreciate them, with its willingness to include in fellowship and work folk of goodwill who exhibit many varieties of mind, then toleration is at a low ebb in America.

Some of this recrudescence of intolerance, against which even the President of the United States has publicly protested, may reasonably be ascribed to war's psychological effect. Tolerance of independent opinion is no virtue in war. From the day that hostilities are declared, truth, for its own sake, is at a discount, and the standardization and massing of public opinion so that everybody will think one thing is as important

as guns and ships. To that end, by fair means or foul, propaganda unifies the nation's mind, and every one who dares to differ is treated as a pariah. That was done in all the nations during the Great War, and it is not easy to sober up from so prolonged and so complete a debauch of intolerance.

There is more to be said about the matter, however, than this familiar, omnibus ascription of all our ills to the late conflict. Intolerance has a long history and it bids fair to have a prosperous future. Too many interests in human life are served by it to make it easy to outgrow. By intolerance of other people and their opinions men protect in comfort their sense of their own unique superiority; they save themselves from openmindedness and from the consequent, painful necessity of changing their ways of thought and life; they defend their racial, religious, or class prejudices which to them are sweeter than the honeycomb; they confirm their right to force their views as dogmatically as they are able on other folk; they achieve gangway for their pent pugnacity and, like the fabled Irishman, can freely ask about every fight concerning their views "whether it is private or whether anybody can get in." Intolerance is a very agreeable vice to its possessor. Moreover, it produces some powerful consequences. It was Martin Luther who said, "He who does not believe my doctrine is sure to be damned."

Obviously, therefore, the proper way



to begin a discussion of tolerance is by being tolerant of intolerance and trying to discover what good there may be in it. That it has driving power, supplies to its possessor persistence, obstinacy, doggedness, and fortitude is clear. Intolerant folk who have believed so singly in their own opinions that they have hated all others and have thought the holders of them damned have done some of the most momentous business ever prosecuted on this planet and, in comparison with them, the mild expositors of tolerance, willing to lend an ear to every opinion under heaven, have often seemed feebly to lack moral sinews and thighs. There is virtue as well as vice in narrowness. Men looked broadly at the heaven for many centuries without seeing what was going on there; it was only when they peered through the restricted slit of a telescopic lens that they saw what was afoot in the sky. So a certain exclusive, highly specialized, intolerant narrowness has characterized some of the greatest pioneers in thought and achievement. They were not, in any ordinary sense, openminded. They were terrific believers in some one thing which they saw clearly, and they often labored under the impression that any one who did not share their thought deserved perdition.

Tolerance would better beware, therefore, lest in calling itself a virtue and lording it over its opposite vice, it slip to a lower level even than intolerance and become feeble indifferentism. There is more hope in the Athanasian Creed with its damnatory clauses against all who disagree than in the futile sophism of neutrals to whom all ideas look alike. A distinguished visitor at the Mosque el Azhar in Cairo, headquarters of the most influential university of orthodox Islam, is said to have inquired concerning the cosmology taught there, whether they held that the earth went about the sun or that the sun went about the earth. "Your Excellency," said the obliging and amiable Moslem, "on that point we are entirely liberal—we teach both."

Granted, however, that a man does

have convictions, is inwardly and earnestly committed to ideas on whose truth he banks and causes for whose success he is sacrificially concerned, what shall be said about the amazing intolerance which to-day is exhibited in almost every area of American life?—the Ku Klux Klan hatred of Roman Catholics, Jews, and Negroes, the frequent and startling invasions of our constitutional guarantees of free speech, the itch for a standardized mental type, the earnest endeavor by law to impose upon everybody the moral customs of a group, the attempt to exclude evolution from the mental horizon of a whole state by forbidding its teaching in the public schools, the fundamentalist passion to enforce orthodox unanimity in the churches—in a word, this general and widespread distaste for intellectual individuality and independence, and this eager desire to make up other people's minds for them. That this is one of the most remarkable phenomena of our time must be clear. It presents a serious problem to all educational agencies working for a virile national life, and in particular, a crucial problem to religion.

THE temptation of religion to be intolerant is very strong, as all its history shows. In primitive days the welfare of the whole tribe was thought to depend on the favor of the gods, so that any religious irregularity on the part of an individual, which might displease the gods, imperiled the entire group. Tolerance, under such circumstances, meant social ruin. The unruly individual must be stamped out. Take him out and stone him was the entirely logical penalty in the brave days of the Old Testament, when anybody displayed careless disregard of tribal custom or dangerous originality in religion.

From that day to this religion has always had a hankering for uniformity and a deadly dislike for variety and difference. Considering the ideas of religion that have prevailed, this is natural. If religious truth is an inerrant, supernat-

ural revelation, if some book has been written in heaven like the golden plates of Mormon, or verbally inspired on earth, or if a church has been gifted with infallibility, then, of course, variety of opinion is synonymous with betrayal of the faith, and heresy and falsehood are the same thing. Under such circumstances the extirpation of heretics, by persuasion if possible, by force if necessary, can be made to seem a sacred duty. Any toleration of divergent opinions in religion, which being divergent must be false, and, being false, must destroy the souls of men, would be impiety. Indeed, under such a theory, the only true mercy to the community as a whole is to be merciless to heretics—more ruinous monsters by far than those who merely slay the body. In consequence, Roman Catholics and Protestants alike have exhausted the possibilities of mental duress and physical torture in compelling religious unanimity and, long after these American shores were colonized, men of our kind thought the whole idea of toleration in religion an invention of the devil.

We need not suppose, then, that having recently progressed to the point where old expressions of intolerance, the dungeon and the flaming stake, no longer are allowed, we thereby have left behind the thing itself or soon are likely to. Plenty of people still hold a theory of infallible authority in religion, think that they and their kind alone know what the infallible authority is and what it means, are sure that all others are beyond the pale of salvation and that their influence is endangering human souls. Plenty of people, therefore, are in a state of mind to think that tolerance of religious divergence is sin and that almost anything, allowed by the police, which will blacken the reputation and destroy the influence of another type of religion is a holy weapon to defend the faith. Even when so thorough-going a theory does not have its logical effect, an earnest man's religion is so precious to him, doubt of its unique and absolute truth is so unbearable, allowance of

equal privileges to competitors and rivals is so difficult, that we may expect to have intolerant religion among us for a long time to come.

NEVERTHELESS, the number of those to whom religious intolerance seems a barbarous survival is on the increase. The ascendancy of this new way of thinking will mark an unprecedented era in mankind's religious life and the basic ideas which underlie the position of this school of tolerance are at least worth the stating.

For one thing, intolerance to-day is not a sign of strong but of weak faith. It is the man who is sure of his wife who is free from jealousy and it is the man who is certain of his truth who can afford to be courteous to rival opinions. Said Milton in his *Areopagitica*, "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?" From that day to this trust in truth to win its own way, if given a fair statement and a free field, has become more and more a mark of the great believers. He who thinks that his gospel needs to be bolstered up by artificial enforcements, by heresy trials and excommunications, by personal discourtesy and defamation, does not really believe in the validity and power of his gospel. His reliance on the extraneous instruments of intolerance is a betrayal of his own unstable faith.

That this trust in truth, given a fair field, to make its unforced way, is not impractical idealism, the whole method of modern science makes clear. The typical scientist looks on intolerance as intellectual sin. Openmindedness, mental hospitality to fresh ideas, careful consideration of opposing views, willingness to keep fellowship in the same university or even in the same laboratory with those who differ—such attitudes are the scientist's *bushido*, his code of honor



and his pride. Science relies on no exclusive and final creeds, no heresy trials nor excommunications to settle differences of opinion. Bad blood enough, to be sure, exists between scientists because they are human, but it is taken for the ill-temper that it is and not for a holy method of defending truth. Here at least in one realm, and that the most influential in the modern world, the methods of intolerance have been in theory and to a surprising degree in practice eliminated.

But who, in consequence, would accuse scientists of having no convictions, of being feeble indifferentists and mental neutrals? As all the world knows, they are tremendous believers, whose assurance about the great outlines of truth evidentially arrived at is vigorous and creative, and who express themselves with decision and candor. Intolerance as a method of bolstering up science has been so largely dispensed with, not because of invading dubiousness and indifference, but because of increasing confidence and faith.

When will the churches learn that intolerance, whether personal or ecclesiastical, is an evidence of weakness?

**I**N THE second place, intolerance to-day, in spite of the dogmatic vigor it sometimes imparts to its possessors, is ineffective. It does nothing but damage to the cause it seeks to defend. Like Saul, the intolerant man or church falls on his own sword. Attack a heretic and you give him an audience. Condemn a book and everybody reads it. Stamp on the spark of an innovation and you spread the flame. Let an ecclesiastical body assail an idea and, if there is any truth in the idea, no professional propagandist could advertise it half so well. Let a state pass a law forbidding the teaching of evolution, and the universities report multiplied numbers of students studying biology, and more books on evolution are published and sold than ever before in the nation's history. All the apparent vic-

tories of intolerance to-day are Pyrrhic. No stranger spectacle for irony to look on is easily imaginable than our persistence in using the attitudes and methods of intolerance long after they have become suicidal to the user.

This inefficiency of intolerance, moreover, runs much deeper than its practical incompetence to kill an idea. The churches are supposed to be presenting Christ. If they are not they would better be, for he is their one supreme asset. But how can the churches present him controversially, commend him by pugnacity, make him who was "full of grace and truth" acceptable by dogmatic intolerance?

Wars have been waged for the glory of Christ, crusades have been bloodily forced through to victorious conclusions for his sake, persecutions have been mercilessly carried on to further his cause. Did any such methods ever do anything except obscure the real Christ in Stygian night and plunge the world fathoms deeper into Christlessness? And is it not plain that now, when we keep the same spirit and merely modify the weapons of our intolerance, we still are doing nothing for Christ and everything against him? We cannot commend the highest spiritual beauty and truth by the use of intolerant moods and bad tempers. We cannot exalt love by encouraging hate.

Tolerance is not a weak thing: it is the unconquerable ascendancy of personal goodwill over all differences of opinion. If that is not Christian, I do not know where to find Christianity. And what is more, it works. It is the principle of persuasion without which, in the long run, nothing else will work at all.

**I**N THE third place, intolerance involves a false and ruinous idea of the church. It presupposes that a church should be a group of people holding the same opinions in religion. That idea is so deep seated in most Christians that it will take many a year

to dislodge it. Get a pet idea in religion, desire ardently to make every one else agree, feel intolerant unwillingness to work with those who refuse to agree, organize a group of people likeminded with yourself to propagate your idea, exclude all others and set out to make up other people's minds for them as fast as possible—that has been the almost universal prescription for a church in Christendom.

The consequence is that to-day one hundred and eighty and more different kinds of Christians are organized in the United States to present their specialties, and the American people, as a whole, however much for tradition's and respectability's sake they may "join the church," are so little impressed by all these small dogmatisms and infallibilities that, as the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church fearfully noticed in their last pastoral, a large proportion of the children of this Christian nation "are growing up without religious influence or religious teaching of any sort."

The mistake involved in this suicidal procedure lies deep—the whole idea of the church is wrong. Uniformity of mind, which intolerance is always seeking, we cannot get; we should not want to get it. In union there is strength, but not in unanimity—there is death in that. All life, movement, vigor, progress spring from independence and variety. The church of the future can never be one of these unanimous sects, but rather a comprehensive communion, including in its fellowship, around the organizing center of a common devotion and a common purpose, the greatest possible variety of temperament and diversity of mind. When we have done our best in this direction we doubtless shall find still divergences of opinion so wide as to disrupt community of purpose and so make impossible co-operation in the same church. There still will be different organizations to express religion as there are different schools of philanthropy and medicine. But there will not be one hundred and eighty Chris-

tian varieties of them in America. Until tolerant inclusiveness takes the place of intolerant exclusiveness in the ideals of the denominations, there is little hope for the denominations at all. The church of the future will be the one that succeeds in being the most comprehensive.

**I**NTOLERANCE, therefore, is one of the great failures of history. It turns out at last to be an evidence of weak conviction, a suicidal method of propaganda, a destroyer of the churches by endless schism.

Let no one evade this truth on the ground that obviously there are some people altogether intolerable. Of course there are—murderers, and the state must give them short shrift; shysters, and law associations should have them disbarred; quacks, and the medical profession should show them up; hypocrites, making moral mockery of their Christian ministry, and the church should drive them out. In dealing with men of social illwill no one in his senses would plead for benevolent neutrality. The uses of righteous indignation are manifold. In this paper, however, we have been thinking of men of goodwill, sharing a common purpose and devotion, deeply concerned to further the interests of religion in the world, but widely differing in their opinions and, in that realm, the long and short of the matter is that intolerance has no contribution to offer. Even between Christians, Jews, Buddhists, and Mohammadans it has no contribution to offer. It can shed no light on the questions at issue. It brings nothing to a good end, but degenerates by inevitable stages into bitterness and blackguardism. As for its effects within Christianity, they are fatal. When will the churches, as a whole, find this out? When will Christ receive an adequate presentation to the world through a fraternal fellowship of various folk who in learning to be Christians have also learned to be gentlemen?





# THE PHILISTINE

A STORY

BY E. M. DELAFIELD

**H**E WAS rather a stolid little boy, but they did their very best with him.

He had, of course, exactly the same treats as the other children, the same pleasures, the same privileges. His toys and presents were better than theirs, if anything, because his aunt, in her heart of hearts, knew him to be less attractive than her own Cynthia and Jeremy and Diana.

For one thing, Colin wasn't as good-looking as they were, and for another, he was less intelligent. Cynthia, at nine years old, had a vivid, original mind, and the few people—but they were people who really knew—to whom Lady Verulam showed her little poems had seen great promise in them.

Jeremy, a year younger, had thick, tight curls of brown hair all over his head, beautiful, long-lashed brown eyes, and an adorable smile. His manners were perfect. He said things—innocent, naïve, irresistible things—about God, and the fairies, and how much he loved his mother.

Lady Verulam's youngest girl, Diana, was precociously intelligent too, with a delightfully extensive and grown-up vocabulary at five years old. She had straight, square-cut bobbed brown hair like Cynthia, but she was lovelier than either of the others, and her eyes were a pure, deep blue, fringed with long, curled black lashes.

All Lady Verulam's artist friends wanted to paint Diana, but only Sir Frederick Lorton, the best known por-

trait-painter in England, was allowed to do so. The portrait was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Colin was the only child of Lady Verulam's widowed brother-in-law, and he had been sent home to her from India when his mother died. He had been five years old then, and now he was eight.

He was a dear little boy, and Lady Verulam felt remorsefully that he might have been a *darling* little boy if it hadn't been that Cynthia and Jeremy and Diana unconsciously set such a very high standard of charm and intelligence. Intelligence counted for so very much, in that political-artistic section of society in which the Verulams lived. Most children of wealthy parents could be made tolerably pretty, after all, and if they weren't born with brains and personality they stood little chance of individual distinction.

Not that Colin hadn't got personality.

Lady Verulam, who was President of the Cult of the Children Society, and had written a little book about child-psychology, had studied Colin on his own merits, as it were. And she quite recognized that he had character, and even imagination, of a sort, although when the children were all taken to see "Peter Pan" and told to clap their hands if they believed in fairies, he was the only one of Lady Verulam's large party who didn't clap.

"But I *don't* believe in them, really," said Colin, rather pale.

"But Tinker-Bell!" protested Jeremy

"She'd have died if we hadn't clapped!"

"And we do believe in fairies," said Cynthia firmly.

"Then it was all right for you to clap," said Colin. "There were enough of you without me."

But afterwards he was very silent for a long while and looked worried.

Lady Verulam saw that and she changed her seat in one of the intervals and came beside him.

"Do you like it, darling?"

"Oh, yes," he said, unusually emphatic. But his face hadn't grown scarlet with excitement, like little Diana's, and he wasn't delightfully, stammeringly enthusiastic, like Jeremy. Presently he asked Lady Verulam in rather a troubled way:

"I wasn't unkind or naughty, was I, not to clap for Tinker Bell?"

"Not at all," she was obliged to answer. "The children were only asked to clap if they believed in fairies."

"I don't really believe in them," Colin said apologetically. "Do you, Aunt Doreen?"

"Shall I tell you a secret?" she answered, bending her charming, smiling face down to his. "I like to *pretend* that I believe in fairies, little Colin."

Any one of the others would have responded to her whimsical fancy—they'd have understood. But Colin only looked up at her with solemn gray eyes staring rather stupidly out of a puzzled face.

"Do you?" was all he said.

"Oh, belovedest, isn't it marvelous!" said Cynthia, her eyes shining and dancing with sheer rapture.

Well, Colin hadn't got the same capacity for enjoyment, that was all. And even if he'd had it, he wouldn't have been able to express it in words.

He was an *ordinary* child.

"He'll never suffer as much as I'm afraid my darlings will, because he'll never feel as much," said Lady Verulam to the French nursery governess, who had so many certificates of her training as a teacher, and as a student of psychol-

ogy, and as a hospital nurse, that she was as expensive as a finishing-governess.

"Probably not, Lady Verulam. But I think they do one another good. Cynthia's and Jeremy's enthusiastic ways will help Colin to be less stolid in time. And in one way, of course, it's a relief that he's not as excitable as they are."

The head-nurse said the same.

Diana before a party or a pantomime was positively ill with excitement sometimes. They never dared to tell her of anything until just before it was going to happen.

But Colin never looked forward to things like that. He lived in the present.

"Such a relief," said Lady Verulam rather wistfully. She couldn't help wondering sometimes what her brother-in-law, Vivian, would think of his only child, when he came home. . . . But Colin's mother, whom she had known well as a girl, had been rather stolid, too.

Every day the children went to play in Kensington Gardens. The little procession came out at the front door of the house in Lowndes Square, and Lady Verulam, who adored her children, watched them from the window of the dining room where she was having breakfast after her ride in the Park.

First the under-nurse and the footman, carefully lifting the smart white perambulator down the steps, then Nurse, in stiff white piqué, carrying the rose-colored silk bundle that was the four-months-old baby, and depositing him carefully among his lacey shawls and pillows, under the silk-fringed summer awning of the pram. Then Diana, adorable in a tiny, skimpy frock of palest lemon color, with lemon-colored streamers falling from her shade hat and sandals on her beautiful little slim brown feet. She was carrying a ridiculous little doll's parasol and walking by herself, just as she always did. There was a certain dainty pride about Diana that never allowed her to accept the nurse's hand. She walked by the side of the pram, erect and exquisite.

After the nursery party, Mademoiselle



and the elder children came down the steps. In the gardens, they would all coalesce, but the nursery party always started first.

Lady Verulam, peeping out between the window-boxes of scarlet geraniums and white daisies and the edge of the red-striped sun blind, watched them.

Mademoiselle was neat, efficient, French-looking—from the top of her shiny black straw hat, tipped forward over her black hair, to the black patent-leather belt placed very low down on her shortsleeved black-and-white check frock, and the pointed tips of her buttoned black boots. She was drawing on black kid gloves, that came half-way up her arms.

One on each side of her, were the two little boys. They were dressed alike, in white silk shirts and silk ties, and dark knickerbockers. Neither wore a cap, and Jeremy's thick curls looked burnished in the strong July sunlight. People always turned to look at him and at those wonderful curls.

Colin's hair was quite straight, and it suited him best to have it cut very short. It was of no particular color. Both little boys held themselves very upright, but while Colin was stocky and rather short, Jeremy was tall and slim and beautifully made, like a little statue.

Then Cynthia came out of the house, quick and slender and radiating vitality in every graceful gesture. Her frock and hat were the replica of little Diana's, but instead of the minute, absurd parasol, some heavenly instinct had caused her to take from the big glass bowl in the hall a handful of great mauve sweet peas that looked like butterflies against the pale, soft folds of her frock.

Cynthia's strong, instinctive sense of beauty was a joy to her mother.

She seemed to dance, rather than walk, along the hot pavement, her long, slim brown legs bare to the sun. From the little vivid, glancing gesture of her hands and head, Lady Verulam knew that she was talking. She could even guess what Cynthia was talking about—the party.

They were giving a party the next day on Colin's birthday, just before going down into the country. It was, actually, three years since the Verulams had given a children's party. One thing and another had prevented it.

This was called Colin's party but, as usual, the other children were far more excited about it than he was.

Lady Verulam herself was a tiny bit excited about it because for the first time Royalty—very young Royalty—was to be her guest.

She wanted the party to be a great success.

Similing, she turned away from the window.

Cynthia's mother had been quite right. The children were talking about the party.

"I'm looking forward to it more than I've ever looked forward to anything in all my life," said Jeremy solemnly. "I think if anything happened to prevent it now I'd die."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," said Cynthia scornfully. "Besides, nothing *could* happen to prevent it."

They knew little of disappointments, any of them. They were not allowed to experience disappointments if their mother could possibly prevent it because they were such terribly highly strung children.

"Mademoiselle, may Diana be told about the party yet?"

"She may be told, but she isn't to know which day it is till the last minute," said Mademoiselle, who knew very well that it would be impossible to keep sharp little Diana from the infectious excitement and sense of preparation that had already begun to pervade the house.

So they were able to talk about the party freely when they joined Diana and the nurses.

Cynthia did not want to talk about anything else, and the others always followed her lead. Except sometimes Colin, who was what Nurse called "independent."

He was independent to-day, and when he grew tired of hearing Cynthia and Jeremy discuss what games they would play at the party, and Diana chatter about her new frock with the roses on it, he got up and went away and bounced his ball on the Broad Walk.

He was pleased about the party, and Aunt Doreen had allowed him to choose what the entertainment should be, and he had chosen a conjuror, and she had said that *perhaps* he would have a cable from Daddy, like last year, for his birthday—but Colin didn't feel that he could think, and talk, and plan about nothing but the party, like the others.

Mademoiselle often said that he had no imagination, and Colin felt sure that she was right. He wasn't certain that he even wanted to have an imagination, much. He knew that he was stupid, compared with Jeremy and Cynthia, but at least he didn't have crying fits—like a girl—as Jeremy occasionally had, and he didn't stammer from pure eagerness as Cynthia did when she got excited.

He did hope, very much, that there might be a cable from Daddy on his birthday, because that would be something of his very own. No one would be able to say that the others cared more than he did, because it wouldn't have anything at all to do with the others.

Feeling rather mean but not able to help it, Colin secretly wished that the others mightn't know anything at all about his cable if it did come. Then they couldn't exclaim and be excited and say things and make Colin feel—and look—stupider than ever.

On the way home he was very silent, trying to think of a plan by which he could prevent the other children from seeing his cable. Perhaps they'd be so busy getting ready for the party that they wouldn't remember about it.

When the next day came it really seemed as though it might be so.

The children flew up and down stairs, even down into the kitchen where the good-natured chef showed them the cakes, and the jellies and the pink and

white creams, and dishes of colored sweets, and an amusing log made out of chocolate with chopped-up green stuff all over it and cream inside it.

They ran into the dining room, too, and saw the long, decorated table and the rows of little gilt chairs.

"There are other chairs in the drawing-room—millions more of them, for the conjuror," said Diana.

"Let's go up there."

"Let's," said Cynthia and Jeremy.

They dashed off.

Colin was just going to follow when he looked out of the window. He had been looking out of the window at intervals all day long.

But this time a telegraph boy really was crossing the square and glancing up at the numbers. It must, surely, be Daddy's cable, and he could take it himself and open it and there'd be nobody there to say that he didn't seem to care half as much as Master Jeremy, not if it *were* his own father. . . .

Colin, for once moving quickly, ran out to the hall and opened the front door before the boy could ring the bell.

"Is it a foreign telegram—a cable?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, addressed Verulam."

"Then it's mine," said Colin with decision. "There isn't any answer."

He had often heard this said and felt sure it was right.

The telegraph boy, whistling, went away.

Colin retreated to the linen cupboard on the schoolroom landing which was large and light, and to which people seldom came, and sat down on the floor to decipher his birthday cable.

*Regret inform you Major Vivian Verulam dangerously ill cholera will cable progress.*

Colin's face slowly became pink and then the color ebbed away again and left him rather white. He sat on the floor of the linen cupboard for a long while, not moving.

If Aunt Doreen knew about the cable, the party would have to be stopped,



surely. And Diana would cry herself ill, and everybody would be in a dreadful state, and what would happen to all those beautiful cakes? Probably they would be vexed with him, too, for having opened the telegram.

Colin's mind, his slowly moving, tenacious mind, had not yet begun to work on the exact meaning of "dangerously ill." For days he had heard of nothing but the party, and the party had become the alpha and omega of existence.

It was impossible that it should be stopped. "If no one knows but me," thought Colin, "it'll be all right."

He had a horrible feeling that it would be naughty to say nothing about the cable, and yet he felt that they would all blame him if he told about it and stopped the party. Nothing mattered, really, except the party. They had thought he didn't understand what a great event it was because he couldn't get excited like the others, but at least he could see how very important they all thought it.

Presently he stuffed the cable into the pocket of his breeches, rose slowly and carefully to his feet, and went into the schoolroom again.

The brilliant, successful party was over, the gilt chairs were stacked together, seat upon seat, ready to be taken away again, and the children—each one with a beautiful present—had all long since gone home.

Cynthia and Jeremy and Colin and Diana had been put to bed. Jeremy had said, "Thank you, you darling, beautiful Mummie, for such a lovely, *glittering* party."

His choice of words was always fantastic and charming.

Even Colin had hugged his aunt with unusual enthusiasm and said he'd never enjoyed any party so much.

"No wonder," said Mademoiselle to Nurse, with whom she was on friendly terms.

"That conjuror was good, wasn't he?" said Nurse. "The best in London, they say. I never saw anything like him,

myself. Why, *I* couldn't have told how he got those toys into the box with the flags."

"If you please, Nurse," said the under-nurse, entering with her hands full of little garments, "I found this in Master Colin's pocket."

She put the crumpled telegram, in its torn envelope, into Nurse's hands.

Nurse put on her spectacles and read it and said, "What in the name of gracious—" and handed the telegram to Mademoiselle.

There was a knock at the door and the housemaid came in.

"If you please, Nurse, her Ladyship wishes to see you in the boudoir at once."

"Take this," said Mademoiselle, with presence of mind and gave back the telegram.

In the boudoir Lady Verulam sat with another telegram open in front of her. Her pretty face was pale and tear-stained.

"Nurse, I'm afraid there's bad news from India. Master Colin—poor little boy—his father is very ill, I'm afraid. I don't quite understand, but we think—"

"I beg your pardon, my lady. Is it anything to do with this? Florence found it, opened like that, in the pocket of Master Colin's every-day pair of knickerbockers."

Lady Verulam read the cable, read it again, compared it with the one she held, and turned bewildered, almost frightened eyes upon the nurse.

"But this one must have come before the other one—the one I've got," she said. "Who opened it?"

"Master Colin must have done it, my lady. And never said a word—"

"He couldn't have understood."

"Is the news in the second telegram worse, my lady?"

"It says that Major Verulam is getting weaker and we must expect—" she choked a little. "We didn't understand and Sir Frederick is telephoning now to Whitehall, to see if they can give us any further particulars. But I *can't* understand—"

She looked at the crumpled telegram again and again.

"This must have come hours ago—before the party. How *could* he have got hold of it?"

"The children were all over the place, my lady—up and down stairs, watching the men getting things ready. Master Colin might have got to the door and opened it just when the telegram was delivered."

"But it was addressed—oh, oh, poor little boy! It was only addressed to Verulam. He must have thought it was a cable for his birthday—I see—that's what happened—that's why he opened it."

"But, excuse me, my lady, why didn't he say anything to anybody? He's quite old enough to understand."

Nurse was respectfully indignant, but Lady Verulam was only tearful and unspeakably bewildered.

"I must go up to him—"

"I beg your pardon, my lady, he's asleep. They all are now, even Miss Diana, but Master Colin was asleep before any of them, though not being so excitable as the others."

"Then I can't wake him," said Lady Verulam irresolutely. "It would only upset him. And there may be news in the morning—one way or the other."

There was no more news in the morning, however, and Lady Verulam was obliged to send for Colin. She wasn't angry with him—even if his father hadn't been dying, it was against her principles to be angry with any child—but her gentleness met with very little response.

He didn't seem to understand that his father, whom he scarcely remembered, was very ill and might be going to die. His lack of imagination was absolute.

"But why didn't you bring the telegram to me, darling? I quite understand that you opened it by mistake, but you must have known it was important and that you ought to tell about it."

Colin began to cry.

She reasoned with him, and petted

him, and even spoke severely to him, but he was sulky and frightened and would not say a word. At last, in despair, she sent him upstairs again.

Ten minutes later Cynthia came flying down to her mother's room, her lovely mop of hair disordered, her brilliant little face glowing. "Mummie, may I tell you what I think about Colin? Nurse doesn't understand—nor Mademoiselle, nor any of them—but I think I do."

"Tell me, precious," said Lady Verulam. She had great faith in the intuition of this sensitive, intelligent little daughter of hers.

Cynthia put her arms round her mother's neck and whispered earnestly.

"I think Colin opened the telegram about poor Uncle Vivian just before the party, and he did understand what it was, and he thought it would spoil the party and p'raps—p'raps put it off altogether, and that's why he wouldn't say anything. He didn't want all of us to be unhappy—he knew we were looking forward so to the party."

"My darling! What makes you think that?"

"It's what I'd have done," said Cynthia, her eyes shining. "I would, truly, Mummie, if my heart had been breaking—I'd have kept that dreadful telegram all to myself and let all the others enjoy the party and even have pretended that I was enjoying it too."

"My sweet—I believe you would. But if that was it, why didn't poor little Colin come to me as soon as the party was over?"

"Mummie, you know you were with the grown-ups who stayed after we'd gone to bed, and I'm sure he was waiting till you came to say good-night. And you never did."

"Nurse said you were all asleep—Colin must have gone quickly off to sleep, after all."

"But, Mummie," said Cynthia quickly, "he's very little, and one can't always keep awake, even if it's most important, and Colin especially, he's always such a sleepy head—"



"I know," said Lady Verulam.

She thought, although she did not say so, that Colin's insensitiveness had always been rather remarkable, and that where Cynthia might, as she had just said, have felt her heart to be "breaking," Colin was quite capable of falling asleep in mere reaction from an unwonted emotional strain.

She was touched at Cynthia's generous understanding and inclined to accept her interpretation.

"Poor little Colin!" she said softly. "It was brave and unselfish of him to want everyone else to enjoy the party first . . . although it was a mistake, and I still don't understand why he couldn't explain to me this morning."

"Mummie, you know Colin never can explain anything," said Cynthia reproachfully.

That was perfectly true. How clever she was! Lady Verulam kissed Cynthia in silence. In her heart of hearts she couldn't help feeling that, dreadful though it was to have been entertaining on such a scale while her brother-in-law was dying, it would have been very, very difficult to know what to do if the bad news had reached her when it should have reached her, just as the preparations for the party were being completed.

"You do understand about Colin, don't you, Mummie? Because Mademoiselle isn't being a bit nice to him, and she says he has no heart and that he didn't show the telegram because he didn't want the party to be stopped, and then afterwards he was afraid to tell."

"I'll speak to her," said Lady Verulam. Mademoiselle was always inclined to be hard on Colin. She couldn't bear what she called his *phlegme britannique*. Lady Verulam did not for a moment believe her interpretation to be the true one. She would sooner trust to Cynthia's quick sympathies.

According to Cynthia, little Colin had really been rather heroic. He must have had a dreadful weight on his little mind, all through the festivities. . . .

Tender-hearted Lady Verulam found the tears rising into her eyes at the thought of it. She felt as though she had always been unjust to Colin, who had so little imagination, and couldn't express himself with fire and poetry and clearness like her own children. And now perhaps she had alienated him by not understanding or appreciating his self-sacrifice, and he would be less willing than ever to talk to her.

Before she saw Colin again a third cable had arrived.

Major Vivian Verulam was not going to die. He had turned the corner.

The joy and relief of the good news pervaded the house, and even Mademoiselle kissed Colin—who rubbed his cheek vigorously after the salute—and said nothing more about his having no heart. But Lady Verulam, who, like her children, was highly strung, had worked herself up on Colin's behalf, and she told Mademoiselle and Nurse as well that they had all of them misunderstood Colin, and that there were unsuspected depths of bravery and unselfishness in his childish heart.

There came, gradually, to be a feeling throughout the big household in Lowndes Square that this was so. Colin might be less wonderful than were Cynthia and Jeremy and Diana, but he, too, had had his moment—his exalted and inspired moment.

Three months later Major Verulam came home on sick leave.

He made friends with his son—an enduring friendship. They resembled each other in many ways, and he never seemed to expect or to desire from Colin enthusiasms and demonstrations that would have been equally alien to them both.

He was, indeed, the only person who ever heard Colin's own version of his behavior on the day of the party.

"You see, Daddy, I opened the telegram because I thought it was from you, for me on my birthday, like the year before, and when I saw it said you were

ill I did think it would mean stopping the party, and that would have been dreadful."

"Were you so frightfully keen about the party?"

"It wasn't so much that, but there'd have been such a lot of fuss about it, and they—all the others—had been so excited—and everything was ready—men had come all on purpose to bring the little gold chairs, Daddy, and to arrange the flowers and things—It would have been so dreadful, to stop it all."

"I see what you mean. And certainly it wouldn't have done *me* any good, as far as that went. But why didn't you

tell them afterwards, old man? Aunt Doreen wouldn't have been angry with you, would she?"

"Oh, no, she's never angry."

"Well, then—"

Colin colored faintly.

"You see, Daddy, I didn't know you as well then as I do now, did I? And the party was fun, and the conjuror such a very, very clever one."

He gazed up at his father with solemn, trustful eyes.

"I quite and completely forgot all about the telegram till I woke up next morning," said Colin.

## COME OUT WITH ME

BY A. A. MILNE

**T**HERE'S sun on the river and sun on the hill . . .  
*You can hear the sea if you stand quite still!*  
*There's eight new puppies at Roundabout Farm—*  
*And I saw an old sailor with only one arm!*

*But everyone says, "Run along!"*  
*(Run along, run along!)*  
*All of them say "Run along! I'm busy as can be."*  
*Everyone says, "Run along,*  
*There's a little darling!"*  
*If I'm a little darling, why don't they run with me?*

There's wind on the river and wind on the hill . . .  
*There's a dark dead water-wheel under the mill!*  
*I saw a fly which had just been drowned—*  
*And I know where a rabbit goes into the ground!*

*But everyone says, "Run along!"*  
*(Run along, run along!)*  
*All of them say "Yes, dear," and never notice me.*  
*Everyone says, "Run along,*  
*There's a little darling!"*  
*If I'm a little darling, why won't they come and see?*





# WHAT IS BEHAVIORISM?

BY JOHN B. WATSON, Ph. D., LL. D.

*Formerly Professor of Experimental and Comparative Psychology, Johns Hopkins University*

A FEW years ago we heard only of Freud in psychology and of his method, psychoanalysis. With this method his loyal subjects assured us they could solve all psychological problems. To-day when every shop girl will tell you of her dreams and complexes, psychoanalysis is no longer a topic of interest in drawing-room conversations, not because anyone is particularly shocked by the discussion but rather because its novelty has gone.

So it is with all new movements in scientific fields. There was possibly too little science—real science—in Freud's psychology, and hence it held its news value for only a relatively brief span of years.

At this moment there is a new psychological claimant for public interest. During the past ten years it has been threshed out in university circles; now the newspapers are beginning to feed it to the masses, albeit still in broken doses.

This contestant is Behaviorism.

Behaviorism has been an independent study in the larger universities since about 1912. It represents what must be looked upon as a real renaissance in psychology. Up to that time the so-called subjective, or introspective, psychology held complete sway. Subjective psychology was defined as a study of the mind—really of your own mind, since no one else could look in on it and see what was going on there. And when you did look, what did you see? Since you were trained in the system and in the vernacular of James, Angell, Ladd, and Wundt, you said you saw *Consciousness*. And

then you tried to analyze this consciousness. What is it? . . . Why, one must describe it by enumerating the units that compose it. Consciousness is made up of sensation units like redness, greenness; sensations of tone, smell, temperature, and the like, and of units of *feeling* tone called "pleasantness" and "unpleasantness." Now when enough of these sensation units are simultaneously present and accompanied by one or another of the two feeling tones, you have what is called a *Perception*—e.g., the perception of an orange or an apple.

The matter of consciousness and what constitutes it was made still more complicated when they insisted that when perceptions were absent, that is, when no objects were in front of us, consciousness was made up of representatives of objects called *Images*.

All the data of this type of psychology were thus subjective. The only method of studying this data was by introspecting—looking within your own mind. Hence, we call such psychologists subjective psychologists, or introspective psychologists. Verification of findings—really the first objective of every true science—is thus forever denied the introspective student of psychology.

This was the time-honored analysis of mind. It was as thoroughly entrenched as the Bible—as philosophy itself. Surely no one could ever be bold enough or rash enough to question that there is such a thing as mind or that it is made up of conscious units.

And yet this is just what the Behaviorist did.

In one sweeping assumption after

another, the Behaviorist threw out the concepts both of mind and of consciousness, calling them carryovers from the church dogma of the Middle Ages. The Behaviorist told the introspectionists that consciousness was just a masquerade for the soul.

Behaviorism's challenge to introspective psychology was: "You say there is such a thing as consciousness, that consciousness goes on in you—then prove it. You say that you have sensations, perceptions, and images—then demonstrate them as other sciences demonstrate their facts."

Naturally, they could not meet this challenge. The only argument open to the introspectionist was that used by every time-honored exhorter since history began, the *argumentum ad hominem*, "no consciousness—no mind! Maybe the Behaviorist has no consciousness, no mind, but you and I have."

If the study of mind—the analysis of consciousness—is not what psychology is about, what then is its field and what is its goal?

The Behaviorist viewpoint is just common sense grown articulate. Behaviorism is a study of what people *do*. *What is this man doing now?—any answer to that question made by a trained observer is a psychological fact or happening.* After observing man's behavior long enough, the Behaviorist begins to say, "this man or that man will do so and so under such and such conditions." Take a simple case. John Smith will run every time he sees a snake. Every woman in this closed room will scream, stand on a chair or pull her skirts tightly around her if I turn loose ten fierce wild rats. We have begun to make *predictions* about psychological happenings—the first step in any science.

Every science starts this way. It observes in a more or less hit and miss way the happenings round about. It next gets to the point where it can make *predictions*, e.g., the sun will rise tomorrow—there will be a total eclipse of the sun visible in New York in 2024—

Halley's comet will be seen again in 1986, etc.

The next stage in any science is to get "control" of its happenings. Astronomy never can get control. It cannot produce eclipses or prevent them. (Even here possibly we should not be dogmatic!) Chemistry is getting control. Biology is getting control. Can psychology ever get control? Can I make some one who is not afraid of snakes, afraid of them and how? Can I take some one who is afraid of snakes and remove that fear? How?

In other words, the starting point of Behaviorism is like that of every other science. Looked at in this way, the old, subjective psychology never had any right to be called a science. To be a science, psychology must use the same material that all other sciences use. Its facts must be capable of verification by other capable investigators everywhere. Its methods must be the methods of science in general.

## II

What are the phenomena or happenings that the Behaviorist studies in his psychology (human)? He limits his field to the study of man. He makes the field still more circumscribed. He will not attempt to study the physico-chemical make-up of man. He will study only one thing—what man does. Observation shows that he is always doing something—always behaving. He is behaving even when asleep, when in coma, when sitting motionless gazing into the fire.

Suppose I were a stranger scientist just down from some distant planet. I know nothing of human beings as they exist on this earth. Suppose, further, that I am in a balloon so situated above the center of New York that I can watch the city and the surrounding territory. At eight-thirty in the morning I see millions of people hurrying into the city in trains, in automobiles, in subways, on ferries. The movements are rapid, con-



fusing. There seems to be no more system in these movements than in the hurrying, scurrying movements of ants when their nest has been disturbed. With my eye aided by special instruments I follow groups of these individuals. I note that they enter great office buildings, department stores, restaurants. Some begin to wait on customers, some start to work on typewriting machines, others begin to cut and fit clothes, and still others start sewing on power machines. I finally arrive at the conclusion that the people *are going to work*. Just think what a volume I could carry back to Mars on the behavior of New Yorkers if from some central position I could observe their whole twenty-four-hour behavior for a few weeks or months!

Now you are not accustomed to think of accumulation of simple facts of this kind as data of psychology. You have grown up with it. It is part of your everyday life. Yet when you go to a foreign country it is just these kinds of observations you have to make before you can get along in your foreign environment. From this standpoint you can see that everybody is something of a psychologist.

The people in Mars, after reading my first general report, decide to send me down again for the study of specialized features of human behavior. What are their school and church systems like? What is their social behavior like in the sense of their manners and customs and ethics? What is their sex life like throughout the life cycle? Their home life? What do they read? Do they go to plays and to what kind of plays? What role does the cinema play in their lives?

From these studies I carry back to Mars a tremendous amount of narrow specialized information on the habits and customs of New Yorkers. This also is behavioristic psychology.

After going over my facts and inferences, my colleagues in Mars decide that they are in need of still more specialized

data. They tell me to go back and pick out some one individual and bring back a complete report of his behavior. I can carry out these studies only by attaching myself to some individual, say John Smith. By observing him carefully day in and day out I find out his occupation. He is a bricklayer. He can lay two thousand bricks a day when he lets himself out, as, for example, when building his own home or when working by the job on his own contract. I find, though, that on most jobs he is not allowed to work a full day. He must work only a certain number of hours each day. He has to join an organization called a union and, as a member of a union and under the conditions of the union, he rarely lays more than eight hundred bricks per day. For this he receives a certain fixed sum. I find that this man is married, that he has a small home in the suburbs, a Ford car bought on the instalment plan, and a radio bought on the same plan. I find that he drinks a great deal, that he abuses his wife and children, spends a considerable part of his time in the poolroom, that he is given to temper fits, that he is morose and sullen to his companions, that he is not particular in meeting his monetary obligations. He uses only fifteen hundred English words—he practically never writes a letter and he reads only the *Daily Tabloid*. I may wish to make a still more circumscribed study of his behavior, so I invite him into my laboratory and study the rapidity with which he can form new habits. He has never learned to run a machine lathe. How quickly can he learn to do this? He doesn't know any French. How soon could I teach him to speak the French language moderately well? He has not a system of immaculate personal habits. How soon could I teach him these? And what methods should I have to use in order to teach him to put on this new behavior?

All business, as well as all social life, is based upon these kinds of observations—and they are psychological observations

although not necessarily very articulate ones.

Once again I assemble my data and take them back to my colleagues. After digesting them, they decide that adult human behavior is too complicated to understand without knowing something of the infancy and childhood period of man. We do not understand why one man is a bricklayer, another an artist, another a gambler. We cannot understand why some men are carefree and sober, make good husbands, and others not. We cannot understand why some men never leave home, never get married, and never are seen in women's society. We shall have to have man's early behavior investigated to see if it throws light on later behavior. Are such differences due to inborn differences in behavior—to differences in their instincts, or merely to early differences in training?

Again I come back to earth but this time I begin my observations on newborn infants. I note carefully their behavior at birth, what new forms of unlearned behavior appear at definite intervals after birth. I study, too, how early habit formation can begin in these very young infants and note the various factors which make new habits form. In other words, I begin to tease out by my observations what part of man's behavior is inherited and what part is learned. This also is psychology.

You will notice that in all of this description we start from general observations of persons for which no laboratory or special instruments for study are necessary and that we end up with the newborn infant in the laboratory, using every bit of instrumentation for the study of our phenomena which has been devised up to the present time. In other words, Behaviorism breaks down the distinction between subjective and objective phenomena. All of the phenomena connected with human beings are objective, even the things you now call "memory" and "thinking"! Again, you have been in the habit of calling

these more general studies social psychology or sociology, and the more narrow studies where the laboratory is involved psychology proper or experimental psychology. The Behaviorist does not believe in these old distinctions. *The whole thing is psychology.* Along with the breaking down of these distinctions comes a threatening note to the whole of philosophy. With the behavioristic point of view now becoming dominant, it is hard to find a place for what has been called philosophy. Philosophy is passing—has all but passed, and unless new issues arise which will give a foundation for a new philosophy, the world has seen its last great philosopher.

So far we have had to take our psychological happenings just as we found them. Have we really gone far enough to be able to predict anything of consequence about individuals? Common sense, rather than scientific psychology, has gone a certain distance in prediction—you can't live with people without making predictions about them. You know in advance what they are going to say and do. That is why most people are so dull. If I fire a revolver behind any ten individuals who are sitting quietly in a room, I can predict without fear of contradiction that at least nine out of ten of these individuals will jump, scream, change rate of respiration and heartbeat. If I throw a hundred unclothed individuals who have never learned to swim into a pool of water, five hundred yards in diameter, all of them will drown unless somebody comes to aid them. If you will think over the problem for a moment, you will see that most of our institutions, banks, churches, great mercantile houses, the institution of marriage itself, are all based on the fundamental supposition that human behavior in general is predictable. Just whisper a word of a gold strike and you can safely predict a stampede. Just whisper a word of scandal about a woman placed high socially, and every tongue in her set will clack. If you wish



to make a man preen himself, let some woman notice him when none of his critical friends is around. To make a man swell out his chest, praise and flatter him a bit. To make a woman dress most carefully, tell her her rival is to be present at a given function.

This level of predictability has been reached by the slow accumulation of psychological data through all ages, rather than by the efforts of trained psychologists. The trained investigator must now come in and tell us more accurately about what *this* individual is sure to do in the presence of the life situations he must face: will he work—does he lie—will he steal—will he break under stress?

What about the *control* of psychological phenomena? Can you make an individual display any given bit of behavior by any kind of psychological technic, the way the chemist can make water appear by bringing hydrogen and oxygen together under certain conditions?

We can't go very far in this direction now. But Behaviorism has only just been born. Until about twenty years ago biology itself was upon a purely descriptive level. Darwin, in the fifties, was a great observer of facts. Upon the basis of his observations he built up his theory of *descent*. He never went very much farther. To-day there is an experimental biology. It seeks to control descent by manipulating the chemical and physical environment of plants and animals. It attempts to change and modify species, to control growth and, in general, to alter the course of inheritance.

Psychology is still largely at a descriptive level. Control of psychological phenomena is in a more backward state than is the case with other sciences, partly because it is a newer science, but more largely because psychology wasted its time so long in trying futilely to study mind instead of behavior.

We have made a beginning. Here is a group of moths quiet in a very dim light. Suppose I decide to arouse be-

havior to make them fly to the right-hand side of the room. How can I control that behavior? I light a candle and put it in the exact position in the room to which I want the moths to fly. In a short time the moths become active and fly toward the source of the light. It may have taken the behaviorist days, weeks, or months to have discovered this way of controlling the insects. Having found it out, it becomes a part of the technic of *every* investigator. The *response* (act, happening) is flying toward the source of the light; the *stimulus* is the lighted candle. In this simple observation you have a part of the mechanics of behavioristic psychology typified in its most elementary form—no response without a stimulus. Every adequate stimulus must produce some response immediately.

No matter how many thousands of reactions a human or animal is capable of performing, there is always some stimulus or object in the environment which will arouse that reaction in him. Our search in the laboratory at the present time lies in this direction, to get a better knowledge of the stimuli calling out reactions. With this data well in hand, it is a simple enough matter then to arrange the environment, put the necessary group of stimuli in front of him, to get man or animal to perform any act in his repertoire. Let us go into the human realm. I wish to make a seventy-day-old child blink. What stimulus shall I apply? I can touch its eyeball and produce the blink; I can blow on its eyeball and produce the blink; I can pass a rapid shadow over the eye and produce the blink. In other words, there are three stimuli which will call out this reaction. Suppose I wish to make a baby cry. We will assume that the baby has not as yet put on any habits, learned anything. I can pinch him, cut him, burn him, or apply any other noxious stimuli to make him cry. Suppose I wish to make a twenty-day-old baby smile. I find that the only way is to touch its lips gently, with a feather for

example, stroke its skin gently, especially in certain sensitive areas.

But the problem is not always so simple. Many objects will not at first serve as stimuli for calling out a particular form of reaction. Some, indeed, will not at first produce any observable overt reaction. The individual must first be *conditioned* to these stimuli. Environment does the conditioning. The process is quite simple. For example, the first sight of a stick will not cause a youngster to dodge when he sees it. He must be struck (fundamental stimulus) before he dodges. If now I strike his head sharply each time he sees me pick up the stick, he soon dodges the instant he catches *sight* (conditioned stimulus) of it in my hand. I have set up a *conditioned visual response*. No "association of ideas" is involved because we can set up similar conditioned responses in our glands over which we have no "control." We can set them up even in the newborn infant; we can establish them in animals—even in the lowly one-cell animals.

Throughout life, objects which have no *kick* (that is, which are not stimuli to certain responses) are constantly borrowing a kick (becoming conditioned stimuli) because they happen to be present when some fundamental stimulus is calling out a reaction from the organism. This is why any object in the world, given the proper history in our past, can arouse a fear reaction. This is why any object or person in the world can be made to call out a love response—even a hunchbacked and disfigured woman of forty evoking such a response in a handsome lad of twenty.

To control the individual then—have him behave as society specifies—by confronting him with appropriate stimuli, we must have considerable knowledge not only about native, fundamental stimuli, but also about those which have been *conditioned*. To gain this knowledge, we must go to the laboratory and study the human individual from infancy onward.

### III

This description serves to locate some of our elementary but basal problems. Having solved these problems, we hope to reach such proficiency in our science that we can build any man, starting at birth, into any kind of social or a-social being upon order. On the other hand, we hope some day to attain such proficiency that we can take the worst adult social failure (provided he is biologically sound) pull him apart, psychologically speaking, and give him a new set of works.

Is this goal too ambitious—is it totally unrealizable? Certainly in adults the goal is still far, far off. Yet we have not lost hope. The difficulty of working with the adult on a behavioristic basis is probably the reason the behaviorist has pursued his studies upon infants and young children so assiduously. Conditions are simpler there.

Hundreds of infants have been under the observation of the Behaviorist, but unfortunately not for a sufficient length of time to reveal many of the needed facts. Rich material, however, has grown out of these studies, material which will ultimately give the key to the "control" of adult human behavior.

We can now determine with some accuracy what newborn infants can do. We know the stimuli which will call out their responses. We have something of a picture, too, of what the infant can do at three months of age, at six months, at nine months, at twelve months, and we have a pretty fair picture of how much of this behavior is *born* in and how much of it is *conditioned*.

One startling conclusion seems forced upon us from this study of the first year or two of infancy: The young of the human species perform very much fewer *untutored* (instinctive) acts than anybody had hitherto supposed. The other most interesting fact is that they begin to *learn* to do things—that is, become conditioned—the day they are born.

The Behaviorist is now inclined to



discard the whole concept of instinct and to believe that almost all of the complicated reactions we see the infant displaying are built in.

We now know how and why human emotional behavior grows up, why some people are fearful, shy, given to anger and rage, why some are jealous, why others shrink into themselves when the voice of authority speaks, why many failures in sex and home adjustment occur. We have experimentally studied the process of the building in of these emotional patterns in infancy; they are all pretty well laid down before the end of the second year of infancy. We understand the process and to some extent we can control it. So far as we can judge, most vocational slants are likewise built in at a very early age. The

home (mother, father, brother, sister, relatives) is responsible for what the child becomes. Nurture—not nature—is responsible.

The home at present may be said to be a device run for creating the child in the joint image of the parents. Like father like son, like mother like daughter is more than a worn-out platitude. It is a fearful truth. The modern child hardly has a chance for "the pursuit of happiness" which our Constitution so kindly affords him. This conclusion may sound harsh and cruel, but Behaviorism tries to concern itself with finding out what is taking place. When it has pursued its studies farther it may be able to help the home, the school, the church, society to bring up a socialized but individual human product.

## THE LILAC TREE

BY ALICE BROWN

*A DREAMING stillness pure as light,  
A waft intangible as air,  
About the blossoming Lilac flows,  
A lambent veil, a scented spell,  
Such as in Eden groves befell  
When first a lilac bloomed, new lent,  
For earth a fleeting ravishment.  
The Cherry in her April white,  
The early Apple and the Pear,  
The greenly kirtled Cinnamon Rose,  
Are sweet as maids from neck to hem,  
But no whist wonder alters them.  
Only the listening Lilac Tree  
Is dimly sphered in glamour.*



# THE WHIRLPOOLS OF THE WEATHER

BY HENSHAW WARD

IT IS wholesome for proud man to look upward on a bright day at some pretty cirrus cloud, to consider that it is composed of ice spicules, that it floats in arctic cold, that it signalizes to us what hothouse creatures we are. If the roof of air were removed we should all be frozen to death in a moment. Just above the roof is deadly cold, and just below the crust of earth is deadly heat. Only within the thin shell that separates these two regions can the human race strut about and congratulate itself on its great powers.

But such moralizings must not delay us if we are to understand weather in one brief sketch. There is time for no more than a glance at the results of a few of the prolonged labors in the mechanics of the air. We can select only those two matters that are the most obvious agents in producing storms, the dust and the water-vapor.

Fine particles of earth are constantly being whipped up high into the air by winds and carried great distances—for example, from the Sahara westward over the Atlantic and then northeast to Scandinavia in two days. Volcanic ash from the East Indies has been spread visibly all round the globe and has been so fine and been carried so high that it was two or three years in settling to the level that is disturbed by storms. Every day millions of tiny meteors encounter our atmosphere and are dissipated in it, contributing their quota of mineral matter. The particles may not be large, like the motes in a beam of light; they may be quite in-

visible, even too small to be seen through a microscope. The particles in smoke—millions of them in each little wisp from a cigar—all count as dust. In every cubic inch of air—even pure air outdoors on a fair day—there may be a hundred thousand of these infinitesimal bits. If these were not in the air we should have no cloud or fog or rain. The meteorologist supposes that every microscopic droplet of water in a cloud has to form about some dusty nucleus.

The study of the ways of water in the air is all-important for learning about weather. It is water-vapor which forms our blanket against the cold of outer space and furnishes us food and carves the mountains. Though it forms only about one per cent of the atmosphere, its total amount is prodigious. This can be shown by a calculation of the average work done, over every acre of land in the United States, to lift water into the upper air. It is equivalent to the operation of a three-horse-power engine every minute of the day and night.

## II

The primary cause of all the changes that we call weather is variation in the distribution of heat. Any fireplace will illustrate the principle. The fire warms the air and expands it, thus making it lighter. The surrounding air, which is colder and heavier, presses upon the warm air and squeezes it up the chimney. There is a draft of ascending warm air, and cold air flows in along the floor to take its place. If the fire were hot enough and if its effect could be confined



to the space directly over the chimney and extending upward a few miles, this column of air would be measurably lighter than the surrounding air. It would not support mercury so high in a tube; therefore a barometer would stand lower. The column of warm air would form an area of low pressure—a "low."

Of course, such a special and simplified case is very different from any condition of the atmosphere that the weather man actually measures. The great majority of winds in the United States are produced by complications of the simple principle. These cannot be explained by any story-telling art, but the three following numbered paragraphs will outline them without producing much mental fatigue.

1. The air at the equator is constantly being heated, rising and flowing toward the poles. If the earth were not rotating and if its surface were all covered with either land or water, the currents of air caused by tropical temperature would be uniform—namely, a flow of warm air upward at the equator, a spreading toward the poles at a height of several miles, and a return current of cooler air along the surface of the earth toward the equator. The adjustment would be as simple as the draft in a furnace. But the rotation of the earth causes an alteration of the drift of air; in a deviously indirect way it causes most of the warm air to descend near latitude  $30^{\circ}$ ; the currents are distorted by the powerful influences of oceans and continents and mountain chains. No mathematician can reckon the interactions of three such functions, but the general nature of the results is known by observation.

2. The descending air of latitude  $30^{\circ}$  (the latitude of New Orleans) forms a constant, though highly irregular, region of high pressure; and from here to the equator there is an area of relatively stable weather conditions. Also from latitude  $70^{\circ}$  to the North Pole there is an area of stable conditions. But between these two areas, in the belt where the United States and Canada lie, is the

world's great storm-factory. Here the ocean of air swirls in great whirlpools of "low pressure" which are always compelled by the earth's rotation to spin in a direction contrary to the hands of a clock and always to advance in an easterly course.

3. If you wish to know "why" the vortexes of air are irregular in size and velocity, go to your bathtub for an answer. Fill it with water, pull the plunger, watch the water whirl down through the opening. "Why" does the whirl sometimes form to the right and sometimes to the left of the opening? "Why" does its funnel-shaped contour gyrate so unpredictably? "Why" are no two funnels ever alike? You may study them for days and may learn the types of them; but you never know what is going to happen when you pull the stopper. All the meteorologist knows about a "low" is this: when a stratum of warmer air is formed under a stratum of cooler air the pressure is not equalized by a uniform seeping up and down; the adjustment is effected by a "breaking through" at some one place; up goes a column of air, and from all sides there is a rush of air to take its place; this breaking-through funnel takes an easterly course, and at every stage of its going the surrounding air pours inward and upward. The result is a great "cyclonic storm." If the process is reversed—that is, if a heavier stratum of air pours down into a lighter one—the result is a corresponding "anti-cyclone," an area of high pressure, which moves to the east, producing clear, cool weather.

These "highs" and "lows" are the pets of the veteran Weather Bureau man. In my home town he is Leonard M. Tarr, who has lived familiarly with them for forty years. He knows them not merely as abstractions of physics but as individuals, all formed on one pattern but each with its personal traits. He knows of the unfathomable intricacies that must be all smoothed out of any description for popular consumption: how a cyclone's up-rushing air is made to

rush faster by the liberation of heat as water-vapor condenses, how currents spiral and cascade and collide.

This vast helter-skelter of climbing and tumbling air has two sets of motions. In the first place, it moves bodily eastward. The course of a cyclone may curve far southward and back, or be straight from the southwest, or come almost due north along the Atlantic coast; but no cyclone ever has any westerly direction. The predominant motion of all cyclones is toward the east. The rate of travel may be as fast as forty miles an hour, or may be as slow as ten miles an hour; a cyclone may be stopped in its tracks for a day. The whole vast area of disturbance, which may have a diameter of more than a thousand miles and may cover a third of the country, is just an impalpable, stealthy influence. My senses cannot detect it.

All that I feel is its second set of motions—the in-blowing and up-whirling currents of air. I have just been experiencing a cyclone in the middle of January. For three days a low has been slowly advancing from the southwest; on the face toward us it has been drawing in a current of warm, moist air from the south Atlantic; we have had high temperature and sloppy weather. But last night, as the cyclone center passed beyond us, the incoming air was being sucked from a more and more westerly direction. Within a few hours it was coming from the south, in a few hours more from the southwest, then from the west, and by ten o'clock this morning it is from the northwest. The sky has cleared, and the temperature is dropping rapidly. These veering winds, with their warmth and cold, blow from all quarters and produce sharp contrasts of weather. They are only the varying effects produced in each locality by the steady march of the whole cyclone.

All the efforts of the Weather Bureau are directed to the understanding of cyclones. By the use of lore gathered in half a century of experience the canny forecasters inform us what to expect for

the coming day or two. They are not always right—ask any newspaper joker. There is always the possibility, especially when the areas on the map are ill-defined, that some predicted storm will slide harmlessly to the north of us or be delayed a couple of days. But the marked changes of weather, those that do most of the damage, are sure to be advertised. Inquire of anyone who has business at stake—the men who operate coastwise vessels or department stores, the shippers of produce, the directors of snow-cleaning gangs. The total of saving by heeding Weather Bureau warnings is beyond estimating. Ninety per cent of the forecasts are now substantially correct.

### III

When some hot afternoon you watch a stately thunder-cap pile up on the northern horizon you are impressed by its calm dignity. But in reality it is the scene of most violent happenings. It has been caused by the rapid heating of the air next the earth, which at some place has broken through into the cold stratum above and is pouring upward. The condensing of its water-vapor forms the white masses of cloud which swell and tower and mushroom out with such spectacular beauty. Through its central portion the ascending stream may attain a speed of two thousand feet or more a minute. The mathematicians were assured of this long ago, but now the airmen know it experimentally. A major sport among some of the reckless ones is to break up a small cloud by flying into it repeatedly “at tremendous speed, banking, re-entering, and repeating the process a score of times.” Even the hardened pilots admit that a small cloud is “exceedingly turbulent.” There is a record of a balloonist who was once caught up into a thunderstorm and “spun around in a circle with frightful rapidity.” The air was so cold that his clothes were soon covered with ice.

If the conditions of temperature and humidity are on a large enough scale,



the decorative pile of cloud develops into a black and boisterous monster which goes roaring across country as a thunderstorm. It feeds itself on a current of the warm and humid air that lies before it, thus forming the breeze which we feel blowing toward it as it approaches us. We say that the storm "comes up against the wind," but in truth the storm keeps itself going by creating the wind.

Into its great mouth it draws the warm food, sucks it upward and backward in a spiral course, and condenses the water-vapor. The return current of cool air is parallel with the incoming current and close behind it. This is why we feel the breeze die away shortly before the storm arrives and then blow strongly toward us a little later.

The big drops of rain that come pelting down have been through experiences which science would like to know more about. They have, for one thing, been present at the birth of lightning. When any large raindrop that is falling meets a swift up-current of air and is broken in two, electricity is generated. The larger portion is positively charged, the smaller one negatively. Hence the tendency in the strong up-draft of the storm is to propel the lighter and negative droplets upward, to allow the heavier and positive drops to descend as rain. A very great difference of potential may be set up between two regions of cloud. When this tension is relieved by a discharge the result is lightning.

The raindrops have also seen the conditions in which hail is formed. They know what it is to be carried swiftly up to the cold stratum of air, allowed to drop far down into warmth and moisture, be buffeted upward again to the cold, and so on many times before they escape to earth. Indeed, the ice-covered balloonist went through one of these cycles: "His balloon was thrown outward into the clear air. It began to descend rapidly, and he expected soon to be on the firm earth. But when near

the base of the cloud he was again drawn into it and again passed through the terrible maelstrom to the top of the cloud." When a frozen raindrop makes such a descent it gathers a coating of water, which is frozen during the next ascent; a second descent gives it a second coat of ice; and so it may add many coats if the up-draft is sufficiently strong to use a globe of ice as a shuttlecock. When it becomes too heavy for the draft it falls to earth as a hailstone, which shows its concentric layers if it is dissected. There are reliable records of hailstones four inches in diameter.

The turbulence of a thunderstorm is slight compared with the fury of a tornado. The nature of this spinning funnel of destruction can be visualized if we think of it as a condensed cyclone. Suppose that the mild, wide-spread action of a low-pressure area is concentrated at a center a few hundred feet wide and its mild incoming whirl is intensified to a gyration of several hundred miles a minute. It will form the twisting spout that we know as a tornado, whose course is always easterly and whose advance over the plains is not faster than twenty or thirty miles an hour, but whose fierce suction can ram a stick of lumber through a half-inch plate of steel.

#### IV

Tornadoes and thunderstorms are so local and erratic that no meteorologist has any hope of learning how to forecast them. He foretells only the movements of the larger cyclonic areas after they have formed, have been reported, and have been mapped. Does he look forward to a time when he can predict these movements much farther in advance?

Evidence that changes in weather are directly dependent upon the daily variations of the sun's heat is now being sought by a band of men who work under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, headed by Messrs. C. G. Abbot and H. H. Clayton. They are

confident that they are accomplishing the excessively delicate task of measuring the daily fluctuations in the amount of heat radiated to us by the sun, that the weather conditions on the earth directly correspond to these fluctuations; they think they have already had some success in long-range forecasting on the basis of the changes in radiation. But the Weather Bureau, thus far, remains skeptical and still has to work by its rules of thumb for its knowledge of what the morrow is to bring forth.

The greatest hope for long-range forecasting lies in a study of sunspots, the whirlpools of the sun's atmosphere. When these are larger and more numerous the sun sends us less heat. Now it is known that the spots occur in an eleven-year cycle, and it is supposed that our heat and moisture somehow vary in a corresponding way. But the records of the Weather Bureau, which cover more than four previous cycles, do not show any regularity, any corresponding similar periods within the cycles; no way has been found of prophesying the course of the weather in the present eleven years by examining the charts of the previous forty-four years. There is not, as yet, any knowledge of any sort of periodicity in weather. If weather is affected by sun-spot cycles, the process must be indirect, delayed, complicated.

However widely all the investigators differ in their hopes of learning to forecast weather, they are united in poking fun at all our common notions of predicting heat or moisture. They say that the moon has no conceivable relation to weather. They assure us, with complete unanimity, that no human wisdom can foretell any average of weather for a winter or a summer. There are no signs by which man can divine what the skies will yield during the coming year. No animal has any instinct by virtue of which its hide anticipates an early fall or its migratory instinct senses an early spring—that is, before the fall or the spring begins. Not even the mathematical laws of chance apply to

weather, except as a matter of the average over a period of several years; for a wet summer may be followed by another wet summer, and two successive wet summers may be followed by a third. Nor is there any known formula of regular episodes of weather during every year. "Indian summer" is a beautiful series of hazy autumn days; everybody knows what it is and has convictions about the time when it occurs. But no such time can be found in the records. A "January thaw" is something that comes when it pleases or does not come or comes ten times; the Weather Bureau can no more certify to it than it could establish an "August coolth." All faith in prognosticating seasonal weather is, according to meteorology, mere superstition.

"Of long-range forecasts it must be said that the position is not hopeful; in general a forecast of the weather a month ahead is a pure guess." So testifies Doctor Dines, President of the Royal Meteorological Society. "Forecasting," he adds, "depends upon the rules which govern the motions of cyclones; if we could discover them, improvements in forecasting should follow." Recently an approach to those rules has been sought by observing certain *correspondences* in weather phenomena. For instance, variations in Indian monsoons appear to correspond to a change of pressure areas in South America; a great high-pressure area in Siberia seems to be related to low-pressure areas in the United States. Such influences sound uncanny, and knowledge of them is still slight; but the correlations are too close to be accidental. If a great deal of such knowledge can be systematized, clues to month-ahead forecasting may be discovered.

There are hopes of a much more ambitious sort, based on electrical forces. A few years ago L. Gentil Tippenhauer addressed to his American confrères a pamphlet in which he assured them that "my new electromagnetic theory of the weather has destroyed the old meteorology." He feels that he has formulated



"the law which will permit to calculate astronomically the weather, which is nothing more than the appearance to our senses of an electromagnetic field in which we live and which is the thing-in-itself of Kant." But no one has yet calculated by his formula.

Another speculator in this tempting field is an ingenious and daring economist of Columbia University, Prof. H. L. Moore. He has a theory that our weather runs in eight-year cycles so far as moisture is concerned, that these cycles are caused by the periodic interference of Venus with the electrons from the sun, and that the effect on agriculture is the cause of eight-year cycles of business depression. He cites astronomers to support his theory, but has not yet convinced either the economists or the meteorologists.

Of all such theories about forecasting years in advance it is still necessary to repeat what was said fifteen years ago by Doctor Abbe, the father of the Weather Bureau, "These matters, while curious and interesting, have no appreciable bearing on the current important questions of atmospheric mechanics. There seem to be many widespread delusions and mistakes in regard to these problems, analogous to the popular errors in regard to astrology, and it is hardly necessary to do more than allude to them."

## V

It is no wonder that the human race, accustomed to the utter unpredictability of weather for a month or a year, should assume that the general average of weather over a long period of years is equally unpredictable and that it wavers as the decades pass. Most middle-aged persons believe that "the climate has changed since I was a child." All of us look back to those days when "we always drove to grandpa's in a sleigh for Thanksgiving" or when "winters were really snowy" or when "spring used to begin in April." Yet very detailed records for half a century over wide areas of our

country completely disprove any such belief. Each year our journalists tell us once more about the disproof; each year elderly people repeat that the climate has changed. If you appeal to the weather men, they can hardly smile at your ignorance; for they are weary of it, knowing how useless the right answer is. If you insist, they will reel it off once more, "For fifty years there have been warm winters and cold winters, open winters and snowy winters; for the next fifty years there will be the same. Our Thanksgivings and Christmases are just as 'old-fashioned' now as they used to be and as they ever shall be. There is no evidence whatever that the climate has altered by the slightest fraction within the memory of persons now living." But you doubt this. You know what you know.

All men everywhere through all time have been determined to discover an altered climate. We are brought up to believe in alterations caused by the shifting of the Gulf Stream. Meteorology says they are a fairy story. We are taught that the planting of trees over a wide area or the reclamation of large tracts by irrigation will alter the climate. Meteorology emphatically says no. I used to hear in California that the Gringos had spoiled the climate by building railroads on which some of the cursed Eastern thunder crept in. I have heard of a dozen causes for changes of climate in half a dozen regions of the country. Meteorology is not interested. It obdurately insists that climate does not change.

The invariableness of climate can be seen graphically if we chart some one element for one place—say temperature in New York City. Suppose that every day you noted the temperature every four hours and called the average of these six observations the average temperature for the day. Suppose that the average for January 1 was 34° and that you recorded the fact by putting a dot on a sheet of cross-section paper. Suppose that for January 2 the average tempera-

ture was  $29^{\circ}$  and that you recorded this fact by putting a dot a quarter of an inch to the right (showing one day's advance in time) and five quarters of an inch down (showing five degrees lower temperature). A line drawn to connect these two dots will show the variation in temperature for two days. If you proceed in this way through the month of January, placing thirty-one dots and connecting them by a continuous line, you will have a sharply jagged chart, running perhaps from  $10^{\circ}$  above to  $51^{\circ}$  above. The temperature of any given month is wanton to the last degree. One of the January days may be higher than a certain June day of the same year.

But file away the year's chart and make another for the next year. Then average the two. Most of the erratic jogs will be much reduced; the line of average temperature will be much less jagged. A chart of average temperatures for ten years will show only slight irregularities. A chart for forty years will be a smooth curve accurately corresponding to the number of hours of daylight, from the shortest day in December up to the longest day in June. But the coldest time of year does not coincide with the shortest days, for there is a momentum of temperature to be overcome. The average of December 22 is  $34^{\circ}$ ; during the next forty days the temperature gradually slides downward until it reaches the year's minimum of  $30^{\circ}$  at the end of January, and then begins to climb toward the maximum of  $75^{\circ}$  at the end of July. It does not reach  $34^{\circ}$  until the 3d of March. What proportion of us ever observed that the average temperature just before Christmas is the same as the average temperature just before Inauguration Day? We observe nothing. We growl because the weather is so sloppy at Christmas-time—not like the good old winters when we were young; and we growl because March is so backward—unlike the honest springs of our childhood.

So much for the steadfastness of

climate during any half century. The question of alteration during a whole century is slightly more debatable. Recently a well-known explorer of the upper air, H. H. Clayton, has announced in the newspapers that since 1778 our average temperature has changed two degrees, growing that much warmer in the North and cooler in the South. Yet very simple arithmetic could properly interpret the figures to prove no alteration, as I will show presently. Mr. Clayton's colleagues remain unconvinced.

Hence the natural presumption is that there was no measurable change of climate during the eighteenth century, or the seventeenth. All the references that can be gathered from old diaries would fit perfectly with what we experience nowadays. Prior to the seventeenth century there were no thermometers, and so history can speak of weather only vaguely. But the likelihood is that Columbus and Leif Ericson and Hengist lived in exactly the sort of climate which now obtains in their native lands.

Yet there may have been changes of climate during historic times. I have just seen the following statement by a *Scientific American* writer, "There is certainly geographical and geological evidence to show that during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries there was a fatal change of climate in Greenland." He is speaking of the Norse settlers and has described how communication with Norway ceased because the fiords of the west coast of Greenland became choked with ice. The evidence to which he refers was obtained by the labors of Prof. Ellsworth Huntington and others, who counted the growth-rings of trees, living and fossil, in many parts of the world. It is interesting evidence and may prove valid when its bulk increases, but at present it is slight and dubious. There is very little probability that the Greenland settlers ever passed through a change of climate. It is likely that the growing of vegetables on Davis Strait has been just the same problem during



every decade since the days of Eric the Red.

Only in the great reaches of geologic time have we certain proof of alterations in climate. When our American coal was being made, Greenland was a warm place; coral flourished on its shores. By the close of that era an ice-sheet had covered all Greenland and had extended so far south that its tip was over the place where Boston now is. In the next era New England warmed up. There were alternations of icy periods and temperate periods. Only fifty thousand years ago, at a time when man had become an implement-maker, all the northern part of our country was under ice. Our climate has decidedly improved since then.

The causes of these changes of climate have been the subject of prolonged investigation and speculation. One elaborate theory was based on the variation of the amount of carbon dioxide in the air. No doubt the varying configurations of land and water have played their parts. The most simple and persuasive explanation yet advanced is that offered by Humphreys in his *Physics of the Air*. He presents a table of the exceptionally cold years since 1750 and shows that in most cases (possibly in all) the low temperature followed an unusual volcanic eruption. In 1783 there was an eruption of Asama in Japan, "the most frightful on record"; the three following years were very cold over the whole earth. In 1812 came the eruption of Tomboro, "very great," followed by four cold years; 1816 has passed into American history as "the year without a summer," the

most peculiar one in the annals of weather, when hardly any crops matured north of the Potomac River.

These two freakish periods came within the half-century which Mr. Clayton contrasts with the past fifty years; they were sufficient to bring down the average of the temperature for the half-century somewhat; but they were not items of climate. They were times of a peculiar and temporary condition.

The condition was that the atmosphere over the whole earth carried an excess of dust particles—just as after the Krakatoa eruption of 1883 the dust was apparent for three years and caused peculiar effects in the sky over Europe and America. Dust can cause great change in the earth's temperature because it offers more impediment to the heat-rays coming to the earth than it offers to the longer heat-rays that are reflected from the earth. Only a little more dust than came from Krakatoa, if it were renewed in the air for a term of years, would reduce the temperature of the globe sufficiently to bring an ice-sheet down over Canada. "So," asks Mr. Humphreys, "why may it not be that long-continued volcanic activity at different epochs of geologic history has been the cause of alterations in climate?" No negative answer has yet been stated convincingly.

The cause of climatic change is only conjectural. The fact that there have been changes is known by the indubitable hieroglyphics which the glaciers traced. But in our human records there is no proof of change. Our climate has been as constant as the weather has been erratic.



## MIRAGE

A STORY

BY LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

HE CAME into the smoking-compartment of the Pullman where I was sitting alone, except for a stout Jewish-looking person, who had fallen asleep and was emitting an occasional snore. Outside, a murky darkness veiled the flat spaces of Indiana, and there was a spattering of raindrops on the car window—a cheerless promise for the morrow, which was Thanksgiving Day. We were on the second section of a train bearing a horde of holiday home-seekers westward, and the section ahead of us was evidently in difficulties, for we crawled forward almost by inches, and frequently came to a dead halt, with a sudden bumping and grinding of the trucks. Then a vast silence would ensue, broken only by the gusty flicker of drops against the window and the stout gentleman's snore.

Most of the passengers had gone forward to the diner, but the little man entering the smoking-compartment had evidently achieved an early repast, for he now fingered an unlighted cigar and looked about for a seat. I moved over to make place for him by the window. He nodded acknowledgment, fumbled for a match at the stand, and got his cigar alight. As he did so, his eye aslant noted a gaudily covered magazine abandoned by some passenger on the seat beside me.

"Is this yours?" He tendered it to me as he sat down, but I shook my head. Whereupon he opened it, turned a few pages, and then thrust it aside. He may have sensed something in my short

denial which accorded with his own opinion of the periodical. It gave large and prominent space to the spectacular careers of successful Americans, and these narratives evidently did not interest him. He expressed aloud a blunt disbelief in their veracity. I caught the word "bunk." And then as he picked up the magazine again and gazed critically at the flamboyant cover, he mused aloud:

"A lot of people must like this sort of stuff. I can't help thinking of the harm it must do."

Just then a racking tremor ran the length of the stalled train, and we lurched again into motion.

"Harm?" I repeated.

"This uplift business," he answered.

He was rather short and sturdy, with close-cut grizzled hair and pleasantly engaging eyes. I guessed his age to be about fifty-five. Something in his speech and manner seemed almost foreign, but his dress was the inconspicuous blue serge of an American and, like his hat, seemed newly purchased. I wondered vaguely as to his business and destination, and suddenly he partially enlightened me.

"Do you know how soon we reach Wabhano?" he asked, drawing out his watch. "I lived there once. Haven't seen the town in five years. Been abroad. Consular service."

I couldn't predict when we should reach Wabhano. The train was almost two hours late. He nodded absently, and put away his watch with a sort of resigned patience.



"There was a fellow who lived in Wahbano years ago who was brought up on that sort of thing." Mr. Spence, as I presently discovered his name to be, indicated the discarded magazine, which had fallen to the floor. "They didn't have these super-periodicals in those days, but they had the same kind of hokum. In Sunday-school libraries. Did you ever hear of the works of Samuel Smiles?"

I nodded in sudden recollection.

"Well," resumed Mr. Spence, "this chap, Godfrey Jones, was brought up on that sort of moral pabulum. When I was about ten I can remember him as a bright-eyed precocious youngster that came to Sunday-school dressed in a red velvet suit, with a broad white-linen collar and a big plaid bow-tie. You couldn't help remarking him. His proud father made such a fuss over him. Very likely he already had visions of his six-year-old as a future president of the United States. I felt sorry for the little chap. What chance did he have—his young mind immersed in the works of Samuel Smiles and all the smug and sanctimonious books of that period? And with his father forever dinning it into his ears that he was not like other boys. No wonder the youngster developed a sort of Napoleonic complex. Who wouldn't?"

Mr. Spence, noticing that my cigar had grown short, drew a fresh one from his pocket. "Try one of these. Brought them up from Puerto Barrios myself. That's where I'm stationed now."

I thanked him and accepted the cigar. "Your family still lives in Wahbano?" I inquired.

"Haven't any family," he said simply. "I'm going out to see an aunt—she's quite aged now—who still lives there. Just landed in time to make my report in Washington and get out to Wahbano to have Thanksgiving dinner with her. It will please the old lady. You see, I'm about the only relative she has left."

He said this in a quite matter-of-fact tone, peered out the window at the wet

darkness, and then leaned back in his seat.

"The trouble with Godfrey Jones was that he had too lively an imagination. All the ideas that his vain and foolish father had of his future were caught up and enlarged by the son. He was going to grow up and be a great man. Fired with the idea. Absolutely confident. Years later, when I got to know him, he told me of an incident—he was quite naïve about it—and I couldn't help thinking how illuminating it was, how it helped to explain that Napoleonic complex.

"There was a Sunday-school excursion by train to some lake thirty miles or so distant from Wahbano. Two hundred and fifty children in tow of their parents for a summer-day's outing. Lunch baskets, fishing rods and tackle, fans, umbrellas, cans of worms for bait. Embarked on a hideous melange of pleasure, as I look back on those affairs now. Of course Mr. Jones was there with his six-year-old paragon. He happened to know the engineer of the train, so at one of the stations he took little Godfrey forward to the locomotive-cab to give him a ride on the engine. The accommodating engineer lifted the boy up on the seat in front of him while the proud father steadied his offspring's diminutive legs. Presently the locomotive—an incredibly huge iron monster it seemed to Godfrey—was pounding ahead, careening from side to side, while the rails streamed forward to meet it. Years later, when he described it to me, every detail was still vivid in his memory. His ears were filled with a vast confused roar. From below came waves of blazing heat, a reddish flare from a molten pit, and the clang of the fireman's shovel. Through the open window of the cab a fierce rush of air tore at Godfrey's wide sailor hat, fastened around his chin by an elastic band.

"You can imagine the thrill to a youngster. He, of all those hundreds of children, was riding on the engine! But

the biggest moment was yet to come. The engineer's grimy fingers closed over Godfrey's chubby hand and placed it on the throttle—the one part of the great monster that the child understood and held in a kind of awe—the throttle! His pudgy fingers gripped the smooth steel. He was running the train! If only all those hundreds of children prosaically seated in the day coaches could see him now! Very likely he pictured himself the object of their collective, infantile gaze. He, Godfrey Jones, was running the train!

"At the next station, when Mr. Jones and his son descended from the cab and returned triumphantly to their seats, the father proclaimed the boy's prowess aloud as he led his young hopeful down the aisle of the day coach. 'Godfrey has been running the train! Just think of that!'"

Mr. Spence shrugged his shoulders and stared at the end of his cigar. "Very likely, that Napoleonic complex was born then and there—in that locomotive cab. In fact, the youngster had great visions of becoming an engineer, but as he grew up this particular ambition faded. A locomotive engineer isn't exactly of Napoleonic proportions. It was uncertain just what career the youth would elect, but there was no question as to the brilliancy of his future. In Wabhano that was already taken for granted. Godfrey's progress in school affirmed it. He had a quick if superficial intelligence, more than a match for the high-school text-books of that day. And when he went off to college Mr. Jones saw to it that the Wabhano *Daily News* was kept informed of the young man's progress. Godfrey's local fame increased."

The train suddenly came to a staggering halt, and we heard the blast of the air-brakes. The stout Jewish gentleman stirred in his chair, opened his eyes, and for a moment sleepily regarded Mr. Spence. In the silence that followed I could hear through the ventilators the soft patter of rain on the roof of the

car. Presently the locomotive whistled hoarsely; there came a jerk, and we were again in motion.

"And finally," resumed Mr. Spence, "the Wabhano *Daily News* had a really big story. They made a front page affair of it, with headlines: 'Wabhano Youth Helps to Head Big New York Firm,' or something of that sort. It must have made considerable local commotion. I was no longer in Wabhano, but I heard of Godfrey Jones' signal rise in the world."

Mr. Spence paused, stroking his short bristling moustache with a spreading movement of a thumb and stubby finger. He repeated the motion several times and then demanded:

"Do you believe in Fate? Can't say that I do myself, but in Godfrey's case, viewed after all these years, it did seem as if there was a Fate. A Fate with a sense of ironic humor—perhaps bored with Mr. Jones' bland predictions about his son's career and determined to show who was really conducting the affair. At any rate, Fate stepped in—very coyly, as you'll see presently.

"At the time it did look like a heaven-sent chance. Godfrey wasn't six months out of college, and to his classmates it must have seemed as if he had jumped years ahead of them in one bound. There was an investment company organized—this, mind you, in the days before they began to put a legislative curb on big business. Anyway, the National Investment Company was launched with a great fanfare in Wall Street, and Godfrey was appointed Assistant Treasurer.

"I suspect now that the position wasn't as important as it sounded, but to Godfrey's college friends, getting a foothold here and there in New York at fifteen dollars a week, it must have loomed large. The National Investment Company leased a floor in one of the new big down-town buildings, and fitted it up sumptuously. No end of mahogany partitions and plate glass. And there was Godfrey, in a room by



himself, with 'Assistant Treasurer' emblazoned on the glass of the door. You can imagine how he must have looked to the young fellows who had been in college lecture rooms with him only a few months before. 'Assistant Treasurer!'—and Godfrey himself behind a big flat-topped desk with a buzzer to push when he wanted his secretary. Of course, he was glad to have them drop in on him in all that glory. He could be most affable, lean back carelessly in that leather and mahogany swivel-chair, and ask, 'Well, old man, how are things?' with an assumption of hearty interest in his caller's fortunes and never a word as to his own spectacular success. He didn't have to mention that. It shrieked aloud in all those sumptuous office trappings and the gilt lettering on the door. He may have patronized his old cronies a bit. From that executive eminence at twenty-two it would be difficult not to play the great man that he already felt himself to be. You see, everything was coming true that he had read in those priceless uplift books which he had been reared on.

"Quite aside from Godfrey Jones' luck in landing that job, you've got to concede that he worked hard at it. He was quick and shrewd. Whoever picked him for that so-called assistant treasurer-ship made no mistake. In fact, he was too good. That was eventually the trouble. For suddenly the government crashed down on the National Investment Company for some sort of irregular operations. There was to be a court inquiry. And Godfrey, through his zealous efforts, was altogether too conversant with the particular transactions in question. In those days account books and important documents had a way of conveniently disappearing at such embarrassing moments. But Godfrey's wonderful memory for details was a different problem. He was invited into the private sanctum of the president of the company and his salary was enormously raised in view of his loyalty to his employers—which was to

be speedily demonstrated. At noon the following day Godfrey embarked upon a South American boat which was to touch at West Indian ports. Within twenty-four hours he had quit American soil and was beyond the reach of subpoenas. It was given out that he had suffered a nervous breakdown and been compelled to go south for his health."

"Ducked the whole business!" I exclaimed at this juncture, for Mr. Spence's narrative, delivered in a flat slow voice, began to interest me.

"And quite ready to oblige," assented Mr. Spence drily. "A sort of voluntary exile, which he thoroughly enjoyed. That I can vouch for myself, for it was a year or so later that I happened to meet him in that West Indian port where he had taken refuge.

"It was my first assignment to a foreign post—a modest consular clerkship. I was about twenty-eight, and as yet knew nothing of the tropics. I had come ashore with my baggage into a strange world, bewildered by the dark faces along the waterfront, the pungent odors of rum and raw sugar issuing from cavernous arcades, the hot blinding sunshine. There were gaudily dressed negro women with great burdens on their heads, and a market place jammed with smells and flies and people babbling in a foreign tongue.

"In a kind of daze, old habit reasserted itself and I wrote 'Wahbano, Indiana' after my name in the hotel register. I was uncomfortably aware that my northern clothes were unsuited to the climate. I managed a sort of bath and change in my room—a room with slatted affairs for windows through which I could see a green, exotic, palm-studded landscape—and I descended to the hotel office, where I suddenly beheld Godfrey Jones. He was dressed in flannels, looking very sleek and cool from white helmet to white shoes, and under one arm he carried a smart flexible walking stick. He was scanning the hotel register, curious as to new arrivals

from the vessel that had put in to port, and the words 'Wahbano, Indiana' had caught his astonished eye.

"'Here is Mr. Spence now,' said the clerk, and Godfrey Jones turned to stare at me. I couldn't imagine who this flashy looking young man could be, who was instantly shaking my hand with great cordiality. Probably some one from the consular office, but he quickly corrected me as to that. I caught the words 'National Investment Company'—'New York' impressively pronounced, and then the announcement that he originally came from Wahbano like myself. 'Fancy, meeting any one from Wahbano down here!' he exclaimed in his light rapid way. 'No, I'm not one of your consular office crowd,' he threw out somewhat tartly. 'Of course I know Dixon, the consul. Not a bad chap, you'll find him,' he added condescendingly. 'But fancy, you being from the old home town!' He looked me up and down, and then clapped a hand familiarly upon my shoulder. 'You must come and have dinner with me to-night. Not here in town. Up at my place, in the hills. It's cool there. You'll like it.'

"He was right. I did like it. It was mercifully cool up there, after the glare and heat of my first day ashore. We sat on a vine-covered verandah which commanded a wide prospect of sea and sky, with the town far below us—like a child's tumbled blocks—a glimmer of white in the gathering darkness. The house was a venerable stone affair, of monastic aspect, with arcades and ancient galleries, cushioned deep in the semi-tropical green of the mountain's flanks. And there he lived in a sort of aloof, regal magnificence, lording it over half a dozen dark-skinned servants, giving frequent little dinner-parties to the smart members of the foreign colony. A sort of Napoleon in temporary retirement. At Elba. Biding his time.

"Yes, he was a figure, romantic and impressive, once your imagination succumbed to the infection of his talk. A

servant had brought out rum and limes and ice, with which he proceeded to make me a delicious *apéritif*. I sipped it with grateful refreshment, leaning back in a deep wicker chair, while his tall white figure paced restlessly before me in the warm dusk. He was talking—gesticulating and talking in a steady flow—glad of an auditor from the outside world. He wanted a listener—someone remote enough from himself to get him in a detached way, in a perspective of his own creating. And so he gave me that audacious vision of himself which had come to fill his dreams.

"But I wasn't wholly unprepared for that revelation. Dixon at the consular office, where I had gone that afternoon to report my arrival, had enlightened me. 'Dining with Godfrey Jones, are you? I'll say he's lost no time in getting hold of you.' He laughed and leaned back in his chair, putting his feet up on the ramshackle desk, which was covered with papers. It was a stuffy place, and Dixon was in his shirtsleeves. Upon his face was a considerable growth of unshaven beard, which he had a habit of stroking reflectively. 'Well, you've got to live and learn,' he observed aloud. 'What's the matter with him?' I demanded, for at that time I had yet to learn the details of his earlier history. 'Matter? Oh, well, you'll see for yourself,' said Dixon. I inferred that the consul held the young man in a sort of scornful contempt. Perhaps he saw through his pretensions and discounted that parade of greatness. 'Why, the poor fool puts on no end of side down here. What's more, he's gone completely soft. Nothing to do but receipt for his salary which his company sends him every month, and hint confidentially how the government would like to get hold of him. He'll tell you all about it!'

"Dixon's prediction was correct. As I sipped that cooling *apéritif* on Godfrey's verandah and listened to his talk, the inflated soul of the man began to stand out grotesquely while the gather-



ing darkness obscured his physical self. The stars were beginning to burn softly in the night sky and a great peace seemed to have enveloped the world, while a sort of disembodied voice issuing out of the shadows held my profound attention. He was selling himself to me, as you now say in the States—perhaps without conscious intent. The rum may have emboldened him, helped to accelerate a quick intimacy between us. Besides, you must remember, I was from Wahbano, the old home town.

“As I look back now, I can see how that moral and uplifting literature from the Sunday-school library, which had shaped him for a career of greatness, had been subtly undermined. Contact with the business world, followed by this idling in the tropics, had blunted the harsh edge of those early Puritan precepts but without dimming in the least his inordinate ambition, his serene belief in his own future accomplishment. That was always just ahead of him—like a mirage. Yes, he saw his future in a kind of rapturous blur, and the tropics had imparted a soft, seductive glamour to that dream.

“‘When I get back’—‘when I’m in the saddle again’—were phrases which slipped easily from his lips. You might have thought him impatient at being withheld from the scene of big action. But, as a matter of fact, he didn’t chafe at his exile. He was too confident, too sure of himself; and like all youth, utterly indifferent to the tragic flight of time. What was time when all of life still lay ahead of you? I could see him stretch his arms as if luxuriously tired. He’d had a hard year getting a raw organization into smooth running shape—that’s the way he expressed it—and besides, he wasn’t exactly loafing even now. A soft laugh issued out of the darkness. No, indeed, this was very far from loafing, although it might seem so. He got up from his chair and advanced to one of the ancient stone pillars of the verandah, where I could see him sharply silhouetted against the sky,

his handsome confident profile lifted to the stars, his arms folded across his breast in the consciousness of his strength. Nothing could be more important than what he was doing now—this *sub rosa* retirement. That was vital. His superiors in the company were deeply grateful. He was the sole bulwark between them and the arm of the law. Single-handed, he was holding an officious government at bay.

“He didn’t put it so crassly as that, but that is what it amounted to. And his fervor was genuine. He all but convinced me that his precious company had been most outrageously hounded by a rascally political crew and their legal hangers-on. It seemed a dastardly attack upon upright business men engaged in their proper affairs. ‘Some day I’ll give you all the details. Then you will understand,’ he said, turning to face me in the darkness. ‘But they are balked—powerless—while I stand here.’ He leaned back against the pillar of the verandah, striking a gorgeous attitude, as if he were as fixed and immovable as that ancient, time-worn stone.

“‘But you can’t stay here, forever,’ I murmured after a long moment of silence. He laughed carelessly. ‘Don’t worry. I shan’t,’ he reassured me. ‘But how—?’ I vaguely queried. He shook off the question as if it didn’t interest him, and went over to the little table where the ice and bottles stood. ‘Let’s have another drink,’ he suggested.

“Under the stimulus of a third *apéritif* he began to talk about the social diversions of the island, the Country Club, and the resident foreigners. I could see that he wished to orient me as to certain distinctions of social caste among the whites, which he took very seriously. ‘You must try to meet the Townsends. Colonel Townsend is a Britisher. Very important. Has big interests all over the West Indies. I might go into something big down here myself some day, after I’ve cleaned up reasonably well in New York. Townsend and I might pull off something

together. I tell you"—he paused and drank deeply of the soft scented air—"there's something about life in these tropic islands. . . . Wait till you've been here awhile. Then you'll understand. It gets you somehow" . . .

Our belated train, which had been proceeding at a snail's pace, once more came to an abrupt halt, but at the next moment lurched forward and struggled to resume its motion. We could hear the labored panting of the locomotive. A trainman in a white cap peered in upon us from the curtained doorway and then vanished. From the roof of the car came the dull tattoo of the rain.

Mr. Spence drew out his watch and studied it with a frown. "I hope Aunt Mathilda doesn't go to the station to meet me," he said aloud. "I wired her I was coming. A bad night to venture out—at her age," he added in some concern. And then abruptly he apologized for his story.

"I didn't mean to get to telling you all this. I'm afraid I'm boring you—"

"On the contrary," I protested, "I'm much interested."

He stroked his stubby moustache thoughtfully for several moments. "I've seen a good deal of the tropics since that night I've been telling you about. A consul gets shifted about, you know, from one place to another. You see a lot of queer life in those latitudes, all sorts of human ups and downs."

"I've been told it's no place for a white man."

Mr. Spence shook his head. "A white man can go to pieces anywhere. The tropics merely offer a striking background for what might be commonplace enough elsewhere. Tragedy against a background of beauty. It's picturesque. You feel a contrast, quite unforgettable. Besides, Godfrey Jones was in a way my first impression of those regions.

"He had me to dinner more than once. Usually just the two of us alone, in that sumptuous place of his. It must have taken every dollar of his salary, which

continued to arrive every month. It was like living on the income from an inheritance. With nothing to do, and surrounded by smart and wealthy acquaintances, he splurged. Well, naturally. He felt that he had a position to live up to. An executive of a big New York institution at twenty-three—a signal example of American business success. Not a difficult role to play in that remote part of the world. A hollow but impressive sham. And in addition, there was the spectacular aspect of his mysterious exile. He was thwarting a government, making it look ridiculous. That fed his pride, his supreme confidence in his greatness. He was a good-looking chap, and to the women, I imagine, a romantic figure.

"In short, Fate had spread for him a bed of roses, and then suddenly she showed her hand. My first inkling of it was when an American mail came in and I spread open the New York papers in the consular office. But even then I didn't really comprehend; it slipped from mind and didn't recur to me until that night when I went to dine with him. Several months had passed, and we had grown quite intimate. I was frequently up at his place in the hills, and the ceremony of the *apéritifs* had become a familiar rite.

"We were sipping our second or third, and he as usual was talking. He had heard of a big railway development scheme in Guatemala. Foreign bankers were behind it. There were millions in it. And railroading had always had a particular appeal to him—a glamour and thrill—born perhaps of that ride on the locomotive in childhood. But he was not yet ready to make a move on his own. The Townsends—particularly Mrs. Townsend and her daughter, he confessed with a laugh—would not hear of his going to Guatemala. There were the tennis matches with the team from Jamaica which were scheduled at the Country Club for the following month.

"A servant came out with two or three letters for him—the American



mail that had arrived that morning. I can remember him idly glancing at the envelopes as he went on talking. 'Hullo, here's one from the office,' he said, and tore it open. It wasn't time for his monthly salary, but a pink bank-draft fluttered to the floor. 'What the devil—!' he exclaimed, as he held the typewritten sheet under the lamp and bent over it.

"For a long moment I waited. A fugitive breath of air crossed the verandah. The bank-draft on the floor turned over once and lay still. The candle flame, screened within its globe of amber glass, flickered. Yellowish lights played over his tall rigid white figure. 'What the devil—!' he muttered again. A quiver went over him, and suddenly, crumpling the letter fiercely in his hand, he turned upon me hotly. 'Why, they're crazy! They can't—they can't—'

"He seemed to choke over the words in a sort of stricken bewilderment and rage, and then realizing that I hadn't the faintest idea of what had upset him, he thrust the crumpled letter into my hands. 'Read that!' he commanded fiercely, and stalked away to the other end of the verandah. I smoothed out the letter and read it while the verandah echoed to his stormy tread. It was an official communication from the head of his firm—a new and unfamiliar name—for, as the letter tersely set forth, a reorganization had been effected, and in view of various changes in personnel . . . etc., etc. . . . the directors thought best to request his resignation. Anticipating his compliance, a draft was enclosed for three months' additional salary. The directors greatly regretted having to take this action . . . etc., etc. . . . In doing so they wished to express their cordial appreciation of his past services . . . etc., etc. . . . You know the unctuous tone in which letters of that sort are usually couched. The cold fact was that Godfrey Jones had been let out.

"I finished reading and looked up at

him. He was standing in front of me, a tall white quivering figure. His eyes flashed. 'Pretty cheeky, eh?' he demanded. 'Fire me, eh? Why, they can't do that!'

"I stared at the large and formidable signature of the new dignitary who had assumed control of the National Investment Company. The competency and finality of that document were beyond cavil. 'They have already done it,' I remarked.

"'Let *me* out!' In the sharp emphasis on the word the whole man stood revealed, his vanity, his overweening confidence, his distorted measurement of himself in the world's eyes. 'Let *me* out, eh?' he poured forth in bitterness and hate. 'Not if I know it! I can crumple them up—like that!' He thrust his hand before my face, and slowly curled his fingers into a tense, remorseless grip. A hard light danced in his eyes. 'I can bring the government down on them with three words. I've got the goods on them, I have!' He laughed harshly, folded his arms with that grand Napoleonic gesture of his, and looked off into the distance, as if visioning his vengeance.

"'But look here!' I exclaimed, for his last words had reminded me of the paragraph I had read that morning in the New York papers. 'You're too late. Your company has come to terms with the government. They've owned up, and agreed to a settlement.' He turned and looked at me, with sharp incredulity upon his face. 'They'd be fools to do that,' he scoffed. 'But it's in the papers!' I insisted. I got up, looked among the newspapers that had come with his mail, tore the wrapper off of one, and thrust it at him.

"He bent over the candle, screwing up his eyes at the fine print of the newspaper column. I don't think that at first he understood. He turned to me again in complete bewilderment. It was too incredible. He had treasured too long the consciousness of holding within himself secret information of

tremendous and dreadful might. It was like a bomb, filled with some devastating explosive, which he held in his hand ready to hurl with shattering effect. It had made him transcendent and invincible, and now suddenly it was as if he clutched a mere handful of confetti. His gesture with it had been absurd.

"And gradually he began to comprehend. The lofty and imposing pedestal which he had erected for himself, and upon which he had struck his confident pose, had suddenly crumbled beneath him and crashed to earth. Out of the débris he now tried dazedly to get to his feet. He was impotent, negligible; he had been paid off and dismissed.

"Just then from within the house came the slow muted note of a Chinese gong. It was one of his affectations to have the first announcement of dinner signalled in this Oriental fashion. Presently, one of his liveried black servants would appear on the threshold and give formal notice, backing away as from the presence of a great potentate. The echoes of the gong died out, the negro appeared, and the dumbshow was gone through with.

"He paid no attention, standing with his arms folded, and moodily staring off into the darkness. But the mockery of the performance, of the whole elaborate *ménage* which encompassed him, must suddenly have smote his pride. He turned abruptly and said in a dogged lowering tone, 'You needn't laugh!'

"'Laugh!' I retorted indignantly. It was the last thing in the world it would have occurred to me to do. He was stung to the quick. And instantly he was at work upon the gigantic task of self-rehabilitation. His pride would not suffer for a moment that humiliation. He couldn't breathe in an atmosphere of defeat. He wouldn't even acknowledge it. 'I'll show them!' he threw out truculently, as he began to pace back and forth. 'You and every one else!' His bruised and quivering soul was conjuring up a new future of vague but

great accomplishments. The mirage lifted glamorously before him.

"'I suppose you will go back to New York,' I ventured after a pause. He halted abruptly. 'New York!' The word seemed to recall him from his roseate dreams. He brooded for a moment, and then resolutely shook his head. 'I'm through with New York!' he said scornfully, and resumed his striding back and forth. He seemed to renounce forever the city that had so shabbily served him. Yes, it was as if the whole metropolis had part in that shameful conspiracy against him. He would turn his back upon it. He would show New York . . . from afar off . . . in these tropic islands which had beguiled his imagination.

"'But you'll need money—capital—down here,' I ventured to point out. He merely shrugged his shoulders as he passed before me, his eyes fixed upon the verandah floor. 'I'll manage that,' he said shortly. 'And go on living here?' I asked boldly. I suspected that he hadn't a cent, and I couldn't see how he was going to continue his extravagant living now that his income was abruptly cut off. His moody gaze, still upon the floor, rested upon the pink bank-draft. He studied it irresolutely for a long moment. Perhaps he was calculating the margin of freedom which it still held out to him. Suddenly he stooped and picked it up.

"We went in to dinner—the last, I imagined, of those elaborate little spreads which he so delighted in. But it wasn't. For a month or more he continued to live in prodigal state, playing the host to the foreign colony, cutting the same dashing figure on the Country Club's tennis courts, maintaining every jaunty, swaggering gesture of his past greatness. In the meantime he must have made business overtures to the moneyed men within his social circle, indicated his willingness to come in on any likely enterprise. Gossip drifted about to that effect. But nothing developed, and I privately



wondered about that fast diminishing bank-draft. At times, in spite of his confident bravado, worried lines would cross his face. And then he was suddenly gone—where, no one seemed to know. He vanished almost overnight, and the villa up in the hills was to let.

"Months slipped by, and occasionally an echo of him, a vague breath of rumor, would drift into the consular office. He became a sort of ghostly figure, flitting from one Caribbean port to another. Some one had recognized him in Caracas; later he was reported in Costa Rica; it was even believed that he had ventured down the West Coast as far as Guayaquil. The various enterprises that engaged his energies remained obscure, but there was clearly no momentous issue from any of them. Once, however, came authentic and definite report. Dixon had it from an English coffee-grower in Colombia, recounted with curt disgust. Godfrey Jones? Yes, he had been taken in by that smooth-spoken young gentleman. He had listened and been much impressed. He had put Godfrey in charge of a coffee plantation, but the fellow was no good—all talk and big ideas. The plantation was too trivial an affair to command his attention. The water pipe-line that carried the coffee down from the hills got choked up and burst while Godfrey was having visions of developing a whole industrial empire. It had cost the planter a pretty penny. The fellow was no use."

Mr. Spence paused and regarded the stub of his cigar, which had gone out. He gazed at it thoughtfully for a moment, and suddenly it seemed to become symbolic. "Done for—like that," he said, holding it up for my inspection. I tried to visualize the dismal extinction of Godfrey Jones' dreams of glory.

"I never dreamed that I would set eyes on him again. More years went by, and I quite forgot about him. Meanwhile I had been making a little headway myself, with transfers at intervals to a better post, and finally I was

given full consular powers and ordered to Paraminta. There had been a revolution of a sort—one of those sudden abortive efforts to overturn the administration, like a summer squall, which sweep over those Central American republics. The *insurrectos* had kicked up quite a lot of dust—there had even been a battle or two—before they were finally routed. The government house was pock-marked with bullets, and even our little consulate had come in for a stray shot or two during the rumpus. Things had just settled down when I arrived. The place was in something of a mess, naturally, and my first job was to straighten up the files and set things to rights. I had my coat off, and was sorting over papers, when one of my clerks came in to say that there was a man outside who wanted to see the consul.

"Well, send him in," I replied, but the clerk seemed dubious. My caller, it appeared, was in a none too presentable state. I pictured a refugee or hardened vagabond, apprised of a new face in the consulate and hopeful of extracting a loan with some time-worn story. 'Oh, send him in,' I repeated, but it wasn't necessary, for my bedraggled caller had pushed his way into the room behind the clerk's back. I looked up, and I must have blinked hard. There was something oddly familiar about this waif of ill fortune standing in the doorway, clutching a dingy straw hat in his hands. It was Godfrey Jones, or rather the ghost of him, strangely aged and broken. At the same instant he recognized me. He went crimson to the ears. 'I didn't know *you* were the consul here,' he stammered in confusion. I dismissed the clerk, and went myself and closed the door.

"He was horribly embarrassed—his plight was too obvious; but I pretended not to notice. I wanted to make it easy for him, particularly about that prospective loan, which he must be desperately in need of. But pride and shame had suddenly sealed his lips. I

could see that he wasn't going to mention money but would presently take himself off with what dignity he could muster. 'Look here,' I flatly put it to him after some pretence of talk, 'You've been let in for a streak of hard luck.' He nodded, looking down at the hat in his hands. 'Well, if I can be of any service—' I suggested. 'It wouldn't be necessary,' he answered stiffly, 'if Don Romanez hadn't ditched everything.' At that I began to comprehend. Romanez was the leader of the *insurrectos* who had tried to unseat the government. 'You've been mixed up in this revolution?' I inquired. Something of his oldtime swaggering pride suddenly reasserted itself. 'I was practically running it,' he boasted. 'I would have had Romanez in the president's chair at this moment if he would have listened to me. These Latin Americans can't keep their heads,' he added in disgust.

"I reflected for a moment, and then said, 'The *Vallodolid* is sailing tomorrow.' He nodded, without looking up. 'If you could help me to a passage.'—'But you'll need—well, other things,' and I got out my cash box. 'I'll see about the passage. And here's a little loan to tide you over.' For some reason I didn't like to hand him the money; I laid the bills on the desk, where his hand presently might unobtrusively close over them. 'And look here,' I said, 'if it's in order, won't you dine with me tonight?' He seemed a little taken aback at my invitation, hesitated, and then abruptly agreed. 'Awfully decent of you. Thanks. I'll manage it.'

"We dined by ourselves on a little balcony off of my room at the hotel. And I must say that in the meantime he had put that money to good disposal. He had achieved an astonishing transformation. He was completely toggled out in new clothes, which, if cheap, looked quite decent. He had been barbered and bathed. I hardly recognized the refugee from Don Romanez' scattered army. He was once more the Godfrey Jones I had once known. But

with a difference. He had aged perceptibly. Fifteen years of uncertain adventuring in the tropics had taken their toll of his youthful fiber. He looked prematurely old. There was a wasted look about his thin and darkened face, and when he forced a smile the skin crinkled into telltale lines. He accepted eagerly the whiskey that I offered him, and drank it with greedy gusto. It seemed to rally his spent energies, loosened his tongue. He began to talk—in the same old strain that I had listened to years before.

"He slurred over that considerable passage of time, as if it were a matter of mere months. He gave me to understand that he had made one or two tentative ventures, but was vague as to their outcome. He hadn't yet got hold of quite the right thing—the really big thing that he could put his back muscles into. The people he had had to deal with lacked vision; they couldn't follow him; and yet what these Latin American countries cried to heaven for was a twentieth-century, broad-guage business man. An empire builder.

"'Like Cecil Rhodes,' I couldn't resist saying. 'Eh? Just so!' he agreed. He was intensely serious. He went on to tell me that he had had great hopes of Don Romanez. Otherwise he wouldn't have ventured so bold a stroke. 'Romanez had imagination,' he pointed out. 'He got my slant on things. Once this corrupt and utterly incompetent administration had been sacked, Romanez as president would have given me a free hand. I would have had my chance . . . to do things . . . to put this country on the map!'

"He was all aglow over the possibilities of that lost cause. He got up and began to pace back and forth, gesticulating with his half-emptied glass of Scotch and soda. Well, there were other republics lying about, other undeveloped countries close at hand. He would have to make a new try, start all over again. But only wait; he would show them the man he was. He tossed



off the remainder of his drink, set the glass down, and drew a handkerchief from his breast-pocket. A bit of paper fluttered to the floor. He flushed deeply and stooped to recover it. It was a Cuban lottery ticket.

"He straightened up, hesitated, and almost brandished it at me. 'Yesterday when I was—' he didn't finish the sentence, but I could readily picture him in his destitute plight of yesterday, looking hungrily to anyone for the most trifling sort of lift. 'A fellow I stopped and spoke to had the effrontery to throw me *that!*' He shook the soiled and crumpled ticket before my eyes, and his voice trembled with emotion. 'How's that for an insult! I had a good mind to knock him down. But I couldn't start a rumpus in the street. It would have landed me in jail where they've got Romanez. Instead, I kept it, as a sort of memento of a lost cause. Some day I'll frame it—have it to look back upon.' His eyes lighted, his whole face was transformed. Even at that lowest ebb of his fortunes he still pictured everything against the golden background of his future accomplishment—that mirage which would not fade. 'Awfully decent of you to help me out.' He seemed suddenly to recall my agency in his transformation. Funny you should turn up at the one moment when I'm caught in a tight pinch. But you can understand—can't you?—I staked everything on putting Romanez across.'"

The white jacket of the Pullman porter suddenly materialized before the green curtains of the doorway. He had a wisp broom in his hand, and his eye singled out Mr. Spence. We would reach Wahbano in about fifteen minutes. Mr. Spence got to his feet and meekly submitted to the whiskings of the porter's brush. The Jewish gentleman, routed from his slumbers, accorded us a sleepy stare. After a prolonged scratching of the back of his neck, he rose heavily and shambled out.

"That lottery ticket, thrown at a beggar, rankled," Mr. Spence resumed, settling down again in his seat after tipping the porter. "But it was never destined to be framed and treasured in later days of affluence as a sop to his hurt pride. Fate was again to take an ironic hand in his erratic fortunes. Mind you, his hopes never went outside his unbounded faith in his own efforts. For example, it never occurred to him that a lottery ticket might come to have a tremendous value—"

"You don't mean to tell me—" I exclaimed in sudden amazement.

"Yes, if you can believe it." Mr. Spence regarded me earnestly. "The drawing came off in Havana a couple of months later. It was sheer chance that Godfrey happened to see the list of winning numbers. And with his accountant's head for figures, he remembered. He had a frantic time digging up that crumpled ticket which had been put away against the great day of framing and in the meantime almost forgotten. It was only a fractional ticket, but it brought him in a tidy fifteen thousand dollars—gold, mind you.

"You can imagine my astonishment when he turned up one day in Paraminta dressed like a Nicaraguan silver king, reflecting prosperity from every angle. He was just off the boat and on his way to the consulate to pay back that loan, when we came face to face in the street. Standing there in the blazing sunshine, with a natty new helmet cocked at a rakish angle, he told me of his stroke of good fortune. His incredible luck didn't seem to impress him at all. Somehow he knew he would be speedily on his feet again. You couldn't keep a good man down, and now with that flood of gold suddenly spilled into his lap his chance had come. He insisted on crossing the street to a sort of café, where he ordered drinks and proceeded to enlighten me about his future plans.

"He had got hold of something big

at last,—and it was railroading, his cherished dream. He was on his way to Puerto Caballo now to take charge of things. Did I remember the railroad established at that point some years ago, but the line into the interior never completed? The concession for that halted enterprise had been bought in by a group of capitalists. The very biggest people—he impressed this fact upon me by the solemnity of his tone. These obscure but powerful financiers had come to a private understanding with the government. There wouldn't be any political chicanery to thwart developments this time. The railroad would be speedily pushed through into the heart of the richest undeveloped country in the world.

"I'm in on the ground-floor, with the biggest of them," he announced proudly. "They didn't want to let me in on my own terms, but I was quite flat about it. 'You've got to take me at my own valuation, gentlemen,' I told them, 'or I'm not interested. I'll go elsewhere.' That settled it. I'm to be resident manager, with offices at Puerto Caballo.'"

Mr. Spence shrugged his shoulders. "I remembered Puerto Caballo: a long and lonely steel pier projecting from a dismal, deserted coast, where the single line of track of the *Ferrocarril Nacional*, ambitiously begun, came to an ignominious end in the bush three or four miles inland. It had been gathering rust for several years, while an infinitude of injunctions, warrants, claims, and counter-claims gathered red-tape in the legislative capital. Government ineptitude, jealousy of foreign capital, and so on—the usual story. 'There will be nothing like that this time,' Godfrey assured me confidently. 'We've got the government fixed.' To impress upon me the delicacy and magnitude of those secret negotiations, he lowered his lids and regarded me through half-shut eyes.

"Privately, I wondered. But it was useless to express any doubt as to the sanguine program he sketched. He

promptly opposed and annihilated my distrustful comment with a whirl of argument and statistics. I could only sit and listen while he painted with all his oldtime fervor that colorful alluring future. He unrolled like a panorama his vision of that new El Dorado, into the golden heart of which would pierce the long thin steel line of the *Ferrocarril Nacional*. Whereupon the land would drip fatness. He had only a couple of hours ashore, but he filled every minute of them with his prophetic dreams. And then he was gone, his tall figure making its way importantly along the water-front, leaving me quite bewildered, my ears still ringing with his fulsome words.

"A year went by, and at intervals there were echoes from Puerto Caballo of the revived *Ferrocarril Nacional*. Another year, and the echoes became less frequent. Just what was being done toward that vast scheme of development it was difficult to learn. More time passed, and the *Ferrocarril Nacional* became a sort of joke, a by-word on casual tongues, and then was dropped altogether. At times I wondered about Godfrey Jones and his fifteen thousand dollars that had been swallowed up in that ambitious but ill-fated venture. And then came the long years of the War, and everything else was forgotten. . . .

"Just this last spring, while making a trip to Colon, our vessel called at Puerto Caballo. The sight of that long, deserted pier and the little cluster of shacks at the landward end stirred my memories. I strolled ashore, thinking of Godfrey Jones, but hardly expecting to find trace or recollection of him after that long lapse of time. The *Ferrocarril Nacional*—or rather the rusted skeleton of it—still stretched its warped track toward the interior. A few decrepit freight cars, looted of their doors and movable parts, were huddled on a siding. And there was an abandoned "office" upon the front of which the words *Ferrocarril Nacional* had not quite faded.



Just beneath, I could make out a crudely painted picture of what must once have been intended to present a long and imposing train puffing its way into the heart of a continent. Much of the paint had flaked off in the weathering of years, but I recognized the unmistakable touch of Godfrey Jones' flamboyant imagination.

"I was staring at the thing when a long-time resident of the neighborhood—he proved to be a Frenchman and something of a recluse—happened along and observed my interest. He remembered Godfrey Jones. As for the railroad—he looked at me curiously, and shrugged his shoulders. The whole affair had been scandalously mishandled. There had been palpable fraud. Nothing had ever really been done. It had dragged along for years, with talk at times of rehabilitation. My new acquaintance shook his head. 'But Monsieur Jones would never give up faith in it,' he added simply. And then after a pause he ventured to ask if my friend, Monsieur Jones, had had a large investment in it. When I answered that I believed the sum was less than fifteen thousand dollars, it seemed to confirm some private opinion of his own. He nodded thoughtfully, and said aloud in his queer precise English, 'I was always of the impression that Monsieur Jones exaggerated his financial interest.'—'But it was all the money he had in the world,' I replied. My companion nodded again. 'I can readily understand. The railroad became everything in the world to him.' And then with that insight and terseness of phrase which the French display, he added, 'Monsieur Jones did not seem to have—shall we say—the capacity for losing hope.'

"He led me past the dismantled office to a small shack a little distance up the track. It was a sorry, dilapidated structure, with a roof of corrugated tin, and this had been the living-quarters of Godfrey Jones during the last years of his lonely but persistent stand as 'resident manager' of a railroad that had

ceased to exist before it was really born. The roof was punctured with small holes. These, my guide explained, were due to the fact that Monsieur Jones had one night given shelter to a drunken *mozo*, and the fellow had amused himself by discharging the contents of Godfrey's revolver through the roof.

"The place was a mere shell of a habitation, but as the Frenchman went on I began to fit together a picture of Godfrey Jones in the last phase of that abandonment, facing the mounting count of years, his manhood and money gone, his vast hopes shrinking to an almost insane attachment to that rusted bit of track—which was to open up the heart of a continent. For he had clung to his dream—long after it had been cursed and forgotten by its other victims. In Godfrey's belief the great project could not die. New efforts—he argued because he hoped—were shortly to be made. Important foreign interests would bestir the government. And meanwhile the years dragged on. The construction implements and supplies of rails had long ago been seized and shipped to other ports. There remained a single small locomotive, a wood-burner of ancient pattern, relic of the days of the earlier *Ferrocarril Nacional*, and this Godfrey would stoke and drive by himself over the two or three miles of open track not yet overgrown by the vegetation creeping back to reclaim its primeval hold on the land. It was his one diversion—'quite comical, had it not been so pathetic,' my French friend explained. 'Doubtless he got—as you say, a thrill—from that absurd performance.'

"I recalled that first thrill of the infant Godfrey in the locomotive cab of that Sunday-school excursion train. 'He always had an ambition for railroading,' I said aloud. The Frenchman turned to me and threw out his hands. 'But imagine—!'

"He went on to tell me that it was an unhealthy part of the coast. Godfrey's

hair had turned quite white, and the malaria had eaten into his bones and all but finished him. He was but the wreck of a man—*'un vrai cadavre'*—driving that shaky and wheezing locomotive over the brief span of track that was a mere streak of rust fading out in the green of the jungle. 'Imagine!' said the Frenchman again.

"I imagined. I pictured Godfrey Jones in those absurd forays up the track, his aged and shrunken veins tingling with the thrill of setting forth upon his vast railroad—as if it led on into the heart of a continent. It was his one escape from the grim reality which had closed down upon him. Very likely, in that locomotive cab, when under full steam, he felt himself still young, with that golden mirage of his future accomplishment still before. And the end—not unhappily, I like to think—had come in one of those moments. A decaying rail, loosened from its ancient fastenings, had given way under the wheels during one of those furious excursions. The locomotive bounded off upon the ties, fell over on its side and

lay still, and Godfrey Jones, clutching the throttle, lay still also."

Mr. Spence suddenly peered through the car-window. Electric street lights were glistening in the damp murky night, and the train was coming to a stop. "It's Wahbano!" He got up hurriedly and shook my hand. "Must get my bag. But don't forget. If you ever get down to Puerto Barrios, come into the consulate and see me."

He was gone, before I could realize that his story was ended. I remained with the vision of his short stocky body encased in blue serge disappearing through the green curtains of the doorway. A moment later, when the train had stopped, I had a last glimpse of him through the car-window. With a suitcase he was picking his way across the tracks, his collar turned up against the light drizzling rain. Then I noticed, waiting upon the station platform, an aged female figure toward whom he advanced. Evidently, Aunt Mathilda. He had to raise himself a little on his toes to bestow a kiss upon her cheek.







## WHO OWNS AMERICA?

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

**A** FAVORITE nourishment once recommended to the young man setting out on his career was the "bread of independence." This bread is a food which is supposed to be eaten by those who acknowledge no master, who draw their sustenance from no man's pay-roll, who, in short, are their own bosses. The bread of independence was to be had, once upon a time, for the price of a little industry, a little thrift, and a little—a very little—daring.

Around commencement time last year I heard a very important business man addressing a group of young men. There was an old, a familiar flavor in his advice. He administered all the well-seasoned counsel about honesty, thrift, ideals, and then bade them watch for the favorable moment to strike out for themselves. "Go into business on your own account, however small," he said. "Learn to earn and eat the bread of independence."

Now that gentleman—and he is a very prosperous gentleman indeed—has never tasted of this bread in his life. He has passed all his days on some other man's pay-roll. He is a successful business man, to be sure. But he is not and never has been his own boss. He is and has always been an employee, though I am sure he does not think of himself as such. I notice another business man who has recently turned his hand to statecraft and who puts himself down as a "mill owner." Of course, he really looks upon himself as a mill owner. Yet he does not own and, so far as I know, never has owned any mills. He has some stock in a group of mills, just

as you, perhaps, have some stock in a group of oil wells. Had he stuck to the simple truth he would have recorded himself as a "mill employee." He is an official in a mill-owning company—a very exalted official, entrusted with a very large share in management. But the mills of which he puts himself down as owner belong to a corporation in which he has a small percentage of the stock and which hires him to participate in the functions of control.

I saw an old photograph recently—one of those quaint, faded groups in dull gray and yellow tones—of the directors of the Chamber of Commerce of a large city. They were all impressive and ponderous-looking gentlemen, costumed after the fashion when statesmen, bank presidents, and business leaders made up elaborately for their parts. What interested me most were their callings. All but two were merchants and manufacturers. But they were the kind of merchants and manufacturers who owned their own establishments. They were what were called independent proprietors. That is, they were the sort of men who ate this famous bread of independence. This led me to look up the directors of this same Chamber today. Surely if the bread of independence is being eaten anywhere it is by the Directors of the Chamber of Commerce. And yet, with a few exceptions, I found them to be employees—very important employees to be sure, but nevertheless, in the true sense of the term, members of the great fraternity of the pay-roll.

The simple truth is that the bread of

independence is passing away as an article of food. The old distinction between employer and employee is losing a little of its ancient meaning. We are now almost all employees from Judge Gary, who has a job with the United States Steel Corporation, down to the humblest office boy. The simon pure employer, the independent proprietor, is vanishing from our midst.

In the closing days of the last century, when socialism was recruiting briskly in this country, the effective argument against it among practical men was that, if it were set up as a system, the whole population would be reduced to the condition of mere employees of the government. Every little boy was supposed to have a chance, well within his reach, of becoming an independent proprietor. This was the prospect which stimulated ambition and induced men to work with a good heart. And this chance they were supposed to be unwilling to exchange for socialism or any other form of industrial society which would condemn them for life to the bond slavery of a job. I do not know how far socialism has lost its hold upon the affections of its American friends since that day. But it is quite obvious that the awful fate with which it was supposed to menace our people has overtaken them from another direction. We are all hopelessly job-holders, not indeed of the government, but of an entity quite as impersonal and frequently as remote. The corporations now are nearly, if not quite, the universal employers, and men are their hired hands.

## II

There is a new cult among us. It is called Mass Production. Large-scale operations long have been recognized as a means of cheapening costs. But now the principle has been set up as a sort of industrial creed. It has been "taken up" by our business literati. It is the natural child of the machine and the new methods which machinery has

set in motion. And this principle of mass production of itself is having a potent influence in reducing the number of our independent proprietors.

This is, of course, pre-eminently the factory age. Long ago the factory had absorbed the business of the small shop. Now it is taking over the functions of the home. If four of your neighbors eat soup to-night three of them will eat soup made in a factory. It will be the same with those who eat beans. The breakfast table is almost wholly under the dominion of the factory. It is so with many things once produced or performed in the kitchen and basement. Moreover, innumerable new industries are turning out motor cars, phonographs, radios, electrical apparatus, washing machines, office machinery, and the thousand and one devices which make of modern life an adventure in engineering. With new factories springing up everywhere, what, let me suggest, could be more certain than that the number of our factories has increased marvelously? And yet, surprising as it may seem, they have not. On the contrary, they have actually decreased in number.

Thirty years ago, with 63,000,000 people to be shod, we had twice as many shoe factories as we have to-day with twice the population. I could multiply statistics endlessly to the same purpose. The truth is that since the beginning of this century we have reduced the number of manufacturing establishments by 65,000.

Yet this does not give us an accurate picture of what is happening in those factories. For while the number is steadily diminishing, those which remain are being formed into groups under single proprietorships. As small figures are more easily understood, I take the group of factories making locomotives, engines, and airplanes. Ten years ago there were 446 separate establishments. Now there are but 249. Ten years ago there were 200 proprietors. Now there are but 45. There are one-half the number of factories. There are but



one-fourth the number of proprietors.

Now, while mass production is cutting down the number of factories, and consolidations are forming the surviving large units into great producing groups, the ownership of all is coming more and more into the hands of corporations. When Roosevelt went out of office, independent individual factory owners were making only 25 per cent of our product. Ten years later they were dividing a mere 13 per cent among them. Apparently, they are losing ground at the rate of about one per cent of our entire factory production a year. If this continues, the individual proprietor in manufacturing will be extinct in less than a score of years.

The last stand of the small proprietor, of course, is in the neighborhood stores. But the chain has broken into that field. Against this fast-growing giant the little merchant is waging a desperate battle. In his panic he has fled to Congress and state legislatures to prolong his tenure of life. In some states, in order to preserve him, efforts have been made to limit by law the number of chain stores which may operate in a given locality. In Congress wholesalers and retailers are actually asking the government in effect to prohibit chain stores by law from selling certain goods cheaper than their rivals. And the United States Chamber of Commerce has endorsed this plan and, I dare say, had the endorsement typed on a letter-head bearing its legend—"Less Government in Business." But the chains sweep on. In 1924 there were 384 separate grocery-store chain systems. In many cities one half the grocery business is in the hands of the chain stores. The Great Atlantic and Pacific Company alone opened 1100 new stores in 1924; 2200 in 1923, and 2266 the year before that. It is now the old-fashioned wholesaler and retailer combined against the chain. The former two eat up from 30 to 35 cents of every dollar in overhead, while the chain stores consume only half that much. It is not difficult to predict the outcome of such a battle.

Twenty-five years ago there were 25 drugstore chain systems. Now there are 327 and they have already devoured one-fifth of our drug business. The five and ten cent stores have killed off the little old-fashioned notion stores. And recently a gentleman who is known as The King of the Pitchmen—those picturesque journeyman merchants who sell on the curb from a suit case—complained to me that Woolworth had almost extinguished this ancient tribe of small proprietors.

There are shoe-store chains, cigar-store chains, bakery, restaurant, optical goods, shirt, necktie, silk, hotel, and theater chains. And now Mr. Filene, the far-seeing Boston merchant, says the department store will have to turn to the chain idea to hold its place. And it is doing so.

Even the professions are not exempt from the corporation. Years ago, when a thousand property owners died, they left a thousand executors, who hired a thousand lawyers to settle the estates. Now these same thousand decedents leave a single executor—some large trust company. The estate is piloted through probate ostensibly by Brown, Jones and Smith, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. But this firm is in reality just the legal department of the trust company, with offices in the trust company building and a pay-roll met by the trust company every Saturday, at the top of which appear the lofty names of Brown, Jones and Smith themselves. "Legal Departments" are springing up in all the larger corporations with "Attorney Generals" and a horde of lesser solicitors and barristers on the pay-roll.

The truth is that personal proprietorship is passing rapidly and with it the social order under which most of those now living were reared.

### III

But if the corporations have swallowed us, we in turn are performing a

similar office for them. For while the corporations have been busily taking over business, the people no less industriously have been taking over the corporations.

There is a word which the campaign spellbinder loves to pronounce—that raucous Greek substantive of reproach—oligarch. Business is supposed to be in the grasp of a few ruthless oligarchs. There was a day when this was true of some types of business. But while the scourging of the oligarchs goes merrily on at the crossroads, the oligarchs themselves grow old and feeble and ineffectual. One need not have a gray beard to remember when railroads were just instruments in the tool-kits of certain picturesque adventurers. It was William K. Vanderbilt's boast that he owned outright 87 per cent of the New York Central Railroad which led to a legislative investigation and incidentally wrung from him his famous dictum about "the public be damned." The Great Northern was a sort of registered trade name for James J. Hill. Such men as Collis P. Huntington in the Southern Pacific, E. H. Harriman in the Union Pacific, Jay Gould in the Erie were looked upon as railroad proprietors. It is not so very long ago when six men—John D. Rockefeller, J. D. Archbold, Henry Flagler, Henry H. Rogers, Charles Pratt, and Oliver Payne—owned more than 51 per cent of the stock of the Standard Oil Company. But these and many more of the barons of industry are either dead or passing from power. A few of their fortunes, of course, remain intact. But more of them have given way under the strain of family quarrels, charitable bequests, unwise successions, and the inexorable corrosion of surtaxes and tax exemptions. Meantime the vast organizations they left clamor voraciously for more and more funds in order to live and fatten and grow. And thus hordes of new partners are haled in from the highways—millions of them—so that the stake of the industrial leaders in the corporations grows daily smaller and they hold their

control with an ever-diminishing percentage of stock.

This wide diffusion of stocks among the masses has had plenty of advertisement in these last half-dozen years. Most of the professional trumpeting has proceeded from the stock salesmen of the utility companies. And yet their share in the distribution of the actual ownership of industry has been quite unimportant. The light and power companies have indeed sold alone some 8,000,000 shares to a million new security buyers. But how much influence this has had on actual ownership may be seen from the following example.

Wichita gets its electric power from the Kansas Gas and Electric Co. That concern invites its customers to buy stock and actually sells them some 24,000 shares. These customers are then hailed as owners of their lighting utility, and doubtless there are men in Wichita who actually shed tears of patriotic pride over this sublime fruit of democratic finance. But as these shares were preferred shares, callable after a brief term and having no voting power whatever, they amount to little more than evidence of a loan. The ownership of the company remains precisely where it was at the start—in the American Power & Light Company which owns all the common stock. Now who owns the American Power & Light Company? Here again we find a large issue of preferred shares; but the ultimate ownership resides in the holder of the common stock, and this happens to be still another corporation—the Electric Bond and Share Company. And who owns its common stock? The Electric Securities Corporation. And who owns it? The common stockholders of the General Electric Company. Thus while the customers in Wichita are loudly proclaimed as owners, the actual property remains undisturbed all the time, through a series of holding companies, in the General Electric Company stockholders, and that without putting up more than a few hundred thousand dollars of the



\$25,000,000 investment of the Kansas Concern.

But it is just at this point where the genuine diffusion of ownership takes place—not in Wichita where the customers have bought preferred shares, but at the General Electric where the ownership of the company, in the hands of less than 3000 stockholders two decades ago, is now in the hands of 36,000 stockholders.

What has taken place in the ownership of the General Electric is taking place in most of the greater business institutions. The voting stocks of the Pennsylvania Railroad are held by more than 145,000 people. This number is constantly growing, while the proportional holdings of the so-called insiders are constantly diminishing. The number of stockholders has almost doubled in ten years; the shares of the twenty largest owners has been more than cut in half in that time. To-day it is only a little over 3 per cent of the total stock issue.

The Great Northern, over which the great figure of James J. Hill once brooded, has 44,905 stockholders. The twenty largest between them hold a little more than 10 per cent of the stock. And Hill's son, the president, is not among them.

In the New York Central, where William K. Vanderbilt once owned almost nine-tenths of all the shares, the Vanderbilt family now possess about 6 per cent. The dominant figure is George F. Baker. His holdings are but 57,530 out of 3,048,327 shares.

There is no need to encumber this narrative with an endless multiplication of figures. The case of the Standard Oil will suffice. I have already adverted to the time when half a dozen men owned that immense agglomeration of dependencies. In 1911, just before the Supreme Court "dissolved" it as a trust, some 6078 stockholders made up its membership. Diffusion had already set in. But this still limited number owned the whole outfit—the

Standard of New Jersey and its 33 satraps. Now, however, the stockholders in the Standard of New Jersey own only that company. There are separate sets of stockholders in all the others. And in the New Jersey corporation alone to-day there are a little over 40,000 stockholders. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. owns 11 per cent of the stock. About 13 per cent is scattered among various foundations. Altogether, the largest holders between them can pool about 30 per cent of the whole issue. The holdings of the present board of directors, including Jones, the Chairman of the Board, and Teagle, the President, aggregate just about two-tenths of one per cent. About \$39,000,000 of this stock has just been delivered to employees, and these same employees are now on the way toward the acquisition of another such sum.

Of course one may say this condition is making itself felt only in the great transportation and utility corporations and those controlling the basic industries. But this is not so. It is making itself felt everywhere. The stocks of all sorts of companies are being dumped on the market. Some of them are carefully reserving control through clever but indefensible devices. But many others are not. But all the time, behind the scenes, and in the ordinary channels of security markets, stocks are being sold to large numbers of buyers whose purchases never get heralded in the papers or attacked in the magazines.

The process is being hurried along in the smaller concerns by other forces—by consolidations and by the vertical corporation. A dozen large stores—each a corporation but with a dominant stockholder—are merged into a holding unit. Additional stock is sold and now each of the old dominant figures is but a small holder of shares in the new combination.

And then you can never tell about one of those smaller corporations. Perhaps we behold John Smith open a little print shop. He sets up in small quarters

with little machinery and capital. For a few years you lose track of Smith. But presently he comes to your notice again. The little print shop with the humble legend "John Smith, Printer," has given place to an extensive establishment faced with the far-spreading sign of the John Smith Printing Company, Inc. There are great presses, scores of workmen. John Smith can be found in a luxurious office twice the size of his original shop. Or perhaps he cannot be found because he has gone to Florida to enjoy his midwinter breakdown. You ask yourself how this fellow Smith could have moved along so fast. You do not think for a moment that his corporate title conceals anything more than the pushing personality of Smith himself. Yet if you could know the truth, you would know that Smith, having battled valiantly against the multiplying odds of insufficient capital, gave up the struggle and submitted to incorporation. This involved an alliance with, let us say, the International Insurance Company under which it gives the new corporation all its printing, furnishes the capital, and takes 51 per cent of the stock. Smith becomes President. The outside world still thinks of him as owner of the business. But in fact he is just an employee who can be deposed for good or bad reasons, while the actual ownership of the business is vested in a corporation which belongs to Bill Brown out in South Bend, Indiana and thousands of other Insurance Company stockholders who never heard of John Smith and his print shop.

Thus the vertical corporation enters the field. A shrewd gentleman sets up a factory and manufactures automobiles. But many things go into the making of automobiles. Cars require wood. A corporation is formed to purchase forests. These must be timbered, sawmilled, planed. A corporation is formed to perform this function. This corporation can cut up more wood than the automobiles need. So another corporation is acquired to make furniture.

And as furniture must be marketed, furniture stores are acquired. The motor corporation takes over iron and coal corporations. The iron corporation buys a railroad. The railroad corporation buys a steamship corporation. And these in turn own smaller corporations running hotels and laundries and grocery stores and what not. And thus the process goes on until what started out to be an automobile factory has become a vast tangle of corporate enterprises comprising textile mills and lumber mills, forests, railroads, steamships, electric-light companies, iron mines, shops, stores, banks, and establishments of every sort.

Now as this process goes forward and one corporation after another is devoured, the individual who once dominated it disappears as an important owning factor, and finally the requirements of the whole gigantic organization clamor for so much capital that the great man himself who set out to engineer the enterprise becomes submerged.

#### IV

These millions of persons—managers and journeymen and "black coat proletarians"—are buying up the stocks because there is nothing else for them to do with their money. The financiers are selling them stocks because there is no place else to go for money.

Once upon a time the capitalist was supposed to supply the brains, put up the money, and take the risks in the business adventure. I do not know how far he is supplying the brains to-day, but certainly he is not putting up the money or taking the risk—and this for the good and sufficient reason that he hasn't got the money. This may seem surprising. He has a great deal of money, of course, if we state it in terms of plain millions. But measured against the demands of our national business machine it is sadly insufficient. This mighty mechanism of steel and steam and electricity which we have built must



be fueled with billions yearly. Our railroads must have a brand new billion every year. Our light and power utilities must have their billion. Industries must have their billions. The people alone have money enough to pay the bills as we press forward on this grandiose expedition of material progress. To meet these bills it is the business of the financier to learn how to tap the treasure chests of the lowly. If every man in the country with an income over \$50,000 a year were to put the whole sum into a great pot the total would be but little over a billion and a half. But of course such people do not do that. They spend huge sums upon living and luxury. If every income over \$10,000 were to be piled up intact, the total would be about \$6,000,000,000. But if we take the incomes under \$10,000, we will find the gigantic annual total of about \$40,000,000,000. It is from this \$40,000,000,000 that the sinews of war now come, by way of stock and bond sales and from the savings banks and insurance companies.

## V

If I have succeeded in getting on the canvas the general outlines of the picture I have in mind, then I have depicted a society in which the more important functions of production and distribution are passing into the hands of a few enormous corporate organizations and in which the ownership of those corporations is passing into the hands of the people—the same people who are the employees of those corporations, some as managers and some as subordinates. Here perhaps is a form of employee ownership which has not been considered.

Of course the process is not complete. But it is moving toward completion so rapidly that it is already giving its form and character to our civilization. At first all this may seem to be nothing more than a re-ordering of business—just a better arrangement under the magic touch of the efficiency expert.

But that pestiferous individual, I suspect, has had little to do with it. It is something which cuts deeper than we conceive. It is a fundamental change amounting to a revolution.

First of all it means the passing of private property—at least property devoted to industry and trade—out of the hands of individuals and into the hands of impersonal ownership. For centuries men have hugged their possessions close to their hearts. Now a new being is being interposed between man and his property.

Considered in another sense, this is nothing less than a shifting of the tools of production. Ever since the Communist Manifesto the social reformer has railed at the entrepreneur who had seized from the craftsman the tools of his trade. The entrepreneur remains. But he is no longer a creature of flesh and blood—or blood and iron as some have been pleased to picture him. He is transmogrified into a legal fiction, an impersonal organism. That organism retains possession of the tools, but itself falls into the possession of the workers. It amounts to a social recapture of the tools.

Looked at in another aspect, it means the decay of capitalism. By capitalism I mean the system which favors the concentration of capital in the hands of a few. We are, to be sure, witnessing an astonishing centralization of industrial management. Impressive indeed have been the consolidations proposed this year. But they are as nothing compared to those which lie ahead. What we are having, however, is a centralization of management and a deconcentration of ownership.

Now I am not so naïve as to suppose that these owners have as yet captured any portion of control. But I perceive a change in control, nevertheless, hardly less important than the change in ownership. That kind of corporation super-government known as banker control still persists. The board of directors is supposed to be supreme and, for all

practical purposes, is self-perpetuating, though its tenure is usually regulated by the banking house which sits off in the shadows and pulls the strings. But this kind of control is declining. The banker came into the picture in the days when the corporations had to go to him hat in hand for money. The bankers controlled the highly centralized sources of supply. But now the sources of supply have been discovered to be almost as widely scattered as pay envelopes. The technic of raising money has been reduced to a formula by experts. And now in an increasing degree the banker is being called in as an expert in raising money rather than as a master. The power of the bankers over the directorates is waning. It may disappear sooner than we suppose. And then we shall have management in supreme control, and a management with no great property stake in the enterprise and an interest as different from that of the owners as was the interest of the old-time municipal officials from that of the citizens.

The control of the banker was frequently baleful. Most of the shameless looting of the past was under the direction of the banker interest. But it has also had its advantages. The banker so often represented more nearly than anyone else the interest of the owner. He was the one authority who could walk into the office of the President of the corporation as an owner might and ask for a report on the affairs of the business. With his passing from immediate control, ownership often remains unrepresented except in so far as the conscience and high character of the directorate may afford it protection.

## VI

With management wholly unrestrained and irresponsible, what will be the result? Of course, there are those simple souls who can be shocked at the very suggestion of a business man being dishonest or incompetent like a

mere city alderman. Under an older order of things when election laws were so framed that city officials were almost beyond the reach of their electorates, we know what they were. These corporation officials are made of the same clay as our public officials. Put them beyond the reach of their principals, and you will see the same human phenomena as is exhibited in politics. Of course we may well concede that the wise and honorable administrators will outnumber their less scrupulous brothers. But there will be enough of the latter to introduce into corporate management all of the abuses we have endured in municipal management. We shall behold—indeed they exist already—exorbitant salaries, padded pay-rolls, nepotism, waste, purchasing graft, neglect. Here and there this will be reflected in dividends, in shrinking surpluses, and declining stock values.

This situation and this possibility are discussed frequently among business men. And here, at the point we have reached, they usually leave the subject. When dividends stop, they insist the stockholder will do as he has always done—he will sell out. They are quite sure the stockholder will not plunge into a political battle to control the corporation and, I dare say, he will not. But what assurance have we that others will not see in the company's losses an opportunity to oust the existing administration and gain control themselves? Politics in corporations is not unthinkable. I know corporations which are seething cauldrons of politics. And as management becomes more completely divorced from ownership, I have no doubt the political elements in management will express themselves more freely.

But as this system which I have described becomes more general, the stockholder will begin to feel he has a status, not as the stockholder of any particular corporation, but as a stockholder in general, and that he has rights which require protection. It must be re-



membered there is now practically no form of investment open to a man but stocks and bonds. He cannot do as his father did with his four or five thousand carefully saved dollars. The old gentleman invested them with a friend in some small business, if he did not go into business himself. But now the small business is altogether too risky. Hence to-day if a man sells his stock in one losing venture he must find another stock to purchase. And he will conclude after awhile that this investment ought not to be exposed to the perils which beset the last disaster. He will feel all the more intensely about this because under the new dispensation he will hear almost as much about business management as he hears now about political management. All this being so, it will not be long before he develops a distinct character as a stockholder, just as he has developed a distinct character as a tax-payer. He will develop a stockholder's consciousness, if I may use a sadly overworked word.

When this point is reached, may we not expect some action from him? Those who suppose that ownership will remain indifferent and asleep are overlooking some very old and hardy elements in the human mind. We have a genius for organization in this country. Indeed, it is a mania. This exploited and unprotected stockholder interest will be discovered quickly enough by someone with the crusading spirit and, after some stumbling and blundering, it will find a way to express itself. We have already seen a railroad-security holders' association. Not long ago a railroad president thought he saw a stockholder interest which could be marshaled and led to Washington against Congress. There have been some attempts, I think, at stockholders' guilds.

And now I can point more clearly to what seems to me will be the ultimate development of all this. This diffusion of stocks is going to become so wide that after awhile we shall see all the business of the country owned by a

legion of stockholders as numerous as the electorate. These stockholders will in fact constitute an electorate. The individual will find he has one set of votes in the political community—in its various subdivisions. He will have another set of votes in the industrial community. In the political community the voters are grouped according to geographical divisions. In the industrial community they will be grouped according to industries. The industrial constituency will require time to work out a system and formula for exercising its power. But to say that the ownership of industry will be in the hands of this constituency and that it will continue to supply the funds of industry but that it will never exercise its control, is to shut one's eyes to all the lessons of history. It is altogether a question of how this will be done.

Perhaps at first it may be through stockholders' unions. Or perhaps a page may be borrowed from the farmers' book and something resembling the Grange may appear. Perhaps we have already in our midst the institution which will be seized on as the readiest means to the purpose. It is a very old institution, though new in America, and it may well be the American will give it a new and special use out of the very necessities of his condition. I speak of the investment trusts. These may be developed to be gigantic investment institutions representing ownership entirely as distinct from management. In that event it is conceivable that because of their vast powers a quasi-public character may be conferred on them and their officials with an elaborately guarded electoral system for ensuring democratic representation in their counsels.

What is more likely is that some new form will be conceived capable of assuming the functions of this collective ownership. This form will have to deal with the primary problem of collecting the will of the electorate in the choice of representatives. This means it will

partake inevitably of the character of a political organization. At first there may be different organizations covering classes of industries but these finally will certainly work out some form of federal union. In the end we shall have the functions of government split into two divisions—purely political and industrial, controlled by two almost identical but differently grouped constituencies, one made up of the people as citizens, the other made up of these same people as owners.

We might press the inquiry farther and try to discover the points at which the two great constituencies and their representatives may come into contact and which one, finally, will achieve mastery of the other. But that is not necessary now. I have sought merely to make a drawing of the modern commercial state we are forming—a state in which we are producing a socialization of industry without socialism and an organization of society under private ownership without capitalism.

## THE GIRL REMEMBERS HER DEAD LOVER

BY EDWARD DAVISON

**O***FTEN with damper paper, sticks, and straw  
I have made shift ere now to build a fire:  
There have been other mornings chill and raw  
As this is, yet not one when dry desire  
Smoldered so heavily in breast and limb,  
Smoldered so heavily because of him.*

*The matches flare and splutter. Flame by flame  
The thick smoke smothers them. Their stubs are strewn  
About the hearth. . . . We play an ugly game,  
Despair and I, frozen in brain and bone,  
With dabbled fingers dicing all around  
In yesterday's gray ashes on the ground*

*The coldness grows. The fire will never light,  
And presently the house will be astir  
With breakfast still to cook and nothing right  
And all to do, though I am wearier  
Than after a week's work or a long fever.  
Would it were over and done with now forever!*





## ALICE HAMILTON, M.D.

CRUSADER FOR HEALTH IN INDUSTRY

BY ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

**D**R. ALICE HAMILTON—an old-fashioned Scotch-Irish name. Can you see the woman who owns it—a lady in the early fifties with dusky black hair turned gray, hazel eyes serene and searching, profile of a classic gravity and purity—moving quietly about a square New England house that rises high among its elms above a wide, slow-flowing river, where a little ferry of grandfatherly cut plies unhurriedly from shore to shore? Frame the picture in carved walnut, scratch the delicate lines and shadows of the gentle, withdrawn face in dry point, and you will have one aspect—the retired, domestic, Victorian—of the leading American expert in one of the newest fields of scientific medicine: a doctor who by her rare combination of human gifts has been able to mitigate the danger of the lives on which American industry rests.

So, opposite the Hadlyme picture you must set another—or rather a reel of pictures that unwinds itself north and south, east and west, across the United States: a slender, tweed-clad figure walking intrepidly on narrow planks hundreds of feet above the ground alongside of vats of seething sulphuric acid; dropping down vertical ladders into the dense darkness of copper mines; crawling on hands and knees into remote stopes; listening in back rooms of saloons or union headquarters to strange tales in halting foreign tongues; listening with equal attention in polished offices to the fluent statistics of captains of industry. It has been Doctor Hamilton's fate in

her public, humane, and scientific role to live the very opposite of the secluded life which her personal atmosphere seems to demand. Laboratories, settlements, mine corridors, factories, international congresses, medical schools, lecture platforms—in such tense centers of modern group life where human beings are struggling and striving together for pathological discovery, for social amelioration, for material and economic conquest and gain, for international understanding, have her best years been passed. In the interest of her special researches into occupational disease she has gone everywhere that a man could go—never considering herself a woman when it came to danger or fatigue—and to many where no male scientist would have wished to penetrate—never considering herself an “expert,” with a dignity that must be preserved, when it came to sitting in the kitchen of a Mexican miner's wife. “Wine, silver, and homespun”—so a young journalist wrote of her.

Dr. Alice Hamilton is known and loved by many kinds and conditions of Americans. But the general public has barely heard of her—much less, for instance, than of her friends and associates of many years at Hull House, Jane Addams and Julia Lathrop. She is by training a reticent scientist, and she has never dramatized either her subject or her mission, though the former is highly sensational, lurid enough to provide thrillers for an adventure magazine. It isn't easy to make her give herself away. When asked by a designing relative what

compliment had pleased her most, she answered, "In a metallurgical magazine a smelting expert wrote, 'here is a woman writing on the metallurgy of lead who knows her job perfectly.'" And she added that, if she were successful in her work, it was because she always learned all there was to know about every trade before she began to make her visits to the plants. Call this feeling for the technic of a profession artistic or scientific, as you like, it remains true that Alice Hamilton's work is at least as well known and valued in European countries whose "unprogressiveness" many Americans despise—but where human life is nevertheless held dear and its protection carefully assured—as in the land of the free.

Certainly, this doctor is the woman in American public life whom one would most wish to present to a scientific Frenchman; if only to prove to him that in a land where professional women are borrowing, perforce, so many hard and objective qualities from the other sex, there is one lady of the old school who has made an exquisite and easy adjustment of both sides of life—the tough and the tender, the hard work and the human relations—without sacrificing the virtues of either. Alice Hamilton has neither renounced her inborn graciousness nor used it ignobly, and her mellow cultivation, her fine, exact, smooth-working mind, her perfect simplicity and humbleness of character, her honesty of speech tempered with consideration, added to her complete competence in her subject, would fill a Frenchman with respect.

But if he wished to know (as he would) why it is to this quiet woman more than to any scientist of the other sex that we owe the beginnings of our growing, if still imperfect knowledge of the horrible forms of disease, dissolution, and death which modern industry has sown like dragons' teeth across the whole broad surface of our country, I should ask him to listen to Doctor Hamilton's voice. A rich voice, drawing much, like her face

and presence, from the generations behind, but with undertones of pity and irony which float out like harp notes when the springs of compassion are touched. These poignant notes—though they may have echoes of an ancient Irish tale of sorrow and revolt—seem born of the agony and fury of an age that values machines and their products: material objects like steel rails, smokeless powder, lead paint, knockless gasoline—before the brief and tender lives of men.

## II

In H. G. Wells' recent novel, *Doctor Devizes*, the modern scientist, sums up his personal philosophy to Christina Alberta, the modern girl, in terms that Alice Hamilton might well subscribe to: "I do not want to be a brilliant person. I want to be a vital part." And then, "You'll never run parallel with men, you free women," he continues. "You've got to work out a way that is different. Different down to the roots." This was certainly not the creed of most of our early suffrage and educational leaders. It is not that of the Woman's Party today, nor yet of most of the women who have a share in the regular political parties. These types of feminists have frankly worked for parallelism and for power. Their inward urge to bring women exactly to men's level, to extend feminine sway through the sharing of masculine responsibility provided a potent force at a time when high explosives were no doubt necessary to blast and transform the very contour of our national life. But that day is done. The young woman of the hour, who comes naturally into political rights and educational advantages and who takes her job as a matter of course may find the life of Alice Hamilton more suggestive and illuminating than that of Susan B. Anthony or Dr. Anna Howard Shaw. This doctor, too, is a pioneer. She belongs very definitely to the younger branch of that ardent generation which was suddenly compelled to abandon



well-tried domestic paths. But, consciously or not, the intellectual and the detached aspects of her mind have increasingly served the more instinctive feminine side, and the intuitive being she harbored almost unawares in the early years has from the beginning seemed impelled to make her a persuasive rather than an assertive innovator; a conservationist; a guardian of the race.

Nevertheless, the outline of her career reveals that she has never stopped pioneering. The chair which she now holds at the Harvard Medical School was created for her immediately after the war: the first, and so far the only, woman to be invited to that conservative medical faculty. Her book on Industrial Poisons, a weighty and significant work published in 1925, was in its background largely derived from years of investigation of Poisonous Industries for the Federal Department of Labor, for which she was the first woman investigator in the field. Yet it is as if these honors and attainments meant nothing to her in themselves, nothing to her as objectives. They have not been her life, as a man's honors are his life, but by-products of her life. Alice Hamilton was not born a reformer, though she may have been born with the scientific spirit. She has developed slowly. Her career has followed the gradual evolution of a mind that primarily sought knowledge, not conflict or domination; and finally, out of deep, out of earnest, out of piercing conviction, sought to share its knowledge and make its wisdom prevail. When she left the genteel shelter of Miss Porter's boarding school at Farmington, Connecticut, for a mid-western coeducational medical college, it was indeed far from her thought or ambition to achieve a position of authority in American industry, and an Assistant Professorship of Industrial Medicine at Harvard University. Even now she must often wonder to herself how in the world it came about that a girl brought up in Fort Wayne, Indiana, by a father interested only in poetry and history and free dis-

cussion, and a mother interested only in modern languages and fresh air, should have turned into an expert in lead processes, and become, in her maturity, a sort of special adviser and ambassador to the "hardest-boiled," the most practical, and unimaginative set of men in these United States.

Alice Hamilton's Scotch-Irish grandfather came to his small Indiana town as a young man, and gradually the large Hamiltonian clan assembled about him: a distinguished, vivacious group of cousins, whose rich and carefully articulated speech and highly intellectual atmosphere suggested foreign origins. Moreover, Alice Hamilton's father and her mother, who was an eastern woman, did not believe in schooling. "We were expected," writes Margaret, one of Alice's sisters now of the Bryn Mawr School of Baltimore (every member of this family of four sisters and one brother, by the way, has been connected with education), "to *know* literature—French, German and English—to know history by reading all the many books about us. One did not study these subjects; they were to be read and enjoyed. Modern languages were learned by conversation and reading. Latin and mathematics were our only lessons. This curious method of education made for hard work on our part. We were determined to be educated. It made for independence of mind, as we had to answer our own questions, solve our own problems. Alice remembers one task set her by her father, when she was fourteen years old—to seek what proof of the doctrine of the Trinity she could find in the Bible. Her first piece of research! We heard all the topics of the day discussed: Free Trade, England and Expansion, the Democratic Party. We learned to fight for our education. All interest, all excitement in our restricted small-town life came to us through books and ideas."

This type of education would naturally have led Alice Hamilton into pure science; and this was, in fact, her start-

ing point, in spite of her halt at Farmington. One of her schoolmates there remembers the profound impression made upon the more worldly New Yorkers, whose heads were full of husbands and "coming out," when this lovely (though a bit countrified) young Alice, with her melting Irish looks, declared in her deep, clear voice her ambition to "go everywhere and know all sorts of people, maybe as a medical missionary to Persia or maybe in the slums of New York or both," but never to settle down till she had seen the world of men. She herself thinks that her choice of a career was almost accidental. She and her sister Edith, who shared her "finishing" at Miss Porter's, decided that they wanted "a larger life," and that it could only come through a profession. There were but two openings for women at that time, teaching and medicine. But teaching was restricted to one milieu and perhaps one sex, and Alice wanted something more. So she elected medicine and entered the school of the University of Michigan at twenty-one. From there she went to Germany to study bacteriology and pathology, and thence to what she describes as the most exciting year of her life—an internship at the old-fashioned New England Hospital for women in Boston. It was her first adventure in an American city, her first contact—through the clinic—with poor working people.

One of her fellow internes, a Russian woman, who later also became associated with Hull House, describes the surprising arrival in the prim corridors of the hospital of "a very, *very* pretty young girl," accompanied by a young man whom she affectionately kissed good-by, under the shocked eye of the stodgy women doctors. "My cousin"—the Hamiltonian pronunciation of this word seems to elevate it for the ear into a sort of royalty. One of the most striking things about this quaint young interne, so modest and so unsophisticated, and yet, after all, so sure, was her "desire to know," "*Tell me everything*"—over and

over she insisted, as if the need to understand and to penetrate others' lives and points of view were an essential need. And what she came to know about the varieties of human experience by this power of identification which was at once objective and sympathetic, she *accepted* with tolerance—however at variance with her own thought and habit. Add to her discovery of the fascination of human beings in the clinic and the hospital, a passion, newly discovered, too, for babies, for any babies, however sick or dirty; a revolt against benighted elders; and a clear-cut vision that she did not want to practice medicine because of the responsibilities for human life involved, and you have the substance of Alice Hamilton's year as an interne.

### III

Her next act was to accept a teaching position at the Women's Medical School of Northwestern University in Chicago, and to apply, simultaneously, for a residence at Hull House. This latter step was crucial. Once taken, the logic of her destiny was inescapable. The settlement was about eight years old at this time, and already so famous that Alice Hamilton was convinced that it could not accept so insignificant a unit as herself. Yet she had boldly to try: for something like an irresistible desire impelled her to join Jane Addams, in her then revolutionary job of bringing the constructive illumination of the age of science to those too crushed and impotent to grasp it for themselves. If the psychologists are right in maintaining that our lives move in inevitable repetitions of the same cycle, established by our early years, it seems that Alice Hamilton, in entering Hull House, was in a sense returning to an enlargement of that big, discursive, and somewhat feminized pioneer family where she had grown up. Here, too, was a remarkable group of independent women and a few clever, high-minded men; here were sustaining



and varied friendships that came very close to the rounded human family life; here was acute and radical discussion on every controversial subject. What Hull House added was, of course, what Alice Hamilton had found in her Boston clinic—an intense and humane concern for people, especially for those who had small chance in this world. Books and ideas abounded in that sober background of Morris browns and greens, but the chief interest of the residents came through a different channel.

The young doctor took no vows when she entered Hull House, but her special duty as a resident was to wash Italian babies in the basement on Saturday mornings—the only day when she did not teach—and she frankly says that nothing she has done before or since has given her so much satisfaction. In addition, she experimented with infant feeding, and gradually took on the task (one that no doctor of the stronger sex would have imagined) of herself conducting the sick children to hospitals and dispensaries. In short, she developed a sort of child health center at a time when there was no such institution in Chicago, and no social service in hospitals. Yet there was never any question of her abandoning her own scientific line in favor of “pure settlement work.” She was conscientious in her teaching, and when she left Northwestern, went, in 1903, to the Memorial Institute for Infectious Diseases, where, under Dr. Ludwig Hektoen, she undertook serious scientific research.

Doctor Hektoen respected this young woman's approach. She made the utmost of the problem in hand; her results were clear, complete, logical, well-arranged, re-enforced by her power of wide scientific reading in foreign tongues and fields. Her first research was on typhoid, her problem being to get actual confirmation of the then unproven hypothesis that flies carry typhoid bacilli. This work, done in connection with the practical study of one thousand homes in the Hull House district, where

an epidemic was raging at the time, and where specimen flies were carefully collected for the scientist in the tenements, had highly successful results, both pragmatic and scientific: The problem was proven and the district and the city administration were “cleaned up.”

But Alice Hamilton was coming to realize that “pure research” was not a field in which she could hope to make a contribution important enough to compensate for the absolute and narrow abnegation of human relationships which such a career demands. She well knew by this time that she was more a member of Miss Addams' family than she was a teacher or a research worker. The emotional center of her life was not in a laboratory or a class room. The human need at Hull House in the days of its strenuous youth was inescapable. One of the Italian babies whom she unsewed from her swaddling clothes many years ago recently used to me of her friend the same words used by the fellow-interne: “Ever since I was a baby she has *wanted to know* everything—just everything; when she comes back now, the first thing, she takes you up to her room and makes you tell everything—how your job is, and about the boys, and all about your sinus and your family.” And there were many neighborhood problems more pressing than Francesca's. Desperate evidence of the casual and destructive methods of American industry confronted the settlement worker at every turn. Alice Hamilton well remembers the increasing feelings of anger and revolt with which she used to pass the unregenerate Pullman factory of those days.

And then one day, an English book, Sir Thomas Oliver's *Dangerous Trades* came into her hands, and provided the key for which she had been half consciously waiting. *The industrial poisons which Oliver described and the damage they were doing to working people must be as common in America as in Europe. They were going on, unchecked and unregarded, at the very gates of Hull House.* And here

was her specific pioneer opportunity, here was her inevitable professional choice: to bring pathological science into direct touch with working men and women.

The opening came shortly afterwards in the year 1910, through the appointment of a commission to study the industrial diseases of the state of Illinois. Alice Hamilton, becoming its special investigator, made a study of all the industries using lead and arsenic in that state; and of course the vibrant, determined group-consciousness of Hull House, directed as it was towards social reconstruction, was behind her in her difficult new venture.

Indeed, it may be said that without Jane Addams and her great humane and personal sway, Julia Lathrop and her terse and vital humor and fine political intelligence, Alice Hamilton would have been undoubtedly less effective as a social force. She was not naturally a speaker or a propagandist; she became one only because she must. So, in the autumn of the same year—before the first American state law for the protection of workers in poisonous industries was passed in Illinois, as a result of the commission's work—Mr. Neil, the United States Commissioner of Labor, went to Brussels to attend an International Congress on Industrial Hygiene, and learned there two startling things: first that his country was years behind all the civilized world in its knowledge of the dangers of industry and of the ways to protect workers against them; second, that there was an American woman reading a paper who showed that she already knew something about the subject.

And that is how Alice Hamilton ceased to be a regular resident of Hull House and became an employee of the government, for eleven years undertaking for the Department of Labor a series of investigations of poisonous trades that took her into practically every state in the union and every industrial center.

#### IV

Doctor Hamilton's first five years of research went largely to the study of lead: smelting and refining, making of white and red lead, glazing and decorating pottery and tiles, enameling bathtubs and sinks, the painter's trade, the printer's trade, making storage batteries, compounding rubber. From 1916, when the speeding up of munitions for the Allies began, until the Armistice, she studied explosive and shell plants, and airplane works using poisonous dope. After the Armistice the new and important aniline dye works claimed attention; then came studies of carbon-monoxide gassing in steel mills and coal mines and elsewhere. With the Harding Administration her governmental connection ceased, but she has, along with her Harvard professorship—which presumably also grew out of the war and the increased interest in the lives of workmen—continued to make numerous independent investigations. As, for instance, of mercurial poison in the making of felt hats and the mining of quicksilver. But the mercury miners of California are no more interesting to her than the granite cutters of Vermont, or the potters of New Jersey. Incidentally, she has studied her subject in eight industrial countries of Europe, and knows the textile mills of Japan—everywhere seeing industry and the workers from the inside, with barriers of race broken down by a common preoccupation.

This accomplishment, especially viewed as "woman's work," is staggering. The mere knowledge of varied technical processes—quite apart from the clinical picture and the pathological data—could only have been acquired by a mind that had a power-to-absorb—an objective understanding—as remarkable as its wanting-to-know—its high, adventurous curiosity. And yet it is probable that only a woman could have done Doctor Hamilton's job. Always she has had to make her way by tact, persuasion, patience, intuitive imagination, rather



than by authority. The Federal Government had no authority to send her into any factory, and there was little information as to what poisons were in use or where. The European literature, so useful on the physiological side, was not of much other practical avail, because of the differences in American and European technic. Trades that were dangerous there proved not to be so here, and the reverse. The information she was in search of was nobody's business but that of the owners, who had never thought of that aspect of industry and were genuinely bewildered by any hint of criticism. Few were really callous, though one manufacturer did assure her that he never used lead in the manufacture of bathtubs and showed her work-rooms where leadless paint was used on the outsides of the tubs—concealing those where the insides were enameled in a terrible lead atmosphere. Others, and these were the majority, were ready and eager to improve conditions, provided she could give them the weight of evidence. But they were realists and they all "had to be shown."

She tells a story of one lead plant where conditions were peculiarly outrageous, the air thick with white lead dust and no facilities for washing, no lunch rooms. The superintendent, who was taking her about, perceiving her distress, said consolingly, "Well, we've got one place here you'll like"—and he conducted her to a luxurious white-tiled stable full of sleek animals. "There's *nothing*," he said, "Mr. Blank wouldn't do for his horses." Yet even Mr. Blank, when the true conditions of his industrial workers were revealed to him, made all the changes that the doctor suggested. This "showing" has been Alice Hamilton's long suit, in spite of the immense difficulty of obtaining accurate data. We lack the sickness-insurance system which obtains in all the industrial countries of Europe, and which automatically brings to light the incidence of illness of all kinds in all types of workers. Not one American hospital in twenty keeps

the records which yield the information needed by the industrial toxicologist. Physicians in private practice have given her the most help, especially the humble foreign doctors. (Company doctors, as she soon found, are often unwilling to give out facts which may be damaging.) Apothecaries, visiting nurses, charity workers, undertakers, priests have furnished their quota of evidence. The most important information has naturally come direct from the workers, and no saloon and no tenement has been too sordid for her to penetrate.

The foreign-born workers and union officials were primarily as suspicious as the employers, but she has ever won their confidence—as she did that of the owners—by her sympathy and her true neutrality and her expert capacity. A man of forty, shrivelled into the aspect of eighty by lead poisoning, could tell her his whole story. But so could the mine owners in wild Western towns tell her of their investment of strenuous labor and capital and the constructive imagination which made their ventures possible. Thus in a subject in which nobody, it seems, can be impartial—where apple pie and late hours are blamed for lead poisoning and all employers are devils—she has managed not to antagonize either side; and so to make protective measures possible, and save many lives. The greatest tribute to her mental integrity came during the war when, in spite of her avowed and fervent pacifism, her study of munition plants for the Department of Labor was unquestioned.

The bare outline of her investigations, the restrained chapter headings of her book, the cold statistics of death and disease, the list of unpronounceable poisons which the complex processes of modern industry are engendering conjures up a vision of the abyss of insecurity on which our pleasant and comfortable material American civilization rests. Our houses, our clothes, our heat, our light, our motor cars, our newspapers—all these things, which seem points of stability on this whirling planet are

really points of acute danger for the lives that produce them. The more forward-looking states have gradually passed protective legislation that is responsive to Doctor Hamilton's quiet work, and to the more awakened spirit of the age. But in many states the laws are still only partially effective in controlling the ill-disposed employer, and even in the year 1926 the fate of the American workman is largely dependent on the good will of the individual owner, who sometimes still regards his business as his private property, and, as Alice Hamilton says, "values things more than life." Even now, there is no federal or state agency with both authority and expert knowledge to investigate new poisons in industry. This is still left to the public-spirited employer or to the individual scientific investigator.

It is well that America should have one scientist objective enough to rise in a stormy congress and urge that if England was able, in war-time, to discontinue airplane processes which proved prejudicial to health, Americans should in learning how to take the knock out of gasoline take time enough not to kill working men by the way. Somehow, her earnest, unsentimental courageous speeches manage always to convey a sense of the preciousness of every human life. Stop a minute, the undertones command. These statistics I am giving you are not marks on paper: they are men and women, fragile creatures of flesh and blood. See what you are greedily and needlessly destroying.

In the increasing radiation of her activity, Hull House, where she still spends several months in the year, has remained the home of her spirit. In 1915 she went through the warring countries of Europe with Miss Addams, visiting all the capitals except Petrograd in an attempt to sound the possibilities of neutral arbitration. Soon after the

Armistice—before the Peace Treaty was signed—she attended with her the International Congress at Zurich of the League for Peace, in which German and Austrian women participated. In 1919, shortly after the Treaty, she made with Miss Addams—backed by Hoover and the Quakers—a first-hand study of the effect of starvation on the Germans. As a member—again the only woman member—of the Health Committee of the League of Nations, Alice Hamilton sails every year to Geneva before her Harvard term begins. Last year after Geneva she visited Bolshevik Russia, at the invitation of the Department of Health, to study the control of industrial disease, and found much to admire.

The indications are that in the next quarter of the century many young women will express their emotions, as Doctor Hamilton has done, in the rigorous terms of science. As social settlements and social work of vaguely altruistic cast have declined, the enrollment of women in medical and public health schools has increased. It was ever a cardinal principle of Hull House to abandon any piece of pioneer work (as, for instance, Doctor Hamilton's informal child-health work was abandoned) when it was adopted into the program of other agencies in the community. I remember a banquet in Jane Addams's honor at least ten years ago when the social workers were told in no uncertain terms by their great leader that the chief desire and hope of a settlement worker should be the day when settlements were no longer necessary. Alice Hamilton, as a member of the Hull House family, and in her own right as a disciplined thinker, has by her application of scientific method to dark places, by her making known of what before her was actually not known in the American community brought that day perceptibly nearer.





# JUNGLE COMMONWEALTH AND JUNGLE MARRIAGE

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

IT IS commonly believed throughout the white-man's world that all peoples who live in thickly forested regions are savages. "Primitive" and "barbaric" are alternate adjectives which carry the same meaning. The average citizen infers that these races are "low on the scale of civilization." Learned gentlemen rise to remark portentously that the sun near the equator has something to do with this sad state of affairs . . . forgetting for the moment that few regions ever suffer the intense heat of a hot New York summer's day. Traders return from the tropics in a high state of irritation at the "savages" who have refused to buy their shoddy at outrageous prices. Missionaries whine about "benighted heathen." All these worthies are wrong.

In 1763 a private colonization society transported twelve thousand Alsatian peasants to French Guiana. The settlers were selected on a basis of sound health and good sense. Two years later two thousand survivors went home to France. Ten thousand had died. French Guiana was pronounced unfit for a dog.

The Alsatians were not acclimated to the tropics and they brought with them insufficient supplies and tools. These faults contributed enormously, of course, to the disaster. But the essential cause of the failure was lack of government.

In the tropics Nature is jealous. Man can possess little and must work valiantly to keep that. The Alsatian colonists found that in the new country

the place itself—the mood of Nature there—set the first limit to possessions. Human effort by itself counted for strangely little. ▲

A complete reversal of the fundamental belief in man's supreme place in the universe was vital to survival. But the revolution of soul essential to such a change of thought was impossible for those simple French farmers. It has been impossible for all white men, singly and in groups, who have tarried on the sweating belly of the world. In the jungle Nature is first, man second. Only the Negro knows that. He, alone among all peoples, has reared his spirit in that stern but quiet tutelage. So he alone survives.

The Alsatian colonists found to their sorrow that the forest breeds envies. Those who had least took from those who had little. The religion and law of Europe which they had brought with them proved woefully inadequate. Both failed in a land where man is not pre-eminent. The colonists were good and kind folk, but here they fought and stole and murdered and wept and died. So only a few went home at last. French Guiana has never recovered from that first stinging defeat. It is still a marshy place of emptiness and sorrows.

In contrast, the Bushnegroes of Suriname, the territory immediately adjoining French Guiana, never murder. They never steal. They never weep, for they have no things to cry for lack of having. The rare exceptions to the rule do not change it. The jungle negroes of

Suriname have evolved a system of forest law and government that is adapted to their environment.

Paths in the forest must be cut through with knives. Even by this means it is impossible to make better progress overland than two miles in a day. And, at the end of a month, if the path has not been carefully tended, it will have utterly disappeared in new growths of bramble and vine. Even canoes on the river are a slow and arduous method of traffic. So widespread social units are impossible. There are in all about two hundred Bushnegro villages, remotely separated over an area of ten thousand square miles. Each is inhabited by a few related families. These villages are little more than geographical units without special social significance. The Bushnegro family is, first, last, and always, the only true basis of society.

## II

Each village is much like the others. If you work your canoe close within the warm green shadows of the bordering forest wall away from the blinding glare of middle river, you may see, if you look carefully, where they are hidden. In the dry season the tangle where the forest slopes down to the water in a huge terrace of vine and bramble is broken in a half-moon curve. A little place of trodden mud is visible at the shoreward cup of the bend. A huddle of hewed-out wooden canoes, like a heap of pointing jackstraws, pulled a little way up the shore, points to a narrow path that disappears at once among the trees. Across this path is a dried branch of palm set horizontally upon two forked sticks. This is the *asung-pau*, the barrier against evil phantoms. There is no other sign of human life.

In the rainy season the place is still less evident. The river itself has risen so that it follows the path farther than one can see, makes of it a way of blackened mirrors reflecting slow shimmering images of leaves.

There are no sentries. The Bushnegroes have no enemies except the phantoms, and the palm-barrier successfully guards against them. The path is narrow. The fact of the fiery sun beating down upon the ceiling of the jungle becomes incredible. A little way overhead the trees arch over, the lianas interlace, the passion flowers make their vivid canopy. The muddy way is like a tunnel, sparkled by the darting forms of bright-colored lizards. It is cool, the light is twilight green. There is no sound except the pallid whispering of the river behind. But the consciousness of life is there. Not human life. The village beyond, until you are full upon it, gives no evidence of its existence. But this is the jungle. Ground rats sleep in noonday quiet in the brambles and the moist black loam. Upon the branches of the great trees a hundred snakes, black and green and gold and red, monstrous as dragons and tiny as worms, coil invisibly and rest until the coming of the dark when they will glide abroad. Among the loftiest branches howling red baboons rest their mighty throats as they cling with their tails and idly crunch the monkey-nuts. None of these creatures is to be seen, for, luckily, all Guiana beasts are nocturnal in their habits. But the night has said many times that they are here. The soft live breath of the air along the path tastes and sounds as if it came from living, myriad mouths.

A deep trench in the earth at either side of the way farther on shows that the village is just beyond. The trench is square and marvelously straight. A man would find it hard to leap across its width and it would be dangerous to stumble into it after dark, for it is as deep as a man is tall. Here clay is dug to stop cracks in the houses beyond against the storms. Methodically it has been dug and sunk far down so that night monsters of the river and the land will find this a barrier to sudden raids.

And then, without warning, one comes upon the village.



The clearing where it stands is not large. You may see the great trees that mark its farther boundary a few hundred feet ahead. The high jungle wall continues all around in a sweeping curve until it comes back on either hand to where you stand and meets above the path. The sun is here. It stamps out broken patterns on the pounded brown earth between the many trees that have been left. The little houses cluster half in shadow, half in sun. They are part of the forest. They would be tiny anywhere, but here against the jungle they seem like playthings. Yet they are singularly fitting. No human thing could rival the trees. It would be a vain impertinence. The huts are content to belong.

No house is quite like its neighbor. Each roof slopes sharply, but some touch the ground on either side, while others stop at straight walls that rise many feet from the earth. The roofs are made of a thick thatch of maripa palm branches closely overlaid. The walls are cornered by stout uprights hewn laboriously from some orange-tinted tree, and are sealed with a close wattle of the same palm branches as the roof-thatch. Here the dried fronds are skillfully woven into a tight basketry. Each house has a single entrance—a breast-high doorway. Usually the panels that surround the door are carved in exquisite relief to resemble the lovely curves the vines make among the trees. The roofs of some houses extend a yard or so beyond the door and make a porch where the old men sit for their long palavers. One house in the clearing is always larger than the others. It is built more sturdily, and the carvings that decorate it are more beautifully executed. This is the headman's hut. He has constructed his own mansion, helped by no one outside of his own family. The headman can do such things—that is why he is ruler of his town—he is better than his fellows.

Not far away from the *granman's* hut is another shack with jutting porch roof.

This second hut is not nicely built. It wants mending near the corners and the thatch is threadbare and loose with long weathering. This is where the witchman lives. Drums, pots, strange sticks, and white patches on the ground where the milk of the *pimpa-toti* stone has spilled tell you the house is his. Small wonder it is untidy. The witch-men have more vital concerns than house-keeping; they are wise in curious and more important ways; it would be absurd if they wasted themselves on commonplace things.

Inside the huts the heat is stifling. The doors are always kept tight shut and there is no other way for cool air to enter. But who would not prefer this slight discomfort to the unpleasantness of wild boars, jaguars, and a dozen other dangers that wander at night? Besides, a house is primarily a place to store possessions. No one would think of wasting time indoors, day or night, that could be lived out under the canopy of sky.

The women have their cook-houses—great wall-less sheds—where little fires burn under big round sheets of iron on which the cassava cakes are baked. Here they sit all day long, nursing their babes, pounding rice, grinding flour, sweating agreeably. In the shade of the banana and bread-fruit trees that grow before the shed brown babies kick gleefully in the brown earth. They always rose and fled with blood-curdling yells when my wife and I, cork-helmeted outland *baakraa*, made our appearance unannounced. The babies had never seen such extraordinary and unpleasant apparitions before. Though of course one is wise in many things and walks and runs and eats anything at one year old, one is emphatically not familiar with the indecency of a traveler's wife who wears trousers! The traveler himself, with a glaring helmet and heavy knee boots, is nearly as alarming. He carries a little black instrument which he points with, no doubt, the fiercest designs upon fragile baby-spirits. The instrument is a *baak-*

*raa* camera, but that, if one only knew it, is worse than doubt.

But as the mothers and fathers of the village, with a few exceptions, seem untroubled, so the childrens' fear soon merges into gaping curiosity. The women in the cook-shed go on with their work even though many of them have never seen white strangers before. We are expected. The tom-toms that drummed last night across the jungle warned all the villages of our coming. Long before our canoe reached the mud slope at the foot of the path to the town, these women and their men knew who we were and what was our strange and unprofitable business. The witch-men had broadcast in an hour of moonlight the news of our destination, what we wore and looked like. The entire district knew our boatmen's names. The whole tribe had been assured we came on a harmless mission. When we arrived in person we were visual curiosities only. We had long since ceased to be news. Bushnegro journalism shames the most valiant efforts of European and American press services. Within a few hours of our arrival in Bushnegro territory the tidings spread over more than two thousand square miles of the impassable land.

### III

At last the headman rises from a low stool before his house and comes forward, followed by several young men of the town.

The *granman* is past middle years but he is erect and strong. His legs are conspicuously slender, but his back and arms and shoulders are magnificently developed. The young men are like him in this. It is because the Bushnegroes seldom walk. There are no paths except the river path. In a canoe the legs do nothing while the arms and shoulders force the paddles into the stream. The headman wears nothing but a loincloth, made of patches of vari-colored calico sewed so as to juxtapose the brightest tints. His sable-brown body glistens

with clean good health. His chin is darkened with a meager frizzled beard, his graying hair is cut close to the scalp. His eyes are appraising and wise, but very gentle. His smile is welcoming. He greets the travelers as uncle and aunt, thus tendering them the most honorable names he knows.

The young men are quietly cordial. They are mildly curious, but they do not really care one way or the other about us or our business. They have often seen white people at the big city down the river. They know outlanders are an unimportant lot who think they will die if they leave their hats off.

Some of these young men are the *granman's* sons. But they are not members of their father's family.

The discovery was made in West Africa during the dawn of time that a strong man with strong sons provides a danger which may disrupt a whole society. The negroes' philosophy teaches them that though a man may seek power in the jungle, he can never achieve it. The gods will soon be angry at the impertinence and the ambitious one will die. But when widespread quarrels grow out of man's ambition many innocent ones also die, and afterwards still more souls are weary and go away, for in time of war the cassava fields are left empty and crops fail for want of tending. Then there is no food for a whole season. Nothing will have been gained and much will have been lost. Nature makes sure there will be no lasting hierarchy of a rivaling power.

All this was foreseen and the social order formed accordingly. The wise men and women of the Bushnegroes of long ages ago formed laws that erect an impassable wall against the will-to-power of men. They know that the strongest ambition is built of perishable stuff. No man will strive very hard to gather things and powers unto himself if he knows the whole structure of his effort will crumble away when he dies. Accomplishment is satisfying for a period—but the effort falls at the prospect of



utter vanity. Kings conquer for their princes, for in them they foresee eternity. The Suriname Bushnegroes believe this is true, so they have destroyed the danger of kings by divorcing the father from his children. The "matriarchal system," as our awkward phrase has it, accomplishes this end without heartbreak or any sense of deprivation. Nor does society suffer in any way.

The forest negro has, however, no dread of greatness if it be greatness of the spirit and the mind. Their systems allow for this sort, because the negro of the woods is wise enough to know that the thirst for the quiet supremacies of knowledge depends not at all upon the hope for the physical perpetuity which comes through sons. The works of the mind have public immortality, but it is otherwise with the deeds of warriors.

The term "matriarchal system" is apt to be misleading. It is indeed if it carries the suggestion that women are the heads of Bushnegro society. They are not. Men hold all public offices, such as they are, and a man is head of the family, the clan, and the tribe. Women are simply the channels of inheritance. There lies the difference between the Bushnegro system and ours. The Bushnegro recognizes the female as the viaduct of life—just as we do. But the Bushnegroes follow that logic into law—a law which is not entirely easy for us to understand.

Monogamy is considered disgraceful. It is proof of incapacity. Each man may have many wives. The total of brides is limited only by the number a man is able to support—and, still more, by the attractiveness of the gentleman himself. There is no coercion in Bushnegro affairs of the heart. Marriage, however, does not relate a woman to her husband. Her only relatives are the people of her own family. A household which includes a man and his four wives is not one family. It is simply the temporary association of representatives of five families. Each wife's children belong to her family—the father has

no "legal" control over them whatsoever.

Atoto, whom I know, is a Bushnegro. He respects and loves his father, but he is not related to him by any other ties. The head of Atoto's family is his maternal grand-uncle—his grandmother's eldest brother. When the older generation dies out his eldest uncle will be chief of the family. Atoto, as is true of all Bushnegro sons, is an end-product of his family. The name will not continue through him. If only sons are born of a solitary Bushnegro daughter, the line ceases. But if there are many daughters and each gives birth to girl children, the family will continue forever. In that case, the headship of the family will fall to the oldest daughter's eldest son. He is "uncle"—*tio* in the Bushnegro tongue.

Men, as I have said, are the heads of Bushnegro society so far as each generation is concerned. A man is also chief of the village. Only with death does the great check upon the dynastic impulse of male rulers make itself felt. Yappi, as it happens, is head of his family and chief of his village as well, though this does not necessarily follow. When he dies his sons may in time be headmen of *their* families, *but they can never be Yappi's heirs*, or exert any influence over any of Yappi's offspring from other mothers.

The Bushnegro matriarchal system *does* seem rather difficult. But—and I should no doubt be stoned for this—it is really quite simple. We are accustomed to think in terms of father-and-son primogeniture. The Bushnegroes think in terms of mother-and-daughter primogeniture. With us girl children are the end-products of the family. The name does not continue through them. Completely reverse this, and the Bushnegro system becomes intelligible.

#### IV

Marriage among the Bushnegroes is not an elaborate performance. Neither is divorce. Each young Saramacca

takes his first wife when he is still in his teens, just as soon, in fact, as he shows he is able to support a bride and prospective offspring. No festival of any kind marks the occasion. The proposed arrangement is just discussed at some length by both families and, when the consent of the girl's family is secured, she simply takes her possessions and herself and goes across the village clearing to set up her lodging in the new hut which her man has built. The neighbors and relatives of youth and maiden wish both parties well—if they happen to think of it—but no one is impressed. This is not an especially momentous event. Marriage is quite a common occurrence. Besides, until children come, the balance of family power will not have been varied a particle, and the family is the only thing in which the village is communally concerned.

Sometimes a girl child is betrothed to a man by her family when she is still an infant. The prospective husband then is supposed to pay the family for her support until the time of her puberty has passed. The girl is expected to stay virgin until her husband is ready to take her. If she does not, the husband quickly ascertains who her lover has been, and promptly submits a bill. The seducer is forced to square the disappointed husband to the uttermost farthing he has spent upon the girl during the years of her childhood and in addition he is expected to wed her, though she is the deciding factor in this. She needn't have him if she doesn't want him.

Bushnegro girls usually marry for the first time when they are fifteen or sixteen, but this first love is by no means the last. The Bushnegroes consider women as the fickle sex and have patiently provided for their whims. Or, perhaps the matriarchs themselves created the system. A woman may leave her husband at any time if she has what public opinion admits to be a fair excuse. If her husband is lazy, a poor provider, or simply dull, that is ample reason for him to be deserted. This last reason is

quite seriously balanced and allowed. If the woman falls in love with another man, public opinion does not accept that as a sound reason for her to quit her lawful groom, unless, mayhap, the lover is obviously more attractive than the husband. That is a different matter, the village readily grants.

The divorce is quite simple. The lady either locks her front door or moves. In the first case the husband no longer has right of entry to his wife's abode. The house where she lives is and has always been her house. It belongs to her family. The husband heretofore has come and gone freely, but now that he is barred he may no longer trespass, even though he has erected the hut with his own hands for the use of the bride! But the husband still has his own house which he has used during the marital period as a storehouse for his most treasured possessions. It is his haven. I was allowed to inspect one husband's house.

A middle-aged Bushnegro at one of the small jungle towns which we visited—Biri-Pudu-Madu, on the upper Suri-name—took a fancy to us. He was deeply interested in the curiosity I displayed in the town and its people and put himself out to show me everything. My wife—hereinafter to be known by her rightful name, which is Margaret—was cordially included in the tour of inspection. But at length our guide began to eye her distrustfully. We stood near a shabby little hut in the sun at the far end of the village. He stopped doubtfully, looked at the house, then at Margaret, then at me, shifting his bare feet in a slow waltz of indecision. In a moment he saw his opportunity. Margaret was distracted temporarily by the person of an infinitesimally small naked brown baby that stood in the hot sand and wailed shrieks of indignation and disgust at her white-skinned countenance. My friend seized me by the arm and with an alarmed glance over one shoulder at Margaret, pushed me through the door—



way of the hut. He was too late. Margaret had seen and in all innocence tried to follow. But her path was firmly barred. The pantomime of secrecy had been played in an effort to avoid the appearance of discourtesy. Now there was no escape, the Bushnegro made himself plain. He glared indignantly and held his arms wide until Margaret, abashed, went away.

Then as man to man he showed me his possessions, a faded tintype of himself taken in Paramaribo and some exquisite figure carvings he had made and kept private from all the world of women. I doubt if even men had looked on these particular things before. My host, with the bashfulness of the true artist, dared show me, the foreign critic, sculptures he feared to show his neighbors. I would take my opinions away with me. The others would stay and discourse endlessly—and painfully perhaps. Villages are bad places for the fine arts—though this particular artist emphatically need not have been ashamed of his creations.

Every husband in Biri-Pudu-Madu, and in all the other Bushnegro villages, in fact, has an empty, "men only" house like this. In times of domestic strife it is a refuge. It is a castle for ill humors and masculine meditations. Privacy is a doubly blessed thing in the perpetual warmth and freedom of a palm-thatched jungle town. The husbands' houses in times of peace fulfill that want and when a wife divorces her man his hut is ready for him. Somewhat sadly he lets fresh air in, gives it a cursory dusting, and settles back into the ways of bachelordom.

## V

But this sequence of events occurs only, of course, if the man in question has only one wife. If he has several the discontented lady must perforce move from the common house and either go back to her own family or on to the hut of the man she has selected

for her next husband. Then the deserted groom is only saddened at the public stain upon his abilities and attractiveness. He is not inconvenienced—but if possible he finds another wife the same afternoon to mitigate the disgrace.

We witnessed an example of this reckless activity. One morning Nacoe, one of our boatmen, appeared as usual, but his customary good spirits did not accompany him. His brown, puckered face was a tragic mask of anger and distress. Through our interpreter and guide we learned that Nacoe had "lost his wife." Our immediate sympathy, however, flowed into the wrong channel. No, Nacoe's wife was not dead—but gone before. Early that same morning she had left Nacoe's house and moved to the house of another husband. Nacoe was sorrowed.

We must not misunderstand. The lady in question had seemed superfluous for some time past and, so far as that was concerned, Nacoe was delighted to be rid of her. But really! It was most unjust. Nacoe's neighbors might so easily get the wrong impression. Would we mind if he took the day off?

At dusk Nacoe appeared again, this time smiling and laughing at any provocation, as was his wont. To a lifted eyebrow he nodded. Yes, his household was complete. He had found and married another woman—one far more charming than the deserter. The neighbors' mean gossiping was choked—Nacoe's head was high again.

Each woman's children go with her on her nuptial wanderings—unless, perchance, her family disapproves of her new choice. Then the children are taken into custody by the family, and the mother loses her control of them.

It is a casual custom, apparently, yet absolute fidelity is insisted upon by both parties to a match while the arrangement is in force. Taken all in all, a Bushnegro family is an entirely agreeable affair. The system is perfectly moral, for morality anywhere is no more than a

standard. This is the Bushnegro standard. Missionaries who have attempted to introduce monogamy among the Bushnegroes have precipitated violent promiscuity, disease, and race suicide—with a sudden trend toward degeneracy—a thing unknown to “uncivilized” Bushnegroes.

I have rather over-stressed divorce—though I have not exaggerated. Easy divorce is, it is true, provided for by Bushnegro law and defended by frequent usage. But in practice it is not unusual to find a man and his wives who have lived together in perfect amity for many years—and no old people are left alone. As the fires of youth grow white, final attachments are often formed which last till death; though more commonly the old women grow weary of many men and in the twilight go back to their own and to the concerns of what is more permanent than states or passions or tears—the family. It is the only true unit in Bushnegro life, for the family is anchored in the heart. From it emerges the clan and from clans, the tribe, but the two last count for little, though they may last a thousand years. They are simply necessary machines, perpetual, but unattended; they do not truly penetrate to the soul of any hour.

## VI

Old people are held in great respect. Their age has brought them wisdom. The children and grandchildren compete to serve and please them. It is not because of favors hoped from these old people after they are dead. One may be sure of them, for love and kindness never end. Bitterness stops only with death. Affection for the old among the Bushnegroes is a wholly simple thing. It has grown out of a long gratitude. In the jungle life depends upon the precious wisdom of the old. For there are no books.

These old ones hold justice in their hands. The consciousness of right and wrong, though common to all, abides especially with them.

When a small disorder occurs, it is the business of the community, and especially of the old, to settle it at once, before the trouble becomes serious.

Suppose a wife leaves her husband and he objects to some detail of the parting—the night following the event all the village gathers in the firelight before the *granman's* house to hear the pleas of both.

Cracoe's wife has gone to another man. Everyone knows that, but now Cracoe's opportunity has come to give the inside history of the event. He seizes it vehemently, with fine verbal dramatics, swinging his brown arms in the red stain of the firelight to emphasize his plea. Cracoe calls the whole town to witness, he is not the sort of husband any right-minded woman leaves. He is handsome, strong. He has many Dutch guilders and much raw gold in his own house to meet any demands his wives may make on him. But, Cracoe admits with a sigh and lowered tone there is no accounting for the vagaries of women. What must be, must be, no doubt. *However*—and here he grows loud again—*was* it entirely necessary for the deserting wife to take away with her the best and only iron cooking pot in the whole household of Cracoe? Cracoe sits down, looking as self-righteous as possible.

The *granman* of the town and all the rest, young and old alike, have listened attentively. Now they ask questions. At last every conceivable argument and evidence has been heard upon both sides, and a decision is handed down. The wife must return the pot immediately or her new husband will have to pay for it.

The *granman* and his elders are the official channels of justice. Upon them rests the responsibility of the final settlement, but the women of the village sit not far behind the men in the more distant glow from the fire in mid-clearing and occasionally a murmur comes from their ranks. It dies down quickly, but observers notice that these murmurs are invariably followed by a right-about



change of tune on the part of the *granman* and his aides. This is the matriarchal way. All races are accustomed to invisible powers in the shelter of masculine thrones. The Bushnegroes have merely systematized that authority, and done it painlessly, so to speak.

Sometimes Bushnegroes commit minor thefts. Occasionally one man cheats another in the barter of timber, or, in fulfilling a commission down-river for a neighbor, carelessly keeps the change. Affairs of this sort are settled in the clearing. The decisions are invariably just. A Bushnegro, no matter on which side of a question he stands, dares not lie. His sense of justice and truth is so profoundly a part of him that he is as ready as his enemy to accuse himself, if the accusation is just. There is a sound and practical reason for this apparent moral perfection. If a Bushnegro deceives in anything, the ancestor spirits of his family will know he is unworthy and cease their favors. And, still more important, there are a thousand, thousand gods and demons in the jungle who will war against the evil one until he dies.

They are the good spirits, not bad spirits. They have a negative effectiveness.

The malefactor, until the hour of his misdeed, knows he has survived amid the countless dangers of the forest only through the help of these friendly gods.

The knowledge of their kind presence has bolstered waning courage a million times and warded off disaster as often. But when a man sins, he knows he stands alone against the unseen world. The good spirits of tree and rapid and rain will leave him because of his bad deed. Good and evil cannot mix. So it is that to ally oneself with lies is to enlist in the army of disaster.

There are only two punishments which the community inflicts. The first and most common is to insist that the defendant pay the plaintiff in good Dutch *schreng* and *bankonoto* the full sum set by the council as the cash worth of the damage done. The settlement is made with as good grace as the temperament of the individual permits and the matter ends.

But if one individual offends many times there is a second and last punishment. The recidivist is cast out. He must leave his village, his wives, and his family and go alone forever, stripped of gods and guns, into the jungle. Even his people disown him. He has shamed them. When, in the pallid forest twilight of the day after the last palaver, the turn of the path hides the unhappy sinner, he has ceased to be. He is forgotten as the dead never are; no one ever sees or thinks of him again; no rumor of him comes; the black throat of the jungle has swallowed him. Justice is done.

# The Lion's Mouth



## ON TASTE IN TAXI-DRIVERS

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I HAVE a definite, decided taste in taxi-drivers. Yet, despite this, I am not allowed to select the kind I like. The whole thing is a matter of chance.

I have learned that taxis of a certain color and sign can be depended on to charge you moderate rates. So far so good. I wait impassive until I see one of these, then raise my hand in my customary imperial manner. But when it comes to taxi-drivers, how much less clear! I make my gesture; the cab bowls to the curb. The driver looks fairly stolid. He has broad shoulders, a worn green coat that bespeaks experience; and his cap is jammed down on his head in a businesslike manner.

My judgment, as it turns out, is good; my premise is not mistaken. He drives cautiously. I lean back relieved. I notice a most satisfactory, small, printed card which he has been at pains to tack up in his auto. It asks me, courteously, not to hurry the driver. Safety first. Hurry him! Heavens! Indeed, I should think not. I watch him for a moment or two longer, then, immensely relieved, close my eyes for a moment, in full security.

Ah, yes, but I may be destined the very next time, to happen on a driver of another type—and nothing to warn me of it. This one, too, has a worn green coat that connotes experience, and his cap, too, is jammed down, denoting

character. As I hunch my shoulders high and squeeze through the narrow entrance, I note and mistrust a certain roll of his eye. But it is too late now to repent. I am committed to my direction. Before I have the door closed he shakes the brakes, jams on gas and determination, and we catapult forward.

My present driver is of the All-But variety. He all but smashes into the auto just ahead; all but runs over a mincing lady in an elaborate headdress; all but takes off a wheel of the taxi next us, in playing skillfully for place. My responses are, that morning, in perfect working order. At each of these all-but escapes, my heart turns over in my breast, like a live thing. I look for a sign urging one, courteously, not to hurry the driver. There isn't any.

So, we go on shaving death like a feather, escaping destruction by a hair's breadth, and permanent disability by unthinkable fractions. I remember that I should have changed my will long ago, and that my life insurance is absurdly inadequate. At this moment we go on one wheel (I don't mean actually, I mean sensationally) around a corner, and bring up sharp, with the taxi's nose one inch from a limousine ahead, and my nose one inch from the front window-glass. The limousine, for reasons of its own, stands still. My driver jams his horn—"Squacccckkkk-acccckkkk! accckk!"—"Dumbells, ain't they!" he shouts sideways to me. The limousine glides forward. We stutter after with hasty jerks, take an unexpected swoop, speed past the limousine and, in passing, shout to the liveried driver, who looks like an English Chief Justice, "Hey, you dumbell! Whyn't you get out and crawl!"



In the infinitesimally short interval of the limousine incident and delay my driver has lighted a cigarette. I hope it will quiet his nerves—never mind about mine. It does not. He shows signs of the most marked irritation when a cab ahead of us does not please him. He shouts as he goes to the driver of another on the other side of him, "Look at that guy, riding on a flat!" But this is not the end of it. He jockeys for place, fails, succeeds, fails, succeeds, at last is abreast of the offending cab, and leans and shouts to its driver, "Hey, Bozo, you're riding on a flat! Who let you out!"

This does not consort with my idea of deportment. I should like to withdraw to the recesses of the cab, but nerves forbid me. I remain on the very edge of the seat. The next time we actually give the fender of the auto ahead a jolt. A policeman sees us. But just when I think we are to be mercifully arrested and I shall have an opportunity to apologize, off we go at a worse pace, the driver swearing, by way of the horn, at intervals of two seconds, all the way, "Squaccek!"—Acck! *Squaccek!*

The excitement is beyond everything. I sit on the edge of the seat, am bounced off it, and scramble back to it, and continue riding with my hat completely shutting off one eye, because I do not dare to let go the window-casing, to set it straight.

People fly, with their elbows spread, like terrified chickens, as we come. One starts nervously to dash across our path, takes a terrified look at the driver, and dashes back into an advancing old gentleman, who raises his cane and pulls down his hat at the impact. One portly woman, who escapes our front wheels by an inch, adds a scream. It all harmonizes. I watch anxiously for the next crossing. "Hey! You big Boob!" shouts my driver as we come to it, to an ecclesiastical-looking gentleman whom I take to be a bishop, and who seems bent, at all hazards, on preserving his dignity, but whom we cause to fling his legs

suddenly in a most unchurchly manner.

At the next crossing it is a nun. She takes no chances with her saints, but skims, skims, her cloak floating, and taking her white wings with her. Church or laity, it does not matter.

"Did you see that?" my driver shouts sidewise to me.

I certainly did.

By this time my nerves are shattered. I am tempted to shout after her, or anyone, "Hey Bozo! Save yourself! Save yourself!"

These are some of the reasons—and I could give many more—why I should welcome color, emblem, escutcheon, or other form of classification for taxi-drivers. I would suggest that ribbons of different colors round their caps might do—pale pink: a gentle, Ben Bolt nature; purple, for age and experience; green, for kindly and considerate; and scarlet, unmistakable scarlet, for the "All-But"—"Hey-Bozo!—When-did-you-get-out" kind—something which would enable those who have a taste in taxi-drivers to exercise that taste if they wish to.



## ATOM AND I

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

FOR many years I have been the victim of what someone—I wish I knew his name—has felicitously called "astronomical intimidation." You know the kind of thing. "Suppose," says your tormentor, "suppose this orange stands for the earth; then on the same scale the sun would be as large as a balloon. And yet the sun is a relatively small object as heavenly objects go. Now Betelgeuse, for instance . . ." But the poison has al-

ready begun to work. You tax your imagination to estimate how large, or rather how small, *you* bulk on this scale. But in vain. Even the familiar analogies of drops in buckets and grains of sand on the shore fail you; you just go on dwindling and dwindling and dwindling—miserably. Your tormentor decides to make a good job of it and finish you off completely, so he begins to overwhelm you with astronomical distances. “If you were to fire a projectile from the earth,” says he . . . (As though I would do such a thing! I loathe guns. I won’t even go to a play if I know it is one where they let off revolvers.) Well, it seems the damned thing would take about ten years to reach the sun. “If you fired it from Neptune it would take about thirty years.” Observing your dismay, if not your incredulity, he goes on to add that no astronomer dreams of calling the sun far away. “Why, my dear man, all the more important astronomical distances have to be calculated in terms of light years. A light year is the distance traversed by light in a year. And of course you know that light travels at 186,000 miles a second. Some stars are thousands of light years away.” And so on, and so on. I need not elaborate. We have all suffered from this sort of thing.

When you come to think of it, it’s a dirty trick to play. My longest journey is across the Atlantic, and I regard a trip from New Haven to Hartford and back as quite an undertaking. But when I ask myself what Betelgeuse would think of this, my traveler’s innocent pride is blighted and the thought of the triviality of the journey to Hartford paralyzes initiative. Of course, if I should miss the train to Hartford then I might allay my irritation by saying to myself, “Steady, now, steady! Just think how this must look to Betelgeuse.” But my astronomical friends do not offer me their vertiginous cosmology as a consolation in time of disappointment. They want to beat

me into a becoming sense of my own insignificance.

And it’s not only the astronomers who indulge in this form of bullying. The geologists and anthropologists are just as bad. Their long suit is time. (Long suit is good.) They put before you a diagram of a clock face. “Let us represent,” they say, “the total amount of time elapsed since the first appearance of life on the planet by one hour; then, by the same reckoning, man has been in existence about thirty seconds.” Christianity has often insisted on the need for humility: it has been left to geology to teach us that we are a little lower than the mayfly, miserable ephemera that flutter their hour in the sunshine and are no more. When you combine what the astronomer tells you with what the geologist tells you, you get the following result: If anyone takes a trip to Hartford seriously that shows he is an insect.

Now one doesn’t like to feel an insect and would fain excogitate some retort to our scientific bullies. Pascal’s famous reply has every merit except the essential one of convincing the scientist. Pascal said that if some cosmic disaster were to overwhelm this planet man would still be greater than that which destroyed him because he would be aware of that which destroyed him. In other words, man is the only animal or insect or bit of matter—whichever you like to call him—that knows he is animal, insect, or bit of matter. That means that he is more than any of these. And so one can point out to the champion of the Betelgeuse standard that what he really enjoys is not his insignificance but the knowledge of his insignificance: not the fact but the standard by which the fact is judged. Hence his doctrines, far from being an expression of humility, are really the sign of an immense pride. But this, to the astronomer, is one of those refinements of speculation which merely obscure the facts. You can’t get away from the facts, he will say. And so one longs, as I have longed, to meet him on his own ground.



And now at last I am able to do it. It is the atom I have to thank for this relief. I have been reading—as who has not?—some books about the structure of the atom. Take one of the letters on this page. Divide it up into a billion pieces. Segregate one of them. Divide that up into a thousand pieces. Let us carry off one of these pieces to the laboratory and study it. What shall we find? No one can tell exactly. But the descriptions of those who have looked in suggest something like a ballroom scene where a vast number of dancers dance at inconceivable speed to the music of jazz and other rhythms. And the speed, apparently, does not prevent continual cutting in. The mathematics of the atom are about as complex as the formulation of the laws governing the movements of the dancers. And complexity is not the whole story. The dancers—that is, the electrons—probably belong to the younger generation. At any rate they have discarded Newton and his laws as an old fogey. The force of gravity means nothing to them. They can traverse a distance without taking any time to do so, or, what amounts to the same thing, they can be in two places at the same time. (If that does not spell felicity for the younger generation I don't know what does.)

But this description is irreverent or at least flippant. Let us then borrow the favorite simile of popular science and compare the atom to a tiny solar system. And with that you have the idea which has freed me from my tormentors. For if the atom is a small solar system, why may I not say that the solar system is just a large atom? It is all a matter of the point of view, and everyone knows that points of view are arbitrary. Thus I have at my command a neat *tu quoque*, for if the solar system hurls itself at my head, so to speak, as much as to say, "You miserable little atom, you!" I can reply, "Atom yourself!" Still, as repartee, that is neither original nor brilliant. Fortunately I can do better

than that. For if it is to be atom against solar system, then the atom can claim an evident superiority in respect of mystery and complexity. Can your planets, says the atom, dispense with gravity and yet hold together? No? Well, my electrons can. Can your planets jump from orbit to orbit? No? Well, see what my electrons can do! Can your planets be in two places at the same time? . . . I thought not. Well, now what have you got to say for yourself?

And so, you see, the bullies of science may call me by the name of the smallest thing they know. "Atom!" they may snap at me. Do you think I mind now? Not a bit of it. "One round trip to Hartford, please."



H. C. OF L.

## SPEAKING OF HIGH PRICES

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

**T**HEODORE ROOSEVELT was President of the United States, if I recall correctly, when discussion of the high cost of living first became so general that initials adequately identified the subject—h. c. of l. sufficed. And they do to-day. Uncounted economists, commissions, committees, and experts, not to mention legislatures and congresses, have grappled with this subject during the intervening years, the net result, so far as I can see, being nothing at all. Such complete failure suggests the possibility, paradoxical as it may seem, that the high cost of living is not a problem for economists at all. But, if not, then whose problem is it? Just for fun let us see if this so-called problem is not fundamentally psychological.

Taking the affirmative, I shall call as my first witness the school textbook. Not so many years ago there were only a few states that provided free books for

their free schools; parents were required to furnish the books, papers, pencils, and pens, while the state furnished only the teachers and buildings. Under this system papa had to dig down into his jeans for three or four dollars annually. The burden was terrific. Every September the heavens reverberated to paternal groans. Bright and worthy children were forced out of school because devoted papas simply could not meet this frightful expense. Education, it appeared, was driving our beloved country into bankruptcy. Forward-looking thinkers saw the danger and dared to confront it. The extortionate geography and the ruinous arithmetic were dragged into the arena for public excoriation. With tears of appreciation for their champions, fond papas foregathered in "Mike's Place" and drank to the coming freedom. Sometimes, in an afternoon, a fond papa would drink the equivalent of two geographies and four arithmetics; but in the hour of victory he could afford it, so why mention such a trivial fact? The battle was won, and the tears of children gave way to happy laughter. At last the states themselves assumed this frightful burden. It was a great triumph for democracy.

I do not know why it is, but education has always been enormously expensive. The boys I knew who drove grocery wagons or worked on farms to purchase education were invariably hailed as heroes. Few persons doubted that all of them would eventually be presidents of the United States. At the very same time, however, I saw many other boys performing incredible prodigies of labor and self-sacrifice to purchase bicycles, horses, and circus tickets. But these labors attracted very little attention because bicycles, horses, and circus tickets were cheap. One could buy a very good bicycle for twenty dollars. A book might cost all of two dollars! And for some reason that two dollars was very much more than twenty. Why, I do not know. Therefore, I say this whole

matter of high prices is a problem for psychologists.

Not only textbooks and education are expensive but all kinds of books are expensive. They always have been. Years ago novels at one dollar each were luxuries for the well-to-do; people in moderate circumstances were forced to borrow them or wait weary months until the coveted volumes could be obtained from libraries. This condition has not changed. It is as frankly recognized by publishers to-day as it ever was. When a set of books is advertised for sale, if the cost goes above ten dollars it is the custom to offer a contract for payments on the instalment plan. Few of these contracts call for more than three dollars a month. That is just about all anyone can afford, partly, of course, because of the high price of gasoline. Here is another commodity that is rather expensive, but automobiles are cheap. They are so cheap, in fact, that the possession of one costing less than one thousand dollars marks the owner as a poor man. You will seldom see a bond salesman prick up his ears at sight of the owner of a Ford, but once let the aforementioned bond salesman peer into a private home containing two hundred books and he thinks he has spotted a possible customer.

I know this from personal experience because I was the owner of more than two hundred books long before I could afford any kind of an automobile. I had invested over a long period of years perhaps eight hundred dollars in books. The upkeep is precisely nothing at all. Moreover, books provide the cheapest form of entertainment I know, leaving out of consideration their cultural value. Nearly every volume I possess has entertained me and the members of my family a total of approximately sixty hours—there are seven of us—so I could afford books when even motion pictures were too expensive. But these books have been a sore puzzle to people who have tried to sell me other things; they were never able to understand why a man



who could tie up a vast fortune in books couldn't purchase fleets of motor cars, assortments of phonographs, and wheelbarrow loads of stocks and bonds. If ever I decide to turn crook, build up a vast credit on false pretenses of wealth, and leave behind me a horde of ruined stockholders, I shall not bother with chauffeurs in livery. I can accomplish the same results and more with books; five thousand dollars' worth properly displayed, I estimate, would mark a man as unmistakably a millionaire.

Anthracite coal is another commodity that has never been cheap—that is from the point of view of the purchaser. Recently I discussed this phenomenon with a gentleman who distinctly recalls the first time he paid five dollars a ton for anthracite. "I was madder then," he said, "than last Tuesday when I paid twenty-two dollars a ton. The price of coal really is an outrage now, but it always has been and always will be. Coal is like a sacrifice to heathen gods whom I do not worship. It is tribute to an alien enemy for permission to live. It is a tax collected under threat of death. And no matter what the sum may be, I resent it. The coal burns unseen in my cellar. There is no joy in it; I may be just as unhappy in its warmth as circumstances dictate; it merely buys me permission to live. It has held a pistol to my head all my life and I hate it."

And now let us consider a few items that are unaccountably cheap. Consider motion pictures, for example. Five cents was the price of admission I paid for the first motion picture show I ever saw. Presently the tickets cost ten cents, fifteen cents, twenty-five cents, forty cents, half a dollar. About that time "The Birth of A Nation" gave birth to a two-dollar ticket. Did people drop dead? Not at all; they filled the "opry" house; there wasn't a motion picture theater in town large enough to hold the crowd. Motion picture shows always have been cheap and they still are.

Likewise silk stockings. Within the

memory of persons well on the sunny side of forty there were very few silk stockings in this country, and still fewer silk socks. Good cotton ones could be purchased for fifteen cents when I first donned long trousers; for thirty-five cents one perched upon the very pinnacles of luxury. The range of prices for women's stockings was a trifle higher because they contained more material, but the prices were not much higher. Silk came into vogue, and every girl, rich or poor, had to have it; therefore, I think I am safe in saying that it must be regarded quite generally as cheap. According to the executives of department stores, even men concur in this opinion, for men—so the executives tell me—purchase far more than half of all the silk stockings sold. They say that this is the only item of women's apparel that men simply delight in purchasing; that women who have to threaten divorce to obtain one new hat annually must drag their husbands away from the stocking counter in order to save money for beefsteak. What can an economist do with such data as that? Here beyond question we have work for the psychologist.

On their own purely male expenditures men display as strange a mixture of illogical reactions as one may hope to find outside of a psychopathic ward. Within my own life time I have seen the cost of an excellent cotton shirt rise from one dollar to five dollars. While it may be a coincidence, I have never heard complaint on that score. Men love good shirts. The cost of woolen suits has also gone up, certainly not less than one hundred per cent. But the suits are better tailored nowadays; and men like good suits. The cost of cigars has gone up to such an extent that the old-fashioned five-cent cigar no longer exists. Men love good cigars. But do they willingly pay a quarter? Not on your life! They are so violent about this cigar outrage that millions of them have gone over to cigarettes. The cigar manufacturers can make out as good a case for their increase in prices as any

business men in this country, but very few men will listen to them. Why? I don't know.

Men, taking them by the millions, have a fierce, warlike resentment against any hotel that charges for bread and butter. These items, both expensive, they insist should be served absolutely free. Now the strange thing about this is that wheat is grown in nearly every part of our country, so that surely not less than half the men in the United States know at least a little bit about the labor and capital that go into its production. Probably more American men have worked at least one day in a wheat field than in any other kind. But they want their bread free.

The same statements with reference to general knowledge of production apply to butter. Nearly everybody has seen a cow; millions of us have milked one; we know that butter is the choicest product of the dairy. We would not think of demanding a free glass of milk with our meal; nevertheless, we demand the best of butter, and as much of it as we care to consume, without cost. It is strange.

I cannot speak for the whole country, but in my experience the cost of baseball has risen four hundred per cent. As a youngster I paid twenty-five cents for admission; now I pay one dollar with an added ten cents war tax. I have never heard any man mention the increased cost of baseball. It was cheap at twenty-five cents and it is cheap to-day.

The reactions of men toward changes in the price of merchandise are, in my opinion, utterly unaccountable and there-

fore impossible to forecast. To prove this statement I call to the witness stand old Demon Rum. Those good citizens who prayerfully and earnestly hoped to drive him from this country didn't expect to destroy the last bottle the moment their Constitutional amendment went into effect; they knew that they had a battle on their hands. But they did expect, with a fair measure of enforcement, to make whiskey both scarce and expensive. Well, they accomplished that. Therefore it was not unreasonable for them to expect that high prices would come to their aid. But it developed that hundreds of thousands of men considered whiskey cheap at almost any price. This reaction is the most astounding I have ever seen in the field of economics. One does not get a clear view of it in a big city such as New York where the price of whiskey advanced only about five hundred to seven hundred per cent under prohibition. I have seen small industrial communities far inland where prohibition suddenly wiped out about ninety per cent of the supply of intoxicants and temporarily destroyed the lines of communication for receiving more. Under such circumstances I have first-hand knowledge of men—not rich men but well-paid mechanics—willingly trading forty dollars for one quart of whiskey that could have been purchased three months previously for one dollar.

So I rise to remark that the adjective "high" when applied to prices has nothing to do with economics. In our decisions as to whether goods are cheap or dear the emotions are paramount.





## *Editor's Easy Chair*

### IMMORTALITY AS A WORLD-CURE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

**I**F SOME fully informed and competent person could put his finger on the pulse of this world and tell us how it is, the information so given would be welcomed in many quarters. One does not necessarily notice it as he walks abroad, but it is a fact that doubt exists in considerable quantity whether human life just now is progressing towards better conditions or worse ones. It is moving, and the impression is very general that we are at the beginning of a new age. Belief abounds abundantly that once this new age gets well a-going it will be a better age than the world has so far had, but the rub, the worry, is over the interval between these presents and such time as the new age gets well started.

There is a horrid suspicion, and quite well diffused, that the present population of this world has not got average sense enough to be used just as it is in peopling the new age, and that it may be necessary to get rid of quite a bit of it. It must be the consideration of that necessity which makes people anxious. There is apt to be a clean-up before any great terrene change. To be sure we had the war, and that should have been clean-up enough for all purposes. But was it? Doubts about that make stock brokers wonder where their customers should alight; make American politicians uncertain how long Mr. Coolidge is going to last in Washington; make builders consider whether the business current they count on is trust-

worthy or will lag and leave them with empty buildings on their hands. "To-day," said Bishop Slattery to the Congregational Club of Boston, "there is the possibility of a great catastrophe, and I am not altogether doubtful that it may be growing now," and he went on to say that what with the current discontents and hatreds and anti-Christian propaganda, all sorts of Christian churches might have to get together to save the Christian Church from wreck.

Conan Doyle and many others have had from spiritist sources these same suggestions of impending catastrophe. They are common in spiritist books. They are also put out with confidence and precision by the British-Israel people—those who connect the Anglo-Saxons with the Lost Tribes, and know to a day when hell-to-pay will begin and when it will end. Folks who go into particulars about it say we shall have very interesting expositions of the effect of poison gas on large cities; and it seems safe to assert that extraordinary destructive gases in considerable quantity are now in the possession of various governments and can be produced in still greater quantity whenever called for. On the other hand, another intimation attributed to the spirit world says that there is a big war on already, but they call it a bloodless war, a war between spirituality and materialism. That, at least, is so; at least one can feel that conflict going on and, if anyone says it has always been going on, the

answer is that it is going on now much more palpably than usual.

PEOPLE who know a little something, and have come to know anything unusual, as a rule do not tell it all. They cannot. No one would believe them. You can put across to another mind only so much as that other mind is prepared to receive. Of course, receptive capacity in minds may increase greatly, and what one cannot take in at one time he may see the point of later. One notices that in rereading books. Books that meant one thing to us when we were young usually mean something quite different if we reread them when we come to maturity. Really, we do not stay about in this world for nothing; almost all of us get something, and a good many get a good deal. If you are discouraged about yourself and do not think you have made due progress, go find some fairly good book that you read in childhood or in youth, and see what it says to you now. But, as was being said, if by any chance someone knows something out of the common he cannot impart it successfully except to persons who know enough to take it in.

That may be one reason why the Corporation of Harvard College picks the kind of speakers it does to give the Ingersoll lecture. Not everybody knows what the Ingersoll lecture is, but it is one of the humble facts of current life, and now and then it gets a little advertisement. Miss Caroline Ingersoll, of Keene, N. H., who died in 1893, left five thousand dollars to Harvard University to make good a wish of her father and establish a lectureship on *The Immortality of Man*, one lecture to be given every year (if convenient) and the lecturer paid and his discourse printed out of the income of the fund. It is thirty-three years since the lectureship was founded and in that time there have been eighteen Ingersoll lectures on the immortality of man, and the larger part of them delivered by persons who either did not approve of immortality

as a prospect for man or did not see it coming to him. The lecturers have included Dr. George A. Gordon, William James, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Josiah Royce, John Fiske, and William Osler; and the last lecture, delivered in 1922, was by Dr. Kirsopp Lake, Harvard Professor of Ecclesiastical History who admitted that he does not think personality survives or ought to. In all this series of expositions no one has yet been called upon—so far as appears—who was a master of the goings-on now cropping out on all sides on which are based the claims of the spiritists that the survival of death by personality is a demonstrated fact. These persons are now the most active partisans of the immortality of man. They have the most confident theory about it and their theory is supported by the best stories. Some of them are scientists of great distinction; others of them are writers well known and well approved. It may be that the reason why the Harvard Corporation has never picked one of these highly eligible people for this job has been that, looking about in its home community, it could not see a sufficient proportion of minds who would be able to take in what a spiritist lecturer, really informed about man's immortality, would be able to tell them. Or it may be that the Corporation knows nothing about current spiritism and supposes it to be mere diversion of the feeble-minded. If so, so much the more may one suggest that it is time the Ingersoll lecture was given by some real expert in current knowledge of the subject it was intended to explore.

HOW much would it benefit the world to have confidence in immortality much more positive? Doctor Lake said in his lecture that when confidence in the future life was more general and vivid too many people put in too much of their time trying to save their souls, and the great human errand of keeping body and soul together was overmuch neglected. We are strong nowadays in all that per-



tains to the maintenance of the body. Our wise men have checked diseases; they make physical repairs very skillfully; they furnish shelter and clothing no end; they feed us more liberally and with greater variety than the mass of people was ever fed before. They help us in our migrations. In all temporal concerns our world goes strong, but whether soul and body are successfully kept together is still something of a question. The body gets more attention than the soul. The body, which sometimes has been valued chiefly because it was the soul's habitation, is in danger nowadays of being valued purely for itself.

And that is not a good thing. The body is altogether too transitory to carry the main part of one's investments. It is important of course; health is important, immensely so, but even health is more important from its relation with the soul. The soul needs a healthy body to live in. At least we think so now. In the Middle Ages, when belief in the after-life was a good deal more vivid than it is at present, it was considered that to plague the body was profitable to the soul. Not so nowadays. We think we do much better when our bodies are healthy and clean than otherwise. We are advanced enough for that: we think of them as habitations, as instruments, and pay due attention to them as good housekeepers should. One does not see the danger that Doctor Lake spoke of, that of neglecting temporal things in order to save our souls. On the contrary, the current theory of life and conduct is that by the proper discharge of temporal duties we advance spiritually and fit ourselves for further activities and advancement in the *au delà*. That is one change that has come to religion as we Western people look at it. Whereas in older times it was more concentrated on self-denial and self-abasement, now its errand seems largely to be to make a better habitation of this world and better physical people of its inhabitants.

But neither of these ends is likely

to be attained by putting it first. They are secondary ends and cannot survive and prosper unless the great primary end gets due and constant attention. The spiritual part of life is the substance, the temporal part is the reflection of it. Turn it the other way around and it does not work. The spirit is the master of the body. If one is in a state of spiritual health he is in a condition highly conducive to physical health. That is much more nearly true than to say if he is in a state of physical health he is necessarily in a condition conducive to spiritual health, for one may be very healthy physically and bad spiritually, and he may be very unhealthy physically for some reason, and still pretty good spiritually. But still it remains that, of the two states, the state of spiritual health is more important than the other, and more conducive to every sort of well being.

Longevity is looked upon as a blessing, though people sometimes wonder that it should be; but a sound spiritual state is very conducive to longevity since it enables one to take the troubles of life with equanimity and not to knock under to them. These considerations of health and the relation of the spiritual state to it has to do with the world cure and with the propriety of getting the Ingersoll lecture at Harvard done for once by someone who believes in immortality and knows the grounds of the contemporary argument that it has been demonstrated in our days quite outside of the Bible. What the Bible says here and there on that subject has been of inestimable value, but for people of our time the Bible has weakened as an authority on scientific and even psychological subjects by literary criticism and the invasion of some of its provinces by current scientific knowledge. It may be that that extraordinary book does not need any testimony from outside of itself to prove the truth of what it says, but in our day it will not suffer from outside testimony as to facts that it bears witness to.

To everything spiritual, to religion especially, the theory of immortality is of the first importance. St. Paul described it as the very pith of religion. So it is and, of course, it is the pith of all psychical knowledge. That it is important hardly anyone denies. The people who do not yet believe in it make the best case they can for life without it and, of course, in that they do well, but the case they make is not any too satisfactory. Doctors nowadays practice pretty generally to bring about in so far as they can a good spiritual condition in their patients. In many cases that is of the first importance, but the great patient of all the doctors in these days is this world that we live in, generally admitted to be pretty sick, admitted also to be important to its inhabitants, and admitted more and more generally to be incurable in the long run by any but spiritual means. Physical means are comparatively easy. They will be tried and are being tried. So it was in times past. They were tried and tried again, and about the best that can be said for them is that our world survived them. But in the years to come, so great has been man's progress on the material side that the prospect is that the present civilization in our world will not survive the medication by material means which is war. That is why the search for light on spiritual power is so lively in these times.

**I**F THIS world is related to the world invisible, the advantages and also the limitations of that relation need to be better defined than they are now. We should know what we can get to advantage out of the invisible, and what we need not try for because it is not for us. That this world is related to a world invisible has been a detail of belief for thousands of years, and is dutifully admitted by every church steeple which points to the sky. If we accept that

belief we are entitled to do what we can about it. If we reject it we can save some money on steeples which is, to be sure, the present disposition, especially in cities where commercial and residential buildings run up to great heights and steeples are obstructed as well as comparatively unprofitable as producers of revenue.

Suppose we got to estimate people more as souls and not so much as industrial possibilities or financial entities, would that be good for us? When you sit in the street car and look at the people—look at their bodies, their faces, which is what you see—do you think of what is inside of them, or merely of what is outside? If you think of the life within, that is, of their souls, and examine their exteriors for indication that their souls are in a good case or not, they all become interesting. There is something rather awful about the current disposition to think of human beings as consumers, as producers, as accumulators of money to put into savings banks, as possible buyers of everything imaginable, as creators and diffusors of wealth. All these aspects of human beings are important, but whoever sees them as souls sees more of them than can be discerned by contemplation of all their temporal functions.

Another thing—much of what we have been taught, and have thought, to be good, is not good; is merely goody-good, or bad. Much of what we have been taught, and have thought, to be bad, is not bad; quite a bit of it is even good. What is inconvenient and disturbing to the *status quo* is usually put down as bad, but in all civilizations the estimates of what is good and what is bad have been very faulty, and ours is no exception. To correct its ideals and persuade people that in divers particulars they have seen crooked, is a fairly rough job, but it is important, and in these times it is proceeding quite effectively.





## Personal and Otherwise



THE vigorous article of protest with which we open this issue of the Magazine would challenge attention coming from any well-informed source, but it is doubly significant coming from the Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Central New York. *The Right Reverend Charles Fiske, D.D., LL.D.*, was rector of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Baltimore, from 1910 to 1915, declined election as Bishop Coadjutor of Dallas in 1913, was consecrated Bishop Coadjutor of Central New York in 1915, and succeeded to the office of Bishop in 1924. He is the author of a number of books, among them *The Perils of Respectability*, *The Experiment of Faith*, and *The Faith By Which We Live*.

Plain speaking in international affairs often clears the air; and when we asked *André Tardieu* to write for us on the present attitude of France toward her former allies and associates in the war, we asked him above all else to be frank. Frank he certainly is. Captain Tardieu was High Commissioner of France to the United States from 1917 to 1919, was one of the French plenipotentiaries at the Peace Conference and Minister of Liberated Regions, 1919-20, and at that time was considered Clemenceau's right-hand man. Recently he has once more been elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and there have been many prophecies of his return to such power as used to be his.

In *H. G. Dwight's* paper in praise of the South, the glum-looking man says that though his ancestors on both sides were New Englanders, he himself was not born on either side of the Potomac. The glum-looking man in these respects reveals a curious resemblance to Mr. Dwight himself, whose forerunners were also New Englanders and who was born in Constantinople. Mr. Dwight lived for many years in the Near East, wrote *Stamboul Nights*, *Persian Miniatures*, and a volume on

*Constantinople* shortly to be republished by Harper & Brothers; was connected until recently with the State Department; and is now living in Washington and writing for us a series of papers of which "South of the Potomac" is the fifth to appear. (The others have been "The Washington Express," "The Horrors of Washington," "Shoulder Straps," and "Impatience on a Monument.")

The first story of the month comes to us from *Helen R. Hull*, assistant professor of English at Columbia and author of *Labyrinth*, *Quest*, and numerous short stories.

Since *The Freeman* vanished from the news-stands, there has appeared a book containing a collection of the incisive editorials and essays which it published during its brief and uncompromising existence. Readers of this book may have noticed how many of the most brilliant of these contributions are signed with the initials A. J. N. It is a pleasure to welcome *Albert Jay Nock* to HARPER'S MAGAZINE. His article on the passing of the art of conversation in America will be followed in due course by others from his distinguished pen.

*Emily Newell Blair* of Joplin, Missouri, is not only the author of recent HARPER articles on "Why I Sent My Children Away To School" and "This Business of Wifehood," but also Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National Committee; and this month she makes some penetrating observations on the male of the political species as she has encountered him at party conventions and behind the closed doors of committee rooms, where she has often been the only feminine observer of his methods of work.

*Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick*, pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York (which is now constructing for itself a great church building on Riverside Drive near Grant's Tomb), needs no introduction to the

HARPER audience; he now writes every month for the Magazine.

With "The Philistine," *E. M. Delafield*, the distinguished British novelist, makes her first appearance in our pages. Her most recent novel is *The Chip and The Block*. Delafield, by the way, is her *nom de plume*; she is Mrs. Arthur Dashwood, daughter of the late Count Henry de la Pasture of Llandogo, and of Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (now Lady Clifford), who is also well-known as a novelist.

There is much talk of behaviorism these days, but how many of us who so glibly refer to it have more than a vague idea of what behaviorism actually is and what it implies? At our request *John B. Watson*, outstanding American exponent of this school of psychological thought, presents a clear and simple statement of the matter. Dr. Watson, formerly of the Johns Hopkins University, is the author of *Psychology from the Standpoint of a Behaviorist* and other notable books in this field. In the next issue, he will continue with a discussion of some of the more difficult problems which the behaviorist of today faces.

By this time *Henshaw Ward* of New Haven (author of *Evolution for John Doe*), is well known to our readers for his illuminating scientific articles, a number of which we have published in recent months. For many years he was a teacher of English at the Taft School. In this issue he deals with the fundamentals of a subject which is probably talked about more than any other under the sun.

The final story of the month, "Mirage," is by *Lee Foster Hartman*, associate editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, whose "Veneer" was a feature of our January issue.

Despite Professor Ripley's recent widely discussed article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, it is a question whether the business practices which he condemned are not less significant than the trend which these practices were designed to offset. It is with this trend that *John T. Flynn's* article deals; we recommend it to all readers who like to look below the surface of present day business conditions. Mr. Flynn was Managing Editor of the New York *Globe* before it was extinguished by the late Mr. Munsey, and now

writes a daily syndicated article for a large string of newspapers. His article, it should be emphasized, is intended as a picture, not as an argument; a description of what is happening in our business evolution and what seems to Mr. Flynn likely to happen, not a brief for the kind of thing he wishes to see happen. "I have my own private opinion about these things," says Mr. Flynn in a letter to us, "but that seemed of no importance to the article."

We are accustomed to read in the magazines the life stories of those who have arrived at a success measured in terms of wealth. Doctor Alice Hamilton's achievement has been quite of a different sort. We are glad to give space to the study of her remarkable career written by *Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant*, whom many of our readers will recall as the author of a delightful series of papers which we published a few years ago, based on her experiences in New Mexico. Miss Sergeant is now living in New York, writing a series of biographical portraits.

*John W. Vandercook's* study of jungle life and jungle marriage is a further record of his recent trip to Suriname (on the northern coast of South America) which has already formed the basis of his other HARPER articles, "White Magic and Black in the Jungle," "Jungle Survival," and "Eternal Life in the Jungle." Mr. Vandercook has now set out on a trip to Liberia, where he will study the life of the Negro in his original habitat. The articles listed above, with other chapters of Suriname experiences and observations, will appear next fall in a volume entitled *Tom-Tom* to be published by Harper & Brothers.



The poetry in this issue is contributed by *Elizabeth Morrow*, wife of the New York banker, Dwight Morrow, and author of a sonnet in the March issue of HARPER'S; *S. Foster Damon*, of the English Department at Harvard, whose recent book on Blake attracted an extraordinary amount of critical praise; *A. A. Milne*, whose new series of verses in the delightful manner of "When We Were Very Young" are now appearing each month in the Magazine; *Alice Brown*, of



Boston, the well-known novelist and short story writer; and *Edward Davison*, a young English poet now living in New York, whose first volume of verse, *Harvest of Youth*, is being published this spring by Harper & Brothers and who is now engaged in writing a history of English poetry.

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The contributors to the *Lion's Mouth* are *Laura Spencer Portor* (Mrs. Francis Pope), a frequent contributor to this and other magazines and a member of the editorial staff of the *Woman's Home Companion*; *Charles A. Bennett*, associate professor of philosophy at Yale; and *Chester T. Crowell*, of Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, formerly a newspaper man, now a successful short-story writer.

☞ ☞ ☞

The painting which we reproduce as the frontispiece is the work of *Chauncey F. Ryder* of New York, one of the ablest living American landscape painters.

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In our January issue, Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School, writing on "The Crisis in American Law," made a plea for a thorough-going study of the administration of justice in the United States. He claimed that this study should be undertaken by our law schools. "Nowhere else," said he, "shall we find the conditions of continuity of investigation, permanence of tenure, independence of politics, and assured competency, scientific spirit and scientific method, without which the necessary research will fall short of its purpose." There is therefore special interest in the announcement from Cambridge that the Harvard Law School is to undertake a study of the present-day operations of criminal justice, selecting Boston as a typical region for this study. A grant from the Milton research fund has been made for this purpose to Professor Joseph H. Beale and associates; the entire faculty will take part in the work.

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Those who recall in the same issue of the Magazine Philip Curtiss's delightful story.

"*Sylvia Goes to the City*," may be interested in the following legal item from Mr. Curtiss:

Speaking of "*Sylvia*," I had an amusing experience the other day. My sister married an Englishman, and on his death has returned to this country but has had to be renaturalized. Recently I went as one of her sponsors to the superior court where the naturalizations are made. There was a huge room full of aliens and then the judge came in and took the bench—an impressive, tall man in a black silk gown. When our case was called we all gave our names, my sister was admitted to citizenship, and then the judge nodded for me to go up to the bench. When I did so, he leaned over and whispered, "I wanted to tell you that I read your story '*Sylvia Goes to the City*' in *HARPER's* and my wife and I laughed ourselves sick."

☞ ☞ ☞

Letters of applause and indignation concerning Mrs. Gerould's "The Plight of the Genteel" and Mrs. Blair's "Why I Sent My Children Away to School" have been numerous. The most striking fact about the reaction to Mrs. Blair's paper, however, is that the scattered opposition has been drowned out by the voices raised in enthusiastic agreement, and that our School Information Bureau has been deluged with letters asking for the names of the schools to which she sent her children! The response to Mrs. Gerould has been more equally divided between assent and dissent. We have selected for publication here the following passages from a letter from G. W. C. Ross, president of the Farm Mortgage Loan and Trust Company of Carrington, North Dakota, as representing a point of view markedly different from that of the author of "The Plight of the Genteel":

I am not in the habit of trying to break into print, but I cannot refrain from comment on Mrs. Gerould's striking article.

When I was a boy my mother once said to me (I suppose in response to some remark of mine which she thought socialistic), "But how dreadful it would be if everybody were rich! For then none of us could get anybody to do our work for us!" Mrs. Gerould has apparently discovered that that dreaded era has arrived; and she seems to find it as deplorable as it looked in prospect to my mother.

The nub of Mrs. Gerould's thesis is contained in her statement that "It has been our theory that some sort of service and some extent of privacy were necessities." (Italics mine.) Yet that is not an

entirely happy statement of just what she means. For the alternative, opposed in her mind to her ideal, is not the primitive life of self-help, as practised by Tolstoy or our pioneer great-grandmothers. The crass modern common folk whose way of life she so despises, command a great deal of superlatively good service by others. We do not eat Florida grape-fruit the year round in cheap restaurants, and Baltimore oysters fresh in Minneapolis, and wear silk stockings and fur coats to our work, and use modern plumbing and city garbage collection and the public schools, and so on *ad infinitum*, without much more than any mere minimum of good service. Never before in the history of the world have people depended so much on the effort and service of others in their behalf, for so much of what they deem necessities. But that is not what Mrs. Gerould means. She admits that. She says, "We are the *employers*, if you like, of butchers, grocers, carpenters, electricians, cab drivers, and laundresses." But being an "employer" does not satisfy her. She must needs be a *mistress*. It is direct, exclusive, personal, domestic service that in her view is essential to the truly civilized life. But it is obvious that if we accept this view only a part of the people can ever live properly, and they can do it only by depriving the rest of the people of similar opportunity. If one must have a "resident cook" to be able to live rightly, it is evident that the "resident cook" cannot herself live rightly; for she cannot have anybody to do her cooking for her. Indeed, she is doubly condemned to brutishness, with the double strain of doing her own cooking for herself and also the cooking for her genteel mistress.

To Plato it was a truism that the social order rested on slavery, the sacrifice of a lower class, body and soul, for an upper. That same assumption, measurably toned down, is implicit in Mrs. Gerould's thinking. In Plato's day it was a true truism, so to speak. It was true so long as service had to be servile,—so long as the only service obtainable was direct, manual, personal service, in industry and in the home. Maybe it is still true. Perhaps civilization in the nature of the case can be available only to a limited number, at the expense of its denial to the rest of us. And yet, has not our modern mechanical and scientific command of nature altered that situation? Might it not be possible now for all of us to dispense with that old-fashioned kind of service and still for everybody to have some small leisure; enough, perchance, to cultivate a modicum of the finer life?

Part of the plight of Mrs. Gerould's genteel

appears to be due to the natural feeling of an older generation, that standards and methods different from those of their youth are necessarily inferior. She says truly that "the state of mind which prefers a resident cook to a private motor car is no longer recognized." Yet is it so self-evident that to have a resident cook is the nobler ideal? In the nature of things, not more than half of the people *can* have resident cooks; for the other half must *be* the resident cooks. But everybody might have a private motor car, with its opportunities for recreation in the open, to mention just one of its attractions;—and thanks to Henry Ford, nearly everybody in America does have one. Whichever then, be considered the nobler standard of living, need it be asked which is the more democratic, nay, the more Christian way of life?



From Herbert Snyder, headmaster of the Valley Ranch School in Wyoming, comes an enlightening comment on Mrs. Blair's paper:

There are many who will take sharp issue with Mrs. Blair's strictures on the public high-school of today, but I think that everyone who has had the chance of comparing the high-school with the boarding-school of today will agree with the main points made in the article. It is only the exceptional boy or girl who ever *learns* in the high-school. Certain reasons for the poor quality of high-school instruction will occur to many. A strong conservative would say that there are too many women teachers. But another reason, more to the point, is that there are too many people teaching who do not intend to go on with it as a life job. As long as these people satisfy certain artificial requirements, they are adjudged competent to teach anyone. These requirements are those asking that every prospective teacher should study a certain amount of "pedagogy" and allied subjects, which are assumed to show the teacher how to teach. The main result is that the teacher does not, in many cases, know *what* to teach; he does not know his subject thoroughly enough to be a teacher of anything except "pedagogy." If more parents were really interested in their children's education, as was Mrs. Blair, we might expect a higher and more thorough kind of public school instruction. As it is, the schools of all kinds in this country face an appalling indifference on the part of parents, and it is not to be wondered at if they make but feeble progress along the path of real education.











